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CHAPTER IV.

The Right Location.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That Life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

COWPER.

IN this chapter we purpose to speak of the comparative merits and advantages of city and country as places for settlement in life. It has been a matter of common observation with those who study tendencies and movements in American society, that there is, on the part of young men in the country quite generally, an eager, restless desire to get away from farm life and go to a city. They dislike the drudgery, the steady, hard work of the farm, and think it would be much better and nicer if they could stand behind a counter in some dry-goods store, or work in an office, or even drive a city team. They would then be "among folks," they think, and would be able to see for themselves "what was going on." The glare and glitter, the noise and bustle, the activity and commotion, the apparent splendor and gayety of a city life, they think, would just suit them, and would be so different from the solitude and lonesomeness of the farm and the farm home.

Said Dr. J. G. Holland, writing upon this subject: "We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the

threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and, in New England, at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character."

While the last part of this quotation will not apply as forcibly to Western life as to Eastern, yet the remainder of it is very appropriate and very true. All cities are generally overcrowded. One-fifth of the entire population of this country is now in cities. Many of these are men with families, but a large proportion of the number are young men and women who crowd to the cities from all quarters, looking for a chance to change their mode of life. Somehow or other, the social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. "They feel their lot to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard." Still this fascination, we are inclined to think, is akin in nature, if not in destructiveness, to the fascination of gaming-tables for some minds, of drinking-cups for others, and of theatrical performances for all.

We have a few words to say to this class of young people. Shakespere wrote more than two hundred years ago, that it was "better to endure the ills we already have, than fly to

others we know not of." And this remark holds good in its application to the subject in hand. The temptations and seductiveness of city life, its opportunities for self-destruction by gambling, drinking, licentiousness, and a thousand other evils, the peculiar isolation and lonesomeness of living and moving among people whose names, even, you do not know, is not half as pleasant as might appear at first thought. No one by looking merely at the outside can begin to tell the amount of magnificent misery and gilded poverty which exist within city walls. Besides, there is as much drudgery to be done in the city, as in the country, and if anything, even more. There is also as much hard, steady work. It is a little different in kind, to be sure, but then it tires you out just as soon, and you feel just as weary at night. In fact, one can work to better advantage in the stillness and quietude and amidst the unexcitable surroundings of country life, than he can with the noise and confusion of passing multitudes around him. There will be far less of nerve-exhaustion and consumption of vital forces at the old home, than in any great city. The man who ought to be the happiest of all men, is he who has a good farm, free from debt, and under a good state of cultivation, with a cheerful, loving wife, and a number of healthy, bright, dutiful children around him to make music, and assist in keeping his homestead.

More than this, the fact is patent to all that the only really prosperous class, as a whole, is the agricultural. The farmer is demonstrably better off, more independent, fares better, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor, than the worker in the city. We often witness the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The country must be fed, and the farmers feed it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of the middle-men that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country. The gains of the husbandman are slow but sure. Speculation is not legitimate

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

farm business. Farm stock cannot be watered like railroad stock, and made to expand at pleasure. Those who go into farming expecting to make sudden fortunes will be disappointed. It is a highway to health and competence, but not to sudden wealth and luxury.

Says Alexander Hyde, himself a large and successful farmer in Massachusetts: "While we concede that the profits of farming are slow and sure, rather than rapid and uncertain, we still maintain that no business pays better in the long run for the capital and skill invested. Farmers rarely fail. While 90 per cent. of those who enter upon a mercantile career become bankrupt, it is an anomaly for a farmer to ask his creditors to take fifty cents on a dollar. We never hear of farmer princes, and we can not point you to millionaires among husbandmen, but we can point you to thousands and tens of thousands among the cultivators of the soil who are independent as any prince, and live surrounded with the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, all brought from the bountiful earth. The number of these might be increased indefinitely, if more intelligence, and more system generally, attended the labors of the husbandman. In this, as in every other pursuit, it is intelligent labor that commands success. Were a manufacturer to conduct his business in the shiftless manner in which many farmers direct their affairs, he would speedily come to the end of his career.

"Agriculture was not only the primeval occupation of man, and the pursuit which the majority of men in all ages have followed, but it has been, is, and ever must be the main spring of all industry. All are dependent upon it for their daily sustenance. 'The king himself is served by the field. The profit of the earth is for all.' The banker and the beggar, the prince and the peasant, are alike fed from the products of the soil. Nothing can supply the place of these products. All the gold of California, and all the Erie railroad stock, multiplied indefinitely, cannot keep the soul and body of man together. No matter what business we pursue, we must, like the fabled Antæus, draw our life afresh every day from mother earth.

"Agriculture not only gives life to man and beast, but is the foundation of all other business. All trades and manufactures, all commerce, in short all business, is the result directly or indirectly of agriculture. The thousands of wheels which are revolving in the country to-day, whether moved by water or steam, are only re-molding the products of the earth into some useful form, and the thousands of ships which are traversing the oceans and rivers of the world are merely transporting these products, either in raw or manufactured state, to a market. The merchants, whether wholesale or retail, are the mediums of exchange for the produce of the soil. The millions of money deposited in our banks represent the capital accumulated from this produce. Our costly and commodious public buildings, our beautiful private residences, our splendid turn-outs, the adornments of fashion, indeed all the representatives of value,—are ultimate results from the crops of the earth. A merchant prince once said to us, pointing to his splendid mansion, "Every stone in this house is the result of the prairie soil of Illinois." Were the annual harvests of the earth to cease, the whirling spindles and flying shuttles of our manufactories would also cease, our ships would rot by the wharves, and our banks would have no demand for discounts. When the labors of the husbandman are rewarded with bountiful harvests, the spindles multiply, the ships are well freighted, and money is current. The resources of a country exist mainly in the soil.

"Moreover, the adaptation of agriculture to all ranks and conditions of society is not less wonderful. The king himself, without any loss of dignity, can be a farmer. Most of the presidents of these United States have been farmers, and have retired from their high position to the cultivation of their broad acres. We should be sorry to see a president reduced to selling lace and broadcloth, but of Washington as a farmer, we are almost as proud as of Washington the president. Adams on his farm at Quincy, Jefferson on his estate at Monticello, Jackson at the Hermitage, were just as dignified as when in the presidential chair. Van Buren prided himself as

much upon his large patch of cabbages at Kinderhook as upon his sharp diplomacy at Washington. Clay, surrounded by his short-horns at Ashland, was as much a nobleman as when gazed upon with delight by his compeers in the Senate chamber. The massive intellect of Webster was as conspicuous in the guidance of his farm at Marshfield as when he guided the affairs of State.

"Prince and peasant alike feel that in cultivating the soil they are fulfilling the mission which the Creator gave to man when he placed him in the garden of Eden. The pleasure, too, which the cultivator feels in raising his own fruits and flowers is very analogous to the pleasure of the Creator when he looked upon the works of his hands and pronounced them good. We doubt not there is pleasure in the successful prosecution of any branch of useful industry. The conversion of cotton and wool into fabrics for the protection and adornment of our persons is a species of creation, a re-molding of raw material into forms of beauty and utility, which must give the manufacturer great satisfaction; but this does not seem so much like a miracle as the creation of new life from inert matter; a transformation which the farmer constantly sees going on around him, and in the conduct of which he has a directing agency. In the case of the manufacturer, no new life is the result of his skill and labor. Matter is transformed and is made useful and beautiful, but cloth, glass and paper have no life.

"Not so with the products of the farm. Here dead, inert matter is transformed, not only into a thing of beauty and utility, but becomes also a thing of life. An apple lives and grows, and this vegetable life is destined to enter into the composition of a still higher organization in animal life. How the vile, offensive matter in the compost heap is converted into the luscious and fragrant peach, is beyond the power of human ken to discern. It is a living, perpetual miracle, attesting the wisdom and power of the great Creator; but the farmer acts an important part in the transformation. He prepares the compost, determines whether it shall fertilize

a melon or a cabbage, sows the seed, and cultivates the plant, and so is a co-worker with the Great First Cause, and shares with him the pleasure of creation, as the worker in no other branch of industry can.

"Many a professional man, with his head aching with the perplexities of his business, sighs for the quiet, simple pleasures of farm life, and many a merchant constantly on the *qui vive* to outstrip his competitors in trade, and fearing commercial revulsions which may strip him of the results of a life of toil and enterprise, longs for a home in the country, where he may spend quietly the evening of his days. A professional man with a brilliant genius, fitting him 'to govern men and guide the State,' and shine in the most polished society, recently said to us, 'Can I manage a few acres of land? I long to be the owner of some land and a tiller of the soil.' An extensive manufacturer, who in former years expatiated on the pleasure he derived from the music of his water-wheels, and the satisfaction he found in guiding the labors of a multitude of men, and seeing the town prosperous from the stimulus which he gave to business generally, has lately turned his attention to agriculture, and confesses that he finds in his new pursuit an enjoyment he never experienced before. Living in the open air, and exercising his muscles more vigorously and his brains more gently, dyspepsia, which formerly tormented him, has disappeared. He finds the sleep of a laboring man sweet, whether he eats little or much. In draining his swamps and creating fertile land from a worthless bog; in tending his herds and studying and developing the good points of his animals; in planting his vines and fruit trees, he says 'he finds a pleasure which the old mill never gave.'"

HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

It may not be amiss at this point to compile for the reader a very brief and condensed history of agriculture. As has been already observed, tilling the soil was man's primeval occupation. Adam was the first farmer. God put him into the garden of Eden "to dress and to keep it." Cain and Abel

made the first great division in agricultural labor, Cain tilling the ground and Abel keeping the sheep; which distinction in kinds of work is kept up unto the present day. After the flood we read that Noah became "a husbandman and planted a vineyard." The patriarchs also dwelt in tents, and their property consisted mainly in cattle, flocks and herds. Land at that time seems to have been common property, and every man pitched his tent wherever he pleased, and moved about from place to place as often as he pleased. Egypt, called in Scripture the "Garden of the Lord," being yearly enriched by the overflowing of the Nile, early attracted the attention of the tillers of the soil. This country furnished a refuge from the terrible drouths which affected the pastures of Western Asia. As population centered on the banks of the Nile, agriculture rose in importance, but the progress was slow. The change from the state of nature, and from a wandering pastoral life, must have been the work of ages. The nutritious qualities of the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., were a long time in being discovered, and when known, these grains were cultivated in the rudest manner. They were sown on the rich deposit of mud made by the annual overflow of the river, and the only harrowing they received was done by a herd of swine trampling the seed into the ground. In Egypt, too, animal power was first applied to agriculture, but the plow, as delineated among the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs, was an instrument much resembling our common picks.

From Egypt, agriculture as well as letters migrated to Greece. Here in a soil by no means as congenial as that of Egypt, agriculture rose to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown, and here agricultural literature makes its first appearance. Hesoid, who lived a thousand years before Christ, in his homely poem, "Works and Days," gives a detailed description of a plow consisting of beam, share and handles. It must have been a clumsy, unwieldy instrument, for he recommends that the plowman be forty years old before he undertakes to handle it. He says:

"Let a plowman yeared to forty, drive,
And see the careful husbandman fed
With plenteous morsels, and of wholesome bread."

There is no question but that in the palmy days of Greece, agriculture attained a a high degree of perfection. Fine breeds of cattle and horses were raised, and extensive importations were made to improve the native stock. The use of manures was also well understood, which Pliny says was first taught by the old king Augeas. The compost heap was skillfully cared for, and everything added to it which could contribute to the fertility of the soil. Drainage was understood and practiced, and the swamps and marshes around Sparta were drained and rendered tillable. Farm tools were greatly improved, and the land was thoroughly ploughed, and even subsoiled by the aid of mules and oxen. The Greek farmers also enjoyed the luxury of fruits, and had apples, pears, quinces, cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines and figs. With good culture of the soil, good houses became also a necessity, and rural architecture was carried to a high degree of perfection, though their architects devoted their highest skill to the construction of temples and public buildings.

With the march of empire Westward, the march of agriculture took its way from Greece to Italy. The culture of the soil was a fundamental idea in the Roman civilization. Seven acres of land were allotted by the State to each citizen, and in the early years of Rome no man was allowed to own more than this. Trading was never a characteristic of the Romans, and a merchant was ever considered by them inferior to a farmer. As the territory of the empire was extended, the right of freehold to each individual was increased to fifty acres, and still later to five hundred, but as in Germany every man was once expected to learn a trade, so in Rome every citizen was expected to be a farmer, and Pliny ascribed the exceeding fertility of Italy to the fact that "The earth took delight in being tilled by the hands of men crowned with laurels and decorated with triumphal honors."

A Roman coveted, next to the honors of war, the honor of

being a good husbandman. Distinguished generals and private soldiers, statesmen and citizens, the learned and the unlettered, alike prided themselves on their skill in agriculture. Cato, the wise censor, eloquent orator and able general, wrote a treatise on agriculture. Cato's summary of the art of terraculture cannot be excelled by the president of any modern agricultural college. He says: "The first thing is to plow thoroughly, the second to plow, the third to manure, the fourth to choose good seeds and plenty of them, the fifth to root out all weeds." Neither Lord Bacon nor Horace Greeley ever uttered more practical truth for farmers in less space. They are the grand principles on which successful agriculture ever has rested and will ever rest. Science may explain these principles, but will never annul them. Cato not only understood the value of the plow, but insisted upon a thorough pulverization of the soil by the harrow. He also knew the necessity of drainage, and recommended plowing wet land so as to throw it into ridges with deep furrows between them to carry off the water.

From Columella's account of a Roman farm establishment we conclude the seven-acre arrangement was outgrown in his day. He divides the farm buildings into three classes, the mansion house, the laborers' cottages, and the barns and fruit houses. The details of these buildings show an age of great wealth and luxury among the rural classes. The mansion house is a large, square building constructed around an inner court with two complete suites of apartments, the one on the sunny side designed for winter, the other for summer. The drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bathing-rooms, library, and servants' apartments are all on a scale of magnificence which no seven or fifty acres, however highly cultivated, could support. Italy, however, had far greater facilities for the advancement of agriculture than Greece. Her soil was naturally fertile, agriculture was the honorable employment, and she had all the experience of Egypt and Greece to enlighten her in the art. Still, with all these advantages there were many other things in the very organization of Roman society which pre-

vented the art from reaching its highest development. The farmer received little aid from the merchant. Commerce was looked upon with contempt, and the merchant was treated as belonging to an inferior caste. Mechanics also received but little encouragement from the State, the mechanic arts consequently languished, and hence there was little co-operation of labor. Agriculture cannot rise to its highest perfection without the aid of commerce, manufactures and the mechanic arts. They support each other as do the trees of the forest, and any jealousy between them is foolish and suicidal.

Another impediment to the advance of agriculture in Italy, was the want of general intelligence. The patricians and nobles were highly educated, but the plebeians were kept in ignorance. The masses toiled on without knowledge or hope, serving the nobility and amassing property for the few to whom wealth brought luxury, and that extreme refinement known by the ungallant term, "effeminacy." The tillage of the soil was left more and more in the hands of menial slaves, till in the fifth century, when the vast tide of Barbarians from the North swept over Italy, and indeed the whole of Southern Europe, bringing on the long night of the middle ages, when might made right, and all kinds of property, and especially the products of the farm, as most exposed, were insecure. This long night continued with scarcely a gleam of light from the fifth to the sixteenth century, during which time agriculture maintained but a feeble existence.

We pass now from Italy to Britain, and from the old to the modern type of agriculture. The Romans introduced the art into England during the first four centuries of the Christian era. But when the Roman power fell and the Saxons invaded England, a great check was given to agriculture. These Saxons were a rude people, subsisting mainly by the chase and by keeping large numbers of cattle, sheep and swine. The latter were fattened in the forests on the mast of the oak and beach, as but small quantities of grain were raised, not enough to furnish a decent supply of breadstuffs. The character of the food is said by physiologists to determine somewhat the char-

acter of the man and the nation. We are inclined to think there is a basis of truth in this, but whether true or not we can not deny that our Saxon ancestors were wild and semi-savage, too much like the beasts they hunted, and on whose flesh they mainly subsisted. No hoed crops and no edible vegetables were raised, and as late as the time of Henry the VIIIth, salad was brought over from Holland to supply the table of Queen Catharine, who had been accustomed in her childhood to a more civilized diet than England afforded. Neither Indian corn, nor potatoes, nor squashes, nor carrots, nor cabbages, nor turnips were known in England till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The suffering among the people was often intense. The shelters for man and beast were of the rudest kind, and it was estimated that one-fifth of the cattle perished each winter for the want of proper food and care.

The condition of the peasantry was miserable in the extreme. They seemingly had no rights which the landlords were bound to respect. If an estate was sold, the tenants were obliged to give up all, even their standing crops, without compensation. With such an uncertain tenure of property, agriculture could not be expected to flourish. So late as 1745, Marshal Noailler remarked to the king of France, "The misery of the mass of the people is indescribable;" and the remark was as applicable to England as to France. The feudal system gave some little protection to persons and property against petty feuds and depredations among neighbors, but it was too much like the protection that cats give to mice. The ignorant and tyrannical lords protected the peasantry much as they protected their cattle and horses, and for the same selfish reasons.

The darkness of the Middle Ages retired slowly. It was left to Jethro Tull, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, to make the first long stride in both the science and art of agriculture. Tull investigated the principles of fertility, and invented a horse-hoe and the grain-drill to carry out his idea of thorough tillage. He also invented the threshing ma-

chine, but the ignorant English landholders declared it to be an "engine of the devil," and continued the use of the flail and fan until the commencement of the present century. If Tull had not made the great mistake of rejecting the aid of manure, his theory of the thorough pulverization of the soil, and his improved agricultural implements, would have been adopted at a much earlier day. What Tull did for the benefit of the culture of the soil, Bakewell did in the improvement of the herds of cattle and sheep. He studied the laws of breeding patiently and intelligently, and laid the foundation for the present thoroughbreds of England, which confessedly stand at the head of the herds and flocks of the world, though we expect to see still better in America.

To Arthur Young, who died in 1820, the world is indebted more than to any other man for the advancement of the modern science of agriculture. He visited different parts of Europe to study his favorite art, and made many experiments to ascertain the causes of fertility. To him we are indebted for ascertaining the value of ammonia, which, previous to his time, had been thought to be injurious to vegetation. Young tried it on various soils and various crops, and found it in every trial to succeed. We now look upon ammonia as the test of value for most manures. Young also experimented with summer fallows, and came to the conclusion that covering the soil is more beneficial than naked fallow, and that a rotation of crops is all the rest the land needs; a conclusion which has added millions to the wealth of England and America. Young drew from his experiments the important principle that nitrogenous manures increase the power of plants to avail themselves of the mineral resources of the soil, thus establishing the necessity for the use of both these classes of manure; a principle fully corroborated by all experimenters since his day. By him, also, salt was first introduced into England as a manure. Young embodied the results of his investigations in a comprehensive work called the "Annals of Agriculture."

In 1793, at the request of the English board of agriculture, Sir Humphrey Davy, the first chemist of his age, was induced

to investigate the elements of soil and manure, and his lectures mark an important era in the history of the art. They were published in 1813 under the title, "Elements of Agriculture." In this work, Davy explains the construction of plants, gives the analysis of soils and manures and their adaptation to each other. The zeal of Davy for agriculture led him to a practical testing of his theories in the field. We find him in 1805 experimenting with guano, which Baron Humboldt had discovered in the islands of the Pacific. He first recommended the use of bones for manure, which have since played so important a part in English agriculture. What Davy and Johnston did for agriculture in England, Liebig has done in Germany.

While our own country has been slow in adopting all the theories of the European savans, yet their works have been extensively circulated, and the seed sown by them has borne legitimate and satisfactory fruit. In the department of farm implements we are leading the world. In cattle and sheep breeding, we also compare favorably with the Old World. But still the capacities of American agriculture, as a whole, have only begun to be developed, and there never was a time when, and never a country where, husbandry could be carried on to such advantage as in this country. Farmers have only to be true to themselves and their opportunities to be esteemed as the real noblemen of the land.

So much for the pleasure, dignity and profitableness of a country life, and the history of agricultural pursuits. These however, are the sober and prosaic aspects of the subject. Let us now glance at its poetical side. In the Odyssey of Homer, written in the noontide vigor of Grecian life, we find the following description of the garden of Alcinous:

"Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around;
Tall thriving trees confined the fruitful mold,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail,
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise.
The same mild season gives the bloom to blow,
The buds to harden and the fruits to grow.
Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear
With all th' united labors of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun;
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flowers descried,
Here grapes discolored on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dyed."

Thomas May, a poet and historian of the parliament of England, says:

"None can describe the sweets of country life
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, though far below our pitch
Of fortune placed, enjoy a wealth above us.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And in pure homes enjoy untroubled sleep.
Their state is fearless and secure, enriched
With many blessings such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a courtier and warrior of Queen Elizabeth's time, writes:

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in rural bowers.

John Gay, another English poet, writing of "Rural Sports," says:

O happy shepherds who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve their fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor.

And again in the same poem he adds:

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven hath sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring, gaudy trappings sighs.
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

Goldsmith, in the "Deserted Village," thus paints a picture of country life:

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the gentle wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

James Beattie, the Scottish minstrel, asks:

How can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O how can'st these renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

Coming to our own country, listen to what Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the Sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God may meet?

On the other hand, Cowper, writing of *city* life and pleasures, says:

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sashed, and all in a blaze,
With a July's sun collected rays,
Delight the city man, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust and calls it country air.

Again, Matthew Prior, living a little earlier than Cowper, hits off the same contrast as follows:

The city merchant has his house in town,
But a country-seat near Banstead down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors;
In the other, during hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.

To sum up, therefore, on this question of location, we say to the reader, whether young man or young lady or middle-aged man without a family, go where you are *sure* you can do the best, be it in city, in town, or in the country; but be *very sure* that you will better yourself materially, before leaving a good, comfortable place in the country to go to the city. The chances are ten to one that before a year passes over your head, you will wish yourself back again in the old place. If a man has plenty of money to spend or to invest in business, he can get along in a city very nicely *while his money lasts;* but the moment that is gone, he might as well be in a prison, or in a desert, as in a city. As financial and business matters go in times of depression, the city is the last place on earth for a poor man with a family, or even for single persons, unless they know just what they are to do before they go there, and

unless they are pretty certain they will succeed in their new work after beginning it.

To go to a city with a vague idea or hope of getting into some kind of profitable business, or falling in with some grand chance to make money, is the greatest folly imaginable. Such chances rarely occur to begin with, and when found, a thousand men on the ground, waiting and watching, stand ready to seize upon it before the opportunity is an hour old. As a rule, there is no greater slave on earth than the average city clerk, book-keeper, apprentice or workman of any kind. Late and early hours, steady application, conformity to strict rules and a constant liability to discharge for the smallest offenses, are a permanent quantity in the life of every working man or working woman in a city. Nor is it much better for the capitalist, if he be not well posted in all the games of sharpers and confidence men and rascals of every kind, and if he be not very sharp and keen himself; for his money will be cheated out of him, or he will lose it in unlucky speculation, before he is aware of it. The history of all kinds of business or of speculative ventures in any city would not offer any encouragement to a man of means to try his hand in such uncertain enterprises; for where one succeeds, a dozen or twenty fail.

To be sure there is more to be seen and heard in a city than in the country, there is also much more life and bustle, noise and clatter. The shop windows display elegant goods of every description, but there is little satisfaction to sensible minds in seeing and wanting, and not being able to purchase. Again, there is always a higher and more aristocratic class of people living in cities, generally speaking, than in small places, but poor people, or people below a certain social level, cannot associate with them, so their superior elegance does one no good unless he or she is *within the ring*.

If a man commences life in a small place with limited opportunities for expansion, fairly and honestly outgrows his straightened quarters, and, like Alexander the Great, sighs for more worlds to conquer, in such a case, if he takes pains beforehand to inquire thoroughly into the difficulties likely to be

encountered in a new situation, and if he feels competent to grapple with them and conquer them, let him come to a city and try his hand in a new and larger sphere. But other things being equal, if a man is doing well and is comfortably situated in the country, he had by all means better let well enough alone, than venture out on an unknown and untried city sea, where financial and moral shipwrecks abound on every hand, and where possible disasters multiply and thicken in about an equal ratio with the increase of population. Time was, when young business men could go into cities and do well, but that time has gone by and will probably never return, for the simple reason that the cities are overcrowded already, and there is no prospect of their population growing less.

Beware, then, of that foolish fascination which the idea of living in the city is liable to exercise over every young heart and mind. There is a class of people who had rather die by inches in a city than live well in the country, but such people are so shallow and weak-minded that it makes but little difference where they live or die. They are simply human moths fluttering round the great city candle. With proper care and effort, a country life can be made just as enjoyable as a life in the city, and much more healthy and profitable.

How can it be done? By following out these suggestions: "Fill the farm-houses with periodicals and books. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm-life is the great curse of that life. The towns of Hadley, Northfield, Hatfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, to this day remain villages of agriculturists. Europe for many centuries was cultivated by people who lived in villages. And this is the way in which all farmers should live. Settle in colonies, instead of singly, whenever feasible or possible."

F. T. Stuart, Boston.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

CHAPTER V.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER ONE.

Concentration of Mind and Power.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice—to choose is to create!
O. W. Holmes.

AN imperial highway to fortune cannot and must not be a very wide one, neither must it branch off in a hundred different directions. On the contrary, it must be a "straight and narrow way," and well trodden. The man who attempts to know or do everything, will succeed in really knowing and accomplishing but very little. Sidney Smith says in a lecture upon the conduct of the understanding, "Very often the modern precept of education is, Be ignorant of nothing. But my advice is, have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of all things."

It is generally thought that when a man is said to be dissipated in his habits he must be a drinking man, or a gambler, or licentious, or all three; but dissipation is of two kinds, coarse and refined. A man can dissipate or scatter all of his mental energies and physical power by indulging in too many respectable diversions, as easily as in habits of a viler nature. Property and its cares make some men dissipated; too many friends make others. The exactions of "society," the balls, parties, receptions, and various entertainments constantly being given and attended by the *beau monde*, constitute a most

wasting species of dissipation. Others, again, fritter away all their time and strength in political agitations, or in controversies and gossip; others in idling with music or some other one of the fine arts; others in feasting or fasting, as their dispositions and feelings incline. But the man of concentration of purpose is never a dissipated man in any sense, good or bad. He has no time to devote to useless trifling of any kind, but puts in as many strokes of faithful work as possible towards the attainment of some definite good.

Thousands of men have failed in life by dabbling in too many things. In ancient times, great men and scholars aspired to know everything, but the day of universal knowledge and scholarship is past. The range of human inquiry has now extended to a degree when the true measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his *voluntary* ignorance, or the number of studies which he chooses to let alone. And as with knowledge so with work. Every man who means to be successful must single out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devote himself thoroughly. It will, in fact, puzzle the wisest and strongest of men now to keep fairly abreast of any single branch of knowledge or of industrial enterprise. "It is said that a Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows but one mode, but that mode is the best. The one thing which an Englisman detests with his whole soul is a Jack-of-all-trades, the miscellaneous man who knows a little of everything. England is not a country for average men; every profession is overstocked, and the only chance of success is for the man of signal ability and address to climb to a lofty position over the heads of a hundred others. America on the other hand, is full of persons who can do many things, but who do no one thing well. The secret of their failure is mental dissipation,—the squandering of the energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them upon one." And what is true of England in respect to numbers is true of all European countries; hence, the best workmen in almost every department of industry in this country, are

largely foreigners, who, in the Old World, devoted the early part of their lives to the learning of some one trade or profession, and then emigrated to this country bringing their superior attainment in workmanship with them.

There are very few universal geniuses in the world. Said a learned American chemist, "My friend laughs at me because I have but one idea, but I have learned that if I wish ever to make a breach in a wall, I must play my guns continually upon one point." And such gunnery is usually successful. Said Charles Dickens, "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely." This he found to be a golden rule. Says Dr. Mathews: "Many a person misses of being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. The highest ability will accomplish but little, if scattered on a multiplicity of objects; while, on the other hand, if one has but a thimbleful of brains, and concentrates them all upon the thing he has in hand, he may achieve miracles. Momentum in physics, properly directed, will drive a tallow candle through an inch board."

Once in a great while a man appears in history like Cicero, or Bacon, or Dante, or Leonardo da Vinci, who is a real prodigy of genius, and who, like these, acquires an immense amount of learning, and does a great many different kinds of work, and does them all well; but the very rareness of such men proves the contrary condition to be the rule. Da Vinci, the last-named of the above four, was a Florentine painter and sculptor, living from 1452 to 1519. Besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, he excelled in architecture (as did Michael Angelo, his cotemporary), engineering and mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He was also a poet and an admirable performer on the lyre. His greatest work in painting, by which he became most famous, was "The Last Supper," originally executed in oil on the wall of a Dominican convent, and considered at the time to be the best work of art ever produced. Gladstone, when Prime Minister of England, not only attended to the multi-

learn the habit of thoroughness. Lord St. Leonards once communicated to Sir Fowell Buxton, the mode in which he had conducted his studies, and thus explained the secret of his success. "I resolved," said he, "when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection." Sir E. B. Lytton, once explaining how it was that, whilst so fully engaged in active life, he had written so many books, observed, "I contrived to do so much by never doing too much at a time. As a general rule, I have devoted to study not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

It is not the quantity of study that one gets through that makes a wise man, but the appositeness of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued; the concentration of mind, for the time being, upon the subject under consideration; and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated. Abernethy was even of opinion that there was a point of saturation in his own mind, and that if he took into it something more than it could hold, it only had the effect of pushing something else out. And every brain-worker knows by experience that this opinion is founded on fact. One of the qualities which early distinguished John C. Calhoun was his *power of attention*. A gentleman who in his youth was wont to accompany Mr. Calhoun in his strolls states that the latter endeavored to impress upon his friend the importance of cultivating this faculty; "and to encourage me in my efforts," says the writer, "he stated that to this end he had early subjected *his* mind to such a rigid course of discipline, and had persisted without faltering until he had early acquired a perfect control over it; that he could now confine it to any subject as long as he pleased, without wandering even

for a moment; that it was his uniform habit, when he set out alone to walk or ride, to select a subject for reflection, and that he never suffered his attention to wander from it until he was satisfied with its examination." It has been remarked by Sir William Hamilton that "the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other,—that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference in one long series toward a determined end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to break or let fall the thread which he has begun to spin."

We would not deny, however, but that there is an injurious and even an offensive sense in which a man can be possessed of one idea. A man may become like a tree with all its branches on one side, and so become a mental and moral deformity. What would we think of a man who was all head, or all stomach, or all arms and legs? Even so a man may become so warped and one-sided, mentally, as to practically forget there is anything else in the world besides his own trade or profession; and then he is not a *whole* man, but simply a distorted fragment. The first thing to be done in human culture is to develop as far as possible *all* the powers of the mind, and then ask nature which one faculty she intended to have in the front, as leader of the rest. A clergyman all divinity and nothing else, or a lawyer all precedents and decisions and revised statutes, or a scholar all book-learning and nothing more, is always a more or less pitiable sight. The seamstress should be something more than an animated needle, and the day-laborer more than a walking spade. Saint Bernard, the pious abbot of Clairvaux, was so much of a saint that he could keep no flesh on his bones. Neander, church historian and a professor in one of the German universities, so neglected the practical side of his nature that after walking over the ground for nearly thirty years, he could not find his way from the lecture-room to his own house alone. Coleridge and Wordsworth with all their learning and poetical fame, did not together know enough to take off the collar from a horse, but had to be shown how by

a servant girl. Douglas Jerrold said he once knew a man with twenty-four languages, but who had not an idea in any of them.

All these are cases of one-ideaism pushed too far. Such characters are not good specimens of fully-developed men, but are only distortions or dwarfs. Walpole tells us that Charles James Fox, after making his great and exhausting speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, could so far drop his specialty and his lawyer-like greatness as to go out, after the speech was concluded, and hand the ladies into their coaches with all the sprightliness and easy gayety of an idle gallant. It makes not so much difference if a man have two or three side-tracks on which he can "switch off" now and then, provided the side-tracks all lead to the same terminus with the main line. But a man must not be on side-tracks all his life. Edward Everett is an example of a man who tried to do so many different kinds of work, that he really excelled in none. He started life as a Unitarian minister, then became a professor in Harvard College, from which he had previously graduated at 17, went to Europe and studied four years more, came home and became an orator and lecturer, went to Congress for ten years as a representative, was Governor of Massachusetts for four years, became Minister to England in 1841, was elected President of Harvard College in 1849, was next made Secretary of State under President Fillmore, was chosen U. S. Senator in 1853, but resigned, and lastly ran as candidate for Vice-President in 1860 on the ticket with John Bell of Tennessee. He died two or three years after the civil war broke out. De Quincy the English writer and opium eater, is another example of the same kind, and so is Coleridge, a man of gigantic intellectual capacity. When Charles Lamb heard of his death he wrote to a friend: "Coleridge is dead, and is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity —and not one of them complete." The poet Pread, describing a certain vicar, says of him:

"His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slips from politics to puns,

It glides from Mahomet to Moses.
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For skinning eels or shoeing horses."

It is necessary therefore to concentrate both mind and energy on any chosen pursuit in order to secure excellence or win prizes therein. Some people are always complaining that they cannot keep their thoughts from wandering whenever they sit down to write, read, or work; in other words, they have no power to concentrate their minds on any given point or theme to the exclusion of others. But such people have never really learned *to think*. They lack mental discipline and culture. They need to cultivate strength of will. Napoleon said of himself that his mind resembled a bureau. He could pull out one drawer, examine its contents to the exclusion of all others, shut it up when he had finished, and then pull out another. That is, he was able to take up one subject after another, concentrate the whole power of his mind upon it while under examination, then dismiss it at once and completely, like the shutting up of a drawer in a bureau, and so proceed until the entire range of topics in his mind had been passed upon. Such power is a very valuable acquisition; in fact, there can be little progress in mental growth without it. If a man cannot first control his thoughts in some measure, how can he control his acts? And if not able to control either thought or act, he is like a balloon in the air, or a ship on the ocean without a rudder, the sport of wind and wave. The power which he may possess will drive him ahead, but it will not drive him straight towards the goal of his ambition.

And so we end this chapter by repeating that all men who hope to be successful in life and build for themselves an imperial highway to fortune, must choose some kind of work for which they find themselves best adapted, *and then stick to it*. Bishop Butler spent twenty years of his life writing one book, the "Analogy," but the book is as immortal as the Bible itself. Edward Gibbon, the historian, worked the same number of

years over his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but that work will never die. Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, devoted fifty years to the investigation of metaphysic problems. Isaac Newton wrote his "Chronology" over seventeen times. Adam Smith worked ten years at "The Wealth of Nations." Indeed, "to strive for a high professional position, and yet expect to have all the delights of leisure; to labor for vast riches, and yet to ask for freedom from anxiety and care, and all the happiness which flows from a contented mind; to indulge in sensual gratification, and yet demand health, strength, and vigor; to live for self, and yet to look for the joys that spring from a virtuous and self-denying life,—is to ask for impossibilities. The world is a market where everything is marked at a settled price; and whatever we buy with our time, labor, or ingenuity,—whether riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, or knowledge,—we must stand by our decision, and not, like children, when we have purchased one thing repine that we do not possess another which we did not buy."

In one of Lucian's Dialogues, Jupiter complains to Cupid that, though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning, obsequious deportment. But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returns Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved. He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time, and he could not. Alexandre, of Paris, made "kid" gloves his specialty, and now his trade-mark imparts to manufactured ratskins a value peculiarly their own. William and Robert Chambers devoted their energies to the production of cheap books and periodicals, and their wealth is counted by millions. Faber has fabricated pencils till he has literally made his mark in every land. The genius of the great Dr. Brandreth ran to pills, and his name is now as familiar as a household word all over the world. Mason gave his whole soul to the invention of good blacking, and now his name shines

like a pair of boots to which it has been applied. Herring the manufacturer of safes, has salamandered himself into celebrity, and Tobias the watchmaker, has ticked his way to fame and fortune. A. T. Stewart made bales of dry-goods his stepping-stones to the proud position of a millionaire,—becoming at once the Crœsus and the Colossus of the trade; and Robert Bonner, advertising by the acre, discovered a new way of reaping golden harvests from the overworked soil of journalism.

The greatest actors are those who take one or a few characters and leave all others alone. Edwin Booth plays ever the same list of characters, while Joe Jefferson sticks to one, but in that he has become so perfect as to almost lose in it his personal identity. And the same is true of Lawrence Barrett John T. Raymond, and a score of others. Broad culture, many-sidedness are beautiful accomplishments to look at and admire, but it is always the men of single and intense purpose who concentrate their power, that do the hard and valuable work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when such work is to be done.

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER TWO.

SELF-HELP.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
At forty, knows it, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chiding infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve.
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

EDWARD YOUNG.

HOW much should one who is building a highway to fortune, depend upon himself, and how much help should he be willing to receive from others in its construction? There has been a good deal said and written about self-made men—a good deal that is true and just, and much that is the veriest "bosh" in the world. It has been held that early hardships, poverty, obstacles and difficulties of all kinds in early life, only develop and bring out the heroic qualities of a young, manly spirit, and in reality assist in making it great, strong and wise, if it ever becomes such. Whereas, on the other hand, it is held that if the pathway of a young man is made easy, safe and smooth before him by the advice and pecuniary aid of others, it will practically be ruinous to character by making him weak, irresolute and effeminate. And the supporting analogy of this view is, that it is not in the sheltered garden or the hot-house, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging

courageously into the wave and buffeting it, like Cassius and Cæsar, with lusty sinews; that difficulties and trials in life knit one's muscles more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is a superior in strength, one would not only increase his own strength, but learn the secret of his conqueror's skill.

Now, that there is *some* truth in this representation, no man who has himself been a warrior in the strife will deny; but the error involved is, that the theory is generally pushed farther than the facts of life and of human character warrant. A certain amount of difficulty, when happily overcome, undoubtedly does strengthen resolution, invigorate the will, and toughen the cords and sinews of the mind and heart. But let the obstacles thicken around any human spirit until they become practically insurmountable, and so far from developing its qualities, they crush it to the earth. Poe, in "The Raven," speaks of such an one

> "Whom unmerciful disaster,
> Followed fast and followed faster,
> Till his songs one burden bore;
> Till the dirges of his hope, the
> Melancholy burden bore,
> Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

No human spirit can bear up long under the crushing weight of despair, and whenever difficulties and trials in life are of such a nature, or come so fast, as to induce this state then they cripple, hinder and bruise the mind more than they assist in developing its latent resources. The mother eagle, when her birdlings have grown large and strong enough to fly, calls them out of the nest, drives them to the edge of the cliff, and then deliberately pushes them off. But does she abandon them then? By no means; on the contrary, when she sees them fluttering and falling farther and farther down, swifter than an arrow she darts beneath them, lets them fall upon her strong, wide back, and carries them triumphantly to the old nest again. This is Nature's method of developing latent power, and from this we may gain a hint for human reason to profit by in the treatment of young and growing minds.

A certain amount of hardship in early life seems essential to ultimate success, but every young mind needs to be under the constant watchcare of some fostering and protecting parent or guardian. To send young people out into the world and then leave them to shift for themselves, or to start a young man on a course of education, and then say, "Oh, if he has the right stuff in him he will manage to get along somehow," is not only hazardous, but a policy which is prompted by false philosophy, not to say by criminal ignorance of life's dangers, and of the inherent susceptibilities of an ardent, youthful nature.

We fully agree with Dr. Mathews, when he denounces "young men of vivid imaginations, who, instead of carrying their own burdens, are always dreaming of some Hercules coming to give them a 'lift.' The vision haunts their minds of some benevolent old gentleman,—a bachelor, with no children, of course, but with a bag full of money, and a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, who, being astonishingly quick to detect merit or genius, will give them a trifle of ten or twenty thousand dollars, with which they will earn a hundred thousand more. Or, perhaps they will have a legacy from some unheard-of relative, who will suddenly and conveniently die." Also with another writer who says, "one of the most disgusting sights in this world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help." It is told of Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor of England, that, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, he thus replied: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be little fear of his failure." It was for this reason that Thurlow withheld from Lord Eldon, when poor, a commissionership of bankruptcy which he had promised him, saying it was a favor to Eldon to withhold it. "What he meant," says Eldon, "was, that he had learned (a clear truth) that I was by nature very indolent, and it was

only want that could make me very industrious." Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had the stuff in him to make a good musician, if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he was spoiled by the *ease* with which he composed. Shelley tells us of certain poets that they

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

A great musician once said concerning a promising but passionless cantatrice: "She sings well, but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single, I would court her; I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart; and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

These, however, are extreme views and extreme cases, and while such a course of treatment might be beneficial in some cases, it would in as many others prove the opposite. There is and must be in the very nature of things a wise limit, a golden mean, which may be said to constitute the boundary line between judicious giving or aiding, and judicious withholding of aid. Parents are often blamed for working hard to accumulate property for their children, and are sometimes called their children's worst enemies for so doing, but there are a great many heavier curses for children to bear than a "good start in the world" through inherited wealth. Sometimes, indeed, the proverb holds good that those rich young men who begin their fortunes where their fathers leave off, generally leave off where their fathers begun. But all rich men's sons are not fools or spendthrifts, any more than all poor children are bright, energetic, thrifty and saving. The Astor boys manage to keep that great estate together and even to increase its proportions; Wm. H. Vanderbilt is no unworthy descendant of the great Commodore, and so in hundreds of similar instances. In fact, take the country through, the large accumulations of property, as a rule, continue in the same family through successive generations; the father handing it over to the children, and they in turn preserving it, if not adding to

it, for the next generation, and so on. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as to all rules, but these exceptions are no more numerous among the rich than among the poor. A far greater number of poor children turn out bad, than rich ones, according to the size of the respective classes. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is more of a misfortune than a blessing to be poor.

But this is not saying that poor young men can do nothing, because they are poor, or because they have no one to help them—far from it. Many of the great names in history, many of the world's greatest heroes and benefactors have been men of humble parentage "whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages, and who buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton used to say that "no man ought to be convinced by anything short of absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of mankind." Neither has any man, young or old, a right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or feeble abilities. Every giant oak in the forest was once contained in a little acorn, and was kicked about by the feet of passing swine. Mohammed who founded a new religion and changed the face of empires, was an orphan at eight, and afterwards a camel-driver. Pope Gregory VII., was a carpenter's son; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was the son of a baker; Kepler, hardly less distinguished, was a waiter-boy in a hotel kept by his father.

In England, Captain Cook, the famous navigator, James Brindley the first man who devoted himself to civil engineering as a profession, and the originator of the canal system, and Robert Burns, the poet, belonged all of them to the class of common day-laborers. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, Edwards and Telford the engineers, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones the

architect, Harrison the chronometer-maker, John Hunter the physiologist, Romney and Opie the painters, Professor Lee the Orientalist, and John Gibson the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson the mathematician, Bacon the sculptor, the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson the ornithologist, Dr. Livingstone the missionary traveler. Shoemakers have given us Sir Cloudesley Shovel the great Admiral, Sturgeon the electrician, Samuel Drew the essayist, Gifford the editor of the "Quarterly Review," Bloomfield the poet, and William Carey the missionary; while Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoelasts.

Cardinal Wolsey, Daniel Defoe, the writer, Akenside and Kirke White, poets, were sons of butchers; the immortal Bunyan was a tinker. Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson, names connected with the invention and perfecting of the steam-engine, were all of poor and humble origin like the others, —the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine-fireman. John Bewick, the father of wood engraving, was a coal-miner, Baffin, discoverer of "Baffin's Bay," began his seafaring career as a man before the mast, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel as a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper. Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a book-binder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science.

Drawing nearer home, look at the early life of Andrew Jackson whose soubriquet of "Old Hickory" is still so potent with large numbers of his countrymen. His father, after whom Andrew was named, emigrated to North Carolina in 1765, and died five days after his son's birth. The mother, with her babe and two other children, then moved into a destitute por-

tion of South Carolina where Andrew's boyhood was passed. Their means were slender. When the Revolution broke out the oldest boy enlisted and was killed. At the age of thirteen, Andrew with his brother Robert joined a corps of volunteers attached to General Sumter's brigade.

In the next year, 1781, both the boys were captured by a party of dragoons. Andrew was ordered by a Tory officer to clean a pair of muddy boots, but proudly refused, whereupon the officer aimed a sword-stroke at his head, which the boy parried, and thereby received a wound upon the hand which he bore for life. His brother was ordered to do the same thing for another officer, and for his refusal actually received a sword-cut upon the head from which he never recovered. In the prison at Camden, the boys suffered severely from their undressed wounds, and also from small-pox which raged among the prisoners. When at length they were exchanged with five neighbors and given to their mother, they were little more than mere wrecks. From the prison to their home was a distance of forty miles, and there were but two horses for the whole party. On one, without saddle or bridle, Mrs. Jackson rode, and on the other the weak and wounded Robert was borne; young Andrew, barefooted, half-naked and half-sick with the small-pox, trudging the whole distance on foot. A heavy rain set in and drenched the party to the skin, and drove the disease back again into the systems of the two boys. Two days after, Robert died, and Andrew hung upon the brink of death for two weeks. After his recovery, his mother died, and then the seventh President of the United States was left alone upon the earth, penniless and friendless.

For a time he became reckless and dissipated, but in his eighteenth year he suddenly changed his course of life and commenced to study law at Salisbury, N. C. Two years after he was licensed to practice and received from the Governor of the State, without asking, the appointment of solicitor for the western district, embracing the present State of Tennessee. In the spring of 1788, at just twenty-one years of age, he crossed the mountains to his new home, and as the country

was wild and unsettled, he immediately engaged in bloody warfare with the fierce savage. His subsequent history has become part and parcel of the national record. He settled at Nashville, married a beautiful woman, went to Congress, and from thence on, step by step, until he was seated in the Presidential chair and had his name enrolled among the world's great men.

Surely no boy or young man in these days could have a harder time getting started in life than did young Jackson. His success was owing to several causes, but chiefly to his own determination, courage, pluck, ability and will. His extreme youthfulness while passing through that series of trials was much in his favor, as boys usually recover from the stunning effect of such blows much easier and quicker than maturer minds. His first appointment from the Governor and his well-chosen marriage, also, were events greatly in his favor and helped him much; but after that, Andrew Jackson depended chiefly upon his own resources and powers.

Generally, as another has said, "our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect makes them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the resolute. The difficulties which utterly dishearten one man only stiffen the sinews of another, who looks on them as a sort of mental spring-board by which to vault across the gulf of failure on to the sure, solid ground of full success." When John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow-students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the

national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!"

Therefore instead of being one of the "foiled potentialities" or possibilities of which the world is so full; instead of being merely a "subjunctive hero" who always might, could, would, or should do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand, let every man be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. If this lesson of self-help is once learned and acted on, every man will be able to discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT.

Thus far in this chapter we have spoken of self-help in its relation to pecuniary aid, but another question, closely akin to that, is how far should one depend upon himself for those ideas, principles, and maxims of wisdom by which conduct is governed? Lessing, the great German philosopher and author, used to say, "Think wrongly if you please, but think for yourself." This advice, to say the least, needs a little explanation and modification before it should be accepted as the utterance of final wisdom. To a certain extent, or rather after the age of maturity has been reached, one should learn to think for himself, and learn to be guided by his own conclusions; but before this can be done with entire safety, one must learn to think correctly and reason soundly. While a too great intellectual dependence on the one hand is productive of mental weakness and servility, a too great intellectual confidence on the other, is sure to lead into rashness and folly.

It would be dangerous advice to give any young man, to say, "Think for yourself and follow out your own ideas, right or wrong;" for one of the most besetting sins of a youthful mind is that of ignoring the past and rejecting the counsels of the aged. Every man who has reached the age of forty can look back and see how foolish and rash and headstrong he was when the hot, wild impulses of youth and early manhood were burning like fire in his heart and bones; when he felt he could do

anything, and knew as well what was good for him as those by whom he was surrounded. Where a man is confident at twenty, he is quite likely to be cautious at forty; where he was *sure* he was right at twenty-five, he is more than likely to be mistrustful and timid at forty-five or fifty. One difficulty about over-confidence with immature minds in early life, is, that they are very liable to mistake imaginings and fancies for sound reasoning and solid fact. Never is the imagination more active or more deceptive than in the fresh morning of life. This faculty of the mind seems to be the first to develop. Even in childhood its power is great, and a little later on it becomes well-nigh supreme among the mental forces. And very few realize what an arch and gay deceiver this intellectual sprite and trickster is among men. Sir Walter Scott exclaims in "Rokeby,"

> Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
> Winning from reason's hand the reins.

And another old poet adds:

> "Subtle opinion,
> Working in man's decayed faculties,
> Cuts and shapes illusive fantasies;
> Whereon we ground a thousand lies."

Then Shakespere culminates the accusation by declaring that "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." Therefore when young men and maidens become susceptible to the influences of the sweet and tender passion; when they begin to read (and to write, if they can,) sentimental poetry; when the world looks all bright and fascinating to them; when every power of body and mind is intensely alive and eager for distinction, and the spirit thirsts for activity and glory, it will hardly be safe for them to follow out blindly their own ideas, or to trust too much to their own independent thought and judgment. The advice of older and cooler heads should never be contemptously thrown aside at such a period of life.

There comes a time, however, sooner or later in human ex-

perience, when all persons are compelled to think and act for themselves. We are not advocating abject intellectual subserviency as the greatest good, neither would we recommend a premature self-confidence which almost invariably results in the growth of that hideous and poisonous mental fungus, known as Self-Conceit. For

> "This self-conceit is a most dangerous elf.
> He who doth trust too much unto himself,
> Can never fail to fall in many snares."

Indeed, if we were called upon to describe an intellectual devil with horns and hoof and tail arrayed, whose very presence was like blasting mildew upon the mind and heart, whose looks destroyed and whose breath benumbed, we should say his name was Self-Conceit. When this habit of mind becomes confirmed and settled, the man or woman might as well be dead as alive so far as doing good or being successful is concerned. There is no intellectual disease, no malady of brain, to be compared with it for deadliness of nature. It makes one disagreeable to all around, it turns him into a laughing-stock, it destroys the power of all true thought and right action, it creates a false world out of a real one. No man can be respected, or be useful, or amount to anything in the world, if he bears the character of a conceited coxcomb. Any so-called independence of thought, therefore, which leads to this evil, we most thoroughly deprecate and abominate.

But a wholesome fear of this mild form of lunacy need not deter any one from trying to the utmost of his capacity to be original in thought, and ingenious in methods and aims. It need not and must not lead any one to be *afraid* to think for himself, or to seek to carry out his ideas in all legitimate ways, and to a reasonable extent. Indeed, after one has thoroughly and conscientiously endeavored by all means within his reach to ascertain the absolute truth and the best possible way, he must then be true to his own matured convictions and ideas, whether these prove to be in harmony with the convictions and ideas of others or not. But there is a world of

difference between being rash, headstrong, self-conceited, uppish and indolent, and being firm, intelligent, thoughtful, persistent, ingenious and wise.

We also recognize that this age of the world is in many respects unlike past ages, and calls for different measures and plans. The world is rushing on at a fearful rate of speed, and he who would keep up with his fellows must learn to think quickly, be fertile in expedient, be shrewd, active and wise, and able to travel fast. We fully coincide with Dr. Mathews when he says: "The days when a man could get rich by plodding on, without enterprise and without taxing his brains, have gone by. Mere industry and economy are not enough; there must be intelligence and original thought. Quick-witted Jacks always get ahead of the slow-witted giants. Whatever your calling, inventiveness, adaptability, promptness of decision must direct and utilize your force; and if you cannot find markets you must make them. In business, you need not know many books, but you must know your trade and men; you may be slow at logic, but you must dart at a chance like a robin at a worm. You may stick to your groove in politics and religion; but in your business you must switch into new tracks, and shape yourself to every exigency. Every calling is filled with bold, keen, subtle-witted men, fertile in expedients and devices, who are perpetually inventing new ways of buying cheaply, underselling, or attracting custom; and the man who sticks doggedly to the old-fashioned methods —who runs in a perpetual rut—will find himself outstripped in the race of life, if he is not stranded on the sands of popular indifference. Keep, then, your eyes open and your wits about you, and you may distance all competitors; but ignore all new methods, and you will find yourself like a lugger contending with an ocean racer."

Again, he is right when he says that "we are not the only people who run everything into the ground, but we certainly do it more generally, and with greater rapidity than any other nation on the globe. No matter what branch of business is started,—from the manufacture of pills or matches to that of

sewing-machines or watches, from the ice-trade to the traffic in guano or Japanese goods,—the moment any business is discovered to be profitable, it is rushed into by thousands and tens of thousands, till a reaction follows, and it is ruined." These facts call for the formation and exercise of a strong individuality of character, and for true independence of thought and act, but they need not and must not make a man crazy or foolish through over self-confidence or disgusting conceit in opinion.

The present age is also an age of advertising, pre-eminently, and it is a profitable and interesting inquiry to know how far one should seek to advertise his own ability and skill. One thing is certain, there must be no false modesty in him who would be successful, and at the same time there need be no display of excessive impudence and brazen-faced boldness. True courage in character is a far different article from either of these. There is, as has been well said, a happy medium between the two extremes; between the "noisy, blatant pretension that is forever stunning us with proclamations of its own ability, and that excessive humility which strips itself of all real merits and shrinks into a corner frightened at its own shadow. This medium, although somewhat difficult to describe, is not impossible to realize in practice, and at this every one should aim. Because there is danger of invoicing yourself above your real value, it does not follow that you should always be underrating your own worth. The great mass of men have no time to examine the merits of others. They are busy about their own affairs, which claim all their attention. They cannot go about hunting for modest worth in every nook and corner; those who would get their good opinion must come forward with their claims, and at least show their own confidence in them by backing them with vigorous assertion."

The different ways and methods of self-advertising practiced in these times, are legion. Some of them are ingenious to the last degree, displaying great tact and talent on the part of those wishing to get notoriety, and through that to attract custom to business, get a living and, perhaps, make money

We refer now, not to the lawful and legitimate advertising of goods in mercantile life—this is not only right in itself, but something that must be done as a matter of business policy. But we are speaking of advertising *self*, not goods, and one method which is sometimes restored to is happily hit off in the following sketch: "There are two rival doctors in town, equal in learning and skill, and who have just begun their professional careers. Dr. Easy puts his card on his door and in the newspapers, and then sits down in his office and waits patiently for patients. If, fortunately, somebody is good enough to break a leg or to be seized with the cholera at his very door, he secures a customer; otherwise he may spend years in putting knowledge into his head by study, before he will put any money into his purse. Not so with Dr. Push. He has a mean opinion of the passive system, puts up a stunning brass plate on his door, gets himself puffed in the newspapers, dresses in the height of the fashion, talks learnedly, looks wise, and keeps a "two-forty" horse and carriage, before he has a visit to make. He hires persons to startle his neighbors at midnight with the peals of his bell; is continually called out of church; and, more than once, has his name shouted, as being instantly wanted, while attending a concert or lecture at the Academy of Music. Instead of sitting down in his office and dozing over Brodie and Magendie, he scours the streets and the whole adjoining country with his carriage, driving from morning till night at a killing pace, as if life and death hung on his steps; and, neglecting no form of advertisement, is probably making two thousand dollars a year before Dr. Easy has heard the rap of his first patient."

This kind of sharp practice will sometimes succeed and sometimes fail. If it wins, the man's fortune is thereby advanced for the time being, but if it is exposed, the man will very likely be obliged to leave town and try again in another locality more favorably conditioned for scheming. Washington Irving once said that "a barking dog was often more useful than a sleeping lion," and there is some truth in the assertion; but, whether useful or not, no man would care to settle down permanently in the sphere or character of a barking dog.

CHAPTER VII.

The Spirit of Work.

If little labor, little are our gains,
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Robert Herrick.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

Byron.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.

Shakespere.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is pure and holy.

Mrs. Osgood.

THE Marquis de Spinola, one of Spain's greatest generals, asked Sir Horace Vere, an English baron, one day, "Pray, sir, of what did your brother (Sir Francis Vere, an English general, who had fought against Spinola in the Netherlands) die?" "He died," said Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all." If the Marquis was right in his conclusion, then the necessity for labor, imposed upon us from the beginning, is not so much a curse as it is a blessing. Jeremy Taylor, that good old English divine, wrote: "Avoid idleness, and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for of all employments bodily

labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil." Perhaps if the earth had brought forth thorns and thistles from the first, and Adam and Eve had been put at hard work, instead of down in the midst of a garden, with plenty of time and leisure to toy with fruits and flowers and vines, they might not have yielded so readily to the voice of temptation. But having been ruined through comparative ease and idleness, the race were then put at hard work for the express purpose of preventing, as far as possible, the recurrence of the evil.

Accordingly, labor has ever been the indispensable condition of success in any and all departments of life. We are now pointing out to you, reader, an imperial highway to fortune, but we do most earnestly assure you that this highway can never be built without the most unremitting and indefatigable exertion on your part. Lazy, shiftless people are, as a rule, poor, miserable, and comparatively useless. Industry is the price of excellence in everything. They who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Fortune is ever on the side of the industrious, as winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. Genius may not be necessary, though even genius of the highest sort does not despise the exercise of common qualities. The very greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius, and were as worldly-wise and persevering as the successful men of a commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. Buffon said of genius—"It is patience."

Newton's was unquestionably a mind of the very highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered, "By always thinking upon them." At another time he thus expressed his method of study: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light." In Newton's

case as it is in every other, it was only by diligent application and perseverance that a great reputation was achieved. Even his recreation consisted merely in the variety of his industry — leaving one subject only to take up another. To Dr. Bentley he said: "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

Says a modern writer on this subject: "The extraordinary results effected by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, have led many distinguished men to doubt whether the gift of genius be so exceptional an endowment as it is generally supposed to be. Thus Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mold. Locke, Helvetius and Diderot believed that all men have an equal aptitude for genius; and that what some men are able to effect under the influence of the fundamental laws which regulate the march of intellect, must also be within the reach of others who, in the same circumstances, apply themselves to like pursuits. But while admitting, to the fullest extent, the wonderful achievements of labor, and also recognizing the fact that men of the most distinguished genius have invariably been found the most indefatigable workers, it must nevertheless be sufficiently obvious that, without the original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of labor, however well applied, would have produced a Shakespere, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo.

"Dalton, the chemist, always repudiated the notion of his being 'a genius,' attributing everything which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself: 'My mind is like a bee-hive; but full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order, regularity and food, collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature.' We have, indeed, but to glance at the biographies of great men, to find that the most distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers, and workers of all sorts, owe their success, in a great measure, to their indefatigable industry and application. They were men who turned all things to

gold — even time itself. Hence it happens that the men who have most moved the world, have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities, untiring workers, persevering, self-reliant, and indefatigable; not so often those gifted with naturally bright and shining qualities, as those who have applied themselves diligently to their work, in whatever line that might lie. A great point to be arrived at is to get the working quality well trained. When that is done, the rest will be found comparatively easy. We must repeat and again repeat: facility will come with labor. Not even the simplest art can be accomplished without it."

As history is philosophy teaching by example, so biography furnishes the best illustrations of principle and theory. Therefore, to show the reader what has been done by patient industry and steadfast application, we will give a number of brief sketches of distinguished workers, taken from different ranks of life. Sir Robert Peel, one of the most distinguished statesmen and Prime Ministers that England ever had, was a noted worker. The Peel family rose from humble circumstances to a position of great renown, wholly through the power of industry. Sir Robert's grandfather, the first of the line, was a small yeoman, living on a poor, sterile farm near Blackburn. Finding he could not support his large family by farming, he began the business of calico-making. He was, in fact, the originator of the process of printing calico by machinery.

It was then customary, in such houses as the Peels, to use pewter plates at dinner. Having sketched a figure, or pattern, on one of the plates, the thought struck him that an impression might be got from it in reverse, and printed on calico with color. In a cottage at the end of the farm-house, lived a woman who kept a calendering machine, and, going into her cottage, he put the plate, with color rubbed into the figured part, and some calico over it, through the machine, when it was found to leave a satisfactory impression. Such is said to have been the origin of roller printing on calico. Robert Peel shortly perfected this process, and the first pattern he

brought out was a parsley leaf; hence he is spoken of, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, to this day, as "Parsley Peel." The process of calico-printing by what is called the mule machine — that is, by means of a wooden cylinder in relief, with an engraved copper cylinder — was afterwards brought to perfection by one of his sons, the head of the firm of Messrs. Peel and Co., of Church, England.

Sir Robert Peel (the first baronet, and the second manufacturer of the name) inherited all his father's enterprise, ability, and industry. His position, at starting in life, was little above that of an ordinary workingman; for his father, though laying the foundations of future prosperity, was still struggling with the difficulties arising from insufficient capital. When Robert was only twenty years of age, he determined to begin the business of cotton-printing, which he had by this time learned with his father, on his own account. His uncle, James Haworth, and William Yates of Blackburn, joined him in his enterprise; the whole capital which they could raise among them amounting to only about £500, the principal part of which was supplied by William Yates. The frugal style in which the partners lived may be inferred from the following incident in their early career: William Yates, being a married man, commenced housekeeping on a small scale, and to oblige Peel, who was single, agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was 8*s.* a week; but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of sixpence a week. William Yates' eldest child was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee,

and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty toward womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened ; and after the lapse of ten years —years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity — Robert Peel married Ellen Yates, when she had completed her seventeenth year ; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possesssed rare powers of mind, and was, in every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence ; for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the Baronetcy was conferred upon her husband.

The third in the line was the statesman and prime minister. When a boy at Drayton Manor, his father was accustomed to set him up at table to practice extemporaneous speaking; and he early accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could carry away in his memory. Little progress was made at first, but by steady perseverance the habit of attention soon became powerful, and the sermon was at length repeated almost verbatim. When afterwards replying in succession to the arguments of his parliamentary opponents,—an art in which he was perhaps unrivaled,—it was little surmised that the extraordinary power of accurate remembrance which he displayed on such occasions had been originally acquired while under the discipline of his father in the parish church of Drayton. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of continuous intellectual labor, nor did he spare himself. His career, indeed, presented a remarkable example of how much a man of comparatively moderate powers can accomplish by means of assiduous application and indefatigable industry. During the forty years that he held a seat in Par-

liament, his labors were prodigious. He was a most conscientious man, and whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly. All his speeches bear evidence of his careful study of everything that had been spoken or written on the subject under consideration. He was elaborate almost to excess; and spared no pains to adapt himself to the various capacities of his audience. Withal, he possessed much practical sagacity, great strength of purpose, and power to direct the issues of action with steady hand and eye.

Another example of a similar kind is found in the career of Lord Brougham whose indefatigable industry became proverbial. His public labors extended over a period of upwards of sixty years, during which he ranged over many fields,—of law, literature, politics, and science,—and achieved distinction in them all. How he contrived it, has been to many a mystery. Once, when Sir Samuel Romilly was requested to undertake some new work, he excused himself by saying that he had no time; "but," he added, "go with it to that fellow Brougham, he seems to have time for everything." The secret of it was, that he never left a minute unemployed; withal he possessed a constitution of iron. When arrived at an age at which most men would have retired from the world to enjoy their hard-earned leisure, perhaps to doze away their time in an easy chair, Lord Brougham commenced and prosecuted a series of elaborate investigations into the laws of light, and submitted the results to the most scientific audiences that Paris and London could muster. About the same time, he was passing through the press his admirable sketches of the "Men of Science and Literature of the Reign of George III.," and taking his full share of law business and political discussions in the House of Lords. Sydney Smith once recommended him to confine himself to only the transaction of so much business as three strong men could get through. But such was Brougham's love of work,—long become a habit,—that no amount of application seems to have been too great for him; and such was his love of excellence, that it has been said of him, that if his station in life had been only that of a

JAMES WATT AND HIS TEA KETTLE.

shoeblack, he would never have rested satisfied until he had become the best shoeblack in England.

Allusion has been made in these pages to James Watt, the most conspicuous among the many names connected with the development and improvement of the steam-engine. Watt was one of the most industrious of men. Even when a boy, Watt found science in his toys. The quadrants lying about his father's carpenter-shop led him to the study of optics and astronomy; his ill health induced him to pry into the secrets of physiology; and his solitary walks through the country attracted him to the study of botany, history, and antiquarianism. While carrying on the business of a mathematical instrument-maker, he received an order to build an organ; and, though without any ear for music, he undertook the study of harmonics, and successfully constructed the instrument. And, in like manner, when the little model of Newcomen's steam-engine, belonging to the University of Glasgow, was placed in his hands for repair, he forthwith set himself to learn all that was then known about heat, evaporation, and condensation,—at the same time plodding his way in mechanics and the science of construction,—the results of which he at length embodied in the condensing steam-engine.

For ten years he went on contriving and inventing,—with little hope to cheer him,—with a few friends to encourage him,—struggling with difficulties, and earning but a slender living at his trade. Even when he had brought his engine into a practical working condition, his difficulties seemed to be as far from an end as ever; and he could find no capitalist to join him in his great undertaking, and bring the invention to a successful and practical issue. He went on, meanwhile, earning bread for his family by making and selling quadrants, making and mending fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments, measuring mason work, surveying roads, superintending the construction of canals, or doing anything that turned up, and offered a prospect of honest gain. At length, Watt found a fit partner in another eminent leader of industry,—Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham; a skillful, energetic, and far-seeing

man, who vigorously undertook the enterprise of introducing the condensing engine into general use as a working power; and the success of both is now a matter of history.

The person most closely identified with the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Great Britian, was Richard Arkwright. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of thirteen children. He was never at school; the only education he received he gave himself; and to the last he was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy, he was apprenticed to a barber, and after learning the business, he set up for himself in Bolton in 1760, occupying an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber,—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard; when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "A clean shave for a half-penny." After a few years he quitted his cellar, and became an itinerant dealer in hair. At that time wigs were worn, and this was an important branch of the barbering business. He went about buying hair, and was accustomed to attend the hiring fairs throughout Lancashire resorted to by young women, for the purpose of securing their long tresses; and it is said that in negotiations of this sort he was very successful. He also dealt in a chemical hair-dye, which he used adroitly, and thereby secured a considerable trade. Being of a mechanical turn, he devoted a good deal of his spare time to contriving models of machines, and, like many self-taught men of the same bias, he endeavored to invent perpetual motion.

He followed his experiments so devotedly that he neglected his business, lost the little money he had saved, and was reduced to great poverty. His wife—for he had by this time married—was impatient at what she conceived to be a wanton waste of time and money, and in a moment of sudden wrath, she seized upon and destroyed his models, hoping thus to remove the cause of the family privations. Arkwright was a stubborn and enthusiastic man, and being provoked by his wife, he never forgave her, and in consequence they separated.

Later, the idea of spinning by rollers was communicated to him, and he at once set about the construction of a machine to carry the idea into practice, but after completing and exhibiting it, he was compelled to change his residence on account of the ignorant hostility of the work-people in the town. He went accordingly to Nottingham, where he applied to some of the local bankers for pecuniary assistance; and the Messrs. Wright consented to advance him a sum of money on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. The machine, however, not being perfected as soon as they had anticipated, the bankers recommended Arkwright to apply to Messrs. Strutt and Need, the former of whom was the ingenious inventor and patentee of the stocking frame. Mr. Strutt was quick to perceive the merits of the invention, and a partnership was entered into with Arkwright, whose road to fortune was now clear. The patent was secured in the name of "Richard Arkwright, of Nottingham, clock-maker," and it is a remarkable fact, that it was taken out in 1769, the very same year in which Watt secured the patent for his steam-engine. A cotton-mill was first erected at Nottingham, driven by horses; and another was shortly after built, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, turned by a water-wheel, from which circumstance the spinning-machine came to be called the water-frame.

Arkwright was a tremendous worker and a man of marvelous energy, ardor, and application in business. At one period of his life he was usually engaged in the severe and continuous labors involved by the organization and conduct of his numerous manufactories, from four in the morning until nine at night. At fifty years of age he set to work to learn English grammar, and to improve himself in writing and orthography. When he traveled, to save time, he went at great speed, drawn by four horses. Be it for good or for evil, Arkwright was the founder in England of the modern factory system.

Dr. John Hunter, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other age, was an anatomist and a surgeon, whose improvements in his chosen line of work laid the foundation

for all progress made since his day. His career furnishes another example of the power of patient industry. He received little or no education till he was about twenty years of age, and it was with difficulty that he learned to read and write. He worked for some years as a common carpenter at Glasgow, after which he joined his brother William, settled in London as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. John entered his dissecting room as an assistant, but soon shot ahead of his brother, partly by virtue of his great natural ability, but mainly by reason of his patient application and indefatigable industry. He was one of the first in this country to devote himself assiduously to the study of comparative anatomy, and the objects he dissected and collected took the eminent Professor Owen no less than ten years to arrange. The collection contains some twenty thousand specimens, and is the most precious treasure of the kind that has ever been accumulated by the industry of one man. Hunter used to spend every morning from sunrise till eight o'clock in his museum; and throughout the day he carried on his extensive private practice, performed his laborious duties as surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and deputy surgeon-general to the army; delivered lectures to the students, and superintended a school of practical anatomy at his own house; finding leisure, amidst all, for elaborate experiments on the animal economy, and the composition of various works of great scientific importance. To find time for this gigantic amount of work, he allowed himself only four hours of sleep at night, and an hour after dinner. When once asked what method he had adopted to insure success in his undertakings, he replied, "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

Equally valuable is the example of the immortal Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventitive of small-pox. This terrible disease had raged for a long time

and there seemed to be no way of arresting its violence. Jenner was a youth, pursuing his studies at Sudbury, when his attention was arrested by the casual observation made by a country girl who came to his master's shop for advice. The small-pox was mentioned, when the girl said, "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." The observation immediately riveted Jenner's attention, and he forthwith set about inquiring and making observations on the subject. His professional friends, to whom he mentioned his views as to the prophylactic virtues of cow-pox, laughed at him, and even threatened to expel him from their society, if he persisted in harassing them with the subject. In London he was so fortunate as to study under John Hunter, to whom he communicated his views. The advice of the great anatomist was thoroughly characteristic: "Don't think, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." Jenner's courage was greatly supported by the advice, which conveyed to him the true art of philosophical investigation. He went back to the country to practice his profession, and carefully to make observations and experiments, which he continued to pursue for a period of twenty years. His faith in his discovery was so implicit that he vaccinated his own son on three several occasions. At length he published his views in a quarto of about seventy pages, in which he gave the details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination of individuals, to whom it was found afterwards impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. It was in 1798 that this treatise was published; though he had been working out his ideas as long before as 1775, when they began to assume a definite form.

How was the discovery received? First with indifference, then with active hostility. He proceeded to London to exhibit to the profession the process of vaccination and its successful results; but not a single doctor could be got to make a trial of it, and after fruitlessly waiting for nearly three months, Jenner returned to his native village. He was even caricatured and abused for his attempt to "bestialize" his species by the introduction into their systems of diseased matter from the cow's

udder. Cobbett was one of the most furious assailants. Vaccination was denounced from the pulpit as "diabolical." It was averred that vaccinated children became "ox-faced," that abscesses broke out to "indicate sprouting horns," and that the countenance was gradually "transmitted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls." Vaccination, however, was a truth, and notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, belief in it spread slowly. In one village, where a gentleman tried to introduce the practice, the first persons who permitted themselves to be vaccinated were absolutely pelted, and were driven into their houses if they appeared out of doors. Two ladies of title,—Lady Ducie and the Countess of Berkeley,—to their honor be it remembered,—had the courage to vaccinate their own children; and the prejudices of the day were at once broken through. The medical profession gradually came round, and there were several who even sought to rob Dr. Jenner of the merit of the discovery, when its vast importance came to be recognized. Jenner's cause at last triumphed, and he was publicly honored and rewarded.

He was invited to settle in London and told that he might easily command a practice of £10,000 a year. His answer was: "No! In the morning of my days I sought the sequestered and lowly paths of life, and now in the evening, it is not meet for me to hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame." During Jenner's lifetime the practice of vaccination had been adopted all over the civilized world, and when he died his title as Benefactor of his kind was recognized far and wide. Cuvier said: "If this had been the only discovery of the epoch, it would have made it illustrious forever."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that "excellence in art, however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, may be acquired." Writing to Barry he said, "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion he said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or

unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labor. And the lives of great artists go to show that the most of them had to force their way upward in the face of manifold obstructions. Their success was achieved by no luck or chance, but by sheer hard work.

Like Reynolds, Michael Angelo was also a believer in the power of labor. He was himself one of the greatest of workers and attributed (though with doubtful correctness) his power of studying for a greater number of hours than others to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labors. On these occasions, it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he worked, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work so soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favorite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour glass upon it bearing the inscription, "Still I am learning!"

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated "Pietro Martyre" was eight years in hand, and his "Last Supper" seven. In his letter to Charles V. he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years." Few think of the patient labor and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy and quickly accomplished, yet with how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Callcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." It may seem a simple affair to play upon a violin; yet

what a long and laborious practice it requires! Giardini said to a youth who asked him how long it would take to learn it, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together."

The same honest and persistent industry was throughout distinctive of the career of David Wilkie. The son of a poor Scotch minister, he gave early indications of an artistic turn; and though he was a negligent and inapt scholar, he was a sedulous drawer of faces and figures. A silent boy, he already displayed that quiet, concentrated energy of character which distinguished him through life. He was always on the look-out for an opportunity to draw,—and the walls of the manse, or the smooth sand by the river side, came alike convenient for his purpose. But his progress was slow. He displayed none of the eccentric humor and fitful application of many youths who conceive themselves geniuses, but kept up the routine of steady application to such an extent that he himself was afterwards accustomed to attribute his success to his dogged perseverance rather than to any higher innate power. "The single element," he said, "in all the progressive movements of my pencil, was persevering industry." The prices which his works realized were not great, for he bestowed so much time and labor upon them, that his earnings continued small for many years. Every picture was carefully studied and elaborated beforehand; nothing was struck off at a heat. Many occupied him for years, touching, retouching and improving them until they finally passed out of his hands. As with Reynolds, his motto was, "Work! work! work!" and, like him, he expressed great dislike for talking artists. Talkers may sow, but the silent reap. "Let us be *doing* something," was his oblique mode of rebuking the loquacious and admonishing the idle.

Among such was his friend Haydon, who was always talking so big about high art, but doing so little to advance it. Haydon, perhaps, had more of what is called "genius" than Wilkie, but he had no persistency,—no work in him. The one fitful and irregular in his habits, aimed at an unattainable ideal; the other, sedulously cultivating his peculiar and original talent, aimed steadily at the success which was within his

reach, and secured it. Haydon's career was both warning and example to the gifted. He was one of a numerous class who are ready to cry out without sufficient reason against the blindness and ingratitude of the world. But, as in most of such cases, Haydon's worst enemy was himself. Half the time spent in working that he spent in complaining, would have gone far towards making him the great man that he aimed to be. While he went on holding himself forth as a persecuted genius, Wilkie, with the simplicity that belongs to true genius, made no claim whatever, but worked hard and did his best, and the world did not fail to recognize his merits.

Turner, whom Ruskin considers one of England's greatest landscape painters, was intended by his father for his own trade of a barber, until, one day, a sketch which the boy had made for a coat of arms on a silver salver, attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving. The man urged the father to allow the boy to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to do so. But, like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that Turner's circumstances were so straightened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble the labor might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half a crown a night to wash in skies in India ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus labored was sure to do much; and his advance in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; the great works

bequeathed by him to the nation, will ever be his best monument and the most lasting memorial of his fame.

Those of my readers who may have visited the city of Edinburg, Scotland, cannot fail to have noticed the beautiful monument erected by the city to the memory of Scotland's greatest author, Sir Walter Scott. But few know the touching and pathetic career of George Kemp, whose architectural genius designed it. He was the son of a poor shepherd who pursued his calling on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills. Amidst that pastoral solitude the boy had no opportunity of enjoying the contemplation of beautiful works of art. It happened, however, that in his tenth year he was sent on a message to Roslin by the farmer for whom his father herded sheep, and the sight of the beautiful castle and chapel there, seems to have made a vivid and enduring impression on his mind. Probably to enable him to indulge his love of architectural construction, the boy besought his father to let him be a joiner ; and he was accordingly apprenticed to a neighboring village carpenter. Having served his time, he went to Galashiels to seek work, doing the journey on foot. As he was plodding along the valley of the Tweed, with his tools upon his back, a carriage overtook him near Elibank Tower ; and the coachman, doubtless at the suggestion of his master, who rode inside, having asked the youth how far he had to walk, and learning he was on his way to Galashiels, invited him to mount the box beside him, and thus to ride thither. It turned out that the kindly gentleman inside was no other than Sir Walter Scott, then traveling on his official duty as Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

Whilst working at his trade at Galashiels, Kemp had frequent opportunities of visiting Melrose, Dryburgh and Jedburgh Abbeys, and studying them carefully. Inspired by his love of architecture, he next worked his way, as a carpenter, over the greater part of the north of England, never omitting an opportunity of inspecting and making sketches of any fine Gothic building. We next find him in Glasgow, where he remained four years, studying the fine cathedral

there during his spare time. In 1824 he formed the design of traveling over Europe, and supporting himself by his trade, for the purpose of studying its well-known cathedrals. He commenced at Boulogne, and from thence proceeded by Abbeville and Beauvais to Paris, spending a few weeks making drawings and studies in each place. His skill as a mechanic, and especially his knowledge of mill-work, readily secured him employment wherever he went, and he was thus enabled to choose his site of employment, which was invariably in the neighborhood of some fine old Gothic structure, in studying which he occupied his leisure hours.

After a year's working, travel and study abroad, he was abruptly summoned home by family affairs, and returned to Scotland. He continued his studies and became a proficient in drawing and perspective. Melrose was his favorite ruin; and he produced several elaborate drawings of the building, one of which, exhibiting it in a "restored" state, was afterwards engraved. He also obtained some employment as a modeler of architectural designs; and afterwards made drawings for a work commenced by an Edinburgh engraver, after the plan of Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities." This was a task most congenial to his tastes, and he labored at it with an enthusiasm which ensured its rapid advance; walking on foot for this purpose over half Scotland, and living as an ordinary mechanic, whilst executing drawings which would have done credit to the greatest masters in the art. The projector of the work having died suddenly, its publication was interfered with, and Kemp sought other employment. Few knew of the genius of this man — for he was exceedingly taciturn and habitually modest — when the Committee of the Scott Monument offered a prize for the best design. The competitors were numerous, including some of the greatest names in classical architecture; but the design unanimously selected was that of George Kemp, then working at Kilwinning Abbey, in Ayrshire, many miles off, when the letter reached him, intimating the decision of the committee. Poor Kemp! Shortly after this event he met an untimely death, and did

not live to see the first result of his indefatigable industry and self-culture embodied in stone — one of the most beautiful and appropriate memorials ever erected to literary genius.

The same spirit of work, and the same necessity for industry and application, is found exemplified among the lives of musicians. Thus Handel was an indefatigable and constant worker; he was never cast down by defeat, but his energy seemed to increase the more that adversity struck him. When a prey to his mortifications as an insolvent debtor, he did not give way for a moment, but in one year produced his "Saul," "Israel," the music for Dryden's "Ode," his "Twelve Grand Concertos," and the opera of "Jupiter in Argos," among the finest of his works. As his biographer said of him: "He braved everything, and, by his unaided self, accomplished the work of twelve men."

Haydn, speaking of his art, said, "It consists in taking up a subject and pursuing it." "Work," said Mozart, "is my chief pleasure." Beethoven's favorite maxim was, "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, 'Thus far and no farther.'" When Moscheles submitted his score of "Fidelio," for the piano-forte, to Beethoven, the latter found written at the bottom of the last page, "Finis, with God's help." Beethoven immediately wrote underneath, "O man! help thyself!" This was the motto of his artistic life. John Sebastian Bach said of himself, "I was industrious, and whoever is equally sedulous will be equally successful." But there is no doubt that Bach was born with a passion for music which formed the main-spring of his industry, and was the true secret of his success. When a mere youth, his elder brother, wishing to turn his abilities in another direction, destroyed a collection of studies which the young Sebastian, being denied candles, had copied by moonlight; proving the strong natural bent of the boy's genius. Of Meyerbeer, Bayle thus wrote from Milan in 1820: "He is a man of some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music." Years passed, and Meyerbeer's hard work fully brought out his genius, as

displayed in his "Roberto," "Huguenots," "Prophéte," and other works, confessedly amongst the greatest operas which have been produced in modern times.

We have now gone through the leading trades and professions of life, and have seen that among mechanics, artists of all kinds, architects and musicians, among great men and small men, public men and private men, the same law of labor holds good, and that hard work is the price of success in each and all. While the idle pass through life leaving as little trace of their existence as foam upon the water, or smoke upon the air, the industrious stamp their character upon their age, and influence all succeeding generations. It has also been found that so far from poverty being in itself a positive misfortune, it may, if it be not so great and long-continued as to crush the spirit and put out the light of hope within it, be converted into a blessing, rousing a man to that struggle with the world which will impart to him strength, confidence and triumph. Indeed, biography is all studded o'er with shining examples of the power of self-help, patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity to create and develop truly noble and manly characters; thus exhibiting, in language not to be misunderstood, what each can accomplish for himself, in providing an honorable competence and an enduring reputation.

Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is a talent for hard work; only the remaining tenth is the fancied ability of doing things without work. The mere drudgery which some men are said to have gone through with in executing their plans almost staggers belief. To acquire a polished style, Lord Chesterfield for many years wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. To gain a mastery of language, Lord Chatham not only used to

translate Demosthenes into English, but also read Bailey's folio dictionary twice through with discriminating attention. For the same purpose, his son, William Pitt, before he was twenty years old, had read the works of nearly all the ancient classic authors, many of them aloud, dwelling sometimes for hours on striking passages of an orator or historian, noticing their turns of expression, and trying to discover the secret of their charm or power. The "silver-tongued" Mansfield not only translated all of Cicero's orations into English, but also retranslated the English orations into Latin.

Butler, who exhibits in his "Hudibras" an amount of wit, comic illustration, and curious and out-of-the-way learning that is absolutely portentous, kept a commonplace-book, in which, according to Dr. Johnson, he had deposited for many years, not such events or precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages or inferences, as occasion prompted or inclination produced — those thoughts which were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. "Such," adds Johnson, "is the labor of those who write for immortality." Before the great essayist himself began the Rambler, he had collected in a commonplace-book a great variety of hints for essays on different subjects. Addison amassed three folios of manuscript materials before he began the Spectator. The papers in that periodical, like most essays which have survived the changes of time and the caprice of fashion, were simply the form which their author chose, to impart to the world thoughts which, for the most part, had long been shaping and clothing themselves with words in his own mind.

Jean Paul Richter did the same thing. For years he went on reading, studying and observing, making great books of extracts for future use, which he called his *quarries*. These note-books contained a kind of repertory of all the sciences; and he also carefully noted down his daily observations of living nature. The great Catholic writer, De Maistre, for more than thirty years noted down whatever he met with of

striking interest in his reading, accompanying his extracts with comments; and he also placed in the same "immense volumes" those "thoughts of the moment, those sudden illuminations, which are extinguished without result, if the flash is not made permanent by writing." Hume toiled thirteen hours a day while preparing his History of England. Lord Bacon, notwithstanding the fertility of his mind, economized his thoughts, as the many manuscripts he left, entitled "Sudden. Thoughts set down for Use," abundantly testify. Erskine made numerous extracts from Burke, of whom he was an intense admirer; and Lord Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice, re-reading that crabbed work till his whole mind was saturated with its lore and spirit. Southey was unwearied in his efforts to prepare himself to write. Not content with a mere reference in a table-book, whenever he met with anything available in his reading he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes.

Heyne, the great German classicist, shelled the peas for his dinner with one hand, while he annotated Tibullus with the other. Matthew Hale, while a student of law, studied sixteen hours a day. Sir Thomas More, and Bishops Jewell and Burnett, began studying every morning at four o'clock; Paley rose at five; Gibbon was hard at work, the year round, at six. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Pascal killed himself by study, or rather by study without exercise; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Hooker, Barrow and Jeremy Taylor were industrious scholars; Milton kept to his books as regularly as a merchant or an attorney. "My morning haunts," proudly says the latter, in one of the few passages in which he gives us a peep into his private life, "are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast,— but up and stirring."

No man appears to have written with more ease than Dickens; yet a published letter of his shows that when he was brooding over a new book his whole soul was "possessed,"

haunted, spirit-driven by one idea; and he used to go wandering about at night into the strangest places, seeking rest, and finding none till he was delivered. When that little Christmas book, The Chimes, was about to rise from the ocean depths of his thought, he shut himself up for a month, close and tight, till all his affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and, long ere he reached the end he became "haggard as a murderer." It is said that on being requested to read at his public recitations a new selection from his writings, he replied that he had not time to prepare himself, as he was in the habit of reading a piece once a day for six months before reciting it in public. That the author of David Copperfield had little faith in improvisations is evident from the following golden words: "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention."

Addison wore out the patience of his printer. He would often stop the press to insert a new preposition. Gibbon wrote out his autobiography, a model of its kind, nine times before he could satisfy himself. Hazlitt tells us that he was assured by one who knew, that Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord, the most rapid, impetuous, glancing and sportive of all his works, was returned to the printing office so completely blotted over with alterations that the compositors refused to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. Hazlitt himself spent so many weary years before he could wreak his thoughts upon expression, that he almost despaired of ever succeeding as an author. John Foster was a most painfully laborious writer. He tells us that in revising one of his essays, his principle was to treat no page, sentence or word with the smallest ceremony, but "to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practice any other severity on whatever he did not like." The consequence was

"alterations to the amount, very likely, of several thousands." When Chalmers, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week."

Even the light, facile verse of Tom Moore was the efflorescence of deep strata of erudition; a quaint piece of learning often blossomed into a song, and knowledge gathered out of scores of folios bloomed into whole wildernesses of beauty. Washington Irving tells us that Moore used to compose his poetry while walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet or a stanza polished to his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. Ten lines a day he thought good work, and he would keep the little poem by him for weeks, waiting for a single word. Some of his broadest squibs cost him whole weeks of inquiry. Montesquieu, speaking of one part of his writings, said to a friend, "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The ductility of language in the hands of Hawthorne surprises and delights every cultivated reader. But for his lately published Note-Books, which betray the secret of his art,—reveal the laws by which his genius wrought,—we might fancy him an exception to the rule that intense labor is the price of all high excellence. We find him in these not trusting to inspirations, but day by day, through every month and every year, patiently jotting down every random thought that chanced to stray into his mind, pinioning every hint in ink, securing every fact or fancy that may possibly serve as material for or adornment of some future work. Not one of his books was flung off from the top of his mind at a white heat. We find, on the contrary, that it was by condensing into a chapter and sometimes into a sentence, the fruits of months of waiting and watching, hints by the wayside and stray suggestions followed up and wrought out, moonlight meditations, and flashes of illumination from electric converse with congenial minds, that he wove his spells, so weird, so dark, and so potent.

It is said that a rival playwright once jeered at Euripides, because he had taken three days to compose five lines, whilst *he* had dashed off five hundred in the same time. "Yes," was the just retort, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be dead and forgotten, whilst my five will live forever." The number of hours spent in the manual labor of writing a book is no measure of the brain-labor expended in composing it. Thoughts, to flow easily, must overflow from a full mind. Alonzo Cano, the Spanish sculptor, completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days. When the sordid merchant who had employed him wished to pay him by the day, he cried out, indignantly, "Wretch! I have been at work twenty-five years, learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." It cannot be too often repeated that all extraordinary skill is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility of every kind comes by labor. Nothing is easy, not even walking or reading, that was not difficult at first.

America has probably produced no greater orator than Henry Clay. Though endowed with great natural gifts, he was no exception to the rule that *orator fit.* He attributed his success to the one single fact that at the age of twenty-seven he began, and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. "These off-hand efforts," he says, "were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my subsequent entire destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day." Henry Ward Beecher, when a theological student, was drilled incessantly by a skill-

ful elocutionist in posturing, gesture, and voice-culture. There was a large grove between the seminary and his father's house, and it was the habit, he tells us, of his brother Charles and himself, and one or two others, to make the night, and even the day, hideous with their voices, as they passed backward and forward through the wood, exploding all the vowels from the bottom to the very top of their voices. It is said that the greatest sermon ever preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry,—one of the most powerful pulpit orators in America,—was one on "The Government of God." When asked, as he descended the pulpit steps, how long it took him to prepare that sermon, he replied, "About forty years, sir."

Therefore, reader of these pages, whoever you are, whether young or old, if the force and inspiration of all these examples are lost upon you, there is little left that can influence or move you. You must be either incorrigibly stupid or depraved. As you stand and look out into the world, remember there is a place for you there, and work for you to do, if you care to rouse yourself up and go after it. As an anonymous poet has expressed it,

"There is work for all in this world of ours,
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot or baronial hall.

There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal
For his nature's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland:
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball,
Is heard the loud cry, 'There is work for all.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Great and Little Things.

All are needed by each and one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
R. W. Emerson.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more.
Edward Young.

MICHAEL Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true and successful worker. Nicholas Poussin when asked by what means he had gained so high a reputation among other painters in Italy, replied, "Because I have neglected nothing." It will be found upon examination that many, if not most of the great discoveries of the world have resulted in part from the attentive observation of little things.

Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a mind of large general powers determined in a particular direction." The same bluff old doctor once remarked to a fine gentleman who had just returned from Italy, that "some men would see and learn more in an ordinary stage-ride, than others would in making the

tour of Europe." Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. One of the vergers in the cathedral at Pisa, after replenishing with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to and fro; and Galileo, then a youth of only eighteen, noting it attentively, conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. Fifty years of study and labor, however, elapsed before he completed the invention of his Pendulum,— an invention, the importance of which, in the measurement of time and in astronomical calculations, can scarcely be overvalued. In like manner, Galileo, having casually heard that a Dutch spectacle-maker had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument by means of which distant objects appeared proximate to the beholder, addressed himself to the cause of such a phenomenon, which led to the invention of the telescope, and thus proved the commencement of important astronomical discoveries.

While Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him, that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner, and the result was the invention of his Suspension Bridge. So James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster presented at table; and from that model he invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose. Sir Isambert Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny ship-worm; he saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another till the archway was complete, and daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying this work ex-

actly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

It is the close observation of little things, the attention to details, which is the secret of success and of greatness in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. In fact, the vast pile of human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men; these little bits of knowledge and experience at length growing into a mighty pyramid. The huge "chalk cliffs of Albion" were built by insects so small as only to be seen by the help of a microscope, and so were the coral islands. Christ said to his disciples at one time, "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." The best of "Poor Richard's" maxims, perhaps, is the one which says, "take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." The two following stanzas of poetry, although "old as the hills" and worn threadbare by familiar repetition, are nevertheless as true as when first written.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity!"

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" To which his apt reply was, "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" When Galvini discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have led to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the Electric Telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together.

The comparative importance of "great and little things,"

and their mutual reaction upon each other is well set forth in the following poem by Charles Mackay.

A traveler, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe his early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil would drink.
He passed again—and lo, the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great:
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

You go among a certain class of men who are, or wish to be considered good business men, and you will find many of them professing contempt for what is sometimes termed the "drudgery of details." But you study the history of bankruptcies and failures in business, and you will find a larger number of this same class in trouble, than any other. An Eastern merchant who had amassed a large fortune, when asked to what he attributed his success, replied that he had made it a point never to neglect the details of his business. Many business men, he added, content themselves with planning; regarding comprehensive views as incompatible with scrupulous attention to small matters, they leave the execution of their schemes to subordinates; and the result is that, in the majority of cases, their plans fall through in consequence of the neglect of some clerk or other employe, and they remain forever at the foot of the ladder. In fact, this attention to the little things of business is "an element of effectiveness with which no reach of plan, no loftiness of design, no enthusiasm of purpose, can dispense. It is this which marks the difference between the practical man and the mere dreamer, between a Stephenson who created a *working* locomotive, and his predecessors who merely conceived the idea of it, and could not carry their thought into execution."

There are plenty of people who are ready to talk about and even attempt to perform some "big thing," some huge, glorious, magnificent, colossal enterprise, but when they come right down to the small and practical details of the undertaking, oh, they are disgusted with everything that looks like drudgery, and so turn away. Such men are like Swift's dancing-master who had every qualification except that he was lame. In look-

ing at the paintings and drawings of the old masters, one striking difference between them and the modern style of art is their conscientious nicety about little things, the almost endless dwelling upon a foot, or a hand, or a face, until it was true to nature. Let a lawyer neglect the apparently petty circumstances of his case, and he will be almost sure to lose it; for some vital fact, perhaps the keystone of the whole, will be likely to escape his attention. Let the conveyancer omit the details of a deed,—the little words that seem like surplusage,—and he will continually involve his clients in litigation, and often subject them to the loss of their property. The difference between first and second class work in every department of labor lies chiefly in the degrees of care with which the minutiæ are executed.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that even this most excellent virtue can be carried too far, or rather, that there must be ability great enough to comprehend larger matters conjoined with this talent for details, before the compound becomes valuable. As nearly every virtue carried to excess becomes a positive vice, so the ability to look after little things, unless properly balanced in the mind with other counteracting traits, degenerates into mere fussiness or disagreeable particularity. The venerable maiden aunt, living alone, becomes after a time wholly absorbed in attending to trifles, and thus unfits herself for any larger duties or designs. The same thing is true of a miser gathering and counting his gold. We see hundreds of men who stop and dally so long over little things that they never get on very fast in life's journey. Hence it has been well said that really great men exhibit as much ability for large matters as small, and for small matters as for large; in this respect resembling the power of an elephant who can tear a tree up by the roots, or pick up a pin, with equal facility.

It is related of a celebrated New York lawyer that when he had a case to argue, his labor on the details was enormous. He took it to his bed and board; had inspirations concerning it in his sleep; repeatedly arose at night to secure those by

memoranda; and never ceased to mine and chamber in a great case, till it was actually called on the calendar. Then were to be seen the equipment and power of a great lawyer. When Brunelleschi elaborated the design of that cathedral in Florence which was one of the wonders of Italy, he did not content himself with leaving the execution of it to others, but personally superintended the laying of every brick of the dome. Here are instances in which both kinds of this ability coalesced, and assisted each other in achieving the result.

There is no profession which furnishes such opportunities for the exercise of both sides of this trait of character as the military. A successful general must have an equal talent for great and small things. Should he fail on either side, he will be a failure as a whole. General McClellan had first-class organizing ability, but he lacked the power to execute his plans. When he took hold of the "Army of the Potomac" it was in a broken-up and disorganized condition. He looked after each regiment, compacted and solidified its separate units, arranged the details of camp life, and personally superintended each and every department of that large, unwieldy body of men, most of whom were at first but raw recruits. It was a Herculean task, and right nobly was it performed. But after the army was put in superb condition, he was unable to handle it effectively, or to hurl it with crushing force against the enemy. It was like building a magnificent bridge and then not daring to cross it first. As a military commander, McClellan lacked energy, boldness, dash, and far-reaching sagacity. He had a good deal of patient courage and scientific skill and the power of looking after details, but still there was wanting in him those larger requisites of a great military leader.

In Napoleon, on the other hand, these two traits af character under consideration were happily and powerfully united. To a vivid imagination, which enabled him to look along extended lines of action, he united the ability to deal with the smallest matters essential to success with almost unerring judgment and rapidity. While other generals trusted to subordinates, he gave his personal attention to the marching of

his troops, the commissariat, and other laborious and small affairs. His vast and daring plans, it has been truly said, would have been visionary in any other man; but out of his brain every vision flew a chariot of iron, because it was filled up in all the details of execution, to be a solid and compact framework in every part. No miserly merchant ever showed more exact attention to the pence and farthings, or exhibited a more thorough knowledge of the state of his ledger, than did the hero of Austerlitz concerning his men, horses, equipments, and the minute details, as well as the totality, of his force.

We find him directing where horses were to be obtained, arranging for an adequate supply of saddles, ordering shoes for the soldiers, and specifying the number of rations of bread, biscuit, and spirits that were to be brought to camp, or stored in magazines for the use of his troops. In one letter he asks Ney if he has received the muskets sent to him; in another he gives directions to Jerome about the shirts, great-coats, clothes, shoes, shakos, and arms to be served out to the Wurtemberg regiments; then he informs Darn that the army wants shirts, and that they don't come to hand. Again, to the Grand Duc de Berg he sends a complaint that the men want sabres; "send an officer to obtain them at Posen. It is said they also want helmets; order that they be made at Ebling." Again he writes: "The return which you sent me is not clear. I do not see the position of Gen. Gardanne's division, nor his force. . . . . I see companies that do not properly belong to the army of Naples. This carelessness will at last derange the administration of the army and destroy its discipline. Send me perfectly accurate returns." "The returns of my armies," says he, in a letter in 1806, "form the most agreeable portion of my library."

The captain who conveyed Napoleon to Elba expressed his astonishment at his precise and familiar knowledge of all the minute details connected with the ship. Consequently, his armies were "only one great engine of desolation, of which he was the head or brain. The wheeling of every legion,

however remote, the tramp of every foot and the beat of every drum were mentally present to him." A striking illustration of this is furnished by the campaign of 1805, as described by an English writer. In that year Napoleon broke up the great camp he had formed on the shores of the Channel, and gave orders for that mighty host to defile toward the Danube. Vast and various, however, as were the projects fermenting in his brain, he did not simply content himself with giving the order, and leaving the elaboration of its details to his lieutenants. To details and minutiæ which inferior captains would have deemed too microscopic for their notice, he gave such exhaustive attention that, before the bugle had sounded for the march, he had planned the exact route which every regiment was to follow, the exact day it was to arrive at each station on the road, the exact day and hour it was to leave that station, as well as the precise moment when it was to reach its place of destination. These details, so thoroughly premeditated, were carried out to the letter, and the result — the fruit of that memorable march — was the victory of Austerlitz, which sealed for ten long years the fate of Europe.

So with our own generals, Sherman and Thomas. The correspondence of the former during the late war, published by the government, shows that for months and months before his "great march" through the South, he was studying the country through which he was to go, its resources, its power of sustaining, its populousness, the habits of the people, in short, everything that could throw light upon the probable success of his expedition. He had, in fact, literally gone over the entire country in advance. Of General Thomas, his comrade Gen. Steadman tells us that he was careful in all the details of a battle, but once in the fight was as furious and impetuous as Jackson. He imparted great enthusiasm to his troops, and could hurl the entire force of his army against an enemy with terrific violence.

Equally, if not more remarkable in the same line of excellence, was the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror at

the battle of Waterloo. His business faculty was his genius, the genius of common-sense; and it is not saying too much to aver that it was because he was a first-rate man of business that he never lost a battle. The Duke began his active military career under the Duke of York and General Walmoden in Flanders and Holland, where he learned amidst misfortunes and defeats how bad business arrangements and bad generalship serve to ruin the *morale* of an army. Ten years after entering the army we find him a colonel in India, reported by his superiors as an officer of indefatigable energy and application. He entered into the minutest details of the service, and sought to raise the discipline of his men to the highest standard. "The regiment of Colonel Wellesley," wrote General Harris in 1799, "is a model regiment; on the score of soldierly bearing, discipline, instruction and orderly behavior it is above all praise."

Shortly after this event, the opportunity occurred for exhibiting his admirable practical qualities as an administrator. Placed in command of an important district immediately after the capture of Seringapatam, his first object was to establish rigid order and discipline among his own men. Flushed with victory, the troops were found riotous and disorderly. "Send me the provost-marshal," said he, "and put him under my orders; till some of the marauders are hung, it is impossible to expect order or safety." This rigid severity of Wellington in the field was the salvation of his troops in many campaigns.

The same attention to, and mastery of details characterized him through all his career. He neglected nothing, and attended to every important detail of business himself. When he found that food for his troops was not to be obtained from England, and that he must rely upon his own resources for feeding them, he forthwith commenced business as a corn merchant on a large scale, in copartnership with the British Minister at Lisbon. Commissariat bills were created, with which grain was bought in the ports of the Mediterranean and in South America. When he had thus filled his maga-

zines, the overplus was sold to the Portugese, who were greatly in want of provisions. He left nothing whatever to chance, but provided for every contingency. He gave his attention to the minutest details of the service, and was accustomed to concentrate his whole energies, from time to time, on such apparently ignominious matters as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits and horse-fodder. His magnificent business qualities were everywhere felt; and there can be no doubt that, by the care with which he provided for every contingency, and the personal attention which he gave to every detail, he laid the foundations of his great success. By such means he transformed an army of raw levies into the best soldiers in Europe, with whom he declared it to be possible to go anywhere and do anything.

Our own Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of business, and did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household, even while holding the high office of President. A large manufacturer of Manchester, England, on retiring from business, purchased a large estate from a noble lord; and it was part of the arrangement that he was to take the house, with all its furniture, precisely as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the characteristic reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

It was one of the characteristic qualities of Charles James Fox that he was thoroughly painstaking in all that he did. When appointed Secretary of State, being piqued at some observation as to his bad writing, he actually took a writing-master, and wrote copies like a school-boy until he had sufficiently improved himself. Though a corpulent man, he was

wonderfully active at picking up cut tennis-balls, and when asked how he contrived to do so, he playfully replied, "Because I am a very painstaking man." The same accuracy in trifling matters was displayed by him in things of greater importance; and he acquired his reputation, like the painter, by "neglecting nothing."

CHAPTER IX.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER THREE.

Common Sense.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, but the helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
If cut by wit it casts a brighter beam,
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.

EDWARD YOUNG.

IT is said that at a gathering in Australia, not long since, four persons met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep-farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, and the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep accounts. This significant incident sets forth precisely and forcibly just the difference which often exists between the man of sound, sterling, common sense, shrewd business capacity and practical talent, and the learned or educated fool. We say *often* exists, because this difference is by no means uniform or universal; if it were, the best thing which could be done to promote human welfare on earth, would be to abolish at once all the schools and colleges in the universe. But we think hardly any one is prepared to say that this abolition would be either safe or wise. Education in itself neither makes men fools who have good, natural endowments, nor does it transform natural idiots into men of first-class ability.

The difference under consideration, however, is not so much

between fools and wise, as between theoretical, idealistic men, who have received what is called a liberal education, and whose minds are full of abstract, scientific, metaphysical, or philosophical knowledge, and uneducated men who are destitute of all scholastic accomplishments, but who have, instead, what is termed good, strong, common sense or natural ability. As the world goes, men who have amassed the largest fortunes in life, and who have the best judgment in practical matters, are not, as a rule, men so profoundly versed in scholastic erudition. Not many of them received when young anything more than the merest rudiments of an education at school, but picked up the bulk of their knowledge through wise observation and practical experience. On the other hand, but few men who have been noted for eminent scholarly attainments, and whose minds are full of learned lore, gathered from the dusty tomes and urns of antiquity, are pre-eminently wise or capable in managing the practical affairs of daily life. They have greater visionary power than practical sagacity or shrewd business tact. They are often men of greater intellectual ability than those distinguished in the commercial world, but their ability does not seem to be of that kind which enables a man to hit the mark every time he draws a bow. There is a hidden screw loose somewhere in their organization. They are continually being involved in unlucky enterprises; their plans and calculations miscarry; they fail to make matters "go." They are equally industrious, equally careful and prudent, equally honorable and upright, but yet, the all-important fact remains they do not, and apparently cannot, get on in the world.

On the other hand, the man of sense and tact is one who generally succeeds in whatever line of work he takes hold of. If he makes a mistake, to which he is as liable as most men, he somehow recovers himself, gets on his feet again and goes ahead. He is one who knows men and knows how to take advantage of circumstances; not in a dishonest way, but in a way that turns out to his profit and the furtherance of his projects. If he makes a change in his business, he is sure not

to lose anything by it; and so in one way or the other the years, as they roll, push him and his fortunes ever onward.

A wide-awake Professor in one of our prominent colleges, has lately expressed himself upon this subject as follows: "Intellectual culture, if carried beyond a certain point, is too often purchased at the expense of moral vigor. It gives edge and splendor to a man, but draws out all his temper. There is reason to fear that in the case of not a few persons the mind is so rounded and polished by education, so well balanced, as not to be energetic in any one faculty. They become so symmetrical as to have no point; while in other men, not thus trained, the sense of deficiency and of the sharp, jagged corners of their knowledge lead to efforts to fill up the chasms, that render them at last far more learned and better educated men than the polished, easy-going graduate who has just knowledge enough to prevent consciousness of his ignorance. In youth it is not desirable that the mind should be too evenly balanced. While all its faculties should be cultivated, it is yet desirable that it should have two or three rough-hewn features of massive strength. Young men who spend many years at school are too apt to forget the great end of life, which is to *be* and *do*, not to read and brood over what other men have been and done.

"Many a young man is so exquisitely cultivated as to be good for nothing but to be kept in a show-case as a specimen of what the most approved systems of education can do. Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us that England is filled with a great, silent crowd of thoroughbred Grecians, who prune the orations and point the pens of great orators and writers (that is, do literary work for them), but are indisposed from writing or speaking for themselves, by the very fullness of their minds and the fastidiousness of their tastes." If such is the case it were better to have a mind empty, than to have one so stuffed as to be lazy and over-gorged with richness. Better to take some intellectual emetic or cathartic and get rid of the stagnating surplus, and so come down to the hard, bed-rock of common sense again. Such culture can hardly be called a

blessing. It is exactly to this condition of mind that Shakespere refers when he speaks of "the native hue of resolution being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Our Professor says again: "The experience gained from books, however valuable, is of the nature of learning; but the experience gained from actual life is wisdom; and an ounce of the latter is worth a pound of the former. The greatest men in the world have not been elegant and polished scholars. There were wise men in Europe before there were printed books. The men who wrested Magna Charta could not write their own names. Bolingbroke, the scholar-statesman, fled an exile from England; while Walpole, who scorned literature, held power for thirty years. "In general," says his son, "he loved neither reading nor writing." Lord Mahon justly observes that Walpole's splendid success in life, notwithstanding his want of learning, may tend to show what is too commonly forgotten in modern plans of education, that it is of far more importance to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored,—strong, rather than full. Brindley and Stephenson did not learn to read and write till they were twenty years old; yet the one gave Britain her railways and the other her canals. It has been remarked that Disraeli, whose speeches are often a literary luxury, has never laid down a single principle of policy, foreign or domestic, nor brought forward a great measure which was not ignominiously scouted. On the other hand, Sir Robert Peel, whose speeches were often the heaviest of platitudes, and whose quotations were usually from the Eton grammar, reversed his country's financial policy, regenerated Ireland, and died with the blessings of all Englishmen on his head.

"Every day we see men of high culture distanced in the race of life by the upstart who cannot spell,—the practical dunce outstripping the theorizing genius. 'Men have ruled well,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth command a greater part of it.' Charlemagne could barely sign his own name; Cromwell was 'inarticulate;'

Macauley's asthmatic hero, William the III, Prince of Orange, scarcely possessed a book; and Frederick the Great could not spell in any of the three languages which he habitually mispronounced. Many of our greatest men were born in the backwoods; and the strongest hand that has held the helm of our government,—a hand that would have throttled secession in its cradle,—belonged to one whom his biographer pronounces 'the most ignorant man in the world.'

"All experience shows that for worldly success it is far more important to have the mind well trained, than rich in the spoils of learning. Books, Bacon has well observed, can never teach the use of books. It is comparatively easy to be a good biographer, but very difficult to live a life worth writing. Some of the world's most useful work is done by men who cannot tell the chemical composition of the air they breathe or the water they drink, and who, like M. Jourdain, daily talk nouns, verbs, and adverbs, without knowing it. They know nothing of agricultural chemistry, but they can produce sixty bushels of corn to the acre. They cannot give a philosophical account of the lever, but they know, as well as George Stephenson, that the shorter the 'bite' of a crowbar the greater is the power gained. In short, the crown of all faculties is common sense. The secret of success lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting one's self to his conditions; in being sympathetic and receptive; in knowing what people want, and in saying and doing the right thing, at the right place." All this is good.

It is said that Napoleon used to complain of Laplace, whom he made Minister of the Interior, that he was always searching after subtleties; that all his ideas were mathematical problems, and that he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of his official business. In other words, Laplace had talent, but not tact; or, it would be better still to say, that he lacked good business sense, and consequently the power of adaptation to circumstances. Lord Bacon was a mighty genius, in whom reason worked as an instinct, but though he was the most sagacious of men in his study, never-

theless when he stepped from its "calm, still air" into the noisy arena of life, stooped sometimes to actions of which he could strikingly have shown the impropriety in a moral essay. Addison, it is well known, rose by the force of his own genius to be Secretary of State; but, though he had every opportunity for qualifying himself for his post, he found himself incompetent, and was forced to solicit his dismission with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. The fine intellect of Cowper could trace with subtlety and truth all the crooks and windings of human nature; yet when he came to act for himself, he was a sorry bungler, and showed no tact in turning his sense and knowledge to practical account. Such were his timidity and shyness that he declared any public exhibition of himself to be mortal poison to his feelings. Dean Swift, the pride of his master at school, was buried in a country parsonage at eightscore pounds a year; while Stafford, his schoolmate, an impenetrable blockhead, acquired half a million of dollars. Dante, boiling with indignation against his enemies, could curse better than he could conspire. Machiavelli, consummate master of all the tricks and stratagems of politics, could not get his bread. Corneille did not reserve a crown for his old age, and was so miserably poor as to have his stockings mended at the street-corner.

Beethoven was so ignorant of finance that he did not know enough to cut the coupon from a bond to raise a little money instead of selling the entire instrument. He was so unpractical that, when thirty-seven years old, he sent a friend three hundred florins to buy him linen for some shirts and a half-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; and about the same time, when he had a little more money than usual, he paid his tailor three hundred florins in advance. Often he was compelled to write music to meet his daily necessities; and one of the passages of his diary is entitled, "Four Evil Days," during which he dined on a simple roll of bread and a glass of water. Need we add to all these the case of Adam Smith, who taught the nations economy, but could not manage the economy of his own house? or that of Goldsmith, whose essays teem with the

shrewdest and most exquisite sense, but who never knew the value of a dollar; who, though receiving the largest sums for his writings, had always his daily bread to earn; who, when he sought to take orders, attempted to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; and of whom Johnson said that no man was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not? Now, the gift or faculty which all these men lacked was just that which every young man must possess if he would be a successful man in business pursuits. But this gift is not so much a single endowment, we fancy, as it is a happy combination of traits and qualities.

All that class of men who are sometimes called transcendentalists, are aptly described by the Boston merchant who said of a certain man, "Oh, he is one of those fellows who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash!" It seems a pity that "deep thinking and practical talent should require habits of mind almost entirely dissimilar, but so it is many times. A man who sees limitedly and clearly is both more sure of himself, and is more direct in dealing with circumstances and with others, than a man with a large horizon of thought, whose many-sided capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and objections,—just as a horse with blinkers chooses his path more surely and is less likely to shy. There is no force in mere intellectual ability, standing, to use a phrase of Burke, 'in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction.' It is passion which is the moving, vitalizing power; and a minimum of brains will often achieve more, when fired by a strong will, than a vastly larger portion with no energy to set it in motion. Practical men cut the knots which they cannot untie, and, overleaping all logical preliminaries, come at once to the conclusion. Men of genius, on the other hand, are tempted to waste time in meditating and comparing, when they should act instantaneously and with power. They are apt, too, to give unbridled license to their imaginations, and, desiring harmonious impossibilities, foresee difficulties so clearly that action is foregone. In short, they theorize too much. Genius, to be

useful, must not only have wings to fly, but legs whereon to stand."

Many distinguished men have been found comparatively helpless in the conduct of business which demanded the power of organizing the labors of other men, and of sagacious dealing with the practical affairs of life. Thus Watt hated that jostling with the world and contact with men of many classes, which are usually encountered in the conduct of any extensive industrial operation. He declared that he would rather face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain; and there is every probability that he would have derived no pecuniary advantage whatever from his great invention, or been able to defend it against the repeated attacks of the mechanical pirates who fell upon him in Cornwall, London, and Lancashire, had he not been so fortunate as to meet, at the great crisis of his career, with the illustrious Matthew Boulton, "the father of Birmingham."

Boulton was a man of essentially different qualities from Watt, but quite as able in his own way. He was one of the first of the great manufacturing potentates now so numerous in the northern and midland counties of England. Boulton's commencement in life was humble; his position being only that of a Birmingham button-maker. In his case, as in every other, it was not the calling that elevated the man, but the man that elevated the calling. He was gifted by nature with fine endowments, which he cultivated to the utmost. He possessed a genius for business of the highest order; being of sound understanding and quick perception, and prompt to carry out the measures which his judgment approved. Hence he rarely, if ever, failed; for his various enterprises, bold though they were, were always guided by prudence. He was not a man to drive a wedge the broad end foremost; because he possessed an admirable tact, polished by experience, which enabled him unerringly to determine when and how to act. With pride he said to Boswell, when visiting Soho, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desire to have — *power*." "He

had about 700 men at work," continues Boswell, "and I contemplated him as an iron chieftain, and a father of the tribe."

Schiller designated the final education of the human race to consist in action, conduct, self-culture and self-control ; all that tends to discipline a man, and fit him for the proper performance of the duties of life ; a kind of education not to be learned from books, or acquired by any amount of mere literary training. Some have even claimed that a man perfects himself by work much more than by reading ; that action rather than study, and character rather than biography, tend perpetually to renovate mankind. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," says : "The education received at school and college is but a beginning, and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us to the habit of continuous application after a definite plan and system. Putting ideas into one's head will do the head no good, no more than putting things into a bag, unless it react upon them, make them its own, and turn them to account. 'It is not enough,' said John Locke, 'to cram ourselves with a great load of collections ; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength or nourishment.' That which is put into us by others is always far less ours than that which we acquire by our own diligent and persevering effort. Knowledge conquered by labor becomes a possession — a property entirely our own. A greater vividness and permanency of impression is secured ; and facts thus acquired become registered in the mind in a way that mere imparted information can never produce. This kind of self-culture also calls forth power and cultivates strength. The self-solution of one problem helps the mastery of another ; and thus knowledge is carried into faculty. Our own active effort is the essential thing ; and no facilities, no books, no teachers, no amount of lessons learned by rote, will enable us to dispense with it. Such a spirit infused into self-culture gives birth to a living teaching which inspires with purpose the whole man — impressing a distinct stamp upon the mind, and actively promoting the formation of principles and habitudes of conduct.

SCHILLER.

"The best teachers have been prompt to recognize the importance of self-culture, and of stimulating the student early to accustom himself to acquire knowledge by the active exertion of his own faculties. They have relied more upon *training* than upon *telling:* and sought to make their pupils themselves active parties to the work in which they were engaged; thus making learning something far higher than the mere passive reception of the scraps and details of knowledge. This was the spirit in which the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby worked; he strove to teach his pupils to rely upon themselves, and to develop their own powers, while he merely guided, directed, stimulated and encouraged them. 'I would far rather,' he said, 'send a boy to Van Diemen's land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages!' A great fund of knowledge may be accumulated without any purpose, and though a source of pleasure to the possessor, it may be of little use to any one else.

"It proves nothing to say that knowledge is power, for so are fanaticism, despotism, ambition, and a hundred other equally doubtful mental traits and acquisitions. Knowledge of itself, unless wisely directed, might merely make bad men more dangerous, and the society in which it was regarded as the highest good, little better than Pandemonium. Knowledge must be allied to goodness and wisdom, and embodied in upright character, else it is naught. Pestalozzi even held intellectual training by itself to be pernicious; insisting that the roots of all knowledge must strike and feed in the soil of the religious, rightly-governed will. The acquisition of knowledge may, it is true, protect a man against the meaner felonies of life, but not in any degree against its selfish vices, unless fortified by sound principles and habits. Hence do we find in daily life, so many instances of men who are well-informed in intellect, but utterly deformed in character; filled with the learning of the schools, yet possessing little practical wisdom, and offering examples rather for warning than imitation.

"It is possible that at this day we may even exaggerate the

importance of literary culture. We are apt to imagine that because we possess many libraries, institutes, and museums, we are making great progress. But it is not improbable that such facilities may as often be a hindrance as a help to individual self-culture of the highest kind. The possession of a library, or the free use of it, no more constitutes learning, than the possession of wealth constitutes generosity. Though we undoubtedly possess great facilities, it is nevertheless true, as of old, that wisdom and understanding can only become the possession of individual men by traveling the old road of observation, attention, perseverance and industry. The multitude of books which modern readers wade through, may produce distraction as much as culture; the process leaving no more definite impression upon the mind, than gazing through the shifting forms in a kaleidoscope does upon the eye. Reading is often but a mere passive reception of other men's thoughts; there being little or no active effort of the mind in the transaction. Then how much of our reading is but the indulgence of a sort of literary epicurism, or intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a grateful excitement for the moment, without the slightest effect in improving and enriching the mind or building up the character. Thus many indulge themselves in the conceit that they are cultivating their minds, when they are only employed in the humbler occupation of killing time; of which perhaps the best that can be said is, that it merely keeps them from doing worse things."

Still, we do not want the reader to understand that we are decrying or ignoring the value of education, study, intellectual culture and reading, as means of self-improvement. By no means; these aids have done too much good in the world to be cuffed aside by any flippant, upstart theory of utilitarianism. The Professor and Mr. Smiles, whose views we have quoted, write well, and put their points tersely and vigorously, and there is much truth in what they say—truth which should be pondered deeply by all who expect or hope to build for themselves a highway to success in business life. And we agree with them in what they say about the importance of self-cul-

ture and of practical ability. If a man cannot have but one endowment, or if he must choose between book-learning and common sense, let him choose the latter without a moment's hesitation. If a high grade of speculative, metaphysical, or literary ability must be placed in competition with the ability which enables a man to do business well and successfully, then let a man cling to that which is practical and sensible, rather than that which is fanciful or theoretical.

But why cannot a man be a tolerably good scholar, and a good practical man at the same time? Every young man can make out of a college course just about what he pleases. If he wants to be a self-conceited, shallow-pated fop, obtaining a mere smattering of knowledge on a few general topics of current interest, a college is a good place for him to accomplish this object. On the contrary, if he wants to acquire good, valuable information, and train his mind to think consecutively and reason logically, a college is just the place to accomplish that purpose. Generally, when students turn out bad after going through college, the trouble is organic and inherent, rather than external and acquired. Education does for native talent only what a grindstone does for a scythe. If the scythe is made of good steel, grinding brings it to an edge and enables it to do more effective work; but if the scythe is good for nothing to begin with, the more you grind the duller it becomes. The trouble is in the material, and not in the process of sharpening. While a thorough education is never to be despised by one who expects to carve out for himself a highway to fortune, yet no amount of education can supply the place of original ability and energy. We say *thorough* education, because Pope was undoubtedly right when he wrote,

> A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
> These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again.

Again, there are as many narrow-minded men in business, as in the schools; as many useless men, lazy men, visionary, unpractical men. There is as much good sense among the ed-

ucated classes as among the non-educated, and *vice versa*. As Edmund Burke once said, "he had known professional statesmen to be nothing but peddlers, while merchants had acted with the comprehensive spirit of statesmen," so all have seen instances of men of genius who were totally unfitted for business pursuits. But there have been others who were great writers and thinkers, and at the same time men of practical talent. For example: Shakespere was not only the king of dramatists, but also the successful business manager of the theater in which his plays were produced. And the crowning glory of all his literary works is their shrewd, far-seeing, vigorous common sense expressed in clear, terse, unhackneyed phraseology.

Pope was of opinion that Shakespere's principal object in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. Indeed he seems to have been altogether indifferent to literary reputation. It is not known that he superintended the publication of a single play, or even sanctioned the printing of one; and the chronology of his writings is still a mystery. It is certain, however, that he prospered in his business, and realized sufficient to enable him to retire upon a competency to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards an effective Commissioner of Customs, and Inspector of Woods and Crown Lands. Spenser was Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been very shrewd and attentive in matters of business. Milton, originally a schoolmaster, was afterwards elevated to the post of Secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth; and the extant order-book of the Council, as well as many of Milton's letters which are preserved, give abundant evidence of his activity and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton proved himself a most efficient Master of the Mint; the new coinage of 1694 having been carried on under his immediate personal superintendence. Wordsworth and Scott, the former a distributor of stamps, the latter a clerk to the Court of Session, though great poets, were eminently punctual and practical men of business. David

Ricardo, amidst the occupations of his daily business as a London stock-jobber, in conducting which he acquired an ample fortune, was able to concentrate his mind upon his favorite topic, the principles of political economy, on which he threw great light, being a sagacious commercial man and a profound philosopher.

Grote, the historian of Greece, was a London banker, and John Stuart Mill retired in old age from the Examiner's department of the East India Company, carrying with him the admiration and esteem of all his associates for the thoroughly satisfactory manner in which he had conducted the business of his department, as well as for his high intellectual attainments. Charles Lamb was as good a clerk as he was an essayist. In our own country, William Cullen Bryant is equally successful in business and in authorship. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes as good a Professor in a medical college as he does a star contributor for the literary magazines. Fitz Greene Halleck was a private secretary and a book-keeper, as well as a poet. And the same is true of many, many others.

Moreover, it is always well to bear in mind that the great end of life is not simply to eat, drink, get a living, and make money. All these things, of course, are essential, but the life of thought, imagination, and reflection, although it may in some cases unfit one for practical business details, is in reality the higher and nobler life of the two. How much is the world indebted to these same men of thought and reflection and imagination! How could the world get on without thinkers, writers, poets, inventors, and discoverers? As thought must in all cases precede intelligent action, so these theorists, these dreamy, impracticable men, if so they must be called when judged by a utilitarian standard or weighed in the scales of commercial comparison, have ever formed the true vanguard of the race. Blot out the lives and the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought during past ages, and you would at once put the race back into the rude periods of infancy and semi-barbarism. Just as glaciers on snow-capped Alpine summits move slowly down the mountain-side, and

then melt into rivers which irrigate and make fertile the valleys below, just so the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought, dwelling the greater part of their lives on summits of abstraction high up above the level of their fellows, have moved down the intellectual plane, been changed into current comment and suggestion, and at last, embodied in practical projects or worked out into labor-saving machinery, have made the valleys of industry to teem with verdure and blossom with prosperity!

But in living this life of thought, instead of concentrating one's energies entirely upon business pursuits, in trying to be a scholar, a poet, or an inventor, there is no necessity for bidding adieu to this sovereign and primal virtue of common sense. In fact, he who lets go of this sheet-anchor of the mind, whether he purposes to be a practical business man or an abstract thinker, will be an unsuccessful man and a fool. It is possible for a man to be a good scholar, a clear thinker, a logical reasoner, and at least a fair, average man of business, too; and towards this desirable goal every young man should bend his steps.

The career of the late Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield and Prime Minister of England, affords an example in point. His first achievements in literature, like Bulwer's, were failures. His "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and "Revolutionary Epic" were laughed at, and regarded as indications of literary lunacy. But he worked on in other directions, and his "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," proved the sterling stuff of which he was made. As an orator, too, his first appearance in the House of Commons was a failure. It was spoken of as "more screaming than an Adelphi farce." Though composed in a grand and ambitious strain, every sentence was hailed with "loud laughter." "Hamlet" played as a comedy were nothing to it. But he concluded with a sentence which embodied a prophecy. Writhing under the laughter with which his studied eloquence had been received, he exclaimed: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when

you will hear me." The time did come; and how Disraeli succeeded in at length commanding the rapt attention of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, affords a striking illustration of what energy and determination will do; for Disraeli earned his position by dint of patient industry. He did not, as many young men do, having once failed, retire dejected, to mope and whine in a corner, but pluckily set himself to work. He carefully unlearned his faults, studied the character of his audience, practiced sedulously the art of speech, and industriously filled his mind with the elements of parliamentary knowledge. He worked patiently for success; and it came, but slowly; then the House laughed with him, instead of at him. The recollection of his early failure was effaced, and by general consent he was at length admitted to be one of the most finished and effective of parliamentary speakers. As an old poet puts it,

> The wise do always govern their own fates,
> And fortune with officious zeal attends
> To crown their enterprises with success.

CHAPTER X.

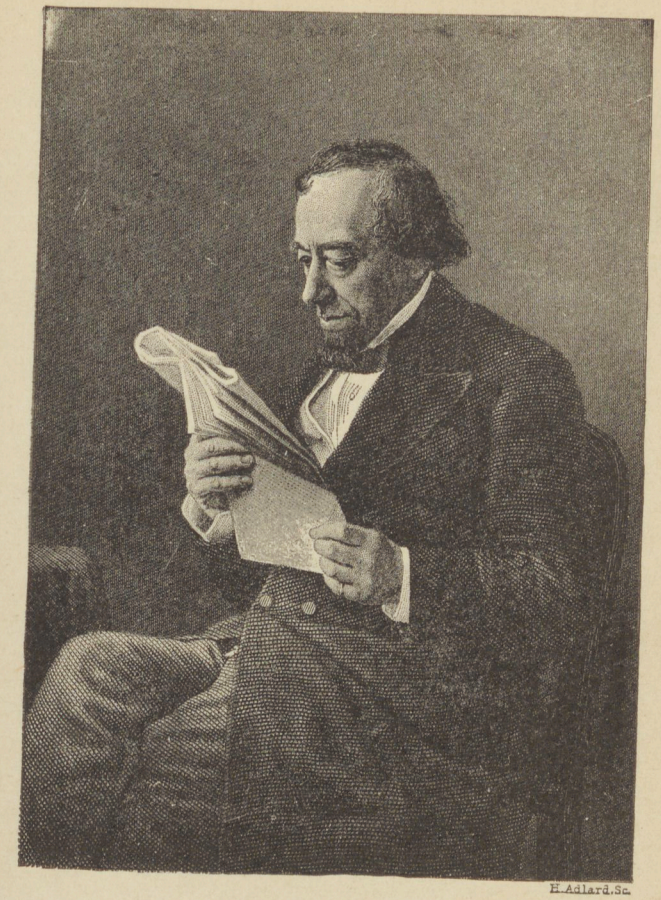
Good Manners.

What thou wilt,
Thou must rather enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to it with thy sword.
SHAKESPERE.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.
STILLINGFLEET.

But still remember if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
COWPER.

TRUE politeness or courtesy such as was known and practiced in Lord Chesterfield's day, and of which Chesterfield himself was a distinguished exponent as well as a brilliant example, is rapidly becoming in this country one of the so-called "lost arts." There is very little of it seen or taught here, and among people in general it is not even held in very high estimation. Thus far in our national career the majority of our citizens have been too busy in pushing ahead their individual fortunes and enterprises, or have encountered too many difficulties in getting established in life, or have been too eager in shouting the praises of political liberty, and too intent upon exhibiting their independence, to pay much attention to the social amenities and refined courtesies of what is called polite life. But this neglect is to be consid-



H. Adlard, Sc.

Beaconsfield,

ered a fault rather than a virtue. Appearance, manner, a pleasing exterior and true kindness of heart go a great way sometimes in helping one forward in the race for fortune; and because of its power and utility it must be mentioned as among the materials composing the imperial highway.

It is not enough to be made up of good qualities and traits of character, but it is equally important to have a good bearing towards our fellows. One of Chesterfield's maxims to his son was: "Prepare yourself for the world as the athlete does for his exercise; oil your mind and manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; simple strength alone will not do." Every one knows what a powerful thing for good or evil an impression is, particularly a first impression; and every one knows that outside demeanor and general appearance has much to do in creating this impression. Once in a while a person has insight and penetration of character enough to look through all the superficial layers of a man, and read the hidden thoughts and emotions; but these persons are by no means common. With the greater part of mankind the external appearance and the manner of a man determine his reception among his fellows. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

Strange as it may seem, the manners of a man constitute a sort of minor morals. That is, a rude man is suspected of being, or actually taken for, a bad man. Thus, while coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an "open sesame" at which bolts fly back and doors swing open. "You had better," wrote Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. . . . All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." It is not so much *what* a man says or does, as

the *way* in which the thing is said or done that does the business. The human mind seems to know by instinct that words and phrases can be learned and can be spoken to order, just as a parrot learns to chatter by hearing and imitating others. It also knows that deeds are prompted by motives of all sorts and kinds, some of them good and transparent, others, dark and enigmatical; and these, too, can be performed as occasion requires.

But a person's manner is something that cannot always be so well regulated and fixed up; there will usually be some cracks and seams in the external covering through which the internal light will shine out, however hard the person may try to conceal it. And this appears to be the reason why we always watch a stranger's manner so carefully. Go up to a little child on the street and commence to talk to it; it may or may not understand the import of what you say, but those bright little eyes scan your appearance most intently, and from that appearance makes up its mind almost instantly whether it is safe and best to remain, or to run away. Nature works instinctively in such a case.

In the early Abolition days two men went out preaching, one an old Quaker, and another a young man full of fire. When the Quaker lectured; everything ran along very smoothly, and he carried the audience with him. When the young man lectured, there was a row, and stones and eggs. It became so noticeable, that the young man spoke to the Quaker about it. He said, "Friend, you and I are on the same mission, and preach the same things; and how is it that you are received cordially, and I get nothing but abuse?" The Quaker replied, "I will tell thee. Thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished,' and I say, 'My friends, if you will *not* do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" They both said the same thing, but there was a great deal of difference in the way they said it.

True politeness has been defined as follows: "A gentleman is recognized by his regard for the rights and feelings of others, even in matters the most trivial. He respects the individuality of others, just as he wishes others to respect his own. In so-

ciety he is quiet, easy, unobstrusive; putting on no airs, nor hinting by word or manner that he deems himself better, wiser, or richer than any one about him. He is never 'stuck up,' nor looks down upon others because they have not titles, honors, or social position equal to his own. He never boasts of his achievements, or angles for compliments by affecting to underrate what he has done. He prefers to act, rather than to talk; to be, rather than to seem; and, above all things, is distinguished by his deep insight and sympathy, his quick perception of, and prompt attention to, those little and apparently insignificant things that may cause pleasure or pain to others. In giving his opinions he does not dogmatize; he listens patiently and respectfully to other men, and, if compelled to dissent from their opinions, acknowledges his fallibility and asserts his own views in such a manner as to command the respect of all who hear him. Frankness and cordiality mark all his intercourse with his fellows, and, however high his station, the humblest man feels instantly at ease in his presence."

Accordingly, a good manner is not something which can be put on and off as occasion requires. To be genuine, it must spring from the heart and have its source in the disposition. In nature, it is very closely allied with goodness and good sense; it is composed of kindness, gentleness, ready tact and benevolence. It is carrying out the golden law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Neither can politeness be learned by studying books on "Etiquette." For the effect of such study will be to concentrate one's attention upon self, whereas the essence of true courtesy consists in thinking of others, instead of self. Dr. F. D. Huntington has well said that "a noble and attractive every-day bearing is bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-master and orders all your movements. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side." It might,

however, have been just as well if he had divided the cup between them, as to have wholly denied himself a solace equal to that which he so willingly administered to his suffering comrade. At least this incident has always suggested such a thought whenever we have read it.

That neither morality, nor genius, nor both, will insure the manifestation of courtesy is evident from the examples of Dr. Johnson and Carlyle. The former, the despot of the "Literary Club," was so rude and gruff in manner as to acquire the nickname of "Ursa Major;" and though Goldsmith pleaded with truth in his behalf, "No man alive has a more tender heart, he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin," yet we cannot call a man polite who ate like an Esquimau, and with whom "You don't understand the question, sir," and "You lie, sir," were the extremes of his method in arguing with scholars on his own level. Nor can Carlyle, with his many noble qualities, be deemed polite, if, as a leading London journal asserts, his supreme contempt for the persons who disagree with him exasperates even those who have the highest respect for his integrity and insight. Washington, on the other hand, was polite when he promptly returned the salute of a colored man; Arnold was polite when the poor woman felt that he had treated her as if she were a lady; Chalmers was polite when every old woman in Morningside was elated and delighted with his courteous salute; and so was Robert Burns when he recognized an honest farmer in the street of Edinburgh, declaring to one who rebuked him that it was "not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunders boot-hose" that he spoke to, "but the man that was in them."

One way in which the rules of politeness are often violated is by a love of jesting. There are some men who would sacrifice a life-long friend for a joke. But it will be better for most people to follow the advice of Stillingfleet when he says:

> Above all things raillery decline,
> 'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
> But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
> For all must grant it needs no common art

To keep men patient when you make them smart.
Neither wit alone, nor humor's self will do,
(Without good nature, and much prudence, too,)
To judge aright of persons, place and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was known in his day as one of the keenest of wits, and yet he rarely or never allowed it to wound the feelings of any one. Some one has said of him that

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

The same was true of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister. One day he was examining a witness in court, when the fellow cried out to the judge, "My lord, my lord, I can't answer yon little gentleman, he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh, my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this sort; it's merely a confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart." Once when he was arguing for the defense in a state trial, the judge shook his head in doubt or denial of one of his points. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran to the jury, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Common observers might imagine it implied a difference of opinion; but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

If one can pun like this it may do, occasionally, but, as a rule, politeness and wit are seldom conjoined. It will be safer to imitate the Duke of Marlborough whose charming manners often changed an enemy into a friend. To be denied a favor by him was said to be more pleasing than to receive one from another man. It was these personal graces that made him both rich and great, for, though he had nothing shining in his genius, and, according to Chesterfield, was eminently illiterate — "wrote bad English, and spelt it worse" — yet

his figure was beautiful, and his manner irresistable by man or woman. It was this which, when he was Ensign of the Guards, charmed the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite of Charles II., who gave him five thousand pounds, with which he laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His address was so exquisitely fascinating as to dissolve fierce jealousies and animosities, lull suspicion, and beguile the subtlest diplomacy of its arts. His fascinating smile and winning tongue, equally with his sharp sword, swayed the destinies of empires. Before the bland, soft-spoken commander, "grim-visaged war," in the person of Charles XII. of Sweden, "smoothed his wrinkled front;" and the fiery warrior-king, at his appeal, bade adieu to the grand and importunate suitor for his alliance, Louis XIV., whom it was his great mission to defeat and humble. It was by the same charm of manner that he was able so long to keep together the members of the grand alliance against France, and direct them, in spite of their clashing interests, their jealousies, and their perpetual dissensions, to the main objects of the war.

Every one is familiar with the magic effect of manner on oratory. Lord Chesterfield has given us an instance of this in his legislative career. Being asked to procure the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar by England, he introduced into Parliament a bill for that purpose. "But then," he adds, "my difficulty began. I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I was an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also make them believe that *they* knew something of it themselves, which they did not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. . . . I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will suc-

ceed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods and his utterance were not nearly so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."

Chesterfield also said of the Duke of Argyle that he was the most impressive speaker he ever heard in his life. He ravished his audience, "not by his matter, but by his manner of delivering it. I was captivated, like others," continues Chesterfield; "but when I went home and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments with which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the argument weak; and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances which it is the ignorance of mankind to call trifling." Lord Chatham was a wonderfully eloquent man, but his manner added to his eloquence. The delivery of Lord Mansfield, the silver-tongued Murray, had such ease, grace, and suavity that his bare narrative of a case was said to be worth any other man's argument. The student of English history, as he reads Wilberforce's speeches, wonders at his reputation; but, had he heard them from the lips of the orator, delivered in tones full, liquid and penetrating, with the matchless accompaniments of attitude, gesture and expression, he would have found that a dramatic delivery can convert even commonplace into brilliant rhetoric. Few men have influenced more powerfully the persons with whom they have come in contact than Bishop Fenelon. The secret of his sway over hearts was his uniform courtesy, a politeness springing from a profound love for his fellow-beings, of whatever rank or class. Lord Peterborough, the distinguished English general, said of him, that he was "a delicious man,"

— that "he had to run away from him to prevent his making him a Christian."

It is sometimes thought in this day and age of the world that if a person pretends to be very polite and agreeable and obliging, that he or she lacks essential force of character—is in fact, a little "soft." But nothing is wider of the real truth. It is true, a man may push his way through the world by main force. But advancement so gained is gained by a great waste of power. The same abilities accompanied with prepossessing manners would have achieved far more brilliant results. No doubt, by the use of mere brute force one may make a certain amount of impression; and so, too, may a soldier hew down his foes with an old-fashioned battle-axe or with a scythe, but would he be wise in preferring such a weapon to the keen Damascus blade?

Again, military men as a class, are courteous the world over, attention to manner being a part of their training. Besides true courage and courtesy always go hand in hand. The bravest men are the most forgiving, and the most anxious to avoid quarrels. Canon Kingsley observes that the love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, cheerfully, considerately, affectionately, —so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went. It was said of Sir John Franklin that he was a man "who never turned his back upon a danger, yet of great tenderness."

At a late period in life the Duke of Wellington wrote to a friend: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that *I never had a quarrel with any man in my life!*" Considering the long and varied career, civil and military, of "The Iron Duke," and that, too, in different parts of the globe; the countless persons, of the most opposite qualities, with whom he had to

deal; his constant vexations in the Peninsula with Spanish pride and suspicion, and red-tapeism at home; the habits of his army at that time; and his trials in political life,—it is truly wonderful that the great captain, whose truthfulness was extreme, could at the age of sixty have thus spoken of himself. It is evident that he could never have said it, had he not learned, before commanding others, to command himself, watching and governing his own feelings with the same coolness and self-possession with which he handled his troops on the battle-field.

Hundreds of men have owed their start in life to their winning address. It is said that some years ago in England a curate of narrow income but kindly disposition perceived two elderly spinsters, in old-fashioned costume, beset with jeers and jibes by a mob of men and boys lounging round the church porch while the bell was ringing for church service. Forcing his way through the crowd, he gave one lady his right arm and the other his left, led them both into church, and escorted them politely up the middle aisle to a convenient pew, regardless of the stares and titters of the congregation. Some years afterwards the needy curate was agreeably surprised by the announcement that the two old ladies, having lately died, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune in recognition of his well-timed courtesy.

It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to reopen his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing $40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane,—a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was too polite to shake off, though almost as penurious as she was persevering. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class of medical students: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made —a large one to hold insults, a small one to hold fees."

Reference has already been made to the deplorable lack of courtesy which almost all classes in this country are exhibiting

in their daily life and intercourse with each other. But it appears from a recent address of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, that the same thing is true of Scotland, and perhaps it may be called, properly, a characteristic of the pushing, wide-awake, inquisitive, brusque Anglo-Saxon race, as a whole. It may be further said to be a characteristic of this utilitarian, selfish, money-making Nineteenth Century. Said the Doctor: "Ask a person at Rome to show you the road, and he will always give a civil and polite answer; but ask any person a question for that purpose in this country (Scotland), and he will say, 'Follow your nose, and you will find it.' But the blame is with the upper classes; and the reason why, in this country, the lower classes are not polite, is because the upper classes are not polite. I remember how astonished I was the first time I was in Paris. I spent the first night with a banker, who took me to a *pension*, or, as we call it, a boarding-house. When we got there, a servant-girl came to the door, and the banker took off his hat, and bowed to the servant-girl, and called her mademoiselle, as if she was a lady. Now the reason why the lower classes there are so polite is because the upper classes are polite and civil to them."

We can hardly be said to have any "upper classes" in this country, although there are many who act and feel as though they belonged to such. And one trouble with us in this respect is, that those who claim to be the aristocracy are not such by birth, or gentle blood, or distinguished noble ancestry, as a rule, but rather those who have happened, by hook or crook, to become wealthy somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly; therefore, when these have moved up into the upper circle, they have necessarily carried all their native ignorance and coarse manners with them. Consequently, there is no one to set others an example of good manners in this country, any more than in Scotland. But this is no reason why all young persons should not strive to possess it for themselves, let others do as they may.

Says Mr. Smiles: "The inbred politeness which springs from right-heartedness and kindly feelings, is of no exclusive

rank or station. The mechanic who works at the bench may possess it, as well as the clergyman or the peer. It is by no means a necessary condition of labor, that it should in any respect be either rough or coarse. The politeness and refinement which distinguish all classes of the people in many continental countries amply prove that those qualities might become ours too—as doubtless they will become with increased culture and more general social intercourse—without sacrificing any of our more genial qualities as men. From the highest to the lowest the richest to the poorest, to no rank or condition in life has nature denied her highest boon,—the great heart. There never yet existed a gentleman but was lord of a great heart. And this may exhibit itself under the hodden grey of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble.

"The true gentleman has a keen sense of honor,—scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle nor prevaricate, dodge nor skulk; but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude,— action in right lines. When he says *yes*, it is a law; and he dares to say the valiant *no* at the fitting season. The gentleman will not be bribed; only the low-minded and unprincipled sell themselves to those interested in buying."

When the Duke of Wellington was in India, shortly after the battle of Assaye, one morning the prime minister of the Court of Hyderabad waited upon him for the purpose of privately ascertaining what territory and what advantages had been reserved for his master in the treaty of peace between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam. To obtain this information the minister offered the general a very large sum,—considerably above 100,000*l*. Looking at him quietly for a few seconds, Sir Arthur said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly," replied the minister. "*Then so am I*," said the English general, smiling, and bowing the minister out. It was to Wellington's great honor, that though uniformly successful in India, and with the power of earning in such modes as this enormous wealth, he did not

add a farthing to his fortune, and returned to England a comparatively poor man.

Occasionally the brave and gentle character may be found under the humblest garb. Here is an old illustration but a fine one. Once on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the centre arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life; give the money to this poor family, who have need of it." Here spoke the true spirit of the gentleman, though he was but in the garb of a peasant!

Finally, a consideration for the feelings of inferiors and dependants as well as equals, and respect for their self-respect, will pervade the true gentleman's whole conduct. He will rather himself suffer a small injury than, by an uncharitable construction of another's behavior, incur the risk of committing a great wrong. He will be forbearing with the weaknesses, the failings and the errors of those whose advantages in life have not been equal to his own. He will be merciful even to his beast. He will not boast of his wealth, or his strength, or his gifts. He will not confer favors with a patronizing air. Sir Walter Scott once said of Lord Lothian, "He is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that's saying a great deal in these days." Lord Chatham once said that the gentleman is characterized by his preference for others to himself in the little daily occurrences of life.

In illustration of this ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir

Ralph Abercromby, of whom it is related, that when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Foudroyant;" and, to ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "*Whose* blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the general would **not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.**

CHAPTER XI.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER FOUR.

Force of Will.

Be firm ; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip ;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !

O. W. Holmes.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

The proudest motto for the young
Write it in lines of gold ——
Is, * * * "There's no such word as *fail*."

Mrs. Neal.

Muse not that thus I suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.

Shakespere.

Let not one look of fortune cast you down.
She were not fortune, if she did not frown ;
But such as braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

Earl of Orrey.

THERE are several excellences of conduct and character which are practically identical, but which are sometimes called by different names. Thus we might speak of energy, of tenacity of purpose, of strength of will, and of force, but we should mean substantially one and the same

thing; consequently, in this chapter we have grouped all these several traits together, and have given to the elements of character which they represent, the designation —*force of will.*

Of the value of will-power to success it is almost needless to speak, because this value is so generally recognized. What the Captain and the helm are to a steamship, that the human will is among the other faculties of the mind. It commands, guides, controls, preserves, or blasts and ruins. Nature is the engine in the hold, furnishing power, but the will directs the exercise of this power towards any given object or end. Hence, the will is President of the intellectual republic; it is the Executive force in humanity. Without will, a man would be like the soft, flabby, nerveless mollusk or shell-fish in the ocean; he could only drift about with the tide, and open his mouth occasionally to catch the good things that might come along. As for going anywhere, or being anything in particular, that would be out of the question entirely. Some men have a normal will, but no vim or energy in it, and so they accomplish but little. Again, some men are all will, and no brains; these are simply human mules, stubborn, ignorant and intractable. A well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man would have body, brains, heart and will,—all four; for neither of these elements is identical with the others, but, taken all together, they make up the whole man. As another has said, "it is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as purpose,—not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined as the very central power of character in a man,—in a word, it is the Man himself. It gives impulse to his every action, and soul to every effort. True hope is based upon it,—and it is hope that gives the real perfume to life."

In Scandinavian mythology, the chief god, Thor, is always represented with a hammer in his hand. And this pictorial device exactly images to the eye the idea of a hero which those rough, rude, strong Northmen cherished. The great, brawny arm and hand, clenching a hammer, was the very embodiment

of force or purpose in character. Very similar was the ancient crest of a pickaxe with the motto: "Either I will find a way, or make one." It is not enough to simply wish and desire to be and do, but one must remember that "nothing of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing. On the contrary, the timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so." It is related of a young French officer, that he used to walk about his apartment exclaiming, "I *will* be Marshal of France and a great general." This ardent desire was the presentiment of his success; for he did become a distinguished commander, and he died a Marshal of France.

The story is also told of a carpenter who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing with more than usual carefulness, and when asked the reason, replied, "I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And, singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

There has always been a great controversy among theologians and metaphysicians as to whether man's will is free or not; but if the will is *not* free there is no such thing as the voice of conscience within us; because, being machines, we could neither be justly praised or blamed. As has already been partially expressed, the will, considered without regard to direction, is simple constancy, firmness; and therefore it will be obvious that everything depends upon right direction and motives. Directed towards the enjoyment of the senses, the strong will may be a demon, and the intellect merely its debased slave; but directed towards good, the strong will is a

king, and the intellect is then the minister of man's highest well-being.

He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it and secures its achievement. To think we are able, is sometimes to be so. The strength of the great Russian General Suwarrow's character lay in his power of willing, and like most resolute persons, he preached it up as a system. "You can only half will," he would say to persons who failed. Like Richelieu and Napoleon, he would have the word "impossible" banished from the dictionary. In a struggle against the Turks in 1787, at the battle of Kinburn, Suwarrow was severely wounded, and was compelled to seek repose in his litter; but his troops being soon after thrown into confusion, the general remounted his horse, threw himself almost into the midst of the enemy, reproached his men for their cowardice, and retrieved by his personal courage the fortunes of the field. In his old age he was sent with 30,000 troops to co-operate with the Archduke, Charles of Austria, against the French in Italy. When asked for his plans, he said he had none, and if he had, he would not disclose them. When presented with propositions for defensive operations, he said, "Tell my lord, the prince, that I know nothing of defense, I only attack. I shall advance when it seems good to me, and when I start, I shall not stop in Switzerland, but go into Franche-Comte, according to my orders. He is a field marshal, and so am I; he commands an army, and so do I; he is young and I am old. I have acquired experience by successive victories, and I receive neither counsel nor advice from any one; I trust alone in God and my sword."

But the victorious old warrior, although he had conquered in so many conflicts, was in this instance willful and headstrong to excess, for he went forward as he had said, and at Zurich was defeated by Massena, one of Napoleon's generals. This last incident, therefore, is a good one by which to draw the line between proper force of will and simple obstinacy. Sir Fowell Buxton held the conviction that a young man might be very much what he pleased, provided he formed a strong

resolution and held to it. Writing to one of his own sons, he once said, "You are now at that period of life, in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. . . . Much of my happiness, and all my prosperity in life, have resulted from the change I made at your age. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it that you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

But who was Sir Fowell Buxton? He was one of the leaders in the cause of slavery abolition throughout the British dominions, and took the position formerly occupied by Wilberforce in the House of Commons. Buxton was a dull, heavy boy, and noted even then for a strong self-will which often amounted to real and violent obstinacy. His father died when he was but a child, but fortunately he had a wise mother who trained his will with great care, constraining him to obey, but encouraging the habit of deciding and acting for himself in matters which might safely be left to him. This mother believed that strong will, directed upon worthy objects, was a valuable manly quality, if properly guided, and she acted accordingly. When others about her commented on the boy's self-will, she would merely say, "Never mind,—he is self-willed now,—you will see it will turn out well in the end." Fowell learned very little at school, and was somewhat of a dunce and an idler. He got other boys to do his exercises for him, while he romped and scrambled about. He returned home at fifteen, a great, growing, awkward lad, fond only of boating, shooting, riding, and field-sports,—spending his time principally with the gamekeeper, a man possessed of a good heart, and an intelligent observer of life and nature, though he could neither read nor write.

He started in life as a brewer's clerk, and his power of will which had made him so difficult to deal with when a boy, now formed the backbone of his character and made him energetic in whatever he undertook. He threw his whole strength and bulk right down upon his work, and the great giant, "Elephant Buxton," as they called him, standing, as he did, some six feet four in height, became one of the most vigorous and practical of men. He worked during the day at his trade, and gave up his evenings to the reading and digesting of Blackstone, Montesquieu, and solid commentaries on English law. His maxims in reading were, "never to begin a book without finishing it;" "never to consider a book finished until it is mastered;" and "to study everything with the whole mind."

When only thirty-two Buxton entered Parliament, and at once assumed that position of influence there, of which every honest, earnest, well-informed man is secure. The principal question to which he devoted himself was the complete emancipation of the slaves in British colonies. He himself used to attribute the strong interest which he early felt in this question to the influence of Priscilla Gurney, one of the Earlham family,—a woman of a fine intellect and warm heart, abounding in illustrious virtues. When on her death-bed, in 1821, she repeatedly sent for Buxton, and urged him "to make the cause of the slaves the great object of his life." Her last act was to attempt to reiterate the solemn charge, and she expired in the ineffectual effort. Buxton never forgot her counsel; he named one of his daughters after her; and on the day on which she was married from his house, on the 1st of August, 1834, —the day of negro emancipation,—after his Priscilla had left her father's home in the company of her husband, Buxton sat down and thus wrote to a friend: "The bride is just gone; everything has passed off to admiration; and *there is not a slave in the British colonies!*"

Buxton was no genius,—not a great intellectual leader nor discoverer, but mainly an earnest, straightforward, resolute, energetic man. Indeed, his whole character is most forcibly expressed in his own words, which every young man might

well stamp upon his soul: "The longer I live," said he, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*,—*invincible determination*,—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Another man of dauntless will and indefatigable industry was Warren Hastings, so celebrated in English history as one of the rulers of the British Empire in India. His family was ancient and illustrious, but their vicissitudes of fortune and ill-requited loyalty in the cause of the Stuarts, brought them to ruin, and the family estate at Daylesford, of which they had been lords of the manor for hundreds of years, at length passed from their hands. The last Hastings of Daylesford had, however, previously presented the parish living to his second son; and it was in his house, many years later, that Warren Hastings, his grandson, was born. The boy learned his letters at the village-school of Daylesford, on the same bench with the children of the peasantry. He played in the fields which his fathers had owned; and what the loyal and brave Hastings of Daylesford *had* been, was ever in the boy's thoughts. His young ambition was fired, and it is said that, one summer's day, when only seven years old, as he laid him down on the bank of the stream which flows through the old domain, he formed in his mind the resolution that he would yet recover possession of the family lands.

It was the romantic vision of a mere boy; yet he lived to realize it. The dream became a passion, rooted in his very life; and he pursued his determination through youth up to manhood, with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. The poor orphan boy became one of the most powerful men of his time; he retrieved the fortunes of his line; bought back the old estate, and rebuilt the family mansion. "When, under a tropical sun," says Macaulay, "he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics,

his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."

The impulse of a powerful will often endows both mind and body with heroic strength. Men have cured themselves of painful diseases by a herculean effort of the volition, and physicians always count upon a cheerful, hopeful frame of mind in their patients as one of the most important agencies in effecting a restoration to health. Aaron Burr laid aside a wasting fever like a garment, to join the expedition against Quebec. One of the greatest generals of the Thirty Years' War was Torstenson. On account of his sufferings from the gout, he was usually carried about in a litter; yet the rapidity of his movements was the astonishment of the world. When Douglas Jerrold, being very sick, was told by his physician that he must die, "What!" he said, "and leave a family of helpless children? I *won't* die!" and die he did not for several years.

When were the prospects of any man gloomier than those of Wolfe just before he captured Quebec? From his early youth he had suffered severely from a fatal disease, and the seeds of others were deep laid in his constitution. He had been severely repulsed in an attack on Montcalm's intrenchments south of Quebec; his troops were dispirited; the promised auxiliaries under Amherst and Johnson had failed to arrive; and he himself, through the fatigue and anxiety preying on his delicate frame, fell violently ill of a fever. Partially recovering his health, he writes to the government at home, as if to prepare the public mind in England for his failure or retreat, a letter full of gloom, concluding thus: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without the prospect of it." Within five days only from the date of that letter, the Heights of Abraham had been scaled, Montcalm defeated, the seemingly

impregnable fortress surrendered, and the name of Wolfe had become immortal to all ages!

Another remarkable example of this is furnished by the captured Texans of the Santa Fe Expedition, who, after having marched until they were nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion, yet, being told that any who should prove unable to walk would be shot, contrived to pluck up, and set off at a round pace, which they kept up all day. So Quintin Matsys, the famous Dutch painter, in his youth, despaired of being ever able to paint, till his master told him that only by producing a picture of merit within six months could he have his daughter's hand; and then he set vigorously to work and brought forth "The Misers," a masterpiece of art, which connoisseurs have admired for ages. Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have been remarkable above all things else for their energy of will. Of Julius Cæsar it is said by a contemporary, that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. A glance at Hannibal's life will show that a resolute will was the leading quality of that commander, though less conspicuous, perhaps, in him than in others, because of the exact proportion in which all the military qualities were united in him, who, by the common consent of soldiers as well as historians, was the greatest captain the world has seen.

Napoleon was a terrible example of what the power of will can accomplish. He always threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies,—"There shall be no Alps," he said, and the road across the Simplon was constructed, through a district formerly almost inaccessible. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." He was a man who toiled terribly; sometimes employing and exhausting four secretaries at a time. He spared no one, not even himself. His influence inspired other men, and put a new life into them. "I made my generals out of mud," he said.

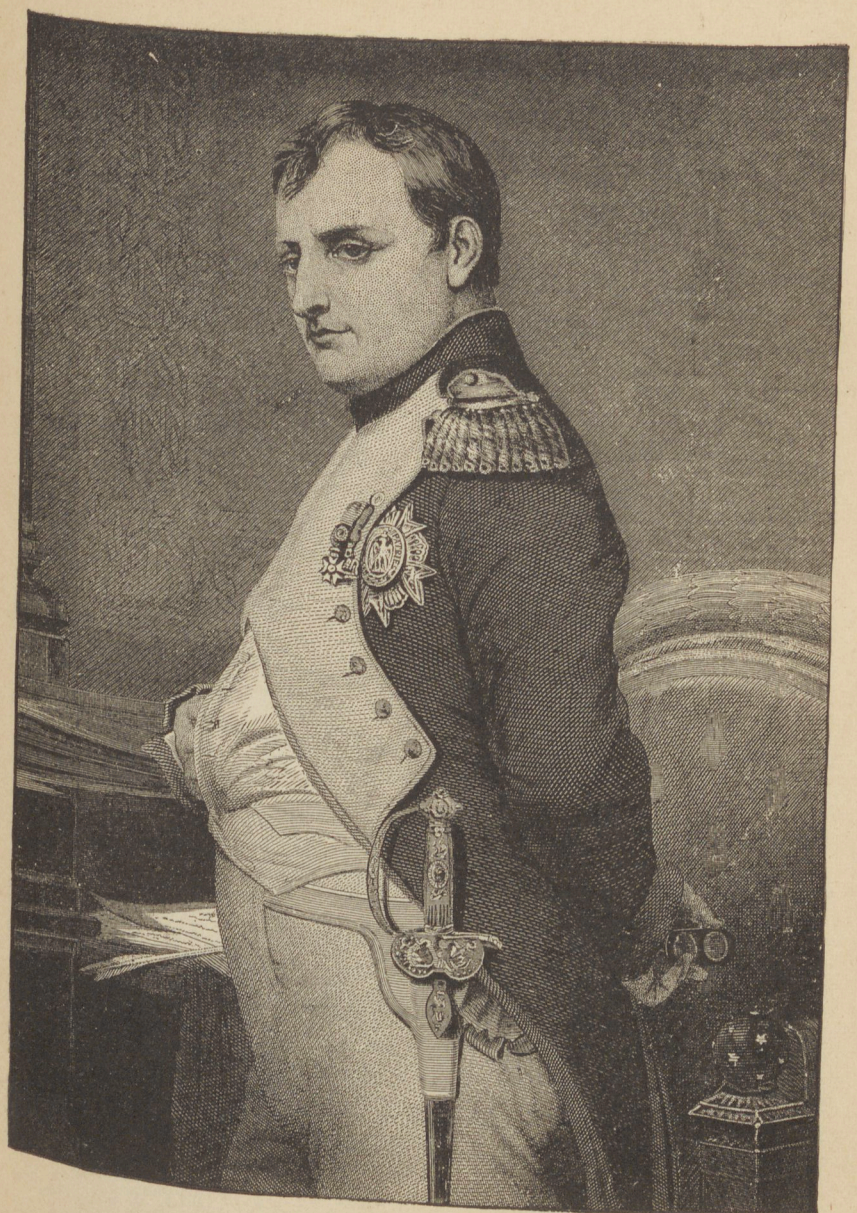
His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar inflexibility of purpose. The entire Peninsular campaign was but one long-continued display of iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. In the life-and-death struggle between England and France, of which that campaign was a part, and which lasted nearly a quarter of a century, it was the stubborn will of the former which triumphed in the end; for though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, yet new ones were constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their Emperor, were completely worn out. And, finally, the battle of Waterloo, which was the climax of this stupendous struggle, was another illustration of the enormous energy, the exhaustless patience, the bull-dog-will, of the English. In that fearful contest, French impetuosity and prowess proved an unequal match for English pluck and resolution. For eight long hours the British army stood up against the murderous fire of the enemy; column after column fell, and the entire side of one square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell, "File up! file up!" and the troops silently obeyed. At length the crisis came; the order to charge was given; and the men who had stood like statues before the "iron hail" of the French artillery, swept like a whirlwind upon the foe.

When Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the great agitator, commenced the publication of his paper called "The Liberator," he began with these memorable words: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard.*" And he *was* heard, and felt, and his paper became a great power for good in the cause to which it was devoted. Dr. Arnold the teacher, used to say that the difference between one boy and another in school consisted not so much in talent as in energy. When Ledyard, the traveler, was asked by the African Association when he would be ready to set out for Africa, he promptly answered, "To-morrow morning." Blucher's promptitude obtained for him the cognomen of "Marshal Forwards" throughout the Prussian army.

When John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, was asked when he would be ready to join his ship, he replied, "Directly." For it is rapid decision, and a similar promptitude in action, such as taking instant advantage of an enemy's mistakes, that so often wins battles. "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune;" and he used to say that he beat the Austrians because they never knew the value of time; while they dawdled, he overthrew them.

There are hundreds of men who in the beginning of their career are obliged to war against both wind and tide, but those who persevere for years and conquer their difficulties, generally overcome at last unless their will-power fails them, when they sink down by the wayside, give up in despair, and come to nothing. Savonarola, the Italian reformer, broke down in his first sermon and was humiliated beyond expression. Resolved, however, to succeed, he kept on preaching to peasants and children, and in the solitude of his own chamber, till at last he acquired a facility of utterance and a command of striking language which made him the prophet of his age and the first orator in Italy. Robespierre, contending with the disadvantages of a harsh voice, an ugly face, and a hesitating tongue, failed in his first essays at speaking so egregiously that not one man in a thousand, under the circumstances, could have helped being disheartened; yet by ceaseless effort he succeeded in leading the National Assembly of France. Mr. Cobden's first speech was a humiliating failure. He was nervous, confused, and finally broke down; yet he did not retire to a corner and mope and whine, but persevered, till at last he became one of the most powerful speakers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and extorted the praise of the accomplished Robert Peel.

When Daniel Webster attended an academy in his boyhood, though he was proficient in the other branches of education, there was one thing, he tells us, he could not do,— he could not declaim before the school. "The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the



Napoleon

exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse it in my own room over and over again ; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness that I would only venture *once;* but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland began his ministerial career under many discouragements. They would have crushed a feeble man, but only stimulated him to greater efforts. Son of an English currier who had abandoned a profitable trade to become a Baptist preacher, he gave up the profession for which he had partially prepared himself, and followed the example of his father. A single year at Andover, where he was so poor that he had once to choose between a coat and a copy of Schleusner's lexicon, summed up his study of theology ; yet he had so faithfully improved this slender opportunity, that he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston. On a cold, rainy night in October, 1823, he preached before the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society a sermon on Missions. There were about fifty persons present ; the discourse kindled no enthusiasm ; and with keen chagrin the preacher next morning flung himself upon a lounge in the study of a friend, exclaiming, "It was a complete failure ; it fell perfectly dead." Luckily, among the hearers was a shrewd printer, a deacon in the church, who insisted that the sermon should be published. Against his own will, the author consented. The discourse — the memorable one on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise" — ran through several editions, both in this country and in England, called forth the warmest encomiums of the press without distinction of sect, and kindled a new enthusiasm in behalf of missions throughout the Christian world. Robert Hall, on reading it, predicted a still greater distinction for the preacher ; and only

three years later the author, hitherto an obscure man, was elected to the Presidency of Brown University almost by acclamation.

History abounds with instances of doubtful battles or unexpected reverses transformed by one man's stubbornness into eleventh-hour triumphs. It is opinion, as De Maistre truly says, that wins battles, and it is opinion that loses them. The battle of Marengo went against the French during the first half of the day, and they were expecting an order to retreat, when Dessaix, consulted by Napoleon, looked at his watch, and said, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous cavalry charge, and won the field. Blucher, the famous Prussian general, was by no means a lucky leader. He was beaten in nine battles out of ten; but in a marvelously brief time he had rallied his routed army, and was as formidable as ever. He had his disappointments, but turned them, as the oyster does the sand which annoys it, into a pearl. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end. It was because they appreciated this quality of pluck, that, when the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of Roman knights who had perished in the strife, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the defeated general, Consul Terentius Varro, for not having despaired of the republic.

There was never a time in the world's history when force of will was more necessary to success than now. People are multiplying rapidly, the earth is becoming more and more thickly settled, knowledge has increased, and the number of contestants for every prize grows more and more formidable. Nearly every kind of business is overdone, the professions are crowded to repletion, and the only way in which one can hope to do anything, or succeed at all in life, is by the exercise of the greatest amount of patience and unwearied application. And it takes an immense reservoir of will-power to keep up one's spirits while making a life-long effort to achieve success.

When Daniel Webster entered upon the study of law, some one told him he had better not do it, that the profession was overcrowded already, and that the chances were all against him. "Overcrowded?" said Webster, "there is always room enough at the top." And so he started for the "top" of his profession, and finally reached it. But how many give out before they reach the top, or come anywhere near it?

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no such thing as genius by which one can scale the walls of difficulty which are sure to be encountered in life's pathway, or fly to the pinnacle of fortune, fame and glory at a single endeavor. Genius is simply another name for force of will, power of endurance, and good native talent. Nor must one be easily discouraged by failure at first. The very brightest stars in fortune's firmanent have climbed their way up the giddy steep, step by step, never becoming disheartened, never going back, or giving out, after having once set their faces like a flint in the direction of their ambition or desire.

What the elder Kean said of the stage is applicable to every profession and art in life: "Acting does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature;' with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. 'What wound did ever heal but by slow degrees?' says our immortal author; and what man, say I, ever became an 'actor' without a long and sedulous apprenticeship? I know that many think to step from behind a counter or jump from the high stool of an office to the boards, and take the town by storm in Richard or Othello, is 'as easy as lying.' O, the born idiots! they remind me of the halfpenny candles stuck in the windows on illumination nights; they flicker and flutter their brief minute, and go out unheeded. Barn-storming, my lads, barn-storming,— that's the touchstone; by that I won my spurs; so did Garrick, Henderson and Kemble; and so, on the other side of the water, did my almost namesake, Lekain, and Talma."

Dr. Mathews has well said that "adversity is often like a

panther; look it boldly in the face, and it turns cowering away from you. It is with life's troubles as with the risks of the battle-field; there is always less of aggregate danger to the party that stands firm than to that which gives way,—the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the fight. We are aware that it is hard to begin life without a dollar, hard to be poor, and harder to seem poor in the eyes of others. No young man, especially no young man in our cities, likes to make his *entree* in life with his boots patched; to wear an antediluvian hat, and clean gloves smelling of camphene and economy; nor to carry a cotton umbrella; nor to ask a girl to marry him and live in the 'sky-parlor' of a cheap boarding-house. We all like to drive along smoothly, to have a fine turnout, to have the hinges of life oiled, the backs padded, and the seats cushioned. But such is not the road to success in any profession or calling; and if you are poor, and feel that you cannot climb the steeps of life unassisted,—that you must be carried in a vehicle, instead of trudging on foot along the dusty highway,—then confess your weakness, and seek your Hercules in the first heiress who is as wanting in judgment, as you in nerve and resolution. Marry $5,000 a year, if you can, and be a stall-fed ox for the remainder of your days. But do not, while thus 'boosted' into, boast of your success. Do not, while rising in the world like a balloon, by pressure from without instead of from within, fancy you have any claim to triumph."

No man should be discouraged because he does not get on rapidly in his calling from the start. In the more intellectual professions especially, it should be remembered that a solid character is not the growth of a day, that the mental faculties are not matured except by long and laborious culture. To refine the taste, to fortify the reasoning faculty with its appropriate discipline, to store the cells of the memory with varied and useful learning, to train all the powers of the mind symmetrically, is the work of calm and studious years. A young man's education has been of little use to him if it has not taught him to check the fretful impatience, the eager haste to

drink the cup of life, the desire to exhaust the intoxicating draughts of ambition which is so characteristic of Young America.

Handel, the composer, had a harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. When an East-Indian is learning archery, he is compelled by his master to exercise the attitude and drawing the string to his ear for three months together, before he is suffered to set an arrow. "Half the intellectual or physical efforts which, put forth by some persons for petty or worthless, perhaps shameful objects, would suffice, in many cases, if directed to noble ends, to place them on a level with the great lights of the age,—the superior intelligences of art, literature and science,—and to lay the foundation of a glory which might vie hereafter with that of 'the mighty dead.' And yet the cry of most dullards, and of many who are not, is, 'I am too low in the scale; it is of no use for *me* to try to rise; I am not, and never shall be, anybody.' But does a prisoner cling to his captivity and hug his fetters because his dungeon is low and dark and noisome? No; he pants for the 'upper air' all the more aspiringly. The very consciousness of his prostration should be a spur stimulating one to raise himself by all possible efforts."

Again, Mr. Smiles forcibly remarks that "the road to success may be steep to climb, but it puts to the proof the energies of him who would reach the summit. By experience a man soon learns how obstacles are to be overcome by grappling with them,—how soft as silk the nettle becomes when it is boldly grasped,—and how powerful a principle of realizing the object proposed, is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Thus difficulties often fall away of themselves, before the determination to overcome them. In nine cases out of ten, if marched boldly up to they will flee away. Like thieves, they often disappear at a glance. What looked like insuperable obstacles, like some great mountain-chain in our way, frowning danger and trial, are found to become practicable when approached, and paths formerly un-

seen, though they may be narrow and difficult, open a way for us through the hills."

Curran, the Irish orator, when a youth, had a strong defect in his articulation, and at school he was known as "stuttering Jack Curran." While he was engaged in the study of the law, and still struggling to overcome his defect, he was stung into eloquence by the sarcasms of a member of a debating club, who characterized him as "Orator Mum;" for, like Cowper, when he stood up to speak, Curran had not on a previous occasion been able to utter a word. But the taunt raised his pluck; and he replied with a triumphant speech. This accidental discovery in himself of the gift of eloquence, encouraged him to proceed in his studies with additional energy and vigor. He corrected his enunciation by reading aloud, emphatically and distinctly, the best passages in our literature, for several hours every day, studying his features before a mirror, and adopting a method of gesticulation suited to his rather awkward and ungraceful figure. He also proposed cases to himself, which he detailed with as much care as if he had been addressing a jury.

The well-known author and publisher, William Chambers, of Edinburgh, thus tells of his humble beginning. "My education was that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, was I at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I assure you that I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science and other useful matters. During that period I taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same troubles again. I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than

I now find when sitting amidst all the elegances and comforts of a parlor."

William Cobbett has told the interesting story of how he learned English Grammar, and, as a curious illustration of that brave man's pluck in grappling with a difficulty, we cannot do better than quote it here. "I learned grammar," he said "when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen or paper! That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may! that on one occasion I, after all necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shifts to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my half-penny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could

encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?"

Every student of American history will remember Sir William Phipps, one of the early colonial governors of Massachusetts. His career furnishes a remarkable example of the power of will, and of perseverance, in the pursuit of a given object. He was one of twenty-six children (twenty-one sons and five daughters) and was raised in the forests of the then province of Maine. William seems to have had a strong dash of Danish sea-blood in his veins, and did not take kindly to the quiet life of a shepherd in which he spent his early years. By nature bold and adventurous, he longed to become a sailor and roam through the world. He sought to join some ship; but not being able to find one, he apprenticed himself to a ship-builder, with whom he thoroughly learned his trade, acquiring the arts of reading and writing during his leisure hours. Having completed his apprenticeship and removed to Boston, he wooed and married a widow of some means, after which he set up a little ship-building yard of his own, built a ship, and, putting to sea in her, he engaged in the lumber trade, which he carried on in a plodding and laborious way for the space of about ten years.

It happened that one day, whilst passing through the crooked streets of old Boston, he overheard some sailors talking to each other of a wreck which had just taken place off the Bahamas; that of a Spanish ship, supposed to have much money on board. His adventurous spirit was at once kindled, and getting together a likely crew without loss of time, he set sail for the Bahamas. The wreck being well in-shore, he easily found it, and succeeded in recovering a great deal of its cargo, but very little money; and the result was, that he barely defrayed his expenses. His success had been such, however, as to stimulate his enterprising spirit; and when he was told of another and far more richly laden vessel, which had been wrecked near Port de la Plata more than half a century before, he forthwith

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

formed the resolution of raising the wreck, or at all events fishing up the treasure.

Being too poor, however, to undertake such an enterprise without powerful help, he set sail for England, in the hope that he might there obtain it. The fame of his success in raising the wreck off the Bahamas had already preceded him. He applied direct to the government; and by his urgent enthusiasm, he succeeded in overcoming the usual inertia of official minds; and Charles II. eventually placed at his disposal the "Rose Algier," a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men, appointing him to the chief command. Phipps then set sail to find the Spanish ship and fish up the treasure. He reached the coast of Hispaniola in safety; but how to find the sunken ship was the great difficulty. The fact of the wreck was more than fifty years old; and Phipps had only the traditionary rumors of the event to work upon. There was a wide coast to explore, and an outspread ocean, without any trace whatever of the wrecked argosy beneath it. But the man was stout in heart, and full of hope. He set his seamen to work to drag the coast, and for weeks they went on fishing up seaweed, shingle, and bits of rock. No occupation could be more trying to seamen, and they began to grumble together, and to whisper that the man in command had brought them on a fool's errand.

At length the murmurs spoke aloud, and the men broke into open mutiny. A body of them rushed one day on to the quarter-deck, and demanded that the voyage should be relinquished. Phipps, however, was not a man to be intimidated; he seized the ringleaders, and sent the others back to their duty. It became necessary to bring the ship to anchor close to a small island for the purpose of repairs; and, to lighten her, the chief part of the stores were landed. Discontent still increasing among the crew, a new plot was laid among the men on shore to seize the ship, throw Phipps overboard, and start on a piratical cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas. But Phipps frustrated their plans, had the goods reshipped under cover of loaded guns, got rid of a part of his crew, took

on others and went about his work. Soon his vessel gave out and he was obliged to return to England for repairs. As he had been unsuccessful, many had lost faith in him, and he found it difficult to get another ship. After four years of exertion however, during which time he lived in great poverty, he succeeded in raising the requisite means to start again. A company was formed, in twenty shares, the Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, taking the chief interest in it, and subscribing the principal part of the necessary funds for the enterprise.

Phipps proved more fortunate in his second voyage than in his first. The ship arrived without accident at Port de la Plata, in the neighborhood of the reef of rocks supposed to have been the scene of the wreck. His first object was to build a stout boat capable of carrying eight or ten oars, in constructing which Phipps used the adze himself. It is also said that he constructed a machine, for the purpose of exploring the bottom of the sea, similar to what is now known as the Diving-Bell. Such a machine was found referred to in books, but Phipps knew little of scientific books and therefore may be said to have reinvented the apparatus for his own use. He also engaged Indian divers, whose feats of diving for pearls, and in submarine operations, were very remarkable. The tender and boat having been taken to the reef, the men were set to work, the diving-bell was sunk and the various modes of dragging the bottom of the sea were employed continuously for many weeks, but without any prospect of success. Phipps, however, held on valiantly, hoping almost against hope. At length, one day, a sailor, looking over the boat's side down into the clear water, observed a curious sea-plant growing in what appeared to be a crevice of the rock; and he called upon an Indian diver to go down and fetch it for him. On the red man coming up with the weed, he reported that a number of ship's guns were lying in the same place. The intelligence was at first received with incredulity, but on further investigation it proved to be correct. Search was made, and presently a diver came up with a solid bar of silver in his arms

When Phipps was shown it, he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! we are all made men."

Diving-bell and divers now went to work with a will and in a few days treasure was brought up to the value of £300,000 with which Phipps set sail for England. On his arrival, many government officials tried to seize the ship's cargo, and appealed to the King for power. But the King replied that he knew Phipps to be an honest man and that he and his friends should have the whole of it. Phipps' share was about £20,000, and the King to show his approval of his energy, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, and he became Sir William Phipps, founding the house of Normanby. He died in London in 1695, having done valiant service for the King as a military leader and royal ruler. He was never ashamed of the lowness of his origin, but continually referred to the fact with pride. Often, when perplexed with public business, he declared it would be easier for him to go back to his broad-axe again. He left behind him a noble character for honesty, courage, and energy.

CHAPTER XII.

Expenditure of Resources.

He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.
Proverbs xvi: 32.

No haughty gesture marks his gait,
No pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen,
No palling nonsense heard.
He'll suit his bearing to the hour,
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach.
Eliza Cook.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues.
Joanna Baillie.

THIS is an age when great attention is being paid to the development of speed in horses. Each season witnesses the lowering of the time-record in racing until the question of how much reserve power there is inclosed within the horse organization, has become an open one which years only can decide. But in the act of racing it is an easy thing to see which animals are capable of improvement, and which are not. A horse that is so nervous and fidgety that it can't stand still; which exerts itself on every occasion to the point of exhaustion; which never learns to keep cool and hold back, when necessary, and again to "let out an extra link or two," when called upon, never can become a great racer, for the simple reason that he expends his resources as fast as he accumulates them. To grow better, an animal or a man

must have a little surplus of force left after each trial, or must have the internal capacity of generating new and extra power whenever occasion demands.

There is neither pleasure nor profit in witnessing the working of anything, whether it be man, animal, or machine, unless it works easily, and possesses more resources of power than it expends. There is no such arithmetic in actual life as that which the old lady reckoned by, when she said that her son in business lost on every article he manufactured but was able to get along by the enormous extent or amount of the business transacted. If a man "uses himself up" at every effort he makes in trying to build his imperial highway to fortune, that way will never be finished, nor the fortune secured. As the best drivers keep their horses well in hand and never let them out for all they are worth, except upon important occasions, so the most successful men in life's race are those who keep themselves well in hand, and keep in reserve some extra power or ability, with which to meet emergencies and eclipse competing rivals.

It is said that all machinists construct engines with reserve power. If the force required is four-horse, they make a six-horse power, so that the machine will work easily and last long. In like manner, the man who has strength to do ten hours' work a day, physical or intellectual, should do but seven or eight; and then he may hope to accumulate a reserve fund of energy which will not only round out his frame to fair proportions, and enable him to toil with ease, cheerfulness and alacrity, but furnish a capital, a fund in bank, upon which he can draw heavily in any emergency, when called on to do two days' work in one. Without this capital, he will not only do his work painfully, forever tugging at the oar, but he will be incapable of increasing the strain upon his powers, however urgent the necessity; he cannot put a pound more of pressure upon the engine without an explosion.

There are indeed "some persons of dull and phlegmatic temperament—slow coaches, that jog on at a lazy pace—who need no note of alarm. They need the whip, not the rein; and

the utmost speed you can get out of them will only call their muscles into healthy activity. But there is another class,—the fiery, earnest, zealous men, the nervous men, tremulous as the aspen, enthusiasts in their callings,—who need to economize their nerve-force, unless they would prematurely exhaust themselves and sink into an early grave. Such men need to be reminded that they have but a limited fund of strength, upon which they are making draughts with every breath they draw and every word they utter, and that therefore they cannot guard too jealously against any waste of their nerve-power."

Hence, the first strong word of advice to every young man who wants to be successful is, accumulate, accumulate, accumulate. If you expect to lead a professional life, you cannot have too large a store of knowledge and facts laid up. It often seems to a student in college that he is merely wasting his time by going through with the routine exercises of the class-room, week after week and year after year; that the studies he is pursuing can never do him much, if any, good in after life; but he will find to his sweet satisfaction, when the duties of that after-life press upon him, and he has no time to hunt up facts and opinions, that not a day diligently spent in study in early years was lost; that all resources of an intellectual nature accumulated when thought and memory were fresh and vigorous were held by the mind as a sort of capital stock and came into use exactly when most wanted. Many a young man has ruined himself for life because he too soon thought he knew it all and could do anything, and then found out his mistake only when it was too late to recover the ground so foolishly lost.

Everybody knows that in the composition of an army one of the first essentials of effective action is a well-constituted, powerful reserved force. It consists of picked men, trained veterans, with a cool, sagacious commander, who can be thrown at any moment into the very thick of the fight, to sustain a faltering legion, or to turn a doubtful combat into a decisive victory. The lack of such a force, or its lack of numbers and

discipline, has often made the difference between a battle won and a battle lost. Who that is familiar with the campaigns of Napoleon does not remember how often the trembling scale was turned, and the exultant legions of the enemy were rolled back, just as victory was about "to sit eagle-winged on their crests," by the resistless charge of the imperial Guard? So also at the bar, in the senate, in the pulpit, in the field of business, in every sphere of human activity, he only organizes victory and commands success behind whose van and corps of battle is heard the steady tramp of the army of the reserve.

Says Dr. W. W. Patton, "the merchant is in a dangerous position whose means are in goods trusted out all over the country on long credits, and who in an emergency has no moneys in the bank upon which to draw. A heavy deposit, subject to a sight-draft, is the only position of strength. And he only is intellectually strong, who has made heavy deposits in the bank of memory, and can draw upon his faculties at any time, according to the necessities of the case." There is no mental reservoir of such capacity that it will not be empty at last, if we perpetually draw from it and never pour into it. When old Dr. Bellamy was asked by a young clergyman for advice about the composition of his sermons, he replied: "Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a good stream. But if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you get but a small stream, after all."

The second point to be emphasized is, keep cool, have your resources well in hand, and reserve your strength until the proper time arrives to exert it. There is hardly any trait of character or faculty of intellect more valuable than the power of self-possession, or presence of mind. The man who is always "going off" unexpectedly, like an old rusty firearm, who is easily fluttered and discomposed at the appearance of some unforeseen emergency; who has no control over himself or his powers, is just the one who is always in trouble and never successful or happy. It is very unfortunate when men lose their

talents, wit, or fancy, at any sudden call. Better be like the Frenchman, M. Tissenet, who had learned among the Indians to understand their language, and who coming upon a wild party of Illinois, overheard them say that they would scalp him. He said to them, "Will you scalp me? Here is my scalp," and confounded them by lifting a little periwig he wore. He then explained to them that he was a great medicine-man, and that they did great wrong in wishing to harm him, who carried them all in his heart. So he opened his shirt a little and showed to each of the savages in turn the reflection of his own eye-ball in a small pocket mirror which he had hung next to his skin. He assured them that if they should provoke him he would burn up their rivers and their forests; and, taking from his portmanteau a small phial of white brandy (which they believed to be water), he burned it before their eyes. Then taking up a chip of dry pine, he drew a burning glass from his pocket and set the chip on fire. Of course, his presence of mind and rare courage saved his life.

The great world of nature is always calm and silent when performing some of her mightiest operations, but the effect of what she does is always deepened and intensified by the sense of greater power which lies behind. And the same is true of the higher works of art. It has also been truly said that the great orator is not he who exhausts his subject and himself at every effort, but he whose expressions suggest a region of thought, a dim vista of imagery, an oceanic depth of feeling, beyond what is compassed by his sentences. He affects you hardly less by what he leaves out than by what he puts in. So the military leader who brings all his troops to the front has no resource when beaten; every defeat is a Waterloo. Not so with the man who has always battalions in reserve; he fights more and more valiantly after each overthrow. Like Blucher at Ligny, he may be forced back from his position; but he will retreat in good order, and in two days more the thunder of his guns will be heard at Waterloo, sending death and dismay into the ranks of his late victors. Like Washington, he may lose more battles than he wins; but he will organize victory

out of defeat, and triumph in the end. Napoleon said of Massena that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then—when the dead began to fall in windrows around him—awoke his marvelous power of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe.

We all remember the gallant conduct, admirable coolness and resources of General Sheridan when he found his army retreating before the victorious Early. "O sir," said the General in command, "we are beaten!" "No, sir," was the reply; "*you* are beaten, but this army is *not* beaten;" and then, seizing his army as Jupiter his thunderbolt, he hurled it upon the enemy. In like manner, the great men of history are those who impress us with the fact that they themselves are greater than their deeds, and that they have mightier and vaster resources back, than any which they ordinarily display. This latent force acts directly by presence, and without means. Their victories are won by demonstration of superiority, not by crossing of bayonets.

It has been often remarked that a speech never seems truly great unless there is a man behind it who is greater than the speech. It was this which gave such prodigious power to the words of Chatham, and made them smite his adversaries like an electric battery. Men who listened to his oratory felt that he "put forth not half his strength,"—that the man was far greater than anything he said. It was the magnetism of his person, the haughty assumption of superiority, the scowl of his imperial brow, the ominous growl of his voice, "like thunder heard remote," and, above all, the evidence which these furnished of an imperious and overwhelming will, that abashed the proudest peers in the House of Lords, and made his words perform the office of stabs and blows.

But the most memorable illustration of the value of coolness, courage and reserved force is furnished by the debate in the United States Senate in 1830, concerning the sale of the public lands. "The occasion," says a thoughtful writer, "was not a great one; the debate upon it for some days dragged heavily. The vast reserve power of one man made it the event

of our history for a generation. The second speech of Mr. Hayne, to which Mr. Webster was called upon to reply, was able and brilliant, its constitutional argument specious, its attack upon New England and upon Mr. Webster sharp even to bitterness. But Mr. Hayne did not understand this matter of reserved power. He had seen Mr. Webster's van and corps of battle, but had *not* heard the firm and measured tread behind. It was a decisive moment in Mr. Webster's career. He had no time to impress new forces, scarcely time to burnish his armor. All eyes were turned to him. Some of his friends were depressed and anxious. *He* was calm as a summer's morning; calm, his friends thought, even to indifference. But his calmness was the repose of conscious power, the hush of nature before the storm. He had measured his strength He was in possession of himself. He knew the composition of his 'army of the reserve.' He had the eye of a great commander, and he took in the whole field at a glance. He had the prophetic eye of logic, and he saw the end from the beginning. The exordium itself was the prophecy, the assurance of victory. Men saw the sun of Austerlitz, and felt that the Imperial Guard was moving on to the conflict. He came out of the conflict with the immortal name of the Defender of the Constitution.

"Of this speech, and of the mode of its delivery, one of the greatest of our orators has said, 'It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water; but I must confess I never heard of anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown.' I venture to add that, taking into view the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, and especially the brief time for preparation, the importance of the subject, the breadth of its views, the strength and clearness of its reasoning, the force and beauty of its style, its keen wit, its repressed but subduing passion, its lofty strains of eloquence, the audience to which it was addressed (a more than Roman audience), its effect upon that audience and the larger audience

of a grateful and admiring country, history has no nobler example of reserved power brought at once and effectively into action. The wretched sophistries of nullification and secession were swept before his burning eloquence as the dry grass is swept by the fire of the prairies." In describing his feelings while making the speech we have just noticed, Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend: "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him!"

Many years ago a Mr. Whipple, of Rhode Island, had occasion to consult Daniel Webster touching an important law-case,—a case in which were presented many cross-questions of law and equity, and so involved that it required days and weeks of hard labor to discover a channel-way over its shoals and amid its rocks. Meeting Mr. Whipple early in the morning, Mr. Webster by dinner-time had threaded all the avenues and crosspaths of the labyrinth, and gave an opinion so clear and comprehensive that Mr. Whipple was constrained to ask him what had been his system of mental culture. In reply Mr. Webster observed, that it is a law of our natures that the body or the mind that labors constantly must necessarily labor moderately. He instanced the race-horse, which, by occasional efforts in which all its power is exerted, followed by periods of entire rest, would, in time, add very largely to his speed; and the great walkers or runners of our race, who, from small beginnings, when fifteen miles a day fatigued them, would, in the end, walk off fifty miles at the rate of five or six miles an hour. He also mentioned the London porter, who, at the first staggering under the load of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds, would, in time, walk off with six or eight hundred pounds with apparent ease. The same law governs the mind. When employed at all, its powers should be exerted to the utmost. Its fatigue should be followed by its entire rest. Mr. Webster added that, whatever mental occupation employed him, he put forth all his power, and when his men-

tal vision began to obscure, he ceased entirely, and resorted to some amusement or light business as a relaxation.

Dr. Mathews has well observed that "we live in an age of bustle and excitement; the click of the telegraph, the whistle of the locomotive, the whir of the machinery, is ever in our ears. The tendency of the times is to force every man of ability into great outward activity, and thereby in many cases to dam up and divert to the turning of this mill or that the stream which, if left unbroken, would have gathered volume enough to fertilize a vast tract of thought. Besides this, in our large towns every cultivated man is beset with a multiplicity of social enjoyments and excitements, the very waste-pipes of spiritual powers; and the energies of the brain, instead of forming a fund that is continually deepening by influx from secret sources, are diffused and wasted on trivialties. Add to this the fact that the Americans are the most impatient people under the sun,—that we are not content to wait through long and weary years for the fruits of our toil, but, in the stockjobbers' phrase, are anxious "to realize" at once,—and can we wonder that so few of us accumulate the reserve power which is indispensable if we would do anything worthy of our faculties?"

But no man can be cool, calm, self-collected and confident of victory, unless he knows surely that he has reserve forces which he can summon to his aid at a moment's call. The man who is poor within and knows that he is poor, is always ill at ease and ever fearful of a surprise or an ambuscade from some real or imaginary foe. Nothing will give others such confidence in a man as to have him create the impression by his manner that there is more in him than he constantly gives out; and in order to create this impression, lawfully and properly, there must actually *be* in him more resources than he daily expends. Therefore, unless some great prize is before you, or some all-important issue is at stake—something that demands the exercise of every faculty you possess and the putting forth of all your strength—it will be better to husband your resources and have a little accumulated fund of power,

ability or knowledge on hand, than to work up to the full measure of your capacity each day and hour, and then, when some unlooked-for crisis comes on and you need extra force, find yourself a physical or intellectual bankrupt, and in imminent danger of collapse.

An old teamster used to say to his sons when they had a peculiarly long and hard drive to make in a given time, "Boys, you'll be sure to get there, if you don't drive too hard when you first start." And there is much of good, sound philosophy wrapped up in the old man's pithy remark. As another has observed, "to serve a long and weary apprenticeship to any calling, to spend years in training the faculties till one has become an athlete, costs, we know, patience and self-denial; but is it not the cheapest in the end? Does not all experience show that in the long run it is easier *to be* than *to seem*,—to acquire power than to hide the lack of it? Was there ever a lazy boy at school, or student in college, who did not take infinitely more pains to dodge recitations and to mask his ignorance than would have been necessary to master his lessons, however dry or crabbed? Is there a mechanic who scrimps his work, that does not cheat himself in the end? Depend upon it, nothing is more exhausting than the shifts to cover up ignorance, the endless contrivances to make nothing pass for something, tinsel for gold, shallowness for depth, emptiness for fullness, cunning for wisdom, sham for reality."

When a man once breaks down, or "plays out"—to use a common expression—his career is necessarily arrested, and he becomes like a steamship in mid-ocean with her fires out or engines disabled. The great criminal lawyer, Rufus Choate, was an example of this kind. He persisted in transgressing the laws of his physical and mental natures, worked away like a blazing locomotive at every case he took hold of, whether petty or important, and died an exhausted, worn-out man when he should have been in the very fullness and ripeness of his years. Therefore, we say to every worker in the world's great hive, husband your resources, accumulate power, facts and wisdom

faster than you expend them, and always try to be richer and stronger within, than you appear on the surface. Beaumont and Fletcher say,

> An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
> That rides at ease when the ocean's calm,
> But when it rages and the wind blows high,
> She cuts her way with skill and majesty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Business Traits, Qualities and Habits.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

SHAKESPERE.

"Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal:
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel."

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the veriest slave."

THERE are a number of valuable and indispensable traits of character, qualities of mind, and habits of life, which, when grouped together, go a great ways towards making up the successful man of business; and some of these we will now mention and illustrate. And first we place the trait called

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

In one respect, this trait is similar to that of "Force of Will," which has previously been discussed. Still, there is an

important difference between them. We stated in that chapter that the four principal elements entering into the composition of a well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man, were a sound body, a large brain, a strong will, and a good heart — the will being the President or Executive force over all. In a man of decision, however, the will occupies only the second post of honor, and Brain comes to the front. In plain language, this trait of character consists in the power of making up one's mind on any question which arises, *instantly*, *intelligently and firmly*. Neither one of these three characteristics can be left out. If a man stops and hesitates when he ought to act quickly, he is not, and cannot be, a man of decision. If he decides blindly or rashly, it will be equally fatal with the first defect. If he decides, and then repents, and then re-decides, he is also unstable and unreliable. So that all three of the ingredients mentioned must enter into each decisive act, in order to make it decisive.

As we said before, the will in this act only takes the second place; it is the brain which comes into play first in determining upon any given course, and then after one's mind is made up, the intellect hands over the matter to the will for execution, just as a General on the field gives an order to his aid-de-camp to carry out. This previous act of the mind is called *resolution;* as Churchill puts it,

> Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
> The motions of the mind.

To be a resolute man, is to be a brave man, a determined man, and a far-seeing man. Indeed, there is hardly any intellectual exercise which is more difficult, or of a higher nature, than this power of instant, intelligent, and firm resolve, which is the first step towards exercising decision of character. It requires both insight and foresight; a knowledge of men and of things, and of laws and forces in nature and life; that prophetic power so happily described by Philip James Bailey, when he says:

There are points from which we can command our life;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.

One writer has gone so far as to say that "decision of mind, like vigor of body, is a gift of God. It cannot be created by human effort." But then, apparently frightened at the boldness and sweeping nature of his declaration, he adds: "Every man has the germ of this quality, which can be cultivated by favorable circumstances and motives presented to the mind; and by method and order in the prosecution of his duties or tasks, he may by habit greatly augment his will-power, or beget a frame of mind so nearly resembling resolution that it would be difficult to distinguish between the two."

But the confusion in this writer's thought arises from his imperfect analysis, from not distinguishing between resolution as the previous act of intellect, and will-power as the subsequent executive force of the mind. John Foster, in his celebrated essay, comes nearer the truth when he says: "Could the histories of all the persons remarkable for decisive character be known, it would be found that the majority of them have possessed great constitutional firmness. By this is not meant an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance."

So much, then, for the definition of the nature of this trait of character; now concerning its importance there will be no question. A hesitating, undecided man is invariably pushed aside in the race of life. "Many men," says Carlyle, "long for the merchandise of life, yet would fain keep the price, and so stand chaffering with fate in vexatious altercation, till the night shuts in and the fair is over." Sidney Smith has well and wittily said, that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very

well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first-cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age,—that he has lost so much time in consulting first-cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice."

Nearly every great movement, and especially every great battle in the world, has turned on one or two rapid movements executed amid the whirl of smoke and the thunder of guns. It was at such moments that the mind of Napoleon shone forth in transcendent splendor. His thought acted like lightning, and never with more promptness and precision than in moments of the greatest confusion and danger. He always calculated the value of moments, and won a battle once by sending his troops to a given point ten minutes before the enemy came up. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the day seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly formed his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and, in a few moments, was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

Another signal example of this promptness of decision occurs at an earlier date in Napoleon's career. He had made his wondrous burst into Northern Italy, and had driven the Austrian troops before him like sheep. Hardly anything was wanting to the conquest of Lombardy but the taking of Mantua, to which he devoted 10,000 of his troops. At this juncture he heard of the coming of a new Austrian army consisting of 60,000 men, while he had in all but 40,000. By marching quickly along the banks of the Lake of Garda they cut off his

retreat to Milan, and thus greatly endangered his position; but, as the Austrians came on both sides of the lake, 20,000 on the one and 40,000 on the other, Napoleon most wisely determined to take a position at the end of the lake, so as to be between the two parties when they should attempt to unite. "By rapidly forming a main mass," says the historian, M. Thiers, "the French might overpower 20,000 who had turned the lake, and immediately after return to the 40,000 who had defiled between the lake and the Adige. But, to occupy the extremity of the lake, it was necessary to call in all the troops from Legnago, and from Mantua, for so extensive a line was no longer tenable. This involved a great sacrifice, for Mantua had been beseiged during two months, a considerable battering-train had been transported before it, the fortress was on the point of capitulating, and by allowing it to be revictualled, the fruits of these vigorous efforts, an almost assured prey, would escape his grasp.

Napoleon, however, did not hesitate. Between the two important objects he had the sagacity to seize the most important and sacrifice it to the other,—a simple resolution in itself, but one which displays not only the great captain, but the great man. It is not in war merely; it occurs in politics, and in all the situations of life, that men encounter two objects, and, aiming to compass both, fail in each. Bonaparte possessed that rare and decisive vigor which prompts at once the choice and the sacrifice. Had he persisted in guarding the whole course of the Mincio, from the extremity of the Lake of Garda to Mantua, he would have been pierced. By concentrating on Mantua to cover it, he would have had 70,000 men to cope with at the same time,—60,000 in front and 10,000 in the rear. He sacrificed Mantua, and concentrated at the point of the Lake of Garda." The results of this rapid decision were a brilliant reward of the masterly genius he had displayed. Meeting first the corps of 20,000 under Quasdanovich, he drove back its vanguard; whereupon the Austrian general, surprised to find everywhere imposing masses of the French, was alarmed, and resolved to halt till he should hear from the other

corps under Wurmser. Guessing what was passing in the Austrian general's mind, Napoleon turned to meet the other corps. Wurmser had divided his force, himself marching on to Mantua, and leaving 20,000 behind to capture Napoleon. Their army advanced with widespread wings as if to envelop the French, but Napoleon broke through its center and compelled it to retreat. Other battles followed and in six days the Austrian generals were flying back to the Tyrol, having lost the kingdom of Lombardy and 20,000 men.

At the close of his career, Napoleon himself made the same mistake which the Austrians did, and wasted precious hours before, on, and after the day of Ligny and on the morning of Waterloo, when he should have fallen on the enemy like a thunderbolt. Wellington, on the other hand, who never lost a battle, manifested the same decisiveness and promptitude to the very end of his military life. An amusing instance of the old Duke's presence of mind and coolness in a time of danger is the reply which he is said to have made to the captain of a vessel in which he was sailing. There was a terrible storm, and the captain fearing shipwreck, came to him in great affright and said, "It will soon be all over with us." Very well, replied the Duke, then I shall not take off my boots. Again, when a certain commissary-general complained to the Duke that Sir Thomas Picton had declared that he would hang him if the rations for that general's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied, "Ah! did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" "Yes, my lord." "Well, if General Picton said so, I have no doubt he will keep his word; you'd better get up the rations in time."

It has been well said that all wisdom is a system of balances, or, better still, a golden mean between two extremes. Of course there is always a point where decision passes into rashness, as there are always some subjects which require the utmost deliberation before any safe and definite conclusion can be reached concerning them. One of these subjects, as has already been indicated in a previous chapter, is the choice of a vocation in life. But on the other hand, there are numerous

exigencies in every man's life when there is not a moment to be lost, when a decision must be rendered instantly, and then, without this faculty under consideration, a man's fortune and welfare are liable to be greatly endangered. To never know what to do, or to debate like Coleridge which side of the road to take during a whole journey, is to miserably fail when important emergencies arrive. Many a business man has made his fortune by promptly deciding at some nice juncture to expose himself to a considerable risk. To know when to sacrifice a little to win a great deal, when to abandon important minor objects to accomplish a great end, exacts the soundest judgment, and the decision has sometimes to be made in a moment's thought. There are two supreme moments, says Browning, in a diver's life;

> One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
> One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl,

and the same is true in every working career.

A lawyer must needs have his wits about him, as there are only about so many possibilities in every case, and he who knows these best will generally win. When on trial, too, all unexpected developments must be attended to at the moment. The same thing is true of a physician. As the patient grows nervous and frightened, the doctor must grow cool and collected. Dr. John Brown, speaking of this quality in a physician, well observes: "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know,—they just *did it*. It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would most likely never have been done at all. To act thus, requires one of the highest powers of mind." There are some men, that remind one of Voltaire's sarcasm upon the French author, La Harpe, whom he called an "oven that was always heating up, but which never cooked

anything." These men never get ahead an inch, because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim or other, such as, "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush, etc."

Now, there is always more or less of truth in proverbs, but proverbs should always go in pairs, as they contain only half-truths, and can always be matched with reverse or opposite "saws," just as true as themselves. The reader will remember those two about "a rolling stone," and "the setting hen," which just balance each other. Also this: "It is an ill wind, etc.," which turned around is equally true, for that indeed must be a *good* wind which blows no one any hurt—especially if the wind happens to be a modern cyclone. John Foster is about the highest authority on this subject, and he says: "A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful as a spider, may make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—*if* the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow ; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds."

A melancholy example of this is furnished by the life of Sir James Mackintosh, whom Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his "Historical Characters," terms "The Man of Promise." The career of Sir James was a perpetual struggle between that which he desired to be and that for which his talents fitted him. At the University of Aberdeen he was alike remarkable

for his zeal in politics and his love for metaphysics,—that is, for his alternate coquetry between an active and a meditative life. At Edinburgh, also, where he went to study medicine, it was the same thing. Spending his mornings in poetical lucubrations, his evenings in making speeches at a "spouting" club, he gave little attention to the study of medicine till absolute necessity compelled him. He then applied himself with a start to that which he was obliged to know; but his diligence was not of that resolute and steady kind which insures success as the consequence of a certain period of application; and, after rushing into the novelties of "The Brunonian System," which promised a knowledge of medicine with little labor, and then rushing back again, he tried to establish himself as a medical practitioner at Salisbury and Weymouth in England, but, getting no patients, retired, disgusted and wearied, to Brussels.

He next dabbled in politics; wrote the famous pamphlet, "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," in reply to Burke; delivered soon after at Lincoln's Inn a course of learned and eloquent lectures on Public Law, which were received with great enthusiasm; defended M. Peltier in a speech at the bar, which was read with admiration not only in England, but on the Continent, and, though he lost his cause, led him to be considered no less promising as a pleader; became Recorder of Bombay; returned to England, and, feeling that "it was time to be something decided," resolved "to exert himself to the utmost" if he could get a seat in Parliament; entered the House of Commons, and made several remarkable speeches; accepted a professorship at the same time in Haileybury College, projected a great historical work which he never completed, and finally, when near the end of his life, stung by the thought that he had accomplished nothing worthy of himself, crowded into three years what he ought to have done long before in ten, and left nothing behind him but broken columns and unfulfilled designs.

One of the great defects in the character of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was his slowness of decision in the cabinet and in the field. Had he been prompt and decisive,

he might have crushed the Reformation in the bud. Coligni, one of the champions of Protestantism in France, who perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had a similar defect. A braver man never lived, but he lacked both decision and energy. On the contrary it is told of Pellissier, the hero of the Crimea, that, getting angry one morning, with a sub-officer of a cavalry regiment, he cut him across the face with a whip. The man drew a pistol and attempted to explode it in the face of his chief; but it missed fire. Uttering a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, "Fellow!" said the grim chief of the Zouaves, "I order you a three day's arrest for not having your arms in better order."

Some forty years ago murder was so rife in Havana that it seemed literally to be cultivated as one of the fine arts, to use De Quincey's phrase; and the city, if less libidinous, was probably more blood-stained than Sodom or Gomorrah. Yet, in a short time, by the vigor and decision of one man, this hideous state of things was entirely changed; and through Havana then, as through England under Alfred, or through Geneva now, the most gently nurtured woman could walk at midnight with a female attendant, unscared and unharmed. One night a murder was committed and Tacon, the Chief of Police, heard in the morning that the perpetrator was still at large. He summoned the prefect of the department in which the crime was committed. "How is this, sir? a man murdered at midnight, and the murderer not yet arrested?" "May it please your Excellency, it is impossible. We do not even know who it is." Tacon saw the officer was lying. "Hark you, sir. Bring me this murderer before night, or I'll garrote *you* to-morrow morning." The officer knew his man, and the assassin was forthcoming.

Avoid, then, as you would the plague, being the kind of man described many years ago in the "London Spectator."

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,

Everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

Hugh Miller has told how, by an act of youthful decision, he saved himself from one of the strong temptations so peculiar to a life of toil. When employed as a mason, it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found, on opening his favorite book,—"Bacon's Essays,"—that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. "The condition," he says, "into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination." It is such decisions as this that often form the turning-point in a man's life, and furnish the foundation of his future character.

METHOD.

We come now to personal habits which are essential to business success. Habits of all kinds play a more important part in human life than most people realize. What is done once and again, soon becomes a kind of second nature from which it is almost impossible to break away. Lord Brougham said in reference to the training of youth, "I trust everything under God to habit, on which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts the difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course." Character is always weakest where it has once given way, just as a water-dyke is most treacherous where the current has once broken through. A principle restored can never become as strong as one that

has never been moved. In fact, principles themselves are but the names which we give to habits, for the principles are but words, while the habits are the things in reality. The small acts of life, taken singly, are like the snowflakes which fall one by one, but when accumulated, they constitute the resistless avalanche. Montaigne, in one of his essays, says of custom or habit, "She is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes."

The habit at first may seem no stronger than a spider's web, but when once rooted and formed it becomes a chain of iron. "Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man, "before you are five-and-twenty you must establish a character that will serve or ruin you for life." Even happiness may become a matter of habit, that is, a man can accustom himself to look upon the bright or upon the dark side of things. Dr. Johnson said that the habit of looking upon the best side of things was worth to a man more than a thousand pounds a year. Old men, accustomed to certain ways in life, find it exceedingly difficult to change those ways. Thus Lord Kames tells of a man who, having relinquished the sea for a country life, reared in the corner of his garden an artificial mount with a level summit, resembling most accurately a quarter-deck, not only in shape, but in size, where he generally walked. When Franklin was superintending the erection of some forts on the frontier, as a defense against the Indians, he slept at night in a blanket on the hard floor, and, on his first return to civilized life, could hardly sleep in a bed. Captain Ross and his crew, having been accustomed during their polar wanderings to lie on the frozen snow or on the bare rock, afterwards found the accommodations of a whaler too luxurious for them, and he was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair.

Among good business habits, method holds an important place. In the past ages, before the invention of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, when commerce had a narrow range, but few faculties of the mind were called into play by business; but to-day, when submarine cables are making of the whole world a whispering gallery, and the fluctuations of one market are felt in every other, when so varied a knowledge and so constant a watchfulness are necessary to success, method becomes doubly important. In fact, there is hardly any kind of business which does not demand system. Commissioners of insolvency say that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten are always found to be in a perfect muddle—kept without plan or method. It is easy enough to sneer at "red tape" and formality, but "an intelligent method, which surveys the whole work before it, and assigns the several parts to distinct times and agents, which adapts itself to exigencies, and keeps ever in its eye the object to be attained, is one of the most powerful instruments of human labor. The professional or business man who despises it will never do anything well. It matters not how clever or brilliant he is, or how fertile in expedients, if he works without system, catching up whatever is nearest at hand, or trying to do half a dozen things at once, he will sooner or later come to grief."

The importance of system in the discharge of daily duties was strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane when he was locked up among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, with the prospect of months of dreary imprisonment. With his men enfeebled by disease and privations, and when all but eight of his company had left him to search for a way of escape, he sustained the drooping spirits of the handful who clung to him, and kept up their energies, by a systematic performance of duties and moral discipline. "It is," he observes, "the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action. Nothing depresses and demoralizes so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything

should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

William Cecil, afterwards, Lord Burleigh, said of method, it "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's dispatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone when it could be attended to at the time. He would rather encroach on his hours for meals than omit any part of his work. De Witt's maxim also was: "One thing at a time. If I have dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until they are finished; if other affairs demand my attention, I give myself wholly to them until done.' Besides this, all peculiarly important affairs should be attended to in person. An indolent country gentleman in England, had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half of the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. "Will *you* buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "Yes, if we can agree about the price." "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray, tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it." "The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said *Go;* I got up and said *Come;* you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate, I rose in the morning and minded my business." Sir Walter Scott, writing to a youth who had obtained a situation and asked him for his advice, gave him in reply this sound counsel: "Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not having your time fully em-

ployed,—I mean what the women call *dawdling*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it."

Another good business trait is

PUNCTUALITY.

Indeed, there can be few worse traits in a business man than to be continually behind time in his engagements. If a man's word or appointments cannot be depended upon, he is sure to be mistrusted and then neglected altogether. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance, but lost time is gone forever. Lord Nelson once said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." He who holds to his appointment and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for *your* time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life. It is also conscientiousness in a measure; for an appointment is a contract, express or implied, and he who does not keep it, breaks faith as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time, will be careless about business, and that he is not the one to be trusted with the transaction of matters of importance. When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."

It is said of Lord Brougham, that when he was in the full career of his profession, presiding in the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery, he found time to be at the head of some eight or ten public associations,—one of which was the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—and that he was most punctual in his attendances, always contriving to be in the chair when the hour of meeting had arrived. To steal another's time by delay, is nearly or quite as bad as to steal

his property, because in consuming another's time by careless neglect you take away from him that which can be converted into direct and immediate capital. Indeed, all money is earned by time and labor. In one of Dickens' stories there is a character whom he names "Captain Cuttle." The Captain was a very eccentric man and had a watch as eccentric as himself. He used to say that "if he could remember to set it ahead half an hour in the forenoon, and back quarter of an hour in the afternoon, it would keep time with anybody's watch." Too many business men have watches of a similar kind, it is to be feared, and the result is, they are always late at the counting-room, late at the railway station, late in getting letters into the mail. Business is thus thrown into confusion, and every one concerned is put out of temper.

How many persons have been ruined by neglecting for a day, or even an hour, to renew an insurance policy! How many merchants are made bankrupts by delays of their customers in paying their notes or accounts! Often the failure of one man to meet his obligations promptly, causes the ruin of a score of other men, just as in a line of bricks the toppling down of the master brick necessitates the fall of all the rest.

John Quincy Adams, who filled a greater number of important offices, political and civil, than has any other American, was pre-eminently punctual. He was an economist of moments, and was never known to be behind time. His reputation in this respect was such that when in old age he was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and a gentleman observed that it was time to call the House to order, another replied, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat." The clock, it was found, was actually three minutes too fast; and before three minutes had elapsed, Mr. Adams was at his post.

"When a regiment is under march," writes Sir Walter Scott, "the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily. And it is the same with business. If that which is first in hand be not regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind until affairs begin to press

all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the maps of the battle-field. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute. Maneuvering over large spaces of country, so that the enemy was puzzled to decide where the blow would fall, he would suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with resistless might on some weak point in the extended lines of the foe,—a plan the successful execution of which demanded that every division of his army should be at the place named at the very hour.

It is related that on one occasion, his marshals, who had been invited to dine with him, were ten minutes late. Rising to meet them, the Emperor, who began his dinner as the clock struck, and had finished, said: "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business;" whereupon the marshals were obliged to spend the afternoon in planning a campaign on an empty stomach. Later in life, Napoleon was less prompt; and it was his loss of precious hours on the morning of Ligny, and his inexplicable dawdling on the day after the defeat of Blucher, which contributed more than any other cause to the fatal overthrow at Waterloo. On the other hand, it was the promptness and punctuality of "Marshal Forwards" (as Blucher was nicknamed by his troops) which enabled Wellington to convert what otherwise would have probably been a drawn battle into a brilliant victory. The Napoleon of Austerlitz and Jena would have made history tell a different story. It is said that Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander who in the American Revolution was routed and taken prisoner at Trenton, lost the battle through procrastination. Engrossed in a game of cards, he postponed the reading of a letter which reached him, informing him that Washington was about to cross the Delaware, and thus lost the opportunity of thwarting the design of the American general, and perhaps giving a different direction to the War of Independence.

Equally as indispensable as punctuality, is the good, old-fashioned, but none the less fundamental virtue of

ECONOMY.

There is no man in the universe, however smart, wise, shrewd, or capable he may be, who can be a successful business man or build for himself a highway to fortune, unless he contrives to live within his means. Extravagance in ideas, in dress, and in habits of life, is one of the most destructive vices connected with our latter-day civilization. Nearly all classes are infected with this mania, but the average well-to-do class especially seem possessed to live beyond their income and put on a kind of false show or style which they are not able to carry out. And not only this, but there seems to be an insane ambition to bring up children "genteelly" and thus cripple all native energy and resolution of character, at the very outset of life. As another has said, "they acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young men and women thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board." People seem determined to keep up appearances and try to be "big," whether they can afford it or not. Even honesty and honor are nothing in comparison with a vulgar outside show and a certain self-constituted importance in style of living.

Multitudes have not the courage to go patiently onward in the path of life in which their birth and circumstances have placed them, but they must needs try to get out of this, and into some fashionable state or other where they can swell and strut like peacocks, in a plumage that is not paid for. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways,—in the

rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Economizing one's means with the mere object of hoarding, is a very mean thing, but economizing for the purpose of being independent is one of the soundest indications of manly character; and when practiced with the object of providing for those who are dependent upon us, it assumes quite a noble aspect. Francis Horner's father gave him this good advice on first entering life: "Whilst I wish you to be comfortable in every respect, I cannot too strongly inculcate economy. It is a necessary virtue to all; and however the shallow part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence, which is a grand object to every man of a high spirit. Those who are careless about personal expenditure, and consider merely their own gratification, without regard for the comfort of others, generally find out the real uses of money when it is too late. Though by nature generous, these thriftless persons are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. They dawdle with their money as with their time; draw bills upon the future; anticipate their earnings; and are thus under the necessity of dragging after them a load of debts and obligations which seriously affect their action as free and independent men. The loose cash which many persons throw away uselessly, and worse, would often form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found amongst the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of the world."

One of the best of those who are called by the world "good fellows," was the poet Burns. He earned money easily, and spent it as freely. With anything like a decent economy he might have saved enough to have made himself and family comfortable through life. But he was an easy and a fast liver, and on his death-bed he wrote to a friend, "Alas! Clarke, I begin to feel the worst. Burns' poor widow, and a half dozen

of his dear little ones helpless orphans;—there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this;—'tis half my disease."

"To be in debt," says Mr. Smiles, "lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesman and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also to contrive falsehoods. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution, to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie follows lie."

Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb, "Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." Haydon had long been accustomed to borrow money from his poor father, which, however, he did not include in his obligations. Far different was the noble spirit displayed by Fichte, who said, when struggling with poverty, "For years I have never accepted a farthing from my parents, because I have seven sisters who are all young and in part uneducated; and because I have a father who, were I to allow it, would in his kindness bestow upon me that which belongs by right to his other children."

Admiral Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, has told the story of his early struggles, and, amongst other things, of his determination to keep out of debt. "My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been

a considerable time at sea, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. Samuel Drew's first lesson in economy is thus described by himself: "When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair day, laid out all on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly; and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."

After all that has been written on the art of money-getting, the whole subject is condensed into four single rules, as follows: Work hard—improve every opportunity—economize—avoid debt. And these four can again be condensed into one, namely: *spend every day less than you earn.* Nothing more than this is needed, and to this nothing can be added. The famous Micawber in "David Copperfield," tersely sums the matter up thus: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen and six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds one and six; result, misery." And this latter condition was always poor Micawber's fortune. As has been well said, there is no workingman in good health who may not become independent, if he will but carefully husband his receipts, and guard jealously against the little leaks of useless expenditure. There are a hundred persons who can work hard, to every ten who can properly husband their earnings. The classes that toil the hardest squander most recklessly the

money they earn. Instead of hoarding their receipts so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crisis, when mills and factories stop, and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

To one who has seen much of the miseries of the poor, it is hard to account for this short-sightedness of conduct; but doubtless the main cause is the contempt with which they are wont to look upon petty savings. Ask those who spend all as they go why they do not put by a fraction of their daily earnings, and they will reply, "That's of no use; what good can the saving of a few cents a day, or an occasional dollar, do? If I could lay by four or five dollars a week, that would ultimately amount to something." It is by this thoughtless reasoning that thousands are kept steeped to the lips in poverty, who by a moderate degree of self-denial might place themselves in a state of comfort and independence, if not of affluence. They do not consider to what enormous sums little savings and little spendings swell, at last, when continued through a long series of years. Accordingly, there is no inward revolution in the history of a man so important in itself and in its consequences, as occurs at the moment when a man makes his first saving. Among the heavy capitalists in one of our cities some years ago, was a builder who began life as a bricklayer's laborer at one dollar per day. Out of that small sum he contrived to lay up fifty cents per day, and at the end of the first year he had saved $182, from which moment his fortune was made.

"Whatever your means be," says Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in an excellent essay upon "The Management of Money," "so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns but ten shillings a week can do this if he please, whatever he may say to the contrary; for, if he can live upon ten shillings a week, he can live upon nine and

elevenpence. In this rule mark the emphatic distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble. Neediness is a positive degradation. If I have only £100 a year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £5,000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates, and very poor compared to my next-door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have 'my crust of bread and liberty.' But with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife. Nor is this an exaggeration. Some of the neediest men I ever knew have a nominal £5,000 a year. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill-manage my money, that, with £5,000 a year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty,—terror and shame; I may so well-manage my money, that, with £100 a year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth,—safety and respect.

Of course there is such a thing as being miserly, niggardly, and mean in this matter of saving, but we are not advocating the practice of any such habit, or upholding any such trait of character. It would not be wise to carry this virtue of economy so far as to change it into a positive vice. It would not be well to imitate the Earl of Westminster, who had an income of four millions a year, and who once dismounted from his horse, when he found he had lost a button, and retraced his steps until he found it. This was not economy but simple penuriousness. On the other hand, prudence, frugality and good management are good mechanics for mending bad times; they occupy but little room in any dwelling, but will furnish a more effectual remedy for the evils of life than any silver or

tariff bill that ever passed Congress. To live on others wealth, or to ride with unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.

Says Douglas Jerrold: "Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in 'The Apollo.' And then for raiment; what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in the pocket! what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for! how glossy the well-worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! . . . Debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday,—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the 'only wear'; and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded."

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAITS, QUALITIES AND HABITS.

(CONTINUED.)

Kites rise against, not with the wind.

JOHN NEAL.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves!
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves.

CARTWRIGHT.

There is a strength
Deep bedded in our hearts of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?

MRS. HEMANS.

While hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis always late
Before the brave despair.

THOMSON.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard
And make the impossibility they fear.

ROWE.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

MONTESQUIEU.

WE have been speaking of economy, but economy is of two kinds, and has reference to *time*, as well as money. So far as disastrous results are concerned, it makes but little difference whether a young man wastes his time, or squanders his money, as money can only be earned by using time, and time can always be converted into money.

Time and labor are in fact the two oars by which a man propels his life-boat towards the distant shores of achievement and fruition. It will be well, therefore, to look a little at the value and

RIGHT USE OF TIME,

as constituting a part of the imperial highway to success in business life. In visiting the United States Mint at Philadelphia, the guide will tell you, as you reach the gold-working room, that the singular floor which you discover under your feet, is a network of wooden bars so arranged as to catch all the falling particles of the precious metal. At the close of each day's labor, this floor, which is in sections, is taken up and all the golden dust is carefully swept up and re-coined. And not only this, but all the workmen in the room change their clothes at night and leave them there, so that the dust may be shook out, swept up and saved. In like manner, he who would achieve success in whatever he undertakes, and accomplish his aims and desires must treat his odd moments, the little intervals of time occuring between heavier tasks, as the golden dust of life's working-room.

It is astonishing to think how much time is thrown away and wasted each year, and how much could be learned by those who felt disposed to use these spare moments in furthering the objects of their ambition. Purpose and persistent industry make a man sharp to discern opportunities and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and the indolent, the happiest opportunities avail nothing; but with perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed, would enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far in mastering a complete science. It would make an ignorant man well-informed in ten years. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working in an engine-room during the night shifts, and he studied mechanics during his spare hours at home; thus preparing himself for his great work, the in-

vention of the passenger locomotive. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade.

Dalton's industry began from boyhood, and at twelve years of age he taught a little village school in the winter, and worked on his father's farm in the summer. This early habit of industry was continued until a day or two before he died. Dr. Mason Good, translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his "sulky," from house to house in the country,—writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time, called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Withal, he was exceedingly modest, and thought his achievements nothing extraordinary. Like another learned and wise man, of whom it was said that he could be silent in ten languages, Elihu Burritt could do the same in forty. "Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up," said he, writing to a friend, "will give me credit for sincerity when I say, that it never entered into my head to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. . . All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an

example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called odd moments."

Daguesseau, one of the great Chancellors of France, by carefully working up his odd bits of time wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner; and Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the Princess Orleans to whom she gave her daily lessons. Jeremy Bentham and Melancthon arranged their hours of labor and repose so that not a moment should be lost. Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the highland hills. Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener, and Drew became acquainted with the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes. Locke carried a note-book in his pocket to catch the scintillations of all the conversations which he heard. Pope, when not able to sleep, would get up and write. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage while visiting patients, and prepared himself to write not only upon professional but other themes, works which are still almost as useful as when first published. Cuvier, the father of Comparative Anatomy, also studied while passing in his carriage from place to place, and by his ceaseless industry did perhaps more for the physical sciences than any other man that ever lived.

Franklin stole his hours of study from meals and sleep, and for years, with inflexible resolution, strove to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most facile and brilliant authors of the day. Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, whose work is by far the fullest and most trustworthy on the subject, and who also snatched time from business to write two large volumes upon Plato, was a banker. Sir John Lubbock, the highest English authority on prehistoric archæology, has made himself such by stealing the time from mercantile pursuits. John Quincy Adams, to the last day of his life, was an economist of moments. To redeem the time, he rose early. "I feel nothing like *ennui*,"

he said. "Time is too short for me, rather than too long. If the day were forty-eight hours long, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write." While at St. Petersburg, he complained bitterly of the great loss of his time from the civilities and visits of his friends and associates. "I have been engaged," he wrote, "the whole forenoon, and though I rise at six o'clock, I am sometimes able to write only a part of a private letter in the course of the day."

Dr. Channing knew a man of vigorous intellect who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, who yet composed a book of much original thought in steamboats and on horseback. These examples are enough, and more than enough, to show that the moments commonly wasted during a long life by the busiest men would suffice, if avariciously improved, for the execution of even colossal undertakings, which seemingly demand a lifetime of uninterrupted leisure. We say, therefore, in the language of that prodigy of industry, Goethe, "Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long-continued walk is better than a short flight." The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions, and with strength, a man's mind. If you really prize mental culture, or are deeply anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only demonstrate the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

"Old-fashioned economists," says the eloquent Wirt, "will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horseshoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because, although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment,

seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper, that will not come into play at some time or other; and occasions will arise when they involuntarily present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly." Daniel Webster once repeated with effect an anecdote which he had treasured in his memory for fourteen years.

And another thoughtful writer expresses himself on the same subject in a similar strain. "Every kind of knowledge," he says, "comes into play some time or other; not only that which is systematic and methodized, but that which is fragmentary, even the odds and ends, the merest rag or tag of information. Single facts, anecdotes, expressions, recur to the mind, and, by the power of association, just in the right place. Many of these are laid in during what we think our idlest days. All that fund of matter which is used allusively in similitudes or illustrations is collected in diversions from the path of hard study. He will do best in this line whose range has been the widest and the freest. A man may study so much by rule as to lose all this, just as one may ride so much on the highway as to know nothing that is off the road."

Indeed, the practice of writing down thoughts and facts for the purpose of holding them fast, and preventing their escape into the dim region of forgetfulness, has been much resorted to by thoughtful and studious men. Lord Bacon left behind him many manuscripts, entitled "Sudden thoughts set down for use." Erskine made great extracts from Burke; and Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice over with his own hand, so that the book became, as it were, part of his own mind. The late Dr. Pye Smith, when apprenticed to his father as a bookbinder, was accustomed to make copious memoranda of all the books he read, with extracts and criticisms. This indomitable industry in collecting materials distinguished him through life, his biographer describing him as "always at

work, always in advance, always accumulating." These note-books afterwards proved, like Richter's "quarries," the great storehouse from which he drew his illustrations and metaphors.

In saying these things, however, we wish to acknowledge with equal emphasis the necessity of suitable seasons of recreation in the midst of this intense and protracted application, and also the necessity of a sufficient amount of sleep with which to recuperate exhausted nature. Modern life is so driving and busy, so restless, and feverish in its excitements, that unless due care is bestowed upon the preservation of mental vigor and clearness of thought, the mind soon wears itself into a state where all healthy growth and accumulations of power are practically impossible. It has been well said that the mind, "if is not a mere plodding, mechanical mind, is capricious in its workings, and will not be tyrannized over. It loves dearly to assert its independence, and will be consulted as to whether it will do this or that. It is not a mere machine, and cannot be used as if it were one. It must often "gang its ain gait," and sometimes must be left alone, even when it stoops to trifles. Many of its processes go on unbidden, without our control. In its very highest efforts it abhors task-work, and utterly refuses to be a drudge. The happiest thoughts, the most brilliant fancies, the aptest similitudes, are those sudden illuminations, those flashes, which come to us in hours of relaxation, of play, when we throw the reins upon the neck of our winged steed and let it roam where it will."

It is still further true that change and variety in study is sometimes quite as beneficial as steady devotion to any single branch of intellectual effort. There seems to be different sets of powers in the mind, and by pursuing one line of thought until wearied, and then turning to another of an exactly opposite character, more can be accomplished in the aggregate than by following in a continuous straight line of mental exertion. It is not necessary to be always pounding away on one corner of an anvil, in order to be busy. With a vigorous, inquiring mind, idleness, in one sense, is impossible. The

brain is busy, often, when it seems to be most at rest. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson,

> Tax not my sloth that I
> Fold my arms beside the brook;
> Each cloud that floateth in the sky,
> Writes a letter in my book.

A mind that does a good deal of thinking must needs spend some time gathering the raw material for thought; it must ruminate and browse among books, and more than this, it must be turned over occasionally like summer fallow, and suffered to lie exposed to the various fertilizing influences which, like winds, sweep over it from the great worlds of nature and action, lying outside.

Still another desirable form of mental activity is described by N. P. Willis, who speaks of sitting down and "reading sometimes, and sometimes listening to the faster falls of the large drops without, and sometimes rising with the stir of an unbidden thought, and then composedly sitting down again to some quaint book of olden poetry;" but this can hardly be called idleness, at least not in the sense which Thomson used the word in his "Castle of Indolence," where he speaks of some

> Whose only labor was to kill the time,
> Who sit and loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
> Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
> Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow.
> But this too rude an exercise they find,
> Then straight on the couch their limbs they throw,
> Where hours and hours they, sighing, lie reclined,
> And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

Why? Because the object sought in the first instance was mental enrichment through a pleasing change or variety of mental life, and in the other the only desire and wish was to blot out all mind-work and leave the brain in a state of utter vacuity. While, therefore, it may be well to remember that "of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot, of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending, and of spending comes

want," as an old English author states, adding with little knowledge of modern justice that "of want comes theft, and of theft comes hanging," yet, on the other hand, we should not forget that time spent in physical culture, in necessary recreation, in sound, healthful sleep, and in a miscellaneous gathering of thought-material for future use, is by no means lost time; for each and all of these diversions are necessary to continuous mental activity.

Especially are such breaks in study needful for children with undeveloped minds, as instances are numerous where a child, by rambling as his fancy led, has fallen upon some book which determined his whole after-life, or has struck out some line of labor in which he afterwards became distinguished. Thus Dr. Johnson, in his youth, believing that his brother had concealed some apples beneath a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, climbed up to make the capture, and finding no apples, attacked the folio, which proved to be the works of Petrarch; and thus his very idleness instructed him, and the apples led him to literature.

Again, among indispensable traits of character, qualities of mind, and habits of life none are more important than

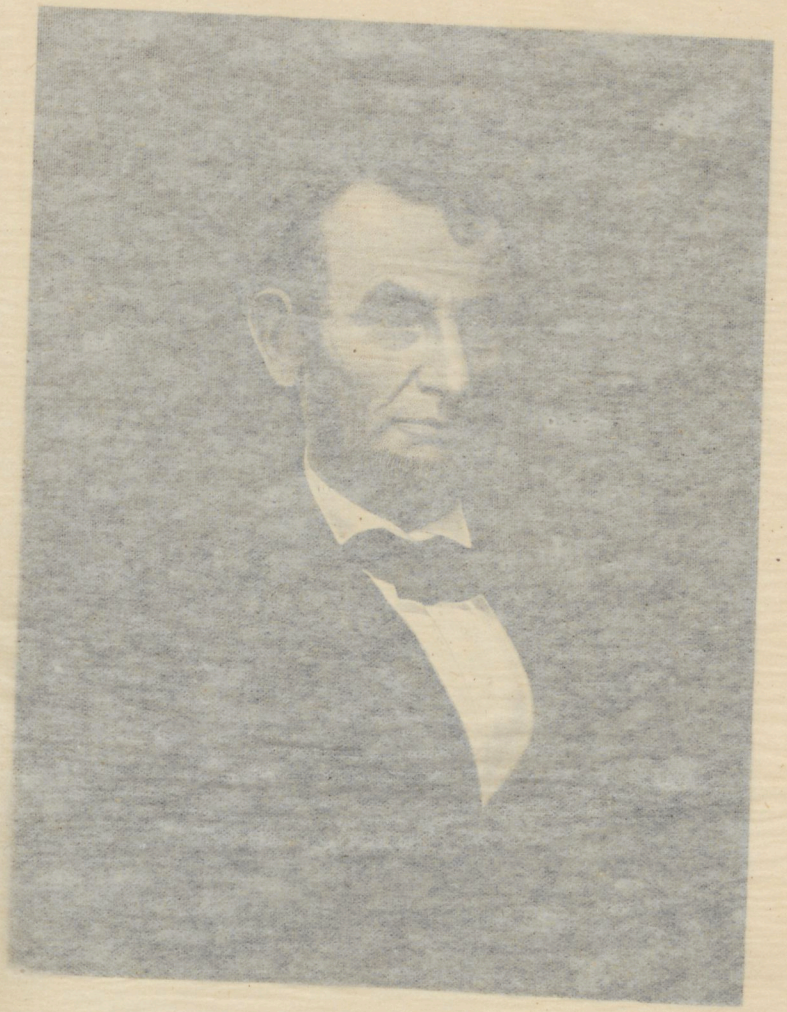
PATIENT, PERSISTENT WORKING AND WAITING.

for the results of effort to appear, and be realized. Nine out of every ten who fail in life get discouraged and give up before the battle is fairly won. They lose hope and heart. They lack courage and faith. They become impatient at the slow results of their toil. They cannot learn to labor and to wait." But no one can succeed in life by pursuing such a course. It is only by a resolute holding on and a patient continuance in well-doing that the end of a journey is reached. Nearly all really great men began life at the foot of the ladder, and worked their way up by slow degrees and through many trials and difficulties. And so my reader you must make up your mind to do the same, or stay where you are and abandon all hopes of preferment.

In our own country, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Patrick Henry,

Bowditch, Clay, Webster, Jackson, Douglas, Lincoln, Grant, were all the sons of poor parents. Senator Wilson, who was for a long time a shoemaker, said in one of his addresses to the people of Great Falls, N. H.: "I was born here in your county. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she had none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and, at the end of eleven years' hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home weary, but not discouraged, and put my pack on my back, and walked to the town where I now live, and learned a mechanic's trade. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, and chopped wood; and though I rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, I received for it the magnificent sum of two dollars. And when I got the money, those dollars looked to me as large as the moon looks to-night."

Thurlow Weed, for a long time one of the most influential editors and politicians of the country, published recently a sketch of his early life, in which he thus speaks of his efforts at self-culture. "Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while tending 'sap bush.' Such, at any rate, was my own experience. At night you had only to feed the kettles and keep up the fires, the sap having been gathered and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would always lay in a good stock of 'fat pine' by the light of which, blazing bright



A. Lincoln

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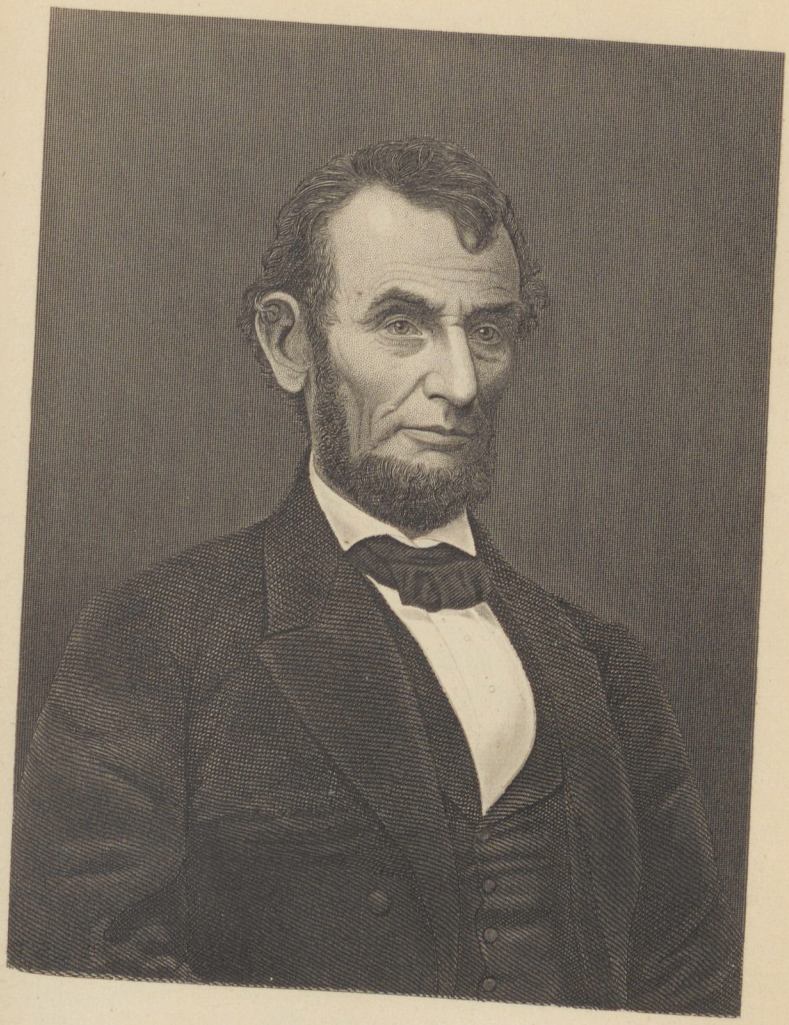


A. Lincoln

before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was condemned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I passed many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French Revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors and of the actors in that great national tragedy than I have received from all subsequent reading. I remember also how happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two-mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rag-carpet."

The most successful editors in this country have graduated from a printing office rather than from a college. The history of Horace Greeley, founder of the New York Tribune, is familiar to all. He began life as a poor boy and went up, step by step, to the position of editor-in-chief of a powerful metropolitan journal. The early life of James Brooks, once editor and proprietor of the New York Express, is another example of triumphant courage and perseverance by which many a poor boy has found his way to the editorial chair or to a seat in Congress. Mr. Brooks began his career as a clerk in the village of Androscoggin, Me., where he was to remain till twenty-one years of age, when, by contract, he was to receive as capital from his employer a hogshead of New England rum. Unfortunately for his employer and the hogshead of rum, the town library was kept in the "store," of which the clerk made a liberal use. His first venture in business enabled him to save money enough to pay one dollar a week for his board, while a kind gentleman assisted him to go to school. As soon as he knew enough to teach school, he began as a pedagogue on the liberal salary of ten dollars per month and his board. In a year he was rich enough to enter Waterville College. Studying and teaching by turns, he graduated at the end of two years, carrying his trunk to the stage-office, as he did when he entered, to save a few of his hard-earned and scanty shillings. From this hour he provided a home for his mother

weaver. By their labors, a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India. Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker: "No, sir," exclaimed Carey immediately, "only a cobbler." An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree, one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when his strength had grown again and he was able to walk without support, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely did he do it.

Not less interesting is the following anecdote of Audubon, the American ornithologist, related by himself: "An accident," he says, "which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me,—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of

air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion,—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might make better drawings than before; and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

Sir Isaac Newton had a little dog Diamond who, one evening when his master had gone to supper, upset a lighted taper upon the table where lay the laborious calculations of years. When the philosopher returned and beheld the destruction of his manuscripts, he is said to have exclaimed, "Ah! Diamond you little know the mischief you have wrought," and then set down and commenced to reproduce them. A like mischance befell Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution. He lent the manuscript to a friend for perusal, and it having been left, by some carelessness, on the parlor floor, the maid-of-all-work, finding what she supposed to be a bundle of waste paper, used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires. The first composition of the book had been a labor of love; the drudgery of re-writing it, with no help but memory, was contemplated by the author with a degree of anguish which it is not easy to conceive. Yet, without wasting time in plaints, he set resolutely to work, and at last triumphantly reproduced the book in the form in which it now appears. A similar anecdote is told of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquary of the eighteenth century. He had toiled for years in compiling a voluminous dictionary of the Latin language, during which time he gave so little of his society to his wife, that, before he had quite completed the work, she committed it to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, he began at once to re-write the book, which, with almost incredible labor, he finally accomplished. When Edward Livingston had finished his great code of Louisianian

law, he had the anguish of beholding the labor of long years perish instantly in the flames; yet he was not disheartened, but patiently re-commenced and re-performed his task.

Equally striking illustrations of persistent and patient working are to be found in all branches of science, art, and industry. George Stephenson worked fifteen years at the improvement of the locomotive, while Watt was engaged some thirty years on the condensing engine before he brought it to perfection. A brave story is that connected with the disentombment of Nineveh marbles, and the discovery of the long-lost cuneiform or arrow-headed character, in which the inscriptions on them are written,—a kind of writing which had been lost to the world since the period of the Macedonian conquest of Persia.

An intelligent cadet of the East India Company, stationed at Kermanshah, in Persia, had observed the curious cuneiform inscriptions on the old monuments in the neighborhood,—so old that all historical traces of them had been lost,—and among the inscriptions which he copied was that upon the celebrated rock of Behistun,—a perpendicular rock rising abruptly some 1,700 feet from the plain, the lower part bearing inscriptions for the space of about three hundred feet, in three languages,—the Persian, Scythian, and Assyrian. Comparison of the known with the unknown, of the language which survived with the language that had been lost, enabled this cadet to acquire some knowledge of the cuneiform character, and even to form an alphabet. Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Rawlinson sent his tracings home for examination. No professors in colleges knew anything about the cuneiform charter; but there was a former clerk of the East India House,—a modest unknown man of the name of Norris,—who had made this little-understood subject his study, to whom the tracings were submitted; and so accurate was his knowledge, that, though he had never seen the Behistun rock, he pronounced that Rawlinson had not copied the puzzling inscriptions with proper exactness. Rawlinson, who was still in the neighborhood of the rock, compared his copy with the origi-

nal, and found that Norris was right; and by further comparison and careful study the knowledge of the cuneiform writing was greatly advanced.

But a third laborer was necessary to dig up the buried material and he presented himself in the person of Austen Layard, originally an articled clerk in the office of a London solicitor. Thus the three discoverers of a forgotten language were found in a cadet, an India House clerk, and a lawyer's clerk. Layard was a youth of twenty-two, with a burning desire to penetrate the regions beyond the Euphrates. Accompanied by a single companion, trusting to his arms and to his cheerfulness, politeness, and chivalrous bearing for protection, he passed safely amidst tribes at deadly war with each other, and after the lapse of many years, with comparatively slender means at his command, but aided by intense labor, perseverance, resolute will and purpose, and almost sublime patience, borne up throughout by his passionate enthusiasm for discovery and research, he succeeding in laying bare and digging up an amount of historical treasure, the like of which was probably never before collected by the industry of any one man. Not less than two miles of bas-reliefs were thus brought to light by Mr. Layard. The selections of these valuable antiquities now placed in the British Museum were found so curiously corroborative of the Scriptural record of events which occurred some three thousand years ago, that they burst upon the world almost like a new revelation. And the story of the disentombment of these remarkable works, as told by Mr. Layard himself in his "Monuments of Nineveh," will always be regarded as one of the most charming and unaffected records which we possess of individual enterprise, industry, and energy.

No career is more instructive, viewed in the same light, than that of Sir Walter Scott. His admirable working qualities were trained in a lawyer's office, where he pursued for many years a routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a mere copying clerk. His daily dry routine made his evenings, which were his own, all the more sweet; and he generally de-

voted them to reading and study. He himself attributed to his prosaic office discipline that habit of steady, sober diligence, in which mere literary men are so often found wanting. As a copying clerk he was allowed 3*d.* for every page containing a certain number of words; and he sometimes, by extra work, was able to copy as many as one hundred and twenty pages in twenty-four hours, thus earning some 30*s.*; out of which he would sometimes purchase an odd volume otherwise beyond his means.

During his after life Scott was wont to pride himself upon being a man of business, and averred that there was no necessary connection between genius and a contempt for the common duties of life. While afterwards acting as clerk to the Court of Session in Edinburgh, he performed his literary work before breakfast, and attended court during the day. It was a principle of action which he laid down for himself, that he must earn his living by business and not by literature, and that the profits of his literary labor should not become necessary to his ordinary expenses. Accordingly, it would have been impossible for him to have performed such an enormous amount of labor had it not been for his carefully cultivated habit of punctuality.

He made it a rule to answer every letter received, on the same day, except where deliberation and inquiry were called for. Nothing else could have kept him abreast with the flood of communications that poured in upon him and put his good nature to the severest test. It was his practice to rise by five o'clock, and light his own fire. He shaved and dressed with deliberation, and was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, with his books of reference marshaled round him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, outside the line of books. Thus by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough—to use his own words—to break the neck of the day's work. But with all his diligent and indefatigable industry, and his immense knowledge, the result of many years' patient labor, Scott

always spoke with the greatest modesty of his own powers. On one occasion he said, "Throughout every part of my career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance."

WEIGHT OF CHARACTER..

There is hardly any other word in the language which means more in life, or which is more essential to all that makes life valuable, than the word *character*. It does not stand for any one endowment, faculty, or gift, but it is rather the sum of all that men or women are *in themselves*. It does not stand for wealth, for there are many wealthy men who have no weight or strength of character. They are lifted upon a pinnacle by the force of circumstances or by the power of money, but those around and those below them see their essential hollowness and worthlessness, and see through their pretentious greatness, as though it were but transparent glass. Neither is character a synonym for intellectual ability simply, because there are very many men and women of considerable talent, who have no weight of character.

Character, then, may be compared to a reservoir into which all the rills and streamlets of personal power empty themselves, forming the collected result of life's accumulations. Or, as another has said, "it is the crown and glory of life. It is human nature in its best form. It is moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well-governed state they are its best motive power. The strength, the civil security, and the civilization of a nation, all depend upon individual character. It constitutes a rank in itself, and dignifies and exalts every station in life. It carries with it an influence which always tells."

Though a man have comparatively little culture, slender abilities, and but small wealth, yet, if his character be of sterling worth, he will always command an influence, whether it be in the workshop, the counting-house, the mart, or the senate. Canning wisely wrote in 1801, "My road must be through Character to power; I will try no other course; and

I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest." You may admire men of intellect; but something more is necessary before you will trust them. Hence Lord John Russell once observed, in a sentence full of truth, "It is the nature of party in England to ask the assistance of men of genius, but to follow the guidance of men of character."

> "There's no power
> In ancestry to make the foolish wise,
> The ignorant learned, the cowardly and base
> Deserving our respect as brave and good.
> Hence man's best riches must be gained, not given,
> His noblest name deserved, and not derived."

Our own Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking,—for these were but moderate,—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

Character is power in a much higher sense than knowledge is power, for truthfulness, integrity, goodness, honor and consistency, are qualities which, perhaps more than any others, command the confidence and respect of mankind. When King Stephen, of England, was captured by his base enemies, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. Integrity in word and deed is the backbone of character; and loyal adherence to veracity its most prominent characteristic. One of the finest testimonies to the character

of the late Sir Robert Peel, was that borne by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, a few days after the great statesman's death. "Your lordships," he said, "must all feel the high and honorable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honor to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." And this high-minded truthfulness of the statesman was no doubt the secret of no small part of his influence and power.

There is a truthfulness in action as well as in words, and in order to possess weight of character, a man must really be what he seems to be. When an American gentleman wrote to Granville Sharp, that from respect for his great virtues he had named one of his sons after him, Sharp wrote: "I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim of the family whose name you have given him,—*Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear.* This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practiced by his father also, whose sincerity became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life." Without the possession of such a character a man can never have self-respect, and he who respects not himself, is sure to lose the respect of all others about him.

Hence the man with true weight of character is just the same in secret, as in the sight of men—in a word, he is thoroughly *honest;* honest with himself, honest with his fellows, and honest before God. That boy was well-trained who, when asked why he did not appropriate some pears, as nobody was there to see him, replied, "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself."

CHAPTER XV.

Examples of Excellence.

There are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither. * * * *
The spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind.
BYRON.

Some there are
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live and spread and flourish.
WORDSWORTH.

The man who is not moved by what he reads,
Who takes not fire at heroic deeds,
Unworthy the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind and born to be a slave.
COWPER.

Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
GEORGE HERBERT.

THE power of imitation, especially in the young, is very strong and active. At first, this commences and is carried on wholly through the eye, but afterwards the ability to read and the consequent study of good models, come in to help perpetuate the impressions derived from vision. And in this instance, as in hundreds of others, the later power or the last pressure brought to bear upon the mind, proves the stronger and more lasting of the two. In other words,

more minds are permanently benefited or injured by what they read, than by what they see and hear. "Out of sight, out of mind," often proves a true proverb; but that which is lodged in thought and memory, is not dependent upon anything for its power. Hence the diligent study of good examples is one means of self-education, and the practice of it can be recommended without any fear of ill results.

There is far less of originality in the world than is commonly supposed. What men have done, men continue to do, thus making the characteristics of human nature in the long run comparatively uniform, and making the results of human life to be substantially repetitions with more or less of variation and individual coloring. "No individual in the universe stands alone: he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts, he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and the examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future.

"The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous fact, that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies."

As example is more powerful than precept, and sketches of self-made men who became more or less distinguished through the formation of good habits, and the exercise of commendable qualities of mind, either native or acquired, are sure to leave their impress upon the thought of the reader, we propose in this chapter to furnish a few facts concerning

some of the great and self-made men whose names adorn the historic tablets of this and other countries.

And what name in American annals surpasses that of JAMES A. GARFIELD, the illustrious martyr-President? Yet what man ever had a humbler beginning? Born and cradled in a log cabin about twelve miles from the present city of Cleveland, in a tract of country at that time so sparsely settled as to contain no regular public school, his whole life, until he attained to eminence, was but a series of struggles with adverse circumstances, crowned in each instance by a substantial and imperishable victory. Young Garfield, like many another public character in our national history, came from good old New England stock—the ancestors of both of his parents having been residents of Massachusetts and New Hampshire for generations. There is no better place in the world to spring from than New England, providing one can move away when grown up.

Garfield's father dying when James was about two years old, the lad never knew what it was to have a father's guidance and care, but he was most fortunate in having a mother whose character partook of the truly heroic type. And all that Garfield was when he died, he owed primarily to the influence which his mother exerted upon him during those early years, when everything stamps an impress upon the expanding mind that never fades out. Necessity compelled the lad to go into the work-field almost as soon as he could walk there alone, and this hardy exercise, together with plain fare, laid the foundation for that splendid and robust physical stature which distinguished him up to the fatal morning when the assassin's bullet laid him low.

Young Garfield was not content, however, with the idea of merely getting a living; from early boyhood he wanted to read and learn. He believed he could be something and do something noble and good, like hundreds of others who had risen from as lowly a station in life as himself; and so he bent every energy of his soul to the task of securing a mental

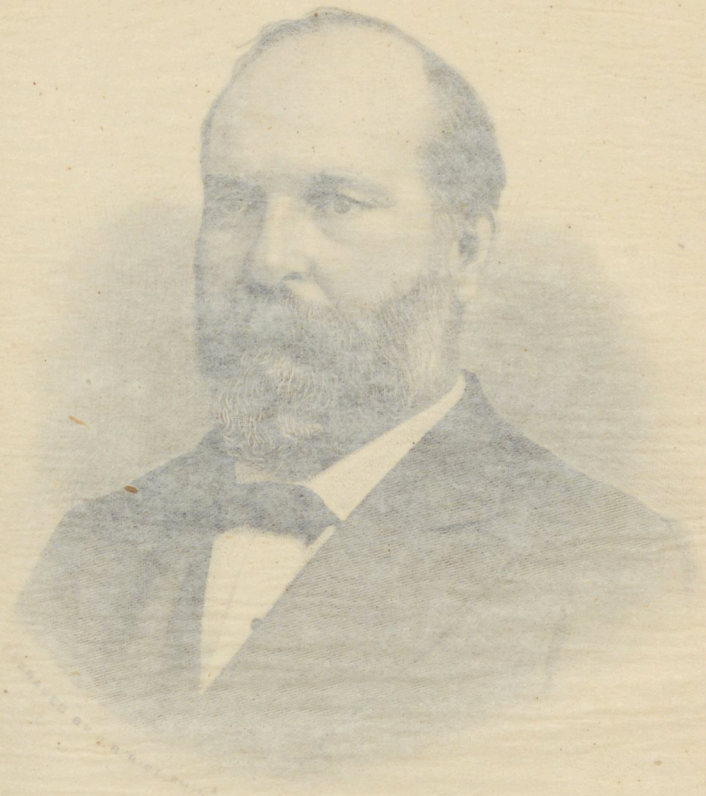
outfit for life's work. This early thirst for knowledge he carried with him until the close of life, and by it he attained unto a breadth of scholarship which was as remarkable as any other of his multiform endowments. To accomplish this purpose he was willing to do anything in the shape of honest labor which would bring him in the needful funds. He learned the carpenter's trade and earned some money by doing little jobs of work for the neighbors. At the age of 17, because he could get more wages, he made a contract to drive the mules of a canal-boat along the tow-path of the Ohio Canal which ran but a short distance from the Garfield farm. Determined to excel in whatever he undertook, he was soon promoted from the position of driver to that of steersman, at which post he remained for about a year and a half, saving his wages and reading and learning everything which came within his reach.

About this time it appears that Garfield thought he would branch out a little in his nautical experience and become a sailor on some of the vessels plying on Lake Erie. If he had done this, it is barely possible he might never have been the man he afterward became; at all events a period of sickness changed his mind and also changed the whole current of his life. Right after his recovery, he entered an academy near by, boarding himself and working at his trade to pay his way. The next season he taught a district school and saved his wages to be expended upon a collegiate course. At the age of 23, he entered Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., commencing at the Junior year on account of the extent of his previous studies. In two years he graduated bearing away with him one of the honors of his class. He then commenced teaching at Hiram College, and after one year was made President of the college. He was now 26, had won a place for himself in the world, and accordingly married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a lady with a character much like his own, and whose fame is now inseparably linked with that of her immortal husband.

Perhaps we cannot better explain the secret of Garfield's great successes in life, of his culture, of his learning, and of his growth in statesmanship, than by quoting from one of his speeches to the students of Hiram College, delivered many years after he left the institution. The speech, or familiar talk, is worthy of reproduction because of its philosophical value as a guide in the conduct of life, and because it affords such a clear insight to the character of the man and shows so clearly the secret of his vast acquirements and immense power. He said:

"I was thinking, young ladies and gentlemen, as I sat here this morning, that life is almost wholly made up of margins. The bulk itself of almost anything is not what tells. That exists anyway. That is expected. That is not what gives the profit or makes the distinguishing difference. The grocer cares little for the great bulk of the price of his tea. It is the few cents between the cost and selling price, which he calls the margin, that particularly interests him. Is this to be great or small? is the thing of importance. Millions of dollars change hands in our great marts of trade just on the question of margins. This same thing is all important in the subject of thought. One mind is not greater than another, perhaps, in the great bulk of its contents; but its margin is greater, that's all. I may know just as much as you do about the general details of a subject, but you can go just a little farther than I can. You have a greater margin than I. You can tell me of some single thought just beyond where I have gone. Your margin has got me. I must succumb to your superiority.

"I recall a good illustration of this when I was in college. A certain young man was leading the class in Latin. I thought I was studying hard. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all so. To us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day I asked him when he learned his Latin lesson. 'At night, he replied. I learned mine at the same time. His window



J. A. Garfield

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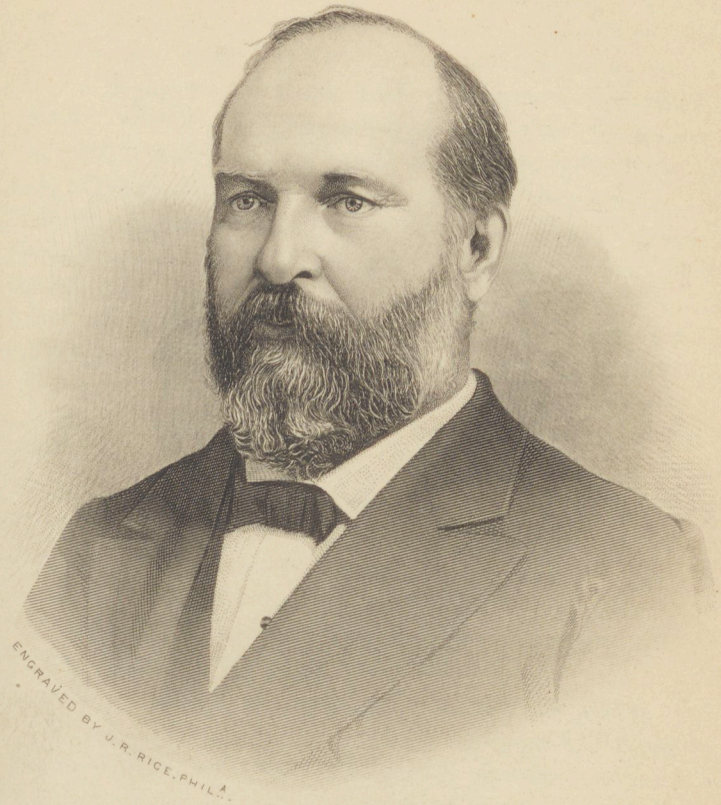


J. A. Garfield

was not far from mine, and I could see him from my own. I had finished my lesson the next night as well as usual, and feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my classmate still bending diligently over his book. 'There's where he gets the margin on me,' I thought. 'But he shall not have it for once,' I resolved. 'I will study just a little longer than he does to-night.' So I took down my books again, and, opening to the lesson, went to work with renewed vigor. I watched for the light to go out in my classmate's room. In fifteen minutes it was all dark. 'There is his margin,' I thought. It was fifteen minutes more time. It was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root-derivatives. How often when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one the best in the class. The margin in such a case is very small, but it is all important. The world is made up of little things."

It was by taking account of small fractions of time, by utilizing every available five minutes, that Garfield stored his mind with a vast, inexhaustible fund of information. And to do this a rigid system became essential, and this system, in turn, so disposed every item of information that it was always subject to the call of the brain when required.

Soon after marriage Mr. Garfield's political life began. In 1859, he was elected State Senator for Portage and Summit counties in his native state. Right after this the war for the preservation of the Union broke out and Senator Garfield at once took a prominent part in the debates which that event occasioned. The well-trained mental powers of the young man brought him at once into notice, and he soon became conspicuous among men much older than himself. From this time on his career was steadily and grandly upward. He entered the war as Lieutenant-colonel of the 42d regiment of Ohio Volunteers, but was soon promoted to its full command. Going at once into active service he showed remarkable coolness and skill in action, and was speedily given a brigade

in the Army of the Cumberland. From this post, he was transferred to South Carolina and made chief of staff to General Rosecrans, where his services were of a brilliant character and highly valued. After the battle of Chickamauga, he was made a full Major-General of Volunteers for meritorious conduct.

Believing that the war would soon terminate, Gen. Garfield accepted a nomination to Congress from the Ohio Western Reserve District while in the field and was triumphantly elected. Resigning his position in the army, he entered the halls of legislation at Washington and never afterwards left them until he was chosen the twentieth President of the United States. Of his career in Congress it is unnecessary to speak at length. Its record forms a part of the history of the country during many eventful years. He was an orator and a statesman. He rose step by step until he became the acknowledged leader of the House. A little before his nomination for the Presidency, he was chosen United States Senator from Ohio, and entered the Republican Convention at Chicago, June 2d, 1880, as a delegate from the same state to vote and work in the interest of his friend, John Sherman. It is quite probable that he had never thought of his own nomination until it became evident that the Convention would fail in selecting a candidate, owing to the numerous divisions into which the party had broken up. When it was seen that some new man must be taken up, all minds and eyes turned instinctively to Gen. Garfield, and against his firm protest he was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot. During the exciting contest which followed, he bore himself with such dignity and modesty as to win friends by every word he uttered. Then came the triumphant election, the brilliant and impressive inauguration, three months of steady service and the assassination which resulted in a long sickness ending in death. Never was a public man more widely honored or more sincerely mourned. The whole world seemed glad to do homage to his memory.

In summing up the salient points of his character, Lieut. Gov. Shuman, editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal* says: "That great mind sleeps forever; that great heart, which throbbed warmly in sympathy with humanity, and whose every impulse was manful and generous, is at peace; that deep, strong voice, whose eloquence stirred the souls of the multitude and was a power in the halls of legislation, is hushed into everlasting silence. On the shady shore of Lake Erie, on which he loved to walk and think, in the bosom of his own State of Ohio, which ever delighted to honor him, the scholarly statesman, the fearless soldier, the ardent patriot, the noble representative of the best manhood of the age now rests in the eternal stillness of death. His was indeed a good and a precious life, and people of thoughtfulness, admirers of lofty themes and honorable ambition, all who appreciate and love to honor the brave and the true in human nature, will continue fondly to dwell upon this charming character. He was a man of simple and childlike nature, as all really great men are, and of warm and generous sympathies, which were free from malice, hate, or any of those mean and narrow defects and angularities which are so often blemishes and deformities of otherwise great men. There was nothing cramped or small about the man. He was great in the broadest, best and completest sense of the word—a full, well-balanced, well-rounded character—a nobleman of nature, and a nobleman of education, reason and action.

'His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a MAN!'

Side by side with the career and character of President Garfield stands that of an equally illustrious occupant of the Presidential chair, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. In many respects these two men resemble each other, and yet in other respects they differ widely. Lincoln, like Garfield, had a very lowly origin and eventually made himself all that he was. Born in Kentucky in 1809, he was unfortunate enough before he was nine years of age, to lose by death his only brother and

his mother, which left him practically alone in the world. From thirteen to twenty, he shared all the rough experiences of frontier life in the southern part of the then territory of Indiana. At twenty, he had grown to be nearly six feet and four inches in height, with a slender yet uncommonly strong and muscular frame. Constructing a flat-boat, he made with it a successful trip to New Orleans, then served as a clerk in a store and flouring-mill at New Salem, Ill. While there, the Black Hawk war broke out and young Lincoln helped to raise a company of volunteers and was chosen its captain. The company afterward disbanded, but young Lincoln, determined to serve in the campaign, enlisted as a private and lived a soldier's life for the next three months. Referring to this experience in a congressional speech in after years, Mr. Lincoln said: "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I was a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career, reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and like him I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charging upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody battles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say, I was often very hungry."

At the close of this adventure Mr. Lincoln determined to become a lawyer, but his education up to this time had been sadly neglected. In fact, he had hardly been to school a year during his whole early life; but he had been a very careful and diligent reader, and an observer of men and things. Besides, he was gifted by nature with a mind of uncommon

shrewdness and power, and he learned more by assimilation than most men do by tuition. Entering into politics, he was at once elected a representative from Sangamon county to the State Legislature, and from that time on, he was hardly ever out of public life until the day of his death. While attending to his legislative duties, he managed to complete his law studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. Ten years later he took his seat in the lower house of Congress.

But wherever he went, and in whatever he did, Mr. Lincoln was always a man of mark. Not only did his personal appearance attract attention, but still more did the utterances of his mind. He was, in the best sense of that term, an *original* character. As a lawyer he was noted for his aptness and skill in managing the details of a case, and especially for his great power over juries. He was not what might be called a splendid rhetorician, but he spoke words of truthfulness and candor, expressed in quaint and pithy style, which went straight to the hearts of his hearers and carried conviction.

At the close of his brief congressional career, Mr. Lincoln was again put forward as the candidate of the Republican party for United States Senator from Illinois, and together with his opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, canvassed the entire State. In that ever-memorable contest, he was defeated by a small majority, but his speeches gave him a national fame. So much was this the case, that in 1860 at the Presidential convention held in Chicago, Mr. Lincoln's name was presented with six others as a candidate, and on the fourth ballot he was nominated over them all. His election followed, and at once an awful civil war broke out, the scenes of which are still fresh in the minds of all. During that most trying contest, protracted through long and bloody years, the President bore himself in such a manner as to win friends in all sections of the country. In the month of September, 1862, the Emancipation Proclamation appeared which gave liberty to millions of colored men who had been held in slavery at the South from early colonial times. In 1864, Mr. Lincoln was re-elected

President, and to a congratulatory address from the National Union League remarked concerning himself: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country; but I am reminded in this connection of the story of an old Dutch farmer, who said to a companion once that it was not best to swap horses while crossing streams."

But the days of this great and good man were fast drawing to a close. Threats of assassination had often been conveyed to him, but of these he took no notice, remarking that he had no fear whatever. "There are opportunities to kill me," he added, "every day of my life, if there are persons disposed to do it. It is not possible to avoid exposure to such a fate; I shall not trouble myself about it." On the evening of April 14th, 1865, in company with his family and a few friends, he visited Ford's Theater, in Washington, and while sitting in his private box, J. Wilkes Booth stole in behind him and shot him in the back of the head, rendering him unconscious. He expired the next morning, never speaking to or recognizing any one from the moment he was shot. The excitement that followed was tremendous, but the honored martyr was borne peacefully to his grave at Springfield, Ill., amid the weeping and execrations of a sorrow-stricken people. There his ashes now rest in peace.

Mr. Lincoln's life was passed amidst troublous and stormy times; but few men could have passed through such a fiery ordeal more unscathed. He had many enemies in public life, and at times was the object of most unsparing criticism; but the lapse of time only served to bring out more strikingly the admirable features of his character. He seemed to be raised up for a special purpose and that purpose he fulfilled in the eyes of the world. The mass of the people believed in him and victoriously re-elected him in spite of the efforts of his defamers. Linked with that of Washington, his name will go down through the coming ages as "one of the immortal few which were not born to die."

Among the many names of great military commanders which our country has produced, none shines brighter than that of MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, the hero of the Army of the Cumberland. Some commanders were more brilliant and dashing in movement than he, but none possessed more solid qualities of character and none secured a greater share of personal respect and affection. Young Thomas first saw the light in Virginia in 1816. His father was a well-to-do planter, but insisted on teaching his sons to rely upon themselves for advancement in life. From a boy he determined to be a soldier, and accordingly availed himself of the first opportunity to enter West Point, which occurred in 1836. From a boy, also, he was noted for great sobriety and steadiness of character, so much so, in fact, that his youthful associates used to call him George Washington. He never was a wild, romping lad, but thoughtful, studious, an apt scholar and distinguished for sprightliness and ability.

Nothing special occurred during the four years of his school life. He was a close student and graduated twelfth in a class of forty-two members. Among his classmates were Generals Sherman and Getty, on the Union side, and B. R. Johnson and R. H. Ewell of the Confederate army.

Thomas first saw actual service in the Seminole Indian war in the everglades of Florida, as a lieutenant of artillery. For valuable and meritorious services in that campaign, he was promoted one grade by the War Department at Washington. From Florida he was sent to one place after another on official routine duty until the Mexican war broke out in 1846, when he was ordered to report to General Taylor for active service. For gallant conduct at Monterey he was again advanced a grade—this time to captain. At Buena Vista, it was Thomas who carried out Taylor's famous command to give the enemy "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." And the way he did it sent him up to the rank of Major.

While filling the post of teacher at West Point he met and married Miss Frances L. Kellogg, a lady of rare accomplish-

ments, who, during his whole life, made him one of the best of wives, and who lived to mourn her great loss many years after his death in manhood's prime.

In 1855, Thomas was connected with the Second Regiment of Cavalry, whose officers were Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, associate Major William J. Hardee—three of the highest rebel chieftans during the war. With this regiment he continued until 1861, when Johnston, Lee and Hardee resigned and joined the Confederacy, Thomas alone remaining loyal to the Union cause. At this time he had attained the 45th year of his age, and was in the full flush of matured and ripened manhood. He had a magnificent physical stature and firm health. It is no wonder that he rose from one grade to another until he attained to the full rank of Major-General. Of his complete mastery of his profession in all its details, of his consummate skill as a general, the best monument is the story of his battles; for he never lost a campaign or a field, he never met his enemy without giving him cause to grieve over the encounter, and he culled laurels from fields on which many brother officers were covered with disgrace. "Cautious in undertaking, yet once resolved he was bold in execution, deliberate in forming his plan and patiently waiting for events to mature, and when the fixed hour struck he leaped into great activity. His complete and admirable victory at Mill Spring was the first triumph of magnitude for the North after the disaster at Bull Run, and brought back a needed prestige to the Union arms. As commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps under Rosecrans, he was conspicuous in the marching and fighting which preceded Murfreesboro' and all-glorious in that decisive battle. And it was he, who alone and unaided, saved the Army of the Cumberland at Chickamauga, when the example of all around him might have excused him for flying from the field. It was Thomas whose troops, forming on the plain below with the precision of parade, made the wonderful charge on Missionary Ridge which threw Bragg back into Georgia. It was he who in the Grand At-

lanta campaign commanded under Sherman more than three-fifths of that army, and who delivered the opening battle at Buzzard's Roost, and the closing battle at Lovejoy's. It was Thomas, in fine, who set the seal of success on the whole Georgia campaign."

The best justification of his system and of his slowness, of which many complained, was his uniform success. He provided for dilemmas and obstacles in advance; like Napoleon he suffered no surprises, made no disastrous experiments at the sacrifice of the lives of his troops, and always made the enemy pay dearly for any advantage he might gain. His natural impulse was to stand on the defensive, and the fame of his persistency and of his firmness became world-wide. "In the ordinary tide of battle he was imperturbable, self-poised and cool, and in moments of great extremity which demand a great soul to conquer them---such as came to overtasked Hooker at Chancellorsville—Thomas shone out pre-eminent and superior. A little heavy and slow at most hours, the desperate crises of battle were alone sufficient to stir up his temperament to fullest action, and make his quiet, steady eyes flame with intensest battle-fire."

By all his comrades in arms, Gen. Thomas was called the model soldier and gentleman. He inspired great confidence in his soldiers, and was loved by them in return. In all his intercourse with his brother officers, he was kind, courteous and obliging. In a general order issued after his death, Gen. Sherman spoke of him as follows: "The General has known Gen. Thomas intimately since they sat as boys on the same bench, and the quality in him which he holds up for the admiration and example of the young, is his complete and entire devotion to duty. Though sent to Florida, to Mexico, to Texas and to Arizona, when duty there was absolute banishment, he went cheerfully and never asked a personal favor, an exemption or leave of absence. He never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any one. Whatever he earned of these were his own, and no one disputes his fame. The

very impersonation of honesty, integrity and honor, he will always stand to us the *beau ideal* soldier and gentleman."

At the close of the war, Gen. Thomas was given the command of the military division of the Pacific with headquarters at San Francisco. His health by this time had become somewhat impaired and he thought that the climate of that country might benefit him, but suddenly, on the 28th of March, 1870, while sitting in his office he was stricken with apoplexy and died on the evening of the same day. At the request of his wife he was buried at Troy. N. Y., in the family lot. He left no children to mourn for him, but the whole nation wept in sadness over his bier. And from that time forward he was,

> "In the nation's proudest annals,
> In the people's warmest hearts,
> Great in courage, noble in truth,
> Pure as the sunlight in soul,
> Dead, but imperishable!"

Owing to the recent settlement and rapid growth of this country, we have hardly had time, as a nation, to develop very many commanding examples of what may be called American statesmanship. We have had many great and good men in our national councils, many true patriots and military heroes, but thus far we have only had a few men whose ability and learning, whose breadth of thought and wide scholarship would entitle them to the rank and honor of being called, both in this country and in Europe, real and acknowledged statesmen. And among these few, no name is more pre-eminent than that of CHARLES SUMNER. Mr. Sumner's work is now done, so far as his personal influence is concerned, but no history of this country can be written with any kind of impartiality or justice, without exhibiting in marked outlines the extent and power of his long-continued labors in behalf of universal freedom. He was born in Boston, Mass., on the 6th of February, 1811. His father was a lawyer of good standing, and for fourteen years, during the latter part of his life, held the position of sheriff of Suffolk County.

From a boy Charles was noted for his uncommon powers of intellect, and an intense thirst for knowledge. He prepared for college and graduated from Harvard, winning prizes and honors all through the course, and finishing at the early age of 19. The next year he entered the Cambridge Law School, enjoying the friendship and teachings of that most eminent American jurist, Judge Story. For the next seven years he devoted himself with intense ardor to the investigation of legal questions and the editing of legal books, lecturing frequently in the meantime to the students of the school.

In 1837, Mr. Sumner set sail for a trip to Europe with a brilliant reputation already won, and bearing valuable letters of introduction to the first men of the Old World. While there he enjoyed exceptional advantages in the way of personal and social advantages, receiving flattering attentions from distinguished persons of all departments of public life. In England, France, Germany and Italy, he made the best use of his time and opportunities, and when in 1840 he returned to his native land, he did so with a mind enriched by travel and by additional stores of varied knowledge. From 1840 to 1845 was spent in the practice or profession of the law, lecturing at Cambridge and editing new editions of law books. It was not until the 4th of July, 1845, that the city of Boston and the country generally woke up to the fact that a great mind was coming on the stage of public activity. The occasion of this discovery was an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which Mr. Sumner delivered by invitation before the municipal authorities and citizens of Boston, and which speedily attracted universal attention by its noble sentiments, beautiful imagery and classic diction. Soon after this event Judge Story died, and Mr. Sumner was selected as his successor, the Judge declaring that he could die content, so far as his professorship was concerned, if he knew that Charles Sumner would succeed him. But Mr. Sumner declined this position because he had determined to enter political life, which he did that same year by making another

eloquent speech in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of Texas as a slave State.

For the next five years Mr. Sumner's voice was steadily lifted, on every important occasion, against the growing encroachments of the slave power, and every time he spoke only increased the admiration of the people for his transcendant abilities and true greatness of soul. Entering political life as a Whig, he soon left that party and joined the young and growing Free Soil organization, by which, in connection with some help from the Democrats, he was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, as successor of Daniel Webster, who had resigned to enter President Fillmore's cabinet. But once in the Senate, nothing could keep him out of it but the grim messenger of death. He rose at once to a national and commanding eminence among the public men of his time, and his speeches were read and admired far and near as the most eloquent and powerful forensic efforts of the age. He attacked the institution of slavery with all the fiery and fearless zeal of an old crusader, and his telling blows delivered against that stronghold of national iniquity, made its advocates mad and its opponents happy in about equal proportions. His successive speeches were like the successive discharges of so many big siege guns against an enemy's fortress, and their pealing reverberations awoke the echoes of popular approval the world over.

Finally, finding that his powerful voice could not be hushed by intimidation and threatening, two slavery champions from South Carolina stole up behind him, while sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, in 1856, and with a rude bludgeon, and in true ruffianly style, felled him to the floor and then beat him nearly to death after he had fallen down unconscious. The old motto, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad," was never better exemplified than in this cruel and cowardly assault, for its immediate effect was to make Mr. Sumner ten times more the idol of his party than ever. The whole country now became aroused to a sense of the evils and perils belonging to an institution which

would thus strike a blow at the very foundations of the Republic by attempting to stifle the freedom of public debate. Indignation meetings were held all over the North, and Mr. Sumner, for the time being, was regarded as a martyr to the cause of popular rights and human liberty. His bodily injuries, however, were so severe in their nature as to require a cessation of all mental labor for three years, and had it not been for the skillful treatment of Dr. Brown-Sequard of Paris, he might never have recovered his usual health and strength again. But in 1860 he was able once more to take a part in political discussions, and participated actively in the canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency.

During the days and years of the war which followed, Mr. Sumner was ever in advance of the lagging majority concerning the necessity of issuing the Emancipation Proclamation as a speedy mode of bringing the war to an end. And, in fact, from the commencement of that great national struggle to its close, the country, as a whole, was compelled by the stern logic of events, to adopt the measures and acts advocated by Mr. Sumner for years, sometimes, before they were made valid law by statutory enactment and executive approval—so true is it that essentially great minds are able to run ahead of the wants and necessities of their time.

As a man, Mr. Sumner was not entirely free from certain peculiarities of deportment, which rendered him unpopular with those who did not like to acknowledge his leadership; but no one ever questioned the superiority of his mental endowments or the sincerity of his motives. He had a magnificent physical frame, and an equally commanding mind. During his whole public life he was one of the marked men of the nation. His likes and dislikes were very strong, and when he felt himself slighted, was quick to resent the offense. This growing infirmity of his old age led him to come into collision with the administration of Gen. Grant and its many friends, on the floor of the Senate; but no single error of his later years could blot out or permanently obscure the brill-

iancy of his public record. He died as he lived, one of the few really great men whom this country has produced, and whom the world abroad, as well as at home, publicly recognized and universally honored. The lesson of his life is the power of devotion to principle and duty as a means of achieving enduring fame.

Passing from civil and military records into the arena of commercial and mercantile life, let us look for a few moments at the facts connected with the career of one of New York's merchant princes, ALEXANDER T. STEWART. Stewart was of Irish birth and parentage, though descended from Scottish ancestry. He was born not far from the city of Belfast in 1803. Before he was eight years of age he became an orphan, without any near relatives save an aged maternal grandfather, who took the lad to his home and treated him with great tenderness and care. The old man, being a pious Methodist, wanted to make a minister of young Stewart, and accordingly put him to school with that end in view. The lad commenced to study with all the vigor and ambition of the Scotch-Irish blood which ran in his veins, and soon leaped to the fore-front of his class, which position he kept through his entire collegiate course. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. But before the completion of his studies, the pious old grandfather dropped into his grave, leaving the young, ambitious student alone in the world. A good Quaker friend was appointed Stewart's guardian, and through his influence the young man obtained letters of introduction to prominent merchants of New York, whither he had resolved to come in search of fame and fortune. When scarcely twenty years of age he landed in that city which was to become his future home, and the theatre of his active and distinguished commercial career. By the aid of his letters he readily obtained access to the best social circles of the city, and was known as a gentleman of pleasing address and a fine classical student.

His first employment was that of a teacher, but accident soon made him a merchant. Entering into business relations

with an experienced man of his acquaintance, he soon found himself with the rent of a store on his hands, and alone in a new enterprise. With that indomitable will and wonderful energy which marked his whole life, he went back to Ireland, converted all his property into money, bought a stock of Irish laces, and with his goods returned to New York and opened his store. A young lady of his acquaintance said to him on the day previous to his opening, that he must not sell any goods until she could make the first purchase, as she would be sure to bring him luck. True to her promise, she came the next day and bought a bill of laces of nearly two hundred dollars in value. This was his first mercantile transaction, but whether the young lady's purchase brought more luck to him than to herself, may well be questioned; for in after years when Stewart had grown wealthy and celebrated, he found this lady living in a European city, in very reduced circumstances, her husband having squandered all of her fortune before his death. Without informing her of his intentions, he procured some nice apartments, had them furnished in elegant style, and after taking her on a long drive in his carriage, drew up at the door of the new residence and said, "If this meets your approbation it will be your future home." He then settled an annuity upon her and supported her in affluence until her death. To have rounded out this romance in proper style, he ought to have married her, but already having one wife that part of the story could not be carried out.

Mr. Stewart's business rapidly grew in all directions, but its founder had executive ability sufficient for any and all emergencies. He made all his arrangements and calculations with military precision, and exacted from all of his subordinates an unqualified adherence to his rules. Many clerks and customers could not stand his system of rigid discipline, but he never changed his rules or prices to suit any one. He adopted the one-price plan of selling, and no one under any circumstances was permitted to depart from it. He allowed no deceit or misrepresentation as to the condition or quality

of the goods sold and as a consequence all purchasers were sure to get just what they bought. This inspired confidence and rapidly increased the extent of his sales until he became known in every State and nearly every city and village in the land. On one occasion at the commencement of his career, he overheard one of his clerks say to a purchaser that a piece of calico she was buying had fast colors and would wash. In great indignation he called the clerk to him and asked him what he meant by telling what he knew to be untrue. The clerk was greatly astonished and stammered forth some lame excuses about that being the usual custom among merchants, but Mr. Stewart interrupted him by saying that no goods were to be sold in his store through any species of misrepresentation whatever. In later years, when asked to what he attributed his great success, he answered: "From the first I have conducted my business on the basis of truth, and if I have one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants."

In the management of men and of details, Mr. Stewart had all the elements of a great general. He had a regiment of men in his employ, and could have handled ten times as many more with equal ease. He was quick to discern, prompt to act, and fearless and energetic in all his movements. He was sometimes, though rarely, deceived. It was by a perfect system and thorough discipline, that he was able to carry on a business which ultimately reached every State in the Union, and nearly every State and Kingdom in Europe. A business, too, which included that of retailer, jobber, importer and manufacturer; a business based upon actual capital and not upon credit, the whole machinery of which was worked and directed by a single mind. His net income in some years was over four millions of dollars.

Although Mr. Stewart became a thorough American in his feelings, he never forgot his native Isle. When the famine raged in Ireland many years ago, he chartered an American

ship, sat down and ascertained the amount of the fortune which he brought with him from home, added the interest thereto, loaded the vessel with an amount of necessary and costly provisions equal to the ascertained sum, put the American flag at the fore, and sent the whole proudly floating into the harbor at Belfast, as one of America's contributions to suffering Ireland. He then advertised for young men and women who wanted to come to America, gave a ship-load of them free passage there, and procured situations for many of them after they landed at New York; his only requirement from each applicant being a good moral character and ability to read and write.

Yet with all his business activity, Mr. Stewart found time to pursue the studies of his youth. He not only preserved but extended his knowledge of the classics, and kept green and fresh the learning of his college days. He also cherished a warm love of art, and filled his princely residence on Fifth Avenue with some of the choicest productions of American and European painters and sculptors. He also matured and carried into execution royal plans for the improvement of the condition of the poor. Soon after his first settlement in New York, he married an accomplished young lady from one of the prominent families of the city, but no children ever resulted from the union. His home, however, was always pleasant and harmonious. He died at a good old age, full of years and honors, but his widow took up his work where he left it, and the whole vast business went on as before. Concerning the dastardly outrage of stealing his dead body for a ransom, it only need be said that it was an act which shocked the minds of the whole nation, and caused a feeling of execration among the general public nearly or quite as strong as it produced in the minds and hearts of those immediately affected by it. That the robbers will be ultimately baffled in their fiendish designs, every one expects or hopes.

Closely connected with commercial and mercantile life, is that of marine and railroad enterprises, with which, in this

country, at least, the name of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt will ever be associated. Vanderbilt was descended from old Holland or Knickerbocker stock, as it was popularly called. His father was a good, sturdy farmer, living at that time on Staten Island in New York harbor. As no ferry-boats were then in existence, it was the custom of each landholder to own a boat for the purpose of transporting farm products to the city; and if one had a boat large enough to accommodate his neighbors he usually did so. In this way the elder Vanderbilt had worked up quite a little business of his own, when his son came on the stage of action in the month of May, 1794. He was a strong, healthy baby from the start; could cry lustily, and had a will-power strong enough to last him all through life. He took to the water as naturally as does a duck, but cared little or nothing for the teaching of schools and books. Restlessly active and intensely practical, he wanted to be constantly out of doors and looking around.

At the age of 16 he coaxed his father into buying him a boat for his exclusive management, paying for it the sum of one hundred dollars. The boy took possession of his prize with a proudly beating heart, immediately went on board and set sail for his native dock. On the voyage the boat struck a hidden rock, and her young captain was just able to run her ashore before she sank. Nothing daunted or discouraged, the boy procured the needed assistance, raised her up, repaired the damage and a few hours later brought his little craft home, safe and sound. He now in a measure cut loose from his father's care and started out in business for himself as a boatman. He had to compete with many older men than himself, but none of them had a braver heart or a more determined purpose to succeed. Young Vanderbilt soon found all the work he could do, and the first hundred dollars he earned he gave back to his parents as the price of his boat. Among the rules which he formed at this time for the government of his personal conduct, was one that he would spend each week less than he earned. By adhering to this

determination inflexibly, at the end of two years he was able to purchase another vessel of larger dimensions, and soon after that became part owner of the largest ferry-boat at that time in New York harbor. And all this by the time he had reached the age of eighteen.

Captain Vanderbilt was known far and near as a man of great courage, skill, and strength of character. During the war of 1812, he undertook to supply certain American forts on the Hudson and around the city with provisions by night, and when anything particularly hazardous was entered upon, Vanderbilt was always selected as the one to carry the project to a successful termination. His word could be relied upon implicitly, and this gave him business of a very profitable character. At one time during this war, some officers wanted to be taken to New York from Fort Richmond in the midst of a fearful storm. Vanderbilt was sought out and asked if he could take the party over. He replied: "Yes, but I shall have to carry them under water part of the way." They started, but arrived without a dry thread on them.

In 1813, Vanderbilt married and took up his residence in New York. He now commenced the *building* of vessels, in addition to his other business. When he was 23, he had laid by the snug little sum of $9,000 of hard-won money. About this time, steam-power began to be used in connection with navigation, and Vanderbilt, at an early date, saw clearly its great advantages. Giving up his other vessels, he took command of a little steamboat carrying passengers between New York and New Brunswick, at which latter place passengers for Philadelphia stopped over night, took the stage for Trenton in the morning, and from thence, another boat on to Philadelphia. Vanderbilt soon removed his family to New Brunswick and opened a large hotel, making it pay, as a matter of course. He continued in this transfer and hotel business for twelve years, and found himself at the end of that time worth about $40,000. He then branched out into business on a larger scale, and for the next twenty years, went on from one enterprise to another, enlarging the sphere

of his operations at every move, and becoming more wealthy and celebrated with the lapse of every year. His plan was to build better and faster boats than his competitors, and run them at lower rates. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, Vanderbilt set up an opposition line between New York and the Golden Gate *via* Nicaragua, which speedily became the cheapest and favorite route to San Francisco. After running this line for a number of years against the Panama Mail Co., he sold out his interest to a stock company just before the invasion of Nicaragua by "Filibuster Walker," during which the property greatly depreciated in value.

Vanderbilt had now become a man of great wealth, and wanting to enjoy a little rest, he conceived the idea of building a ship and taking a trip in it to various parts of Europe. Accordingly he constructed the *North Star* in the most perfect manner possible, and with an agreeable party on board, set sail in May, 1855. This was the first steamer with a walking-beam engine that ever attempted to cross the Atlantic. In England, in Russia, at Constantinople, at Gibraltar and Malta, the Commodore and his party were received and treated with great cordiality and politeness; but at Leghorn, then under Austria, the vessel was looked upon with suspicion by the officials, and subjected to constant surveillance. After an excursion of four months, the party returned to New York, having sailed a distance of fifteen thousand miles. About the first thing which Vanderbilt did after the completion of this voyage, was to put on another line of steamships to Europe. He built the steamer *Ariel* at a cost of $800,000, and pitted her against the best boats of the Cunard and Collins lines, for a trial of speed from New York to Havre, in which contest he came out victorious, as usual, the *Ariel* making the fastest time then on record.

During his long and active nautical career, he built and owned exclusively upward of one hundred steamboats and ships, and never lost one of them by accident. He had his own machine shops, where the machinery was made under his supervision; he personally directed the carpenters,

whom he hired by the day, usually, and invariably made and carried out his own plans. Then he never insured anything, remarking that "good vessels and good commanders were the best kind of insurance, and that if the corporations could make money in the insurance business, he could."

And now comes one of the most singular transitions in all history. A man who had devoted his whole life to one kind of business, and had succeeded in it beyond his most sanguine hopes, almost at the close of life, with an ample fortune already secured, leaves that business altogether and branches out into something new and untried. But this did Commodore Vanderbilt. About 1860, or thereabouts, he began to withdraw from all his marine enterprises and turn his attention to railroads. The splendid steamer *Ariel* he gave to the United States Government for war purposes, and received therefor the thanks of Congress and a gold medal. He began his new career with the Harlem road. Its stock had been kicked about for years, ranging from $40 to $70 per share. Under Vanderbilt's management it jumped at once into one of the best-equipped and best-paying roads leaving New York. He next reached out for the Hudson River road, and then grasped the New York Central. All difficulties seemed to vanish before his magic touch. Going on in his path of conquest, he obtained control of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Rock Island, and Northwestern roads, successively, and began to run his palace cars without change from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Before he died he became one of the three richest men in America, controlling railway property to the value of $300,000,000. He never gave away much of his vast wealth, but treated his friends and relatives with the greatest kindness. Particularly did he care for his aged mother, until she died a peaceful and happy death in the home which the son had provided her. He always hated deceit and underhanded dealing, and loved frankness and honesty in speech and act. He had great will-power, self-reliance and ambition. He was quick to read the character and motives of others, formed his judgments with intuitive

rapidity and accuracy, and executed his plans boldly. With such mental characteristics, and a strong, healthy frame, it is not strange that he became a leader among men, and left a permanent impress upon the records of his time.

The personal history of ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing machine, reads more like a romance than a reality. He was one of eight children and was born at Spencer, Mass., 1816. His father was poor, and had no little difficulty in providing for the wants of his numerous family. His occupation was that of a farmer and miller. Young Howe worked with his brothers and sisters in the mill and on the farm until he was sixteen, when he went to Lowell, and from thence to Cambridge, working at the latter place in the same shop, and boarding in the same house with Nathaniel P. Banks, who afterwards became a Speaker of the national House of Representatives and a Major-General.

At that time there lived in Boston an eccentric mechanical genius by the name of Davis, who kept a general shop for the making and repairing of all sorts of machinery, and to him Howe engaged himself as a journeyman machinist. One day, while endeavoring to fix up and perfect a knitting-machine, young Howe overheard a conversation between Davis and one of his customers about the desirability of inventing a sewing-machine, and the big amount of money which could be made from it. Howe had never thought of the possibility of such a machine until that moment, but from that time forward the idea never left his mind. He observed and thought, and watched and studied over the matter for five or six years before he began to make a model. By that time he had married, had three children, and was working for nine dollars a week.

For many months he stumbled on in the dark. His first plan was to make a needle pointed at both ends which should go *through* the cloth at every stitch as in hand-sewing. But this idea proved impracticable. Finally, the plan of using

two threads and a shuttle with a curved needle occurred to to him, and the crisis of the invention was passed.

But Howe was so poor that he could hardly live, much less buy materials for a model machine. Fortunately he found an old friend and schoolmate who had money, and who entered into partnership with him to bring the machine to perfection. People generally thought Howe to be a visionary fellow, but Fisher, his friend, had a little faith that possibly the machine might be valuable. A year later Howe was able to sew his first seam on the machine. This was in the month of April, 1845. That original machine, after crossing the ocean many times, may still be seen at the office of the Howe Company in Broadway, New York. It is a clumsy, awkward-looking affair, but it can sew at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute now. Every contrivance on it has since been improved, and many new devices have been added, but still it contained all the essential principles which have entered into the construction of all sewing-machines from that day to this.

Like most inventors, Howe found that after his machine was completed his troubles had only begun. There was a formidable prejudice to overcome. The tailors all thought the machine would ruin their business. Howe took his machine to a clothing house in Boston, and offered to sew anything which they could bring to him. He gave many public exhibitions of the capacity of the invention; still no one encouraged him or gave him an order. More than that, the machines cost then about five hundred dollars, and few could afford to pay such a sum. Nothing daunted, however, Howe applied for a patent, and in the meantime worked as an engineer on one of the railroads terminating in his native State. After the patent had been granted, Howe and Fisher went to Washington and gave a public exhibition of the machine at a fair, but still no one wanted them. Fisher thereupon became discouraged and refused to advance any more money. He had already expended about two thousand dollars, and did not believe the machines would ever meet with a ready sale.

In 1846, one of Howe's brothers, Amasa B., took the machine to England and there found an English manufacturer who would pay three thousand dollars for that machine together with the right to manufacture as many more as he pleased. There was also a verbal understanding that the manufacturer should pay the inventor three pounds for every machine sold, but this agreement, not being in writing was never carried out. The English manufacturer, whose name was William Thomas, patented the invention, introduced it into general use, and cleared on his investment a profit of about a million dollars. Thomas further offered the inventor the sum of three pounds a week if he would come over to England and adapt his machine to the particular business in which Thomas was at that time engaged. Not knowing what else to do, Howe accepted the offer and removed to London with his family. After completing the adaptation, Thomas ungenerously turned Howe adrift with a sick wife, three children and but little money.

Fortunately, again, Howe found another friend from whom he hired a room and borrowed some tools, and began to make his fourth machine. But his funds gave out and his family were reduced to a condition of great poverty. Thinking he could get along better alone, he resolved to send his family back to America while he could ; so gathering together all the money he could raise, he put them on board a vessel and bade them good by. Some linen came to the family from the washerwoman just before their departure, but they were too poor to pay the bill and were compelled to leave it behind. After their departure, Howe lived and worked in one little room, boarding himself. After months of labor he finished the machine, but all he could get offered for it was five pounds. The buyer gave Howe his note for that amount, and Howe sold the note for four pounds. He then pawned his letters-patent and with the money set sail for home as a steerage passenger, arriving in New York with half a crown in his pocket as the net result of all his labor for four years.

He soon found work as a machinist, and then word came to him that his wife was dying, but he had not money enough to go and see her. His father came to his rescue and sent him ten dollars; he borrowed some good clothes and reached the bedside of his wife just in time to receive her last words of affection. After the funeral, intelligence was brought that the ship which contained all his household goods had been wrecked and would prove a total loss.

By this time, Howe's accumulated misfortunes began to tell heavily upon his personal appearance and upon his spirits. He looked old and downcast, like a man just out from a long sickness, and well he might look thus. Not one in a hundred would have persevered and endured what he did to accomplish his life-mission. But the darkest day at last ends, and by the time Howe could recover his spirits and look about him he discovered that during his stay in England his machine had become famous, though its inventor was forgotten. Several parties had commenced to manufacture them, and were going forward in their work without any regard for the inventor's rights. Howe saw that he must protect his rights in the courts, and immediately commenced suit against the infringers. But he had no money to carry it on. He must get back his pawned letters-patent from England and the original machine, which, through the aid of Hon. Anson Burlingame, was finally accomplished. He then tried to find some one who would buy out Fisher's half of the right, and at last succeeded. But this man, whose name was Geo. W. Bliss, was so faithless in regard to the undertaking that he would not furnish any more money without security, and if Howe's father had not mortgaged his farm to Bliss, the son might have been cheated out of his rights after all.

About this time, a man whose name is now equally celebrated in sewing-machine annals with that of Howe himself, got hold of a machine, saw its power and resolved upon an attempt to improve it. This man was I. M. Singer. After completing several improvements and getting them patented,

he went to work in true business-like style, advertised his machine and soon created quite a demand for them. Howe thereupon informed Singer that he was infringing upon his rights. Singer was provoked at Howe's claim, and spent years trying to prove before the courts that Howe was not the original inventor. But in the year 1854, after a long trial, Judge Sprague of Massachusetts decided that "Howe's patent was valid and Singer's an infringement." This was nine years after the completion of the first machine.

After Bliss died, Howe was able to buy out his half of the right, and thus become sole owner of the patent. From a few hundred a year Howe's revenue rapidly increased until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars, and he received in all from the sales of the machine about two millions. A combination was formed according to the terms of which Howe was to receive five dollars for every machine sold in the United States, and one dollar for every machine imported. This agreement continued until 1860, when Howe's fee was reduced from five dollars to one, but even at this rate money poured in upon him in sufficient quantity to make himself and all his friends comfortable for life. Before Howe died he saw the complete triumph of his invention and was permitted to rejoice in the well-earned reward of his persistent toil. Indeed the prominent lesson of Howe's life cannot be better expressed than in the words of the old motto: "Geuius is but another name for continued hard work."

Passing now from our own land to that great English-speaking nation across the sea, we take up as an example of excellence one of the noblest and purest characters in English history, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. At the present writing (1881) Mr. Gladstone is for the second time Premier of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He has been in public life almost continually since the age of 22, when he took his seat in Parliament for the first time. He was born in Liverpool, 1809, and was the son of a great Liverpool merchant who was raised to a baronetcy in 1846.

The eldest son of the merchant took the father's title, as a matter of course, leaving the statesman to be known by the simple designation of Hon. or Mr.

Young Gladstone was early put to school at Eton and Oxford where he displayed an ability which gave ample assurance of a distinguished career. He graduated with double honors, excelling in both the classics and mathematics. The next year he entered Parliament; two years later he took a cabinet position under Sir Robert Peel, and advanced steadily from one post to another until the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, when he became leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and was made Premier three years later. When Gladstone first entered the political arena he was a Tory in principle, and was looked upon as the rising hope of that party, but the rapid growth of his mind, as well as the stern logic of events, soon took him out of the ranks of the Conservatives, and placed him in the fore front of the progressive Liberals. It is impossible to tie up a vigorous, thinking mind to the obsolete notions of a dead past; it will assert itself and reach out after new light and new truth—and such was the case with Gladstone.

The first Gladstone administration remained in power about five years. It tried to bring about reforms for which the nation was not prepared, and as a consequence it failed to secure the popular approval. The test measure on which the ministry was defeated was known as the Irish University Bill, the main object of which was the establishment of a system of education in that country which should be acceptable to both Protestants and Catholics, but this attempt to ride two horses going in different directions resulted, as all such attempts will, in throwing the rider to the ground between them. As Gladstone stepped down and out, his great rival and opponent, Disraeli, took his place and retained it until the election of 1880, which resulted in his overthrow and the reinstatement of the Liberal party in power.

As a party leader Mr. Gladstone has many excellences and

some defects. His temper is a little hasty and violent at times; he does not make allowance enough for the foibles and weaknesses of lesser minds, and he lacks somewhat the flexibility to meet the various exigencies of a great political contest; but his power to interpret the will of the nation and express that will in legislative form, and especially his power to inspire a hearty enthusiasm among his personal followers, are unequaled. He has the passion, the strong feeling, the fluency of speech and the simplicity and straightforwardness of action which please the multitude and command their hearty admiration, and his name is a tower of strength for his party. His soul, when engaged on any subject of importance is filled with an earnestness which is almost heroic, and he sees only one road to the end at which he aims—the shortest. His perseverance in any work which he has undertaken, in the face of difficulties which would overwhelm most men, is entirely remarkable. As a minister in charge of a great measure, one to which he has devoted the whole strength of his wonderful mind, like the Irish Land Bill for instance, he has not an equal. He then shows a knowledge, an ability, and a power in handling a great public question, a grasp at once of its underlying principles and its smallest details, a readidess to comprehend objections and a fertility of resources in meeting them, which few Englishmen have ever surpassed.

As an orator and debater in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone has had very few superiors. Disraeli possessed a more brilliant wit and greater powers of sarcasm, but had not that power of eloquence which is universally conceded to his antagonist. In fact, Gladstone is never seen to better advantage than when at the close of a long discussion, he rises to reply to his opponents. Disraeli always wrote out his speeches carefully in advance of their delivery, but Gladstone rarely writes a word. "The readiness with which he would reply to a speech just delivered, was amazing; taking up one after another the arguments advanced, he would examine them with as much fluency and precision as though he had

spent weeks in the preparation of an answer. Usually inclined to be somewhat lengthy and prolix in his remarks, at such times his sentences would be short and clear, and from beginning to end he would use hardly an unnecessary word. The heat and excitement of debate would make his pale face twitch, his voice quiver and his body sway from side to side. The storm of cheers and counter-cheers around him, which always rages in the House of Commons on such an occasion, stops not the torrent of his argument or invective, but high and clear above the tumult, his clarion voice rings out like a silvery trumpet sounding through the din of a well-fought field. As he draws near the close, something like a calm comes over the scene, and men on both sides listen eagerly and anxiously to catch every word of the peroration."

In addressing out-door audiences, many of whom are hostile to his principles and policy, he exhibits the same remarkable power of command which distinguish his Parliamentary speeches.

But Gladstone as an author is almost as well-known as Gladstone the party leader and statesman. At the early ago of 28, he appeared before the public in a book on the relations of church and state which ran through three editions, and which had the high honor of an elaborate review from the pen of Macaulay in the *Edinburg Review*. When serving under Sir Robert Peel, he wrote several political pamphlets, one of which passed through eleven editions in a single year, and was translated into all the principal European languages. On "Homer and Homeric Studies," Mr. Gladstone has long been one of the high authorities of the world. No modern writer has surpassed him in the masterly delineation of the essential characteristics of ancient Greek life. His later pamphlet on "The Vatican," also had an extraordinary sale and exerted a wide-spread influence over current and contemporaneous thought.

In conclusion, Gladstone's purity of character and private life is everywhere and openly admitted. He has a great

and noble heart beating in his breast, which, like the Ursa Major in the heavens, remains constant and loyal to the right and true. No one of his political enemies can refer to any stain upon his personal manhood or his domestic life. In the village where he resides, when not in London, he not unfrequently goes into the humble church and publicly reads the lessons from the Prayer-Book for himself and his neighbors. At such times the dignity and nobility of his character shines out with resplendent power, and his solemn utterances are treasured up in the hearts of the people as though coming from an accredited ambassador of the skies. In personal appearance, Gladstone strongly resembles our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. There is a blending generosity and scorn in the play of the nostrils, and an alternating severity and sweetness in the expressive mouth. His countenance is lined and seamed with thought; and paled by years of toil. Take him for all in all, he has ever justified the remark made of him by Chevalier Bunsen in 1839: "Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual power."

Next in power over the English people, stands the great Commoner and Parliamentary orator, JOHN BRIGHT. Inferior to Gladstone in breadth of scholarship and general intellectual culture there is yet no man who stands higher in the estimation of the English people than Bright. Unlike Gladstone, Bright sprang directly from the ranks of the people and made himself what he was through the force of native gifts and steady intense application to reading and study. Bright's father was a cotton-spinner and manufacturer in the town of Rochdale, Eng. John was born in 1811, and enjoyed only an ordinary school training. At the age of 15 he was placed in his father's counting-house where he remained for twelve years, wholly absorbed in business pursuits. In two years after his marriage, in 1839, his wife died, leaving him alone in life with a little helpless child.

Bright might have remained in mercantile life permanently, had it not been for the agitation concerning the famous Corn

Laws which about this time was shaking the nation. These Corn Laws were very old, dating back as far as 1326. They had been modified repeatedly, but gradually grew more and more obnoxious to the people, until at length a powerful league was formed to work for their repeal. The laws in themselves were simply statutory prohibitions against the exportation and importation of all kinds of grain, except under certain restrictions and annoying conditions. The result was to keep the price of bread higher than it would have been under the opposite policy of free trade. One of the moving spirits in this agitation was Richard Cobden, and while Bright, then a young man, was sorrowing over his domestic loss, Cobden came to him and urged him to join in the struggle for free trade and cheaper bread. Bright at first refused, but when Cobden besought him to do so for the sake of the English poor, Bright consented, and together they started out on that wonderful crusade which aroused the nation, converted Sir Robert Peel, the Premier, and secured the repeal of the obnoxious statutes. This incident determined Bright's career for life. When the people saw what kind of a man he was, and what wonderful gifts of oratory he possessed, they wanted him to represent them in Parliament, and accordingly elected him to a seat in 1843. And he was hardly ever out of Parliament from that time forward. Once only he took a Cabinet position at the request of Gladstone, and was the first Quaker who ever held such a position in England.

If any one had entered Parliament during the later years of Mr. Bright's service, he would at once have singled out a stout, portly man, with smooth-shaven face and white hair, broad and lofty forehead, clear-cut mouth and wonderfully fine eyes, which seemed capable of flashing fire or shedding tears at will, and would have inquired who he was. And every English looker-on would have answered him with pride, "That is John Bright."

CHAPTER XVI.

Is Success Always Desirable?

Man should dare all things that he knows is right,
And fear to do nothing save what is wrong.

PHEBE CARY.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than Coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

Happen what there can, I will be just;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue.

BEN JOHNSON.

That is true glory and renown when God,
Looking on earth, with approbation marks
The just man.

MILTON.

That life is long, which answers life's great end.

EDWARD YOUNG.

IN answer to the question which forms the subject of this chapter, we say Yes and No. By which apparent contradiction we mean, that one kind of success is desirable, and another kind is not. As every earthly good must be bought and paid for in some kind of currency, so it is possible to buy success at too dear a price; that which we give for it being worth more than what we get in return.

We shall not be so foolish as to say that there is no power or blessing in the possession of money, for there is both. And if money can be earned by honorable and legitimate effort, it *should* be, always. There is no special virtue in being poor,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

particularly if our poverty is the result of a lack of enterprise and energy on our part; on the contrary, poverty under such circumstances is both a curse and a disgrace to any man. As an observing and forcible thinker remarks: "Whatever may be said of the dangers of riches, the dangers of poverty are tenfold greater. A condition in which one is exposed to continual want, not only of the luxuries but of the veriest necessaries of life, as well as to disease and discouragement, is exceedingly unfavorable to the exercise of the higher functions of the mind and soul. The poor man is hourly beset by troops of temptations which the rich man never knows. Doubtless the highest virtues are sometimes found to flourish even in the cold clime and sterile soil of poverty.

"But it is insufferable nonsense to speak of these qualities as indigenous or native to poverty, when we know they often flourish in spite of it. Poverty is a condition which no man should accept, unless it be forced upon him as an inexorable necessity or as the alternative of dishonor. No person has a right voluntarily to place himself in a position where he will be assailed hourly by the fiercest temptations, where he will be able to preserve his uprightness only by a strength little short of angelic, and where he will be liable at any moment to become by sickness a burden to his friends. Every man, too, should make some provision for old age; for an old man in the poor-house, or begging alms, is a sorry sight, and suggests the suspicion, however ill-founded, that his life has been foolishly, if not viciously spent."

It is money, or the want of it, which sets in motion and keeps whirling the thousand wheels of industry in all the different departments and varied pursuits of life. The hum of machinery, the roar of railways, the busy marts of trade, and the myriad activities of traffic by land and sea, are all built up and sustained by the use of money. More than this, the need of money is the cohesive power which binds society together, and makes order, good government, and civil virtue possible. If every man in a community had all the money he wanted, and a few dollars over, civil chaos and anarchy would

surely follow. Labor is thus not only a blessing to the individual, but to society as well.

Competition for the possession of money not only evokes intellectual skill, tact, ingenuity and enterprise, but at the same time it acts as a civil regulator, as a kind of social balance-wheel, and as a moral preservative; keeping down the passions and lusts of men, and preventing riotous outbreaks of all kinds by providing full employment for every superfluous ounce of physical strength, and for every spare moment of time. If no one needed money, the world would soon come to a stand-still, so far as progress and civilization are concerned. Should there be no necessity for useful labor of any kind in order to provide for the physical, intellectual and social wants of life, mankind would have nothing to do but indulge their passions, gratify their appetites, and kill or conquer each other in warfare. In short, practical savagery or barbarism would result at once.

Furthermore, the very labor a man has to perform, the self-denial he has to cultivate in acquiring money, are of themselves an education. They compel him to put forth intelligence, skill, energy, vigilance, zeal, bring out his practical qualities, and gradually train his moral and intellectual powers. Mental discipline may be got from money-getting as real as that which is obtained from mathematics; "the soul is trained by the ledger as much as by the calculus, and can get exercise in the account of sales as much as in the account of stars." The provident man must of necessity be a thoughtful man, living, as he does, not for the present, but for the future; and he must also practice self-denial, that virtue which is one of the chief elements in a strong and well-formed character.

Again, in these times especially, money is a tremendous power. It generally gives to its possessor character, standing, and respectability. A pygmy in intellect, with money, becomes a giant in influence. Now, as in Shakespere's time, "the learned head must often duck to the golden fool." Rank, talents, eloquence, learning, and moral worth, all challenge a certain degree of respect; but, unconnected with property, they

have comparatively little influence in commanding the services of other men. The social standing is indicated by the bank-book. "The railway conductor accents his demand, the hotel clerk assigns rooms, the dry-goods merchant graduates the angle of his bows by it. Even the seat to which the sexton bows you in church is chosen with nice reference to your exchequer."

Mark, we are not saying that this is right, or just, or true, or honorable, in spirit or practice, but we are now simply stating acknowledged facts. With money a man "can surround himself with richer means of enjoyment, secure a more varied and harmonious culture, and set in motion grander schemes of philanthropy in this last half of the ninteenth century, than at any previous period in the world's history. Science is multiplying with amazing rapidity the comforts and luxuries of life and the means of self-culture, and money is the necromancer by which they are placed at our disposal. Money means a tight house, the warmest clothing, the most nutritious food, the best medical attendance, books, music, pictures; a good seat in the concert or lecture room, in the cars, and even in the church; the ability to rest, when weary in body or brain, and, above all, independence of thought."

And besides all, God has given to some men the power or the faculty of accumulation, showing that the amassing and the right use of wealth enter into and constitute a part of his grand and comprehensive design. We find in this divine bestowment of gifts not only a Shakespere, a Raphael, a Beethoven, and a Morse, but also an Astor, a Peabody, a Lawrence, and a Cornell. And the latter class simply followed out the bent of their natures and their genius, as did the former. Colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, and railroads could never have been built without these accumulations of capital. All this we freely acknowledge in favor of the value and usefulness of money-getting as an element of progress and of civilization. But there is another side to this question, and to this we now turn.

While money rightfully and honorably obtained is thus a

power, a comfort, and a means of doing great good in the world, it must never, *never* be forgotten, on the other hand, that there are many things better, higher, dearer, more sacred, and more valuable even, than money or success or good fortune. If success must be purchased at the sacrifice of honor, honesty, virtue, reputation, or a good character, it were infinitely better to live and die without it, than to buy it at such a price. Better be accounted a failure in life, better be poor, inconvenient and pinching as poverty sometimes is, than to be rich, mean, soulless, miserly, and dishonorable. "While there is nothing great on earth but man, there is nothing great in men but *mind*."

As another has said: "Money-getting is unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or dries up the sources of the spiritual life; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots all thought of God from the soul. Money-getting is unhealthy, again, when it engrosses all one's thought, leads a man to live meanly and coarsely, to do without books, pictures, music, travel, for the sake of greater gains, and causes him to find his deepest and most soul-satisfying joy, not in the culture of his heart or mind, not in doing good to himself or others, but in the adding of eagle to eagle, in the knowledge that the money in his chest is piled up higher and higher every year, that his account at the bank is constantly growing, that he is adding bonds to bonds, mortgages to mortgages, stocks to stocks." The most pitiable wretch on earth is he who has sold himself, body and soul, to the Devil, for the sake of gain, or for one brief hour of what is called success and glory.

More than this, Isaac Walton tells us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares which are the keys of riches hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. How many men, on reaching the pinnacle of wealth, find, as they look down upon their money-bags,

that they have only purchased one set of enjoyments by the loss of another equally desirable! "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays to laugh at now from the boxes." Many a Sir Epicure Mammon, as he sits down with jaded appetite to his lobster salad and champagne, thinks with keen regret of the simple repast which titillated his palate when he was poor. The great railway king, Hudson, and his wife, feasting with dukes and duchesses in their big house at Albert Gate, looked back with many a sigh to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little parlor behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

Nothing seems easier to a poor person than to be able to get pleasure and ease and enjoyment out of the possession of money. "Oh!" says the novice, "if I could only buy all that I wanted, how happy I should be." But does not every one know that the very power to possess a thing, often creates indifference, if not positive dislike, for it? More than two-thirds of the enjoyment of life comes from anticipation, and not from possession. If we know we cannot have what we want, imagination, like the evil genius that it sometimes is, immediately commences to invest the object desired with a halo of splendor; but when after much effort, we at length reach the prize, we usually discover that the brilliancy and desirability have to a great degree vanished from sight, if not from the object itself.

This truth is well illustrated in the anecdote told some years ago of two men who were conversing about John Jacob Astor's property. Some one was asked if he would be willing to take care of all the millionaire's property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing. "No!" was the indignant answer; "do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoins the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's *found*, and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation

of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of this large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can do nothing with his income but build *more* houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He's *found*, and you can make nothing else out of it."

The same truth is again illustrated in the life of Nathan Myers Rothschild, the great Jew banker, who for so many years opened and closed the purse of the world to Kings and Emperors as he listed; but who, notwithstanding his vast wealth, was one of the most withered and miserable men that ever lived. To part with a shilling in the way of charity cut him to the heart, and he was always contriving to find out the smallest possible pittance on which a clerk's soul could be kept in his body. With most sorrowful earnestness he exclaimed to one congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy: "*Happy!* ME *happy!*"

Those who think Rothschild's experience singular may be still further enlightened by that of Stephen Girard. When surrounded by riches, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in the accumulation of wealth, he thus wrote to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with cares. I do not value a fortune. The love of labor is my highest motive. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Even the most specious and plausible reason for seeking riches, namely, to be above the necessity of a rigid economy, or the pressure of debt, Archbishop Whately shows to be unsound and deceptive. It is worth remarking, he observes, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes, are greater than those of persons with slenderer means; and that, consequently, a larger

proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances, than of the poor. This is often overlooked. Take a number of persons of equal amount of income, divided into classes from $500 per annum up to $500,000 per annum, and you will find the *percentage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign States, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt; so that it would appear, the larger the income, the harder it is to live within it. In other words, the tendency to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth; and hence competence has been wittily defined as three hundred a year more than you possess.

John Foster quotes a case to show what simple determination will do in helping a man to be successful in business, and at the same time to show how little power money has to reform character. He says: "A young man who ran through his patrimony, spending it in profligacy, was at length reduced to utter want and despair. He rushed out of his house intending to put an end to his life, but stopped on arriving at an eminence overlooking what were once his estates. He sat down, ruminated for a time, and rose with the determination that he would recover them. He returned to the streets, saw a load of coals which had been shot out of a cart on the pavement before a house, offered to carry them in, and was employed. He thus earned a few pence, requested some meat and drink as a gratuity, which was given him, and the pennies were laid by. Pursuing this menial labor, he earned and saved more pennies; accumulated sufficient to enable him to purchase some cattle, the value of which he understood, and these he sold to advantage. He now pursued money with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death; advancing by degrees into larger and larger transactions, until at length he became rich. The result was, that he more than recovered his possessions, and died an inveterate miser. When he was buried, mere earth went to earth. With a nobler spirit, the same determination might have enabled such a man to be a

benefactor to others as well as to himself. But the life and its end in this case were alike sordid."

Hence it has been truly observed that it is one of the defects of business too exclusively followed, that it insensibly tends to a mechanism of character. The business man gets into a rut, and often does not look beyond it. If he lives for himself only, he becomes apt to regard other human beings only in so far as they minister to his ends. Take a leaf from the ledger of such men, and you have their life. It is against the growth of this habit of inordinate saving, that a man needs most carefully to guard himself; else, what in youth was simple economy, may in old age grow into avarice.

He who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling, may become a very rich man, and yet remain all the while an exceedingly poor creature. For riches are no proof whatever of moral worth; and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor, as the glow-worm's light reveals the grub. Let a man be what he will, it is the mind and heart that make a man poor or rich, miserable or happy; for these are always stronger than fortune. Not only industry, honesty, frugality, perseverance amid hardships and ever-baffling discouragements, but much more miraculous attributes, as meek contentment, severe self-sacrifice, tender affections, unwavering trust in Providence, all are found blooming in the hearts of the poorest poor,—even in the sunless regions of absolute destitution, where honesty might be expected to wear an everlasting scowl of churlishness, and a bitter disbelief in the love of God to accompany obedience to the laws of man.

And more than this, it is well to remember that the greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And

it will always be so. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavy on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

The highest object of life we take to be, to form a manly character, and to work out the best development possible, of body and spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart, and soul. This is the end; all else ought to be regarded but as the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power of place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty. Money is power after its sort, it is true, but intelligence, public spirit and moral virtue are powers, too, and far nobler ones.

PART II.

Happiness in Social and Family Life.

Happiness is our being's end and aim!

Alexander Pope.

There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure;—and this is human happiness.

N. P. Willis.

A man's happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has, or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.

Prof. S. J. Wilson.

Happiness is the congruity between a creature's nature and its circumstances.

Bishop Butler.

CHAPTER I.

The Nature of Happiness.

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal deities have only left
A common bank of happiness below,
Maintained, like nature, by an ebb and flow.

Sir Robert Howard.

ALTHOUGH doubted by many, there is such a thing as human happiness on earth, at least in a comparative or relative sense. But human happiness is neither divine nor perfect in extent or quality, and we must not expect to find it such; if we do, we shall most surely be disappointed in our search for it, as well as in our experience of it, when found. "That man never is, but always to be, blest," expresses a great and undeniable truth, which truth, put into other language, means that the anticipation of enjoyment is nearly always superior to any actual possession. Hope is an enchantress "who ever smiles and waves her golden hair," while Fancy and Imagination are a couple of gay but cruel deceivers that are never idle. Concerning the ministry of the former power in life, the poet Cowley says:

Of all the ills that men endure,
Hope is the only universal cure.
The captive's freedom, and the sick man's health,
The lover's victory, and the beggar's wealth.

And Campbell adds:

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;

And there as wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring;
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

While Young declares that

Hope of all passions most befriends us here.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
But hope, a cordial, innocent yet strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes!

Equally powerful and equally direct is the influence of fancy and imagination on the heart and life. Says Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, an early American poetess:

Fancy is a fairy that can hear
Ever the melody of nature's voice,
And see all lovely visions that she will.

While Rogers sings:

Do what he will, man cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.

And Byron adds, with a touch of bitterness:

Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men?
Alas! of its own beauty is the mind
Diseased.

Therefore, we repeat, that on account of the active ministry of these two cunning mental wizards, these gay yet deceiving faculties of the mind, these two powerful sirens of life, the effect of whose workings in human thought we have just outlined in these extracts of song, we must never expect human happiness to be like that which has been pictured to us as man's blissful possession in the upper world of shadeless light and unbroken joy; still, we repeat again, there is such a thing as human happiness in the comparative or earthly sense

of the word, and that happiness is attainable by a certain course of conduct, and the possession of certain virtues, which it will be the object of Part II of this volume to disclose.

Bishop Butler was right in defining happiness to be a "state of congruity (or suitableness and harmony) between a man's nature and his circumstances." This definition is very broad, deep and comprehensive, and needs a little unfolding to bring out its truthfulness and application. First, all men are surrounded and environed in this life by a network of events, persons, and things, the action of which upon each other and their combined relation to man himself, produces what we call *circumstances*. These hem a man in on every side, and he can no more escape their influence than a ship sailing across the ocean can escape the action of wind and tide. These circumstances have a great deal to do with a man's happiness. When they are unpleasant, restricting, cramping, or torturing, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for human nature to rise superior to their power.

Some have gone so far as to assert that man is but the sport of circumstances, like a floating slab on a tossing, billowy sea; that he is dashed about, hither and thither, by events which he has no power to control. Now, if this were literally true, it would be idle to talk about happiness, one way or the other, for it, too, like the events which surround us, would be beyond human control. But, fortunately, this is not the case. Circumstances are partly *under* as well as above the power of human will. Thus a man can make himself rich or poor, honored or disgraced, strong or sickly, just as he obeys or disregards certain laws of life. If he gives right up to the world and exercises no will-power of his own, if he allows himself to lie on the edge of life's sea like a helpless and dismantled wreck, and suffers himself to be moved about by every wave of influence which will be sure to break over him, he will be indeed the sport of circumstances, and will only know what happiness is during those brief, uncertain intervals when the "sea is calm and the sky is blue," and the winds are at rest. But if he does this and suffers on account of it, he has only

himself to blame. The All-wise and benevolent Creator never designed him for any such sphere or position. On the contrary, God has given to every man the power of self-denial, the power of resistance to evil, and the power of choice, with the additional power of carrying out aims and choices into action.

In saying this, however, we do not limit or circumscribe the power of God to move us about and change our circumstances as seems to him good, nor do we ignore the power of the world to influence and change the character of human life. On the contrary, we acknowledge both of these, and to show how one can make circumstances contribute to his success and consequent happiness in life, we have written Part I. of this volume. That whole treatise should be considered as an acknowledgment of the power of externals to make one happy or miserable. For if one's success in life, if the nature and quality of his surroundings had no influence over the amount of his happiness, why should one strive to be wealthy, or distinguished? The very fact that circumstances *do* tend powerfully in the direction of human weal or woe, added to the other fact that man is partly responsible for the nature of his circumstances, has been the very reason which has prompted us to give the reader such careful directions and rules for the betterment and exaltation of his condition in life.

We say, then, that happiness consists in part in being fortunate or successful in business life; in acquiring by honorable effort and legitimate methods a money competence. Good houses to live in, a plenty of good food and clothing, books, pictures, fine horses and carriages, money to entertain with, or to travel with, are not at all to be despised by one who seeks to be happy. All these have their influence on a man's spirits and temper, and in providing him with suitable opportunities to enjoy what are called the "good things of this life."

But money is not all, nor even the main ingredient in the cup of happiness. It is one element, we admit, but only one; for there are, in proportion, as many unhappy rich people in the world, as poor ones—if not more. This, however,

is not to be charged against riches so much as to those who, possessing riches, do not know how to use them properly. Like almost everything else in the world, money can be made to contribute to human happiness or misery with equal facility, according to the nature and disposition of him who handles it. We need many things which money will buy, and many more which money cannot buy. And what these things are we shall in this part of our work proceed to enumerate.

Let us suppose, then, that a young man has chosen his occupation in life, has settled down to his work manfully, and with a determination to persevere and be industrious, has already begun to prosper, and, in fact, is in a fair way of becoming rich in the course of time. What other things are necessary, besides those already mentioned and dwelt upon, to make him as happy as he will be successful? He is supposed to be already on the imperial highway of fortune, but how shall he blend fortune with happiness? Of course, he does not want to make a pack-horse of himself, and simply lug around a lot of business burdens all the time; nor does he want to groan and sweat continually under a great load of cares and labors. There are many other interests to look after which are equally as important as mercantile or manufacturing interests, and he must not neglect these, any more than material values.

Referring to Bishop Butler's definition of happiness again, we discover that he mentions three elements as entering into it: first, the power of circumstances, which we have just considered; secondly, a certain kind or quality of nature, which is yet to be considered; and thirdly, a state of congruity, harmony, or agreement, existing between these two, or between the inward and outward worlds. There is a world within man, as well as a world without; a world of thought, feeling, sentiment, desire, hope or fear, hatred or love; and the stream of human happiness always takes its rise in nature—from the hillsides of thought and feeling or from the valleys of contemplation and love—rather than from any state or condition of things without. To attempt to create a permanent state of happiness by the possession and manipulation of external

things, and then attempt to pour this, like the contents of a cup, into the heart, would be very much like attempting to reverse the course of the Mississippi. The internal world is higher in nature and position than the external, and stands in closer connection with the skies above, where all true happiness finds its seat and home.

Accordingly, as water always runs down the mountain side instead of up, so this river of happiness must always start from the mental or moral heights of the mind and heart, and then find its way out and down into the lower external regions where business is carried on, and where the sounds of the anvil and hammer are heard. As thought precedes external activity, so happiness must be an internal possession before it can be a permanent external realization. Burns has truly said that—

> 'Tis not in books, 'tis not in lear,
> To make us truly blest,
> If happiness has not her seat
> And center in the breast.
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest.

And Pope corroborates the same view when he says,—

> Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
> Bliss is the same in subject or in king.

And Thomson, too, joins us in sentiment in the lines:—

> Not all good things, in one rich lot combined,
> Can make the happy man without the mind;
> Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
> And all the moral harmony of life.

Ah, this thought of good Bishop Butler is indeed a just one, and his idea of happiness as harmony between a man's nature and his circumstances is both profound and true. Who does not know what it is to be out of gear sometimes with everybody and everything, himself included? Who does not know very well there is no such thing as happiness to be enjoyed in such a frame of mind? Now by supposing such a

state to become chronic and fixed within the mind, we shall have an internal condition the exact opposite of what the good Bishop meant by his harmony or congruity of nature and circumstances.

In order, then, to create a permanently happy state, speaking on general principles, a man must first do his best to surround himself with a set of circumstances which shall be agreeable and pleasant, and then try to cultivate those qualities of mind and heart which shall not only make him peaceful and joyful in himself, but adapted to, and contented with, his surroundings. There are multitudes of persons between whose natures and whose environments there is perpetual war. They want one thing, and circumstances compel them to take up with another, vastly inferior or entirely different; and rather than submit to that which they do not like or choose, they keep up a continual fight which makes continual discord. Of course, there is no happiness for such, unless they are strong enough to change the conditions of their life, make them more consonant with their feelings, or unless they cultivate those essential qualities of heart and habits of thinking which will bring them into a state of harmony with their surroundings. In some cases, and especially with the aged, either of these alternatives are practically impossible, and consequently they must look for their happiness in that "brighter sphere, where all will be made plain that so puzzles us here."

But with young people, who have the greater part of life yet before them, there is no need of settling down into a state of hopeless misery or permanent unhappiness, when an opposite state can be enjoyed just as easily. Hence it makes all the difference between happiness and misery, in a majority of cases, whether people start out in life with right or wrong ideas upon the nature of the object to be gained. To be forewarned, is usually to be forearmed against possible disaster, and hence we put this book into your hands, reader, as a sort of general guide to fortune, happiness, and heaven. There are thousands upon thousands who are seeking happiness by wrong methods, and their mistakes are not only costly and

dangerous to themselves, but they exert a reactionary influence upon others, as bad; consequently, he who may be able by wise counsel, sound reasoning, and apposite illustration, to increase the amount of happiness in any single mind, may be justly set down as a true benefactor of his kind. For real happiness is to be won at last, if ever won at all, through wise and deliberate choices and persistent courses of conduct, rather than by any lucky experiment or accidental discovery.

CHAPTER II.

Health and Happiness.

We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.

SHAKESPERE.

All the good that individuals find,
Or God or nature meant to mere mankind,
Lie in three words; health, peace and competence.

POPE.

To the strong hand and strong head, the capacious lungs and vigorous frame, fall, and will always fall, the heavy burdens; and where the heavy burdens fall, the great prizes fall, too. LAWS OF LIFE.

THE first element of happiness is good health, or a sound mind in a sound body. We put this forward first, because it belongs first. Man is an animal, as well as an immortal, and as long as he stays on earth he cannot be indifferent to the condition of his animal nature and expect either to be successful or happy. To be sick, weak, feeble, emaciated, run down, dyspeptic, or nervously exhausted, is to be good for nothing, except to be miserable.

Time was when the body was looked upon as a sort of drag upon the mind, and was treated as something which a man had to carry around with him, like a burden. The old religious ascetics, who lived in caves and in mountains and deserts, used to torture and crucify their bodies under the erroneous impression that they were thereby making themselves more spiritually-minded and more acceptable to God. Even as good a man as Pascal once said that "disease was the natural state of Christians." A more blasphemous utterance never was

written or spoken; still, that was the common idea among certain classes and orders of the Romish church at that time, and is to this day. Burton's idea, however, comes much nearer the truth when he says, "The body is the domicil or home of the mind; and, as a torch gives a better light, a sweeter smell, according to the matter it is made of, so doth our soul perform all her actions better or worse, as her organs are disposed; or, as wine savors of the cask wherein it is kept, the soul receives a tincture from the body, through which it works." Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander used to say when asked whether he enjoyed religion, "I think I do, except when the wind is in the East."

In like manner, it used to be thought proper to wholly neglect the care and culture of the body in systems of education. The model student was often pale, puny, lean and lank, consumptive or dyspeptic, desiring to be all brain and soul. But this idea is now pretty well exploded, and physical culture receives its due share of attention at almost all colleges and other institutions for intellectual training. It has been well said that to cultivate a man's physical powers exclusively, is to make of him an athlete or a savage; to consider the moral only, is to make a man an enthusiast, a fanatic, or a monomaniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased, inefficient theorist. Elihu Burritt found hard work necessary to enable him to study with effect; and more than once he gave up school-keeping and study, and, taking to his leather apron again, went back to his blacksmith's forge and anvil for his health of body and mind's sake.

Milton described himself as up and stirring early in the morning,—"in winter, often ere the sound of any bell wakes man to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or to cause them to be read till the attention be ready, or memory have its full fraught; then, with clear and generous labor, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind for the cause of religion, and our country's liberty." In his "Trac-

tate on Education" he recommends the physical exercise of fencing to young men, as calculated to "keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, and also as the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage;" and he further urges that they should "be practiced in all the locks and grips of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel."

The marvelous and juvenile vitality of Lord Palmerston was long a matter of surprise. But it was owing to his pride and pleasure as a youth, to be the best rower, jumper, and runner; to be first in the sports of the field as he was first in the senate; and his horse and gun were invariably resorted to in his hours of relaxation. Sir Walter Scott, when attending the University at Edinburgh, though he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead," was, notwithstanding his lameness, a remarkably healthy youth, and could spear a salmon with the best fisher on the Tweed, or ride a wild horse with any hunter in Yarrow. When devoting himself in after life to literary pursuits, Sir Walter never lost his taste for field-sports; but while writing "Waverly" in the morning, he would in the afternoon course hares. Professor Wilson was a very athlete, as great at throwing the hammer as in his flights of eloquence and poetry; and Burns, when a youth, was remarkable chiefly for his leaping, putting, and wrestling. Some of the greatest divines were distinguished in their youth for their physical energies. Isaac Barrow, when at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his pugilistic encounters, in which he got many a bloody nose; Andrew Fuller, when working as a farmer's lad at Soham, was chiefly famous for his skill in boxing; and Adam Clarke, when a boy, was only remarkable for the strength displayed by him in "rolling large stones about;" the secret, possibly, of some of the power which he subsequently displayed in rolling forth large thoughts in his manhood.

In fact, success and happiness in life depend much more upon physical health than is generally imagined. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, writing home to a friend in England, said,

"I believe, if I get on well in India, it will be owing, physically speaking, to a sound digestion." The capacity for continuous working in any calling must necessarily mainly depend upon this; and hence the necessity for attending to health, even as a means of intellectual labor itself. It is in no slight degree to the boating and cricketing sports, still cultivated at the best public schools and universities of England, that they produce so many specimens of healthy, manly and vigorous men, of the true Hodson stamp. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking at the boys engaged in their sports on the play-ground at Eton, where he had spent his own juvenile days, made the pregnant remark, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won."

The body has some rights of its own, although it be a slave to the nobler faculties of our being, and when this slave is abused for any length of time, he will invariably rise up against, and smite his master. The man who sleeps the soundest and digests his dinner with the least difficulty, will, other things being equal, win the most prizes in life and be the most good-natured and happy about it. A popular lecturer has lately said that "it is now generally conceded that there is an organization which we call the nervous system in the human body, to which belong the functions of emotion, intelligence, and sensation, and that this is connected intimately with the whole circulation of the blood, with the condition of the blood as affected by the liver, and by aeration in the lungs; that the manufacture of the blood is dependent upon the stomach; so *a man is what he is not in one part or another, but all over;* one part is intimately connected with the other, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain; and when a man thinks he thinks the whole trunk through.

"Man's power comes from the generating forces that are in him, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation; an organization by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified; a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily; a brain prop-

erly organized and balanced; the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force; immense energy to generate resources and facility to give them out;—all these elements go to determine what a man's working power is." Intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket," or like a granary to which there is no key.

Referring to the ancients again, it is a singular fact that before the dawn of the Christian era, the philosophers and orators, warriors and great men of Greece and Rome devoted a great deal of attention to the culture and maintenance of physical vigor. It is told of Cicero that he became at one time the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word "dyspepsia,"—maladies which pursue the indolent and the overworked man as the shark follows in the wake of the plague-ship. The orator hastened, not to the physicians which might have hastened his death, but to Greece; flung himself into the gymnasium; submitted to its regimen for two entire years; and returned to the struggles of the forum as vigorous as the peasants that tilled his farm. Who doubts that by this means his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp? Had he remained a dyspeptic, he might have written beautiful essays on old age and friendship, but he never would have pulverized Catiline, or blasted Antony with his lightnings.

So the intellectual power of those giants of antiquity, Aristotle and Plato, was owing in a large degree to that harmonious education in which the body shared as well as the mind. That the one ruled the world of thought down to the time of Bacon, and that the other is stimulating and quickening the mind of the nineteenth century, are owing in part to the fact that they were not only great geniuses, but, as one has well said, geniuses most happily set, and that no dyspepsia broke the harmony of their thought, no neuralgia twinged the system with agony, and no philosopher's ail infected the throat with bad blood or an ulcerated mucous membrane.

Coming back to our own time, we find that nature presented our Websters, Clays, and Calhouns, not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. Above all, our Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans, what would they be without nerves of whipcord and frames of iron? The tortures of hereditary disease united with the pangs of fever, wrung from Napoleon in one of the most critical days of his history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. The efficiency of the common soldier, too, he knew depended, first of all, upon his being in perfect health and splendid condition; and hence he tried to bring up all his troops to the condition of pugilists when they fight for the championship. This was the secret of their prodigious efforts, their endurance of fatigues that would have killed common men.

Horace Mann, in a letter of advice to a law-student, justly remarks that a spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. "I am certain," continues he, "I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital,—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."

Thus good health is seen to be intimately connected with the enjoyment of religion, the enjoyment of study and work, and the enjoyment of life generally. There are few keener miseries than to look out upon the world, bustling with activity and palpitating with power, seeing others busy and happy, knowing there are prizes to be won and joys to be experienced in winning them, and yet to hold back from entering the arena and mingling in the fray, on account of a diseased and enfeebled body, a bedraggled and fettered mind, and an exhausted nervous system.

It hardly comes within our province to treat of the general laws of health in this connection, and, more than this, it would be exceedingly difficult to lay down any set of rules which would admit of anything like universal application. It is an old adage, but a true one, that "what is one man's meat, is another's poison." All men and women must study their own natures and constitutions, must now and then seek good medical advice, and then regulate themselves and their habits accordingly. In all cases, however, a plenty of exercise is essential to health, and so is an abundance of good nourishing food. A plenty of sweet refreshing sleep is also absolutely indispensable.

Sir Philip Sidney has said that "the common ingredients of health and long life are great temperance, the open air, moderate labor and little care;" but this is hardly an exhaustive schedule, although the four things which he mentions are all of them important. But leaving special rules aside, we wish to urge on general principles the duty of preserving health as one of the elements of happiness. To continue in any practice or habit of eating, drinking, or sporting, after it has been once clearly ascertained that such practice is hurtful or injurious to health, is to commit a most flagrant crime against self and against society. Beware, then, of doing anything which tends to destroy the vigor of health. Shun the approach of disease as you would the presence of a hideous monster. Your good health is a priceless jewel—don't throw it away.

Take special care of your nervous system, for the nerves are the connecting links between body and spirit and also the inlets of all superior influences and joys. Shattered or exhausted nerve-power is the worst calamity that can possibly befall one. Says Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell upon this point: "There is a certain amount of nerve force in every individual which is essential to life; this force is generated in the three centres, the brain, the spinal cord, the ganglia, just as the blood is generated by the stomach and its connected apparatus, and the lungs; the brain is the nervous centre for the mind, the spinal marrow is the centre for the muscles, and the ganglia form the nervous centre for the organs.

"Now each centre has thus its appropriate objects to which its nervous force must be distributed, but if the parts which should be supplied are not called into exercise, there will be an excess of nervous force in other parts, the healthy balance will be lost, and a diseased nervous system will be the consequence. We have seen the very large portion of the nervous system which is appropriated to the muscles—the great number of nerves which are distributed all over the body, from the whole length of the spinal cord—these nerves are nerves of motion, and nerves of sensation; if the muscles remain inactive the motor nerves of course remain so too; here then the first balance is destroyed, the sensitive life attains an undue power over the active motor life, the body becomes the prey of morbid sensation, of an unnatural vivacity of impressions, which mark the irritability of this unbalanced exercise of the sensitive nerves.

"Again, the inactivity of the muscular system not calling into exercise the whole nervous force of the spinal marrow, the mind, which is always active, will call the brain into undue activity, and if stimulants are applied to the mind, this will only increase the evil and produce premature mental development. Nor is this all. The sympathetic nervous system, under whose influence the organs of the body grow and live, will share in this undue activity imparted to the other centres by the inaction of the muscular system. The generative or-

gans, also, which are governed by the ganglia and intimately connected with the mind, will suffer from the lost balance of the nervous system, and while they should be the last and slowest growth of the body, will suffer with the mind a premature development.

"Here, then, are three great evils arising from the loss of nervous balance produced by the inactivity of the muscles, namely: an undue exaltation of the sensitive life, the premature development of the mind, and of the generative organs." And each and all of these three evils can be averted in men and women, it seems, by regular exercise or regular work. In fact, these evils are found more commonly among the idle, the indolent, and the dissipated, than among the sober and industrious workers of the world.

Again Doctor Blackwell remarks upon the same subject: "This nervous influence has its origin in the brain, the spinal marrow, or the ganglia (which latter are little white masses found in the different parts of the body), and is conveyed by white cords into every fibre of the body, producing feeling, movement, in fact, life. The brain is that mass of gray and white matter contained within the skull, which is the special instrument of the mind, while the spinal marrow is a thick cord, of similar substance, running through the bony tube of the spine. There is no separation between the brain and spinal-marrow; we feel the head moving upon the spine, but there is no division between them at the nape of the neck; they are encased by similar membranes, bathed by similar fluids, and formed of similar substance; the connection between the two must necessarily, then, be very intimate.

"The whole substance of the spinal cord is specially devoted to supply the muscular system with nervous influence; large white nerve-cords escape from the spinal marrow along the whole extent of the trunk, and branch off, in finer and finer threads, to every muscle in the body; the largest nerves in the whole body, being three-quarters of an inch wide, branch off in this way in the lower part of the trunk, and extend to the many powerful muscles situated in this part of the body, and

to the lower extremities. Moreover, that the muscular system may not be isolated from the rest of the body, but that its influence for good or ill may be felt in every organ, branches of these nerves are sent off to each one, although they are specially supplied from another source; so that the muscles, the various organs of the body, and the brain are intimately linked together."

We have dwelt upon this point a little because nervous diseases are frightfully on the increase in this country among all classes, young and old, male and female, and because the writer knows by painful experience that where acute or chronic nervousness exists, there happiness is not, and never can be, until general good health is restored.

CHAPTER III.

Rest and Recreation.

As a nation we are intolerant of rest. If we have a brilliant man, we insist upon his always shining. We want our rose bushes to bloom all the year round, we would have our trees all bearing fruit, and our suns always shining. Like the earth, minds must lie fallow at times. Perpetual crops exhaust any soil, and perpetual excitement will wear out any mind or body.

Waverly Magazine.

The deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death.

James Stirling.

FOLLOWING logically from the subject of the last chapter, is the topic of this. Happiness not only requires a state of general good health, but good health requires periods of rest and recreation, as well as steady labor. The old adage, "What everybody says must be true," or "Where there is much smoke, there must be some fire," holds good in relation to this subject of American "overwork and under-rest," as one has phrased it. Nearly every observant writer, thinker, or traveler, is remarking upon the fact that the majority of people in this country are killing themselves by inches in making their life "all work and no play;" running one ceaseless round of toil, with no seasons of rest and relaxtion, other than those which come necessarily. And without doubt there is much of pertinence and force in this representation. One has only to look around, or possibly look within, to be convinced of the fact that large numbers of people are dragging themselves down to death by overwork, just to gratify an insatiate ambition to be richer and greater than Mr.

A. or Mrs. B. who live over the way, and who "put on airs" occasionally by making a tremendous display in dress, equipage, etc.

Says Dr. Mathews: "Of all the nations of the earth there is no one among whom this doctrine of 'grind' has taken deeper root than among us Americans. From the days of the Puritans we have been excessively fond of work,—work, not as a means of getting a living only, but in itself and for its own sake. It seems as if we felt the primeval curse ever weighing upon us, and so we continue to drudge like galley-slaves; even after we have provided for the ever-dreaded 'rainy day,' and the pressure of bread-getting has long since passed. Hence we have so few holidays and seasons of rest or recreation, that, when they do come, we are perplexed to know what to do with ourselves.

"It is time that this everlasting drudgery should cease among us, and that some higher lessons should be impressed upon the brain of the infantile Yankee than the old saws about industry, money-getting, and the like. Let us abate something, at least, of our devotion to the almighty dollar, and regard the world as something better than a huge workshop, in which we are to toil and moil unceasingly, till death stops the human machine. Let us learn that the surest and best way to get on in the world is not to travel by 'lightning lines,' but 'to hasten slowly.' It is a libel on Providence to suppose that it has designed that we should live such a plodding, mechanical life, that we should be mere mill-horses, treading evermore the same dull, unvarying round, and all for grist, grist, still grist, till we have become as blind and stupid as that most unhappy of all quadrupeds."

No one can fail to have noticed the number of business men and professional men who die suddenly every year from apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred complaints. They go along from year to year, working a little harder and steadier all the time, because in truth they must in order to keep pace with their constantly increasing business, pay but little attention to the demands of exhausted nature, or an overtasked brain, until

suddenly, some day, they fall down as though they had been shot, and without warning or preparation, they are ushered into another world. A proper verdict in all such cases would be: *Suicide from overwork.*

Dean Swift, who was a great mental worker, gazing upon a noble oak whose topmost branches had been withered by lightning, mournfully exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die a-top." He had been afflicted for years with giddiness and pain in the head, looked forward with prophetic dread to insanity as the portion of his later life, and sure enough, it came at last; he died as he had feared the inmate of an asylum. When Leyden, a Scotch enthusiast, was warned by his physician of the consequences, if he continued while ill with a fever and liver-complaint, to study ten hours a day, he coolly replied: "Whether I am to live or die, *the wheel must go round to the last.* . . . I may perish in the attempt, but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." No wonder that he sank into his grave in his thirty-sixth year, the victim of self-murder.

Alexander Nicolly, a professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who, it is said, could walk to the wall of China without an interpreter, died a few years ago at the same age, chiefly from the effects of intense study; and Dr. Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died at thirty-eight of the same cause. Sir Humphrey Davy, in the height of his fame, nearly killed himself by the excessive eagerness with which he prosecuted his inquiries into the alkaline metals, pursuing his labors in the night till three or four o'clock, and even then often rising before the servants of the laboratory. Excessive application threw Boerhave into a delirium for six weeks; it gave a shock to the powerful frame of Newton; it cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott, and it laid in the grave the celebrated Weber, whose mournful exclamation, amid his multiplied engagements, is familiar to many an admirer of his weird-like music: "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday."

It was the same cause that struck down Sir William Hamilton in his fifty-sixth year with paralysis, and ended the life of the most brilliant and influential of American journalists, H. J. Raymond, in a cerebral crash at the early age of forty-nine. The effects of such toil in this country are far more disastrous than in Europe, for, owing to climate and other agencies, work of every kind is more exhausting here than there. It is related of Sir Philip Sidney, that when at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer, Languet, not to neglect his health during his studies, "lest he should resemble a traveler who, during a long journey, attends to himself but not to his horse."

All this is especially true of the dwellers and workers in large cities. No one unacquainted with the facts can have any idea of the almost insupportable pressure which each day brings to bear upon the brain of one who aspires to be a leading lawyer, merchant, or business man of any kind, in a great city. As has been truly said, "anxious and perplexing thought sits on his brow as he rubs his eyes at daybreak; hurrying to the breakfast table, he swallows his steak and his coffee in a twinkling, jumps from his chair almost immediately, and without having spoken a pleasant word, hastens away to the high courts of Mammon, to engage in the sharp struggle for pelf. There he spends hour after hour in calculating how to change his hundreds to thousands; dinner and supper—which he bolts, never eats—come and go almost without observation; even nightfall finds him still employed, with body and mind jaded, and eyes smarting with sleeplessness; till at length, far in the night, the toil-worn laborer seeks his couch, only to think of the struggles and anxieties of the day, or to dream of those of to-morrow." Thus matters go on for a few feverish years, when he breaks down utterly, is obliged to go off to Europe or is confined to his home, and at last dies a wretched miserable, broken-down man. Where is the sense or the wisdom or the happiness in a life of this sort?

In accordance with this rush and hurly-burly of work and strain and fret and worry which is so common among all

classes in these times, the character of diseases has changed in the same direction. There are fewer cases of lingering consumption than formerly, while all the sharp and sudden diseases have fearfully increased. Most fevers, it is said, run now to a low typhoid form, and men are constantly sinking down in middle life from the giving out of life's vital forces. Such a death as Dryden described some two-hundred years ago is becoming more and more rare.

> Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
> Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
> Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
> Yet freshly he ran out ten winters more,
> Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,
> *The wheels of weary life at last stood still.*

Instead of this, the toilers of to-day drop like Holmes's "one-hoss shay," which

> Went to pieces all at once,
> All at once, and nothing first,—
> Just as bubbles do when they burst.

Nor is the case much better with those who toil upon farms or in the shops. Said Dr. J. G. Holland: "No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly comes from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having

recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning good for them to aim at; so they try to get what they can on the way. They make much of fete-days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

"But in America this is far different. The typical man in this country is never satisfied with what he has, but is constantly striving for something more and higher. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

"There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily sociable enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of

some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain.

"Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more childlike, when acquired among genial, every-day delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but in the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been."

It is truly a sad sight to see a human being in whom the impulse and disposition for play has died out. Sad to see a man or a woman get so accustomed to the routine of labor that they cannot break it off to indulge in any kind of recreation or amusement. A man begins life with an overflow of vitality and animal spirits which makes him bright, genial, and playful. He sympathizes with children, plays with brutes, enjoys society, and indulges in recreative exercises of mind and body. Then he plunges into business and works away for twenty years or more, and finally wakes up to the fact that there is no interest in life to him except in daily toil.

The same thing is true of literary men in some cases. They write so much and so constantly that they are obliged to keep it up as a preventive of something worse. "I must write to empty my mind," said Byron, "or go mad." When Sir Walter Scott was warned by his medical advisers, after his first attack of apoplexy, that if he persisted in working his

brain, his malady must inevitably recur with redoubled severity, he replied: "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, '*Now don't boil.*' . . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle I should go mad." Go mad he did, from excessive labor; but not till after many a warning and presentiment of the attack of which he died. Years before his death the reluctant conviction forced itself on the mind of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, that the mighty magician of the pen was losing something of his energy. Though the faculties were there, and occasionally blazed forth with their old meridian splendor, yet his sagacious judgment and matchless memory were frequently at fault:—

> "Among the chords the fingers strayed,
> And an uncertain warbling made."

Ever and anon he paused and looked around him, like one half waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak, like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will. The clouds dispersed as if before a resistless current of pure air; all was bright and serene as of old; and then the sky was shrouded again in yet deeper darkness, till at last the night of death closed the scene. It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose intellectual as well as his moral structure was grand and powerful, passed all his days in the dread of a similar intellectual eclipse.

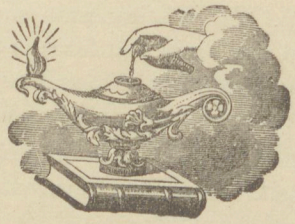
Now, it is but a truism to assert that there can be no such thing as enjoyment or happiness in leading such lives as have just been outlined. While work is necessary, steady, regular work, work up to the full measure of human capacity, yet seasons of rest and recreation are equally essential. It used to be thought that the time spent in sleep was comparatively lost, so far as utility was concerned, but happily this notion is

no longer tenable. In fact, more people die every year for the want of sufficient sleep, than from hardly any other single cause.

The very highest medical authorities in the world now agree that the best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only actual recuperation of brain force; because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself these nutritive particles during the state of rest, or quiet and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

With regard to methods, and kinds of recreation, each one must judge for himself. Some are rejuvenated and restored by a simple change of employment, others must indulge in some innocent, harmless game or play, while others again demand total quiet. The one main thing to be looked after is, that the change, or quiet, whichever is chosen, shall be pleasant and agreeable, instead of forced or perfunctory. Whatever a person *loves* to do, is done with far less weariness and exhaustion than labor which is felt to be a drudgery. But neither should recreation, on the other hand, be carried to excess, since play or exercise of any kind pursued to weariness, is just as bad as overwork. The original and primal fact in this matter is, that there is only about so much physical, mental and nervous vitality in each human system to begin with, and when

this amount is overdrawn, your drafts and calls for more power go to protest—that is, are not responded to. In fact, nature keeps as strict an account with each individual as any bank would, and will not honor demands beyond the amount of strength deposited or husbanded. But the only funds necessary to keep the amount good, are proper seasons of rest and recreation, intermingled with a generous diet and a steady occupation.



CHAPTER IV.

Society and Happiness.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Unhappy he who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.

THOMSON.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bud. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

COWPER.

IN the very beginning, it was declared by the highest possible authority that it was not good for man to be *alone*. This truth, being a fundamental one, holds good for all time. Society and social intercourse, when of a proper kind and not carried to excess, become a very important aid to human enjoyment. The man who has no society of any kind, becomes morbid in his feelings and views, sharp, angular and disagreeably peculiar in his opinions, grows self-conceited, and is apt to fancy himself and his things as the center of the universe in importance and value. And when, with these views, he attempts to make others and the things of others revolve around him and his own affairs, he at once encounters an opposition which either frightens him back into deeper and closer retirement, or else arouses in him an honest but ill-grounded indignation which makes him the laughing-stock of all with whom he attempts to deal. To such an one

life becomes an entirely unsatisfactory, one-sided, and comparatively useless possession. Therefore all should cultivate social relations and thus give vent to the social instincts of their natures. It is good to have self and personal cares go into the background occasionally, and let the interests and welfare of others come to the front. It is good to measure ourselves, our views, feelings, and achievements, by the lives and thoughts of those about us. There is also real culture and refinement to be gained in good society. One gets the sharp angles and rough corners of his nature and manners taken off, he acquires a degree of self-confidence, he learns something of gentility and politeness by the action and influence of social currents, just as stones on the sea-beach become round, smooth, and polished through the continued friction of dashing waves.

Young, bright, and healthful natures should not allow themselves to grow morose, churlish, and ill-natured by selfish isolation from social enjoyments. On the contrary, they should cultivate a genial, cheerful spirit and temper. Such a spirit is of great price and of great power. In the "Merchant of Venice" the dramatist asks,

> Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
> Sleep when he wakes, and creep into jaundice
> By being peevish?

And to such a question, it may well be replied, "There is no need of it." Better far to cultivate a cheerful social nature whose very presence carries sunshine with it wherever it goes. If there is no joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no benevolence and generosity in the mind, a person's whole character will soon grow as cold as an iceberg, hard as granite rock, and as bleak, barren, and arid as the desert of Sahara. Says S. C. Goodrich: "Of all virtues, cheerfulness is the most profitable. It makes the person who exercises it happy, and renders him acceptable to all he meets. While other virtues defer the day of recompense, cheerfulness pays down. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning, it promotes health and gives clearness and vigor to the mind, it

is the bright weather of the heart in contrast to the clouds and gloom of melancholy."

Again, there is no trait of human nature which is more precious and valuable than a quick and ready sympathy with the joys and woes of others, "rejoicing with those that do rejoice, and weeping with those that weep." Sympathy always marks the true man and the noble nature. And why should we not be sympathetic? The world is a unit in interests, and we all stand or fall together. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Humanity is linked together by a thousand different cords, like the different parts of a body. The foot cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the hand to the head, I have no need of thee. Neither can any one man or woman, or any one class of men or women, stand apart and say to the rest of the world, I can get along without your help. We are all dependent upon one another for more comforts and pleasures than we realize, or even know of. Whittier truly says:

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast:
Pluck but one thread, and the web ye mar,
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

In fact, this power of social sympathy marks the line of broad distinction between mankind and the lower orders of being. "Though the lower animals have feeling," writes the eloquent Dr. Guthrie of Scotland, "they have no fellow-feeling. Have I not seen the horse enjoying his feed of corn when his yoke-fellow lay a-dying in the neighboring stall, and never turn an eye of pity on the sufferer? They have strong passions, but no sympathy. It is said that the wounded deer sheds tears, but it belongs to man only to divide by sympathy another's sorrows and double another's joys. They say that if a piano is struck in a room where stands another unopened and un-

touched, he who lays his ear to that will hear a string within, as if touched by a shadowy spirit, sound the same note; but more strange and more glorious how the strings of one heart vibrate to those of another." Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, preaching once in a prison, said in his sermon, that the only difference between himself and his hearers was owing to the grace of God. Afterwards one of the prisoners sent for him and asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us?" Being assured that the utterance was genuine, he said: "I am here for life, but I can stay more contentedly now that I know I have *a brother out in the world.*" It is said the man behaved so well afterward that he was pardoned, and that he died in the last war thanking God to the last for the preacher's sympathy. "Happy then is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon others as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to move on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners."

But it is not enough to be simply social, in order to be happy, one must have a kind of society which elevates and ennobles, rather than that which depresses and destroys. 'Tis not society alone which blesses, but *good* society. In fact, it would be better to have none at all, than mingle with bad companions. For just as the tree-frog is said to take on the color of whatever he adheres to for a short time, being dark-green when found on green corn, and the color of white-oak bark when attached to that tree, so men and women generally resemble those with whom they associate. The river Thames in England is a sweet and pretty river near its source, but before it gets through the city of London it has been with sewers and drains so much as to become most foul and nauseating. It was intended that the river should purify the sewers, but instead of that the sewers have corrupted the river. So it is with pure minds and morals, and bad company.

The wise old philosopher, Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school always inquired into the character of

his associates; and from this circumstance, doubtless, arose the modern proverb, that a man may be known by the company which he keeps. There are some kinds of society whose influence is like an infectious disease, corrupting all who come within reach of it. In fact all society either lifts up or drags down according to its character and quality. Bad boys have ruined many a lad who would otherwise have grown up to be a useful and honorable man, while bad women have slain their victims by thousands. In ancient fable, there was a creature whose name was Circe. She was represented as living in a beautiful palace on an island, where were flowers, music, and many other attractions. Whoever came to see her, as a guest, she first feasted with delicacies and wine, then touched them with a wand and transformed them into lions, tigers, wolves, swine, or some other kind of animal, and set them adrift to roam through her grounds. Not very dissimilar to this, is the effect of bad female society or bad companions of either sex, upon those who would be virtuous, noble, and true.

Again, in order to have social pleasures contribute to happiness they must not be pursued to excess. Many people become so infatuated with society and social intercourse that they are perfectly unhappy when alone, or even when about their daily business. In fact, when this delusion gets fast hold of the mind, all work is turned into drudgery, and the person becomes a miserable loiterer, or a dissatisfied grumbler and complainer, instead of an active, cheerful, healthy and useful worker in the world's great hive of industry. This is a wretched perversion of a noble gift and a pleasurable privilege. We urge, therefore, that all young people should guard themselves in this direction, and not allow the love of society, and especially what is called *fashionable* society, to run away with them. Whenever a person finds himself or herself wishing to be in gay company all the time, and are really unhappy when not in it; whenever the thought of being alone, or of being obliged to work, strikes a dread in the mind, it is then high time to order "down brakes" on the indulgence of the social propensity.

There is hardly any form of dissipation more debilitating or more injurious to body, mind, and heart, than a continual round of parties, balls, and evening entertainments. Whenever persons get into such a condition of mind that they must be "on the go" all the time in order to enjoy anything, such persons will soon find themselves "on the go" towards general ruin, or at best, towards practical good-for-nothingness.

While society is good by way of spice or variety, while it has many noble and useful functions to perform in the development and refinement of human nature, yet, perverted from its true intent, it is changed into a source of great evil. It encourages and necessitates extravagance in dress, it includes late hours at night which should be given up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," healthful sleep, it furnishes an occasion for calling out much heart-bitterness in the line of envy and jealousy between rivals and opponents, and serves to evoke much hypocritical dissembling and pretense in the way of friendship. As Cowper says:

> She who invites
> Her dear five hundred friends, but contemns them all
> And dreads their coming—what can they less
> Than shrug and grimace to hide their hate of her.

Such society as this is a curse, and the less one has of it the better. Sincerity and truthfulness and unaffected naturalness and ease are the only social qualities which shine with steady lustre or benefit by their attractive light.