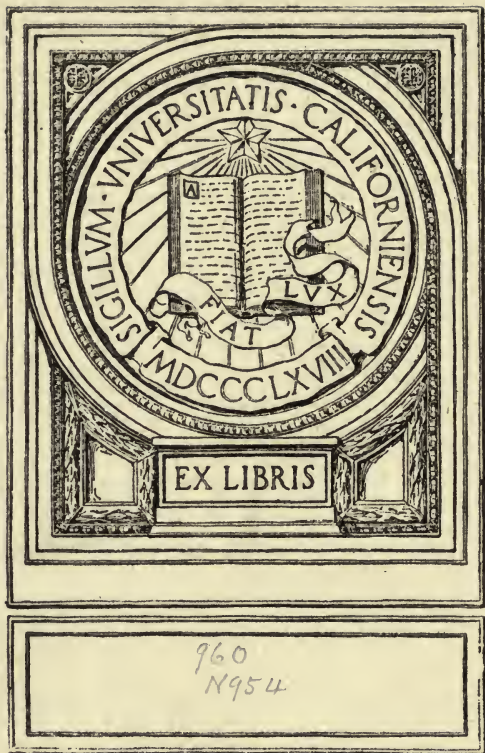


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# The American Ideal.

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## CAST.

JEROME BOLLES.  
THEOPHILUS HIND.  
CÆSAR JULLETT.  
MARCELLUS BONE.

CLOTORIUS APIS.  
MELLVILLE CLYDE.  
JOHANNA BELLFLOWER.  
PELVENIE BORIS.

*SCENE: In the Social Club.*

JEROME BOLLES. The Japs are beating the Russians.

THEOPHILUS HIND. That they are. Good! I'd like to see them wipe them off the earth. That's the most contemptible power on earth. They only want two kinds of people in Russia: a small class of high-bred nobles, the rest mere low, ignorant serfs. In such a country there can be no patriotism. The people are led by the vile hierarchy.

CÆSAR JULLETT. Yes, I have traveled through the whole kingdom. I met a few cultured people, the peers of the best in the world, but the masses, God help them! They are low and ignorant. And yet there is a good latent element among them. Let them have education for even one generation, and this latent power would be developed. Do you remember the story, told a few years ago by one of our consuls? An American traveler called on him. They discussed the Russian serf. The consul, to his friend, said: "If you want to see how ignorant these people are I will send John on an errand to the store. Here, John, take these two ten-cent pieces, and go to the store. With this one, get a piece of tobacco; with the other, a pound of crackers. Now, you won't see the boy for a long time." After about an hour the consul says to his friend, "Go over to the store



and see what has become of John." The friend went. He found John. "Well, John," says he, "what's the matter?" John replied: "Master gave me these ten-cent pieces. With one he told me to get a piece of tobacco; with the other to buy a pound of crackers, and I've forgotten which he told me to get the tobacco with and what to get the crackers with!" And this illustrates the ignorance of these people. But the nobles and the priests are indifferent. They take no steps to remedy the evil. So sure as there is a God, what must he think of such men, especially his priests?

**JEROME BOLLES.** Few men have an ideal or any high regard for any but their own few. They are like the Brahmins of old; they, the few, to be the intellect and culture of the world; the mass to be miserable pariahs.

**THEOPHILUS HIND.** Do you think the man of the ideal is practical? Is he not visionary?

**JEROME BOLLES.** No, the man with the ideal is the practical man; indeed, the most practical. The spiritual predominates in him. He loves God and his fellow-man. To advance humanity to higher and higher ways of living is his aim in life. He lives for the future.

**CÆSAR JULLETT.** I like to hear such sentiments. The man you describe lives for the future. His thoughts are ever on the future welfare of mankind. In this there is a peace and rapture that passes understanding. Glory to God and good will to men is his theme. On such thoughts his mind dwells—to live and let live, and so live that when the end comes he shall not have lived in vain.

**JEROME BOLLES.** Yes, this is the creed of the ideal man. His happiness and the happiness of his fellow-men are as one; one thought, and that to elevate all men, himself included; to follow the precepts of the old prophets of Israel, progress for the human race; to tread the wine press alone, if necessary; to encourage all to do good and to live in their highest gifts; to set a worthy example; to live in love, for love, and for all. To have a grand ideal is grand, indeed, and makes life worth living.

**CÆSAR JULLETT.** The Russian nobles are idealist after their order. They and the Russian hierarchy are as one. No wonder the Japs push them to the wall.

**JOHANNA BELLFLOWER.** The women of Russia must be elevated. Man never made any progress until he elevated woman. The men of old, even the best of them, never realized that it was necessary to elevate woman, to give her all the education that it is possible for her to grasp; in culture to be the peer of man, not, as in ancient time, the woman to be a mere slave, like the squaw of the Indian. Let Russia elevate the women, and then the women will elevate the men. Yet when we utter such sentiments too many good men, right here in America, term us impractical, and, with a slur, call us mere idealists.

CÆSAR JULLETT. Let them do so, my sister. Thank fortune, those who are on that side are in the minority, and the world is fast leaving them behind. They are profiting by the works of the idealists, but at present they don't seem to realize it.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. I often think of that noble little song.

[Sings:]

I live for those who love me,  
 For those who love me true ;  
 For the heavens that smile above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too.  
 For the cause that needs assistance,  
 For the wrongs that lack resistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And for the good that we may do.

CÆSAR JULLETT. Fine sentiment! I don't believe they sing that much in Russia; old Count Tolstoi may.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. He is a grand old man. It is a wonder that Russia ever produced such a man, and a wonder that he is tolerated there.

THEOPHILUS HIND. They simply endure him. They evidently hate him, but he is doing more for Russia than any Russian who ever lived. What a grand thing it would be if Russia only had a Wycliff, a Huss, or a Luther! But her priests are too much in league with the legions of Mephistopheles.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. I am glad that our conversation took such a turn; all brought out by the reports of the last great battle between the Japs and the Russians. Port Arthur has fallen. May its fall open the eyes of the nobles and priests of Russia, and lead to the fulfilment of Tolstoi's ideal—the grand old man.

MARCELLUS BONE. I have recently been reading our Samuel Johnson's Oriental Religions, his Persian. I was surprised to see the ignorance of even our wisest men on the subject of our great American scholar. I was more interested in his Persia than in his China or India. But they are three grand works. I have yet to meet the man who can tell me anything about Johnson. I have asked a number of scholarly men whom I thought would know, but I had to explain to them who Johnson was. When I said Samuel Johnson they thought that I was talking about old Dr. Samuel Johnson. Our man is greater than the old doctor.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. You astonish me. I, too, got hold of Johnson's works a short time ago; they are in our library. I thought every scholarly person in America would, as they should, know him, and now when you tell me he is not known, his name is confounded with Dr. Samuel Johnson of England, I am surprised. I shall take it upon myself to bring up his name before every intelligent person whom I meet, and I trust that we all will do the same.

JEROME BOLLES. I for one shall. I am glad that the subject came up. Let us all form ourselves into a Samuel Johnson club and bring this name before the American public. I move that we get some eloquent scholar, like our friend Bone, to prepare a lecture upon this theme.

MARCELLUS BONE. I should be happy to prepare such a lecture, but if we want a well-filled house we must advertise it well, and moreover have it free.

JEROME BOLLES. A good suggestion. We will all put our shoulders to the wheel.

THEOPHILUS HIND. You gentlemen seem to be carried away with what you term the ideal. Our friends Apis and Clyde well represent my idea of the ideal. There is Apis, a smart man, even though a young man; not over thirty-five, has made a fortune. He is able to own and live in a fine house; house full of elegant pictures. Talk about the ideal! His house is the beau ideal of the ideal. Look at Clyde. He is all the while talking about the ideal. The ideal is the true and only practical; it elevates men, it advances humanity, and all that. See how he lives—in a little common house. Go into it; not one ray of art; cheap furniture; no pictures to speak of. He has a steel portrait of Washington crossing the Delaware; he has a portrait of Huss, one of John Bunyan, and one of Thoreau.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Mr. Hind, I don't think you present the case fully. Mr. Clyde is an idealist. He thinks more of man than of himself, while the other man thinks wholly of his own comforts and the mere approbation of his fellow-man. He is not near as good a judge of a painting as Clyde. All his art he bought; others selected his pictures and his elegant furniture. Give Clyde the money and he would not be beholden to others for his selections. What he had would reveal his own taste.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Apis has a taste for money. Money is the thing after all. It is the ideal that produces all that is beautiful. And you will admit that the beautiful is elevating, as Mr. Bone, I understand, proposes to show in his lecture on this idea.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. You seem to idolize money; you elevate it above everything.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Why shouldn't I? It is the most difficult thing to get—and to keep. I am no miser nor vulgar disciple of money. I place money on the higher plane; indeed on the highest plane. Our golden circle allows no man to get a large amount of money, unless he has been tried, and we feel confident that he will use it properly. Mr. Apis was given a full swing, for we all knew that he was a man of uncommon good sense. As for Clyde, he has no appreciation for money. Then, if he had money he would only use it for the advancement of what he terms the grand ideal of life.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Well, Mr. Hind, you are an idealist in



*Theophilus Hind*

one line if not in another. I wonder if all the millionaires in the world have this high ideal of money. All whom I have met, all worth knowing; I challenge you to find a grander ideal.

JEROME BOLLES. Mr. Hind, your position is unique. According to your idea, Croesus was the grandest man of his day. Socrates, Miltiades, and Plato of the ancient world were very common men beside Croesus. In our day Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and such men as made our nation, were of small account.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Small account beside the solid money men of the world.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Your theory would place A. T. Stewart above Lincoln.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Yes. What was Lincoln but a poor man? He depended upon others to elevate him, while Stewart just elevated himself.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. I see no satisfaction in prolonging this conversation, though I am glad it took place, for it has revealed to me the millionaire in a new light.

THEOPHILUS HIND. And a grand light.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. I do not agree with you; nor do I think the world will ever admit that Croesus of old was superior to Socrates, Miltiades and Plato, or that A. T. Stewart was superior to Lincoln, Governor Andrews, or a Thoreau. I move we adjourn.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Out of deference to you, I second your motion. But I could talk all night upon this subject. I am glad that I have given you some new ideas.

*SCENE in PELVENIE BORIS' little parlor. Enter MARCELLUS BONE.*

MARCELLUS BONE. Pelvenie, I have called again to press my suit. We have long been acquainted; we know each other well; our tastes are similar, so why will you not agree to the partnership that I have proposed?

PELVENIE BORIS. Marcellus, I have often given you my reasons, but they don't seem to satisfy; I am a poor, hard-working woman. There are lots of other women—young, fine looking, and all with ample means.

MARCELLUS BONE. Pelvenie, I am aware of it. I know all the others, and am familiar with their charms, but they do not charm me. I do not object to money, nor do I idolize it as does Mr. Hind. But there is, to me, something superior to money, and that is culture, kindness of heart, nobleness of life. In you I see and realize my ideal.

PELVENIE BORIS. Marcellus, I appreciate your compliment, and if I were to marry, you would be my choice. Indeed, there is no other that I would think of for a moment.

MARCELLUS BONE. Then why not act?

PELVENIE BORIS. Let's sing that old anthem.

MARCELLUS BONE. Just like you, Pelvenie! When I come here to press my suit you always suggest some song. Well, I'll accommodate you this time; perhaps it may send your thoughts in another direction—the direction that will be parallel with mine.

[They sing and play:]

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING.

Let every heart rejoice and sing,  
 Let choral anthems rise;  
 Ye reverent men and children bring  
 To God your sacrifice;  
 For He is good, the Lord is good,  
 And kind are all His ways.  
 With songs and honors, sounding loud,  
 The Lord Jehovah praise,  
 While the rocks and the rills,  
 While the vales and the hills,  
 A glorious anthem raise.

Let each prolong

A grateful song,

And the God of our fathers praise,  
 And the God of our fathers praise.

He bids the sun to rise and set;  
 In heaven His power is known,  
 And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet  
 Bow low before His throne;  
 For He is good, the Lord is good,  
 And kind are all His ways.  
 With songs and honors, sounding loud,  
 The Lord Jehovah praise,  
 While the rocks and the rills,  
 While the hills and the hills,  
 A glorious anthem raise.

Let each prolong

A grateful song,

And the God of our fathers praise,  
 And the God of our fathers praise.

MARCELLUS BONE. Pelvenie, may the tendency of this song be to make our hearts rejoice!

PELVENIE BORIS. We already rejoice.

MARCELLUS BONE. Good-night.

*SCENE: In Club. MARCELLUS BONE and others.*

MARCELLUS BONE. What do you think of Mr. Apis' views of the family, children, &c.? He delights in large families. He quotes the Psalmist as to children: "Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them."

MELLVILLE CLYDE. That may be well enough for Apis. He never was poor. His father was well to do; not a rich man, but one who always had a plenty. If Clotorius wanted a dollar, or even five, all he had to do was to go to the old man and state his case, and the

money was forthcoming. As a boy, he was not like the rest of us, whose parents were poor. When we wanted any money we gathered old junk or sold papers, and when Saturday came and we wanted to go boating we chipped in ten cents apiece. Clotorius had a boat of his own. He grows to manhood and marries, and already has a half a dozen boys and girls, and he thinks that every man should have the same number, or more.

MARCELLUS BONE. If Apis were a poor man he would not talk that way. Imagine him to be a bookkeeper, on a salary of about a thousand a year. I don't believe that he would have more than one or two, at the most. There is no sacrifice in his system. Just think of the noble sacrifice of the poor men and women of the world! Bah! This Apis talk is low; it is sensual; a mere gratification of the passions.

MELVILLE CLYDE. We quite agree. This Apis talk is boyish; there is nothing manly in it.

MARCELLUS BONE. No, there is nothing manly or elevating in it; it is even sickening to talk about. Mellville, you are good at stories. Give us a few to put us in good humor and drive away this Apis shroud that covers us like a pall.

MELVILLE CLYDE. In our little town we had some queer characters. There was old Deacon Waterman. He kept a great many hogs. His neighbors were anxious to find out how many hogs he had, so they could determine his worth. One day they got a simple fellow to go and ask him. Simple John: "Mr. Waterman, how many hogs have you got?" Mr. Waterman: "What do you want to know for?" Simple John: "People are all the time asking me, and I don't know what to tell them." Mr. Waterman: "You can tell them you don't know, can't ye?" Simple John had no more responses; he simply left. There was a family that had twins. They kept a store. One day a stranger called; he wished to see one of them, but he had never met either. He asked the colored porter to describe them, so that if he should see them on the street he might recognize them. The colored porter's description was unique. Their names were Nathaniel and Carlo. "Dey's be berry much alike, especially Carlo."

JEROME BOLLES. How about that old doctor who was so even-tempered?

MELVILLE CLYDE. About this same time there was an old doctor by the name of Borrowghs. His colored man described him thus: "He's der most eben-tempered man you ever seed. He's as mad as der debel all der time."

MARCELLUS BONE. Well, I feel better now—feel more like going home and going to bed; that Apis mare is sidetracked.

MELVILLE CLYDE. There is one more; I read it in the paper the other day. A man goes to the other world; he says to Peter, "I am

a self-made man." Says Peter, "If that is so, this is not the place you are looking for; what you want is a home-made heaven."

JEROME BOLLES. If the company are in no hurry to go home I'd like to discuss the lecture of Professor Hilprecht's on the recent excavations of Babylon. In his lecture before the Kaiser he told of the ruins of Babylon, then remarked that the seventh day was not original with the Israelites. The Babylonians had it; the Israelites simply adopted it. All very wise, but Professor Hilprecht neglects to refer to one important thing. The powerful nations of Western Asia did their best to exterminate Israel. Granted that they were the original founders of the seventh day of rest, we do not obtain our knowledge of it from them. We get our knowledge of this grand institution from the Old Testament, and from no other source.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Confound the Jews! They were a miserable, narrow set. If they had been crushed out the world would not have lost anything.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. That is a queer statement to make. You cannot deny the Jewish influence, the influence of their grand old prophets, who taught the highest duty of man to God and man towards his fellow-men.

THEOPHILUS HIND. All bosh! The Jews were a miserable lot of beings.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Can you deny their influence in preserving to the world the infinite blessing of the seventh day? We get it through them, and only through them. Not only the ancient nations were zealous in their attempts to annihilate Israel, but even Rome took a hand, and but for Divine protection the Israelites would have succumbed to the human power that was arrayed against them. Your whole argument is one of negation. You don't believe; it's all bosh, etc. The seventh day of rest was a grand institution. Every time we see a Jew we ought to take off our hats and thank God for the heroism that maintained this institution. Mr. Hind, you appreciate the Sabbath, do you not?

THEOPHILUS HIND. It's all well enough; any day would have done as well. Now, the world no longer rests in accordance with the early principle; they do not keep the day holy; they go fishing, boating, play, carouse—do whatever they like.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Times change. What was considered holy in earlier generations is not so considered by the later. Still there is the day of rest, and so long as the world endures the day shall be recognized; and more, when the world comes to understand this they will more and more appreciate the acts of the heroic people who, through many trials, kept the day and transmitted it to the future.



THEOPHILUS HIND. Good night. I can't stay and hear this nonsense any longer.

2/ JEROME BOLLES. Although the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms, we read of the chosen people of God. Well, do they deserve this high compliment? They were the only ones to keep this day and to preserve it. Again, I say, that when we see a Jew we should take off our hats to him.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. What about the women? You don't leave them out, do you?

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. No; they were the handmaids of the men. They taught their children, and without their aid the teachings of the prophets would not have been so effective. The women of Israel deserve as much credit as the men, and the world, as it more and more elevates woman, more and more it will connect them with this glory. It was not well that man should be alone; he needed a partner. Man stands for the practical, while woman represents the ideal. The two go together. The elevation of woman means the elevation of man, and the elevation of the two means and stands for the elevation of mankind.

MARCELLUS BONE. There is another subject I'd like to bring before the Society, and that is human rights and the protection of our industries. For thousands of years man made little progress. When America was discovered a new vista was opened. Men became more enlightened. It was the solution of the new principles. There may have been selfishness in it, but even the wiser ones saw that in order to triumph they must take the poor and ignorant into partnership. The poor and ignorant were apt scholars. They saw the advantage of education and they applied themselves. America grew; it was the hope of the human race. In order to be independent of the old world industries were here established. Then they saw that in order to make the Government a success the industries of the country should be protected.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. O, we are getting into politics! I never favored this protection idea.

MARCELLUS BONE. In a certain sense this may be politics, but the men of America in this system of protection see something higher than mere politics. Had the other system prevailed we would not hold the position that we now do; had this other system prevailed we should simply be a nation of agriculturalists, raising foods for Europe, they supplying us with our wares.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. We should have been happier. Just think of the misery that comes from all this ambition.

MARCELLUS BONE. We do not agree with such sentiments. Where would your business be but for the encouragement of our industries? We are parts of one stupendous whole. Let the parts prosper and

the whole prospers. America is leading the world; her wares, because they are superior, are advancing into all parts of the world. She is having an influence that even her wisest men of a century ago did not dream.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. O, bosh! Just take the morning papers, read there of the crimes that are daily committed in this fair America.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Yes, there are many crimes, but in olden times they had no papers to tell of such doings. You must read both sides. Read of the heroic acts, the moneys that are bequeathed to hospitals, churches, schools; read of the work of the Red Cross, of the refined women, like Florence Nightingale, and of some of the women in our wars. The ancient world knew not of such works.

CLOTORIUS APIS. You all seem to be optimists to-night, no pessimists present.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Yes, there are; you and Mr. Clyde are the pessimists. We glory in the name of optimists. Then you speak of the crimes that fill the papers. Look at the names—mostly foreign—names of low people, late importations from Europe, who have not yet learned what a grand thing it is to be an American citizen. In a generation or two this will be corrected.

CLOTORIUS APIS. I hope it may, but you will find, to the end of time, it is the same old human nature; wickedness will crop out.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Patrick Henry, you remember, said, "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." Judging of the past here in America, we have no fears of the future. The men who founded a colony upon Plymouth Rock builded even better than they knew. Our Government is founded upon the Rock of Ages—upon the grand principles enunciated by the prophets of old. The soils of the old world were too poor for a favorable growth, but here in America, in our rich soils, the seed brings forth a harvest of a hundredfold. To America the oppressed of the world come. No one ever heard of the current going the other way. As Bishop Berkeley said: "Westward the star of empire takes its way;" and here it abides. Before we close for the night let us sing that pilgrim song, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."

[They sing.]

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH.

The breaking waves dash'd high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 The woods against a stormy sky  
 Their giant branches tossed.  
 The heavy night hung dark,  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moored their bark,  
 On wild New England's shore,  
 On wild New England's shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They the true-hearted came;  
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,  
 Or trump, that sings of fame;  
 Nor as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear,  
 They shook the depths of desert gloom  
 With hymns of lofty cheer,  
 With hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
 The stars heard, and the sea;  
 The sounding isles of woodland rang  
 With anthems of the free.  
 The ocean eagle soared  
 O'er rolling wave's white foam,  
 The rocking pines in desert gloom  
 With hymns of lofty cheer,  
 With hymns of lofty cheer.

What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war—  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!  
 Aye! call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod,  
 They left unstained what there they found,  
 Freedom to worship God!  
 Freedom to worship God!

In this song we see an ideal—an ideal that has made America what it is. The fortunes of Cæsar had nothing to do with this ideal; nor with the superstructure that has been erected upon it.

*SCENE: The same.*

CÆSAR JULLETT. Mr. Hind, you have not been around for some time; we have missed you.

THEOPHILUS HIND. O, I'm tired of the everlasting talk about the advancement of the world! There's old Persia, about which Johnson wrote; there's the Jews—who cared for the Jews and the Sunday question? Leave that to the preachers. Then there's all that discussion about our industries, and the everlasting glorification of America. I am tired! I have been to the euchre club. There's fun there. Got Apis interested, and won a hundred dollars from him; and he thinks himself pretty sharp. He paid up by check, but there was not much grace about it. I'll let him win it back some time.

CÆSAR JULLETT. Mr. Hind, I am sorry to hear you thus comment upon our Society. The very thing you condemn is what has made this Society. We have kept abreast of the world in thought, and a little ahead, if anything. I have some notes of a paper that Professor Armstead read the other night on our Samuel Johnson. I



tried to get the professor to come around and give us a little talk, but he had to return to Cambridge; but he said that he was perfectly willing that I should read the notes that I have made; so, with the permission of the Society, I will read them.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. Certainly, do read them. I know that the Society will be delighted to hear anything and all they can about *our* Samuel Johnson. I don't believe Mr. Hind will object.

THEOPHILUS HIND. Certainly not. When I was a boy I used to like to read about the Persians and how Alexander licked them. If some one would get up a lecture or a paper, and read it here—all about Alexander, just to refresh our memories—I'd like it much.

Johnson, Samuel, American preacher and author; born at Salem; Mass., October 10, 1822; died at North Andover, February 19, 1882. He was graduated from Harvard in 1842, and the Harvard Divinity School in 1846. He joined no religious denomination, and, save for one year with a Unitarian Church in Dorchester, was not settled as a minister until 1853, when he established in Lynn, Mass., an independent society, with which he remained till 1870, then withdrew to complete studies of many years, the results of which appeared later in his publications. With Samuel Longfellow he compiled a "Book of Hymns" (1846), and "Hymns of the Spirit," (1864). Some of his own inspiring hymns in these books are now found in the collections of various denominations. His critical study, "The Worship of Jesus" (1868), written in accordance with his views of universal religion, is described by O. B. Frothingham as "perhaps the most penetrating and uplifting essay on that subject in any language." He printed notable essays on religion, reform, etc., in "The Radical" and other periodicals. His great work, "Oriental Religions," including "India" (1872), "China" (1877), and "Persia" (1885); Frothingham, represents what Johnson himself calls his "purely humanistic point of view." His philosophy was highly transcendental, but being versed in many languages, he was acquainted with all schools, and with the results of literature, science and criticism in every department. "Oriental Religions," in the task of writing which scholars have compared his competence, patience and thoroughness with the same qualities in Darwin, has taken its place among the most learned and liberal contributions to the study of comparative religion and civilization. Professor E. T. Eitel, the German Orientalist, wrote of Johnson's pre-eminent merits as the historian of universal "Religion," and F. Max Muller paid him tribute as the finder of a "religion behind all religions." His "Theodore Parker" (1890) is a profound spirited interpretation of that preacher as a reformer, whose works on the intellectual side were surpassed by Johnson's, while on the moral side, as in the anti-slavery conflict, they stood as equal comrades. A little volume of Johnson's hymns with other poems,



was published in 1899. Consult Longfellow's "Lectures, Essays, Sermons by Samuel Johnson, with a Memoir." This volume contains some of Johnson's best papers, including brilliant lectures on "Switzerland" and "Florence," the outgrowth of searching observations in Europe; "Equal Opportunity for Women," "Labor Parties and Labor Reform," and an illuminative essay on Transcendentalism.

JEROME BOLLES. There is something wrong about those dates—the papers published from 1890 to 1899. In 1899 he had been dead seventeen years, yet they speak of him in the meanwhile as living. It was a great (!) proofreader who read the proof. Some might say that these dates were posthumous, but the text don't imply such; on the contrary, it implies that he was still alive. Poor proofreading!

CÆSAR JULLETT. Well, from what I remember of Professor Armstead's lecture, you'll hear at least a little about Alexander. (He reads from his notes:)

"Their philosophy, 'pure mind in pure body.' The winged circle, enclosing a human figure in vigorous action.

"The beginning of personality. The transformation of the gods of the one race into the demons of the other.

"Sleepless Adityas, immortal children of light, from whom come every good and perfect gift.

"Primeval twins, good and evil, exist before them; they chose, somehow by the very coming of good things come their negatives, fired with living hate.

"There shall be no asceticism; no self-torture; no self-contempt; no excessive fasting or violent grief. Nothing can enervate the soul and body by whose toil the world shall be redeemed with the righteousness of man.

"A religion makes heroes, but never a monk. Ahuramazda was first, as he shall be last. The traditional founders of religion have come down to us, simply designations of spiritual or trial function, such as the Buddha, the Messiah, the Zoriaster, or Zarathustra, etc. Here, at this early day, we find little or no ritualism, no official glory, no pre-existence, no supernatural power. In Iran there grew up what India never saw, a progress—a promise—day follows the night. The Bibles of the world \* \* \* are the grand depository of the religious history of races.

"Cuneiform monuments. How those Assyrian world masters worked in their proud self-assertion to ends they did not know, when they strove so patiently to preserve their work by fixing tablets into walls with the written side turned inward; by repeating the inscription on an outer coating of the tablet—by accumulating copies. By grammatical and verbal lists to assist the reaching of forms of speech

even then becoming extinct. By versions of important documents in all the principal languages of the empire. By penalties invoked at the close of every record on any future destroyer or alterer of their purport. First makers of an infallible Bible text. By the permanent nature of wedge marks, still legible, after the wear of ages, by the shadows they cast of Babylon, Isaiah could prophecy her ruin—becomes heaps. But what prophet had predicted this her resurrection?

“The Kings of Persia ate figs and drank milk at their coronation. Nothing so servile as luxury—nothing so royal as toil; and they were under an ancient law not to eat or drink anything but native products. Cyrus to Lysander: ‘I never taste food till on my brow is the sweat of toil.’ Cyrus had but one wife.

“Cyrus ruled as a father, Cambyses as a master, Darius as a trader. Holding it impious to ask the gods for gifts, we do not struggle to earn. Happiest is the man who can earn most through justice, and rise most with honor.

“Alexander reigns thirteen years in Asia. Legends of Alexander: He acted against the philosophers. The magnificent funeral car of Alexander moved across the continent—from Babylon to Egypt—to rest beside the sacred Nile.

“The Parthian kings dropped the Scythian cap for the tall tiara of the Persians. Ardeshir, son of a common shepherd, becomes king. His philosophy: ‘No power without an army; no army without money; no money without agriculture; no agriculture without justice.’ The noble class distinctly marked off from the masses, but held to the necessity of a permanent poor class. Epicurus stated the case fairly when he said: ‘Either God wishes to abolish evil and cannot or does not wish to, and then He is both imperfect and wicked. Or He can and does not wish to, and then He is wicked. Or He both wishes to and can’t; if so, how comes evil to exist at all?’ Marcion affirms that the New Testament church was not the church predicted in the Old Testament.

“Mohammed left the Christian his God and Christ, but smote off the three heads of his trinity, and reduced the Only Begotten to a member of the line of prophets. The Persians, and not the Arabs, gave firmness and force to Islam. It is not labeled for any individual; it is not called from Mohammed as Christianity is from Christ. It is Islam or obedience.

“Be quiet among yourselves, but swoop on the foe like hungry hawks. Persian philosophy: ‘Treat all men as thyself; instruction better than high birth.’”

THEOPHILUS HIND. We thank Professor Armstead for calling our attention to our Samuel Johnson, and we thank you, Mr. Jullett, for these notes. They are valuable. I think we now have some idea of

Mr. Johnson. He was certainly a great man. We shall be on the alert to learn more about him.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. We are all thankful, and, for one, I feel just like having some music. What say you all?

CÆSAR JULLETT. I, for one, say yes; but I don't want anything solemn. I'd like a little humor, if we are a very sedate Society.

JOHANNA BELLFLOWER. I suggest "Fame." It is not common. Indeed, I have not heard it for years, but there is humor in it.

[They sing and play:]

I do not growl as others do, and wish that I was younger,  
For I, sirs, when I was a youth, I suffered much from hunger;  
My sisters nine and brothers six must all be duly fed, sirs,  
And such a tribe of boys and girls; they ate a power of bread, sirs.

My father says to me one day, "I have enough to do, boy,  
The younger ones to clothe and feed, without the care of you, boy;  
So here's a dollar for your purse; your head's not over hollow;  
See, yonder is the road to wealth, which you may straightway follow."

The road to wealth lay duly east, and brought me to a city,  
In which I thought to stay awhile and labor—more's the pity;  
For there, while strolling down the street, I met a drum and fife, sirs,  
It was the finest tune they played I'd heard in all my life, sirs.

A sergeant came to me and said, "You are a sturdy youth, sir,  
And such a brave and martial air I never saw, in truth, sir;  
Now, if you wish a merry life and lots of fame and glory,  
Just sign this paper, and, my friend, the way is straight before ye."

I signed the paper; they began to drill and to arm me,  
And, with a crowd of other fools, I marched to join the army;  
They dressed me in a uniform of red and blue and white, sirs;  
We walked all day in heat and dust, slept on the ground at night, sirs.

At length we met a host of men, who seemed much as we, sirs;  
Folks said it was the enemy; thinks I, "What can that be, sirs?"  
They drew up on a level land, according to a plan, sirs;  
The enemy began to point their guns at every man, sirs.

"Hello!" cried I. "Don't fire this way; this field is full of people;"  
But fire they did, and smoke rose up, high as a village steeple.  
The bullets whistled past our ears, the small arms made a rattle;  
A cannon ball took off my leg, and left me *hors du battle*.

The infantry ran over me; behind, a pack of horsemen,  
Who rolled me as they'd roll a log; I thought myself a lost man.  
But when enough of fame was made, they stopped the agitation,  
And sent me to the hospital to suffer amputation.

Now, friend, if e'er the road to wealth lies straight and free before ye,  
Keep safe your legs and travel there, and shun the way to glory.  
This glory is a famous road for those whose love to tattle,  
But quite another thing to those who're shot at in a battle.

SCENE: In PELVENIE BORIS' little parlor.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. Well, Pelvenie, I've called again, to give you another chance to turn me down.

PELVENIE BORIS. Mellville, I shall not do so this time or again. You are so persistent that I shall reward you. Here's my hand and the heart goes with it, and I know that all shall be well with us.

MELLVILLE CLYDE. Pelvenie, you're a jewel from way back. You kept me on the anxious seat for quite a number of moons. But now the moon is full, full to-night, and it well represents our happiness, full to overflowing.

ISAAC P. NOYES.

APRIL 5, 1905.





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