

Chapter 1 : News Letter Page Two

The way I consider the phrase 'man of letters' is the most basic meaning of letters, as building blocks of any kind of writing. blog.quintoapp.com, explains the idiom as. A man of letters is someone who is an expert in the arts and literature, and often a writer too.

From the Year to He was indeed a garrulous old man nearly all his days; and, luckily for his gossiping propensities, he was on familiar terms with the gay world, and set down as a man of genius by the Princess Amelia, George Selwyn, Mr. Chute, and all persons of the like talents and importance. His descriptions of court dresses, court revels, and court beauties, are in the highest style of perfection, "sprightly, fantastic and elegant: And the zeal with which he hunts after an old portrait or a piece of broken glass, is ten times more entertaining than if it were lavished on a worthier object. He is indeed the very prince of Gossips, and it is impossible to question his supremacy, when he floats us along in a stream of bright talk, or shoots with us the rapids of polite conversation. He delights in the small squabbles of great politicians and the puns of George Selwyn, enjoys to madness the strife of loo with half a dozen bitter old women of quality, revels in a world of chests, cabinets, commode, tables, boxes, turrets, stands, old printing, and old china, and indeed lets us loose at once amongst all the frippery and folly of the last two centuries, with an ease and a courtesy equally amazing and delightful. His mind, as well as his house, was piled up with Dresden china, and illuminated through painted glass; and we look upon his heart to have been little better than a case full of enamels, painted eggs, ambers, lapis lazuli, cameos, vases and rock-crystals. This may in some degree account for his odd and quaint manner of thinking, and his utter poverty of feeling: He was at all times the slave of elegant trifles; and could no more screw himself up into a decided and solid personage, than he could divest himself of petty jealousies and miniature animosities. In one word, every thing about him was in little; and the smaller the object, and the less its importance, the higher did his estimation and his praises of it ascend. He piled up trifles to a colossal height and made a pyramid of nothings "most marvellous to see. He united an insufferable deal of aristocratical pretension with Whig professions, and, under an assumed carelessness and liberality, he nourished a petty anxiety about court movements and a degree of rancour towards those who profited by them, which we should only look for in the most acknowledged sycophants of Government. He held out austere and barren principles, in short, to the admiration of the world, but indemnified himself in practice by the indulgence of all the opposite ones. He wore his horse-hair shirt as an outer garment; and glimpses might always be caught of a silken garment within. He was truly of "outward show elaborate; of inward less exact. With what spirit does he speak of the gay and noble visitors at Strawberry Hill! How finely does he group, in his letters, the high-born and celebrated beauties of the court, with whom it was his fortune and his fancy to associate! On Wednesday, the Dutchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury, dined there; the two latter staid all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all sitting in the shell. A thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsome the women of my time were than they will be. You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women. Horace Walpole, to be sure, is always Pam: We should except, perhaps, the letters of celebrated warriors; which, for the most part, should only be published in the Gazette. But, setting these heroes aside, whose wits, Pope has informed us, "are kept in ponderous vases," letters are certainly the honestest records of great minds, that we can become acquainted with; and we like them die more, for letting us into the follies and treacheries of high the secrets of the gay and the learned world, and the mysteries of authorship. We are ushered, as it were, behind the scenes of life; and see gay ladies and learned men, the wise, the witty, and the ambitious, in all the nakedness, or undress at least, of their spirits. A poet, in his private letters, seldom thinks it necessary to keep up the farce of feeling: By his published works, we know that an author becomes a "Sir John with all Europe;" and it can only be by his letters that we discover him to be "Jack with his brothers and sisters, and John with his familiars. He is glad to escape from the austerity of composition, and the orthodoxy of thought; and feels a relief in easy speculations or ludicrous expressions. The finest, perhaps, in our language, are eminently of this description "we mean those of Gray to his

friends or literary associates. His poetry is too scholastic and elaborate, and is too visibly the result of laborious and anxious study. But, in his letters, he at once becomes on easy, and graceful, and feeling writer. The composition of familiar letters just suited his indolence, his taste, and his humour. His remarks on poetry are nearly as good as poetry itself; his observations on life are full of sagacity and fine understanding; and his descriptions of natural scenery, or Gothic antiquities, are worth their weight in gold. He wrote them to the world, not to his friends; and they have therefore very much the air of universal secrets. Swift has recorded his own sour mind in many a bitter epistle; and his correspondence remains a stern and a brief chronicle of the time in which he lived. Cowper hath unwittingly beguiled us of many a long hour, by his letters to Lady Hesketh; and in the we see the fluctuations of his melancholy nature more plainly, than in all the biographical dissertations of his affectionate editor. We take a particular interest, we confess, in what is thus spoken aside, as it were, and without a consciousness of being overheard; and is a spirit and freedom in the tone of works written for the post, which is scarcely ever to be found in those written for the press. Coleridge; and a single letter from the pen of Gray, is worth all the pedlar-reasoning of Mr. In the first we have the light unstudied pleasantries of a wit, and a man of feeling; in the last we are talked to death by an arrogant old proser, and buried in a heap of the most perilous stuff and the most dusty philosophy. But to come back to the work before us. There are some odd passages on Gray, scattered up and down the present volume, which speak more for the poet than for the justice or friendship of Walpole. In one letter he says, "The first volume of Spencer is published with prints designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld. The graving not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs. Bentley is doing Mr. Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spencer! We really never saw so much bad taste condensed into so small a portion of prose. But he next shows us what ladies of the court think of men of letters, and how lords defend them. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My Lady Carlisle says he is extremely like me in his manner. They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily. All his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences. His writings are admirable. He himself is not agreeable. Two other great names are dealt with in the same spirit in the following short sentence. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die. Unluckily he died of brandy. Nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being a maudlin! He contrived indeed to quarrel with all his better-spirited friends. He turned out the domestics of the heart as easily as those of the house; with little or no notice, and with threats of giving them a bad character as a return for their past services. He wished to have genius to wait upon him; but was always surprised that it would not submit to be a servant of all work. Poor Bentley, of whom we hear praises "high fantastical" in the early letters, meets with but scurvy treatment the moment he gets out of fashion with his half-patron and half-friend. The following is the ill-natured passage to which we allude. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see The Wishes, and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do you think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? No, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it. Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance! I must say, the two last entertained the house as much as the play. Your King was prompter, and called out to the actors every minute to speak louder. The other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin. The curious prologue was not spoken the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it: There is a sad want of feeling and dignity in all this; but the key to it is, that Walpole was a miser. He loved the arts after a fashion; but his avarice pinched his affections. He would have had "that which he esteemed the ornament of life," but that he "lived a coward in his own esteem. Vesey tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His, what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself it would be rude not to have it, now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble. Well I think I most have it, as my Lady

Wishfort says, why does not the fellow take me? Do try if he will take ten; €” remember it is the younger picture. Of poor Mason, another of his dear friends, he speaks thus spitefully€” "Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus. There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, will cry and roar all night, without the least provocation. I must make it if I send it. To change the dulness of the scene, I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was Cymbeline; and appeared to me as long as if every body in it went really to Italy in every act, and back again. But it is much to be lamented. For it must have been very edifying to have seen Shakespeare thus pleasantly put down with a dash of the Honourable Mr. A conversation is here recorded between Hogarth and Walpole, which seems to us very curious and characteristic:

man of letters n. pl. men of letters A man who is devoted to literary or scholarly pursuits. man of letters n. a man engaged in literary pursuits. [

The telegram did arrive at some point today, a century back, telling Susan Owen the her favorite son was dead, or so she would always remember it. There are so many facts, so much evidence, so many written records and so much artistic expression that speaks to the experience of the war. None of which makes our reading and writing any less worth the doing. What would be worth doing, really, if not re-telling the stories that show us how we have lived, and might live? Can they remember them as they were, or only as they are now, part of this dreadful story? Can we know their lives as experiences once open to possibility, rather than as arcs visible in their entirety? Knowing, as many of you did, that one of the best poets would die so late, and that his mother would suffer the cruelest possible ironic blow at the very end. To carry on is dispiriting, not least because there are entire shelves of books written about this one particular day. Some of these focus, as Fussell did, on the irony, on the cruelty of the war and the physical and emotional destruction and exhaustion it left in its wake. Others detail the celebrations in London and Paris, or write in anger about the cynical last few hours of violence hundreds of men were killed today, in pointless up-to-the-minute fighting, but only one of our writers was actually under fire or the grim future that the Armistice gave birth to: So, bear with me one more time, for one long last post. There will be a number of shorter excerpts describing Armistice Day experiences, a few passages from the most important contemporary novels of the war, longer pieces from Vera Brittain and Osbert Sitwell, a last note on the future of *A Century Back*, and a poem at the very end. So, to the soldiers. On the morning of the 11th we were still being shelled and machine-gunner occasionally by German rear-guards and one of our captains was killed by a direct hit on a latrine. Their triumphal entry into a Belgian village has a suitably surreal air to it: Soon after, as we approached the outskirts of the village, we were met by a crowd of peasants, headed by a little hunchback with an accordion who led us in triumph into Perquise, playing the Marseillaise. On the morning of November 11th, just before we left the house we were staying in, a small enemy shell crashed through the roof, but nobody was hit. We advanced about a mile out of the village and were halted behind some banks. On the right of us on the road was a cooker which had been badly knocked about, and laying alongside of it were the two dead cooks of another battalion in the Division. One of the last shells that the enemy had fired on this part of the Front had burst by them as they were moving along the road that morning. With the exception of some men of the transport there were not more than two or three of us left that had seen it through since the commencement, and ours was supposed to be a lucky battalion. I expect we had pulled off a twenty-thousand-to-one chance. There being nothing to drink in this particular village, Richards promptly sat down to gamble, and lost many months of pay in a few hours. Alfred Hale, musical gentleman of means and hapless babe-in-the-woods of soldiering, is probably the least similar private soldier in the entire B. So he responded rather less decisively: John Buchan will report a strange little scene opposite the South African Brigade, a last glimpse of the war as a performance. At least there were no casualties apparently as a result of this particular last-minute hate-show. A German machine-gunner, after firing off a belt without pause, was seen to stand up beside his weapon, bow, and then walk slowly to the rear. [6] C. Montague was not far away from Vivian de Sola Pinto, and he managed to find a suitable way of bringing the war full-circle geographically, at least. So, for the British, the war ends where it began; and, in being driven along the Rouen-Brussels road from Mons to Albert, and fighting back along it to Mons, the Allies have broken Prussianism and saved the world. Back through Valenciennes to Lille. On coming in I write my application to relinquish my commission and to have leave pending retirement. Sir Douglas Haig and the Army Commanders met in conference, duly photographed and filmed by two of my men, a historic scene, a small knot of troops outside, motor drivers, etc. When the Chief came out they suddenly gave a ringing cheer, which you will see in the film by the row of opening mouths. After lunch, the same day, the Prince of Wales slipped up very quietly in an open car to congratulate the Chief on winning the war. There is much to do and so few of us to do it that I quite despair and must stop now. Just one more note for that diminished

chord of long-serving soldiers in France and Belgium. On 11th November we marched back fifteen miles to Bethencourt. A blanket of fog covered the countryside. The band played, but there was very little singing. We looked at his antics with dull eyes and at last put him to bed. Out on the firing range with other men training or re-training for France, Patch saw a rocket go up at I remember the feelings of joy to think that I would not have to go back and relief that the war was overâ€¦ [10] That night they had a wild party, and Patch was soon demobilized. He will live to see ninety more Armistice Days, but prefer to observe instead the day his own war ended in disaster and survival. Edward Heron-Allen recovered from a bout of the flu just in time to return to work at the War Office this morning. But Heron-Allen himself, though no spring chicken, is fast off the mark with his own celebrations: The moment the Order of the Day came round at 10am I secured tables at the Imperial for lunch and dinner, and it was as well I did, for they were turning people away by hundredsâ€¦ One got something now and then, but we were principally occupied standing up and singingâ€¦ I never saw so many drunken people together before. No-one, then, who had not been a soldier, alive on the morning of the 11th of November , can imagine the joy, the unexpected, startling joy of itâ€¦ victoryâ€¦ flung itself on us. The news had been â€” or at any rate had seemed â€” beyond what could be believed: It was with this feeling, I think, that the units composing the crowd danced. When the news had first come with a ringing of bells and sounding of maroons, men and women, who had never seen one another before, spoke, to ask if it were true. In this he captures the other half of a paradoxical bundle of feelings: Here he anticipates the Larkin poem which will eventually be where we now so often begin: And today â€” the 11th of November â€” that long present had suddenly become changed to past, clearly to be seen as such. Hence both the joy and the earnestness of dancers in street and square tonight: With something of the importance of a public monument attaching to his scale and build, the great impresario, bear-like in his fur-coat, gazed with an air of melancholy exhaustion at the crowds. I do not know what thoughts were passing through his head. The dancer, on the other hand, so practical an artist, and in spite of the weighty tradition of his art, so vital in the manner in which he seizes his material from the life round him, was watching intently the steps and gestures of the couples, no doubt to see if any gifts to Terpsichore could be wrung from themâ€¦ As for myself, when I looked at the couples â€” and a few who were dancing by themselves! My thoughts turned inwards, and to other occasions. It was curious that now that the battle was over and the Captains and the Kings had become dead leaves overnight, rattling down from their trees, whirling head over heels in the air, my mind, which had so perpetually during the course of it avoided thoughts of warâ€¦ did not busy itself with the future, enticing as that seemed to all of us, but reverted ever to two scenes. First to the landscape of an early September morning , where the pale golden grasses held just the colour of a harvest moon, as they shone under the strong, misty sun of autumn in northern France; a wide flatness of gentle, tawny land, where dead bodies in khaki and field-grey lay stiff and glittering in the heavy dew, among the blue clouds of the chicory flowers, which reflected the sky and, as it were, pinned it downâ€¦ Such a morning, I would have hazarded, as that on which men, crowned with the vast hemicycles of their gold helmets, clashed swords at Mycenae, or outside the towers of Troy, only to be carried from the field to lie entombed in air and silence for millenniums under their stiff masks of thin virgin gold: Then the alternate scene switched before me: Throughout the length of time that the sun takes, you could hear their groans and sighs, and could not reach them. All that was over, for everyone. No wonder that the world rejoiced at a cessation that seemed more splendid than many a thing won! But, alas, he is still stuck at a military camp in Kent, so he stayed in. Read and Sitwell have decided to edit Arts and Letters together, and just yesterday Read wrote to the War Office to cancel his request for a permanent commission. But today he is the army, and indoors. Everybody went madâ€¦ I felt hopelessly sober. But, writing tonight in his diary, he is much more succinct than Sitwell and, as is his way, more blatantly adversarial. November 11 I was walking in the water-meadows by the river below Cuddesdon this morningâ€”a quiet grey day. A jolly peal of bells was ringing from the village-church, and the villagers were hanging little flags out of the windows of their thatched houses. The war is ended. It is impossible to realiseâ€¦ I got to London about 6. It was a wretched wet night, and very mild. It is a loathsome ending to the loathsome tragedy of the last four years. November 11, We left by train at about Two Flying Corps officers got in at Cambridge and said they had received an official wireless to say that the armistice had been signed. Diana shared the melancholy with which these filled

meâ€”and once she broke down and sobbed. She is married and safe, her husband back from the front and herself long finished with driving ambulances under fire. But she, too, thinks mostly of those who were lost, including her brother. One was so haunted by the memories of those dear boys who have gone. But Mother dear thank God that supreme sacrifice was not for nothing as I have often feared it would be. He shares that sense of a sacrifice redeemed but with, perhaps, a caveat: As we marched away the band played a tune well known to the men, who are accustomed to accompany it with the following words: When this ruddy war is over, Oh! This, no doubt, was very appropriate, but nevertheless, what a thousand pities that we should have had to draw off at such a momentâ€”just as we had the enemy cold! Perhaps, though not quite for the world-historical reasons he would adduce. But I would rather have our last glimpse of Fielding, perhaps our most steadfast correspondent from the front, looking forward to the rewards of peace. Four days ago, he wrote one of the last of his many hundreds of war letters to his wife Edith, the mother of their young daughters. How strange it will be when the fighting stops. I will leave you to guess whose is that faithful, patient figure. Soon Agnes Miller will make the journey from Australia, and they will be marriedâ€”is it the happiest who are most struck by a sense of disbelief? Tomorrow we will begin a new chapter. If so many of those who wrote their own war-lives stopped to take stock, today, a century back, and try to figure out how this day changed their feelings about all those that went before and those that will come, how much more must a novelist struggle to take a long view, emplotting and implying meaning with a light yet accurate touch? Ford Madox Hueffer, like his erstwhile temporary superior Herbert Read, was far from the celebrations in London. He is still stationed at Redcar, in Yorkshire, and will recall only a final day of bumf: Darlingâ€” Just a note to say I love you more than ever. I suppose it is the breakingâ€” after the old strain! Most of the third volume of the Tietjens Tetralogy, *A Man Could Stand Up* takes place today, a century back, inside the consciousnesses of first Valentine Wannop, the Stella-Bowen like love interest, and then the distinctly Fordish Christopher Tietjens himself.

Chapter 3 : Papers of Sir Fred Hoyle (), astronomer | StJohns

Ch. 5 - Hero as Man of Letters [May 19,] LECTURE V. THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS. Hero-Gods, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the.

To request access to material marked Closed except with the express permission of the Hoyle family please contact the Special Collections Librarian tel. Box 21 MS and typescript A first look at the universe. Headings Lecture 23, Difficulties in the Previous Treatment. Lecture 24, Length Scales and Units. Lecture 25, New Gravitational Equations, reference required. Letter to Professor Walcott MS copy. MS Section 3 Astrophysics. MS Chapter 4 World geometry and cosmology. MS Section V Cosmology. Medvedev; MS part of chapter 18; MS notes on nuclear industry. MS Early Lectures c. Dalton lecture ; Einstein Review MS On the origin of the microwave background, first draft MS Beyond contemporary thought, Typescript speech by William A. Ray Bradbury discussing "The promise of science fiction: Photocopy of typescript General review of cosmological theories, lecture Uppsala Symposium August Typescript The Karl G. Jansky Lecture The relationship of astronomy and physics, Sept. Astronomy and Space Research. Further Reflections on the Subjective Present. The Poetry of Earth in Never Dead. Smit and Hoyle Program Typed and corrected. MS Calculations of the 2. MS Venice after dinner speech and lecture. MS Preface to Fifth Planet. Photocopies of letters and newspaper clippings re continuous creation Part of MS Chapter Headings and Contents. MS The territory of Yela. Original MS of Copernicus Book. Space the origin of life source of human disease British Medicine. Personal Comments on the History of Nuclear Astrophysics: Letter from Margaret Thatcher: Hemsted photocopy from The Investment Analyst Sept. Anderson photocopy from Chartered Mechanical Engineer Dec. MS Star-dust in to everyman. Letter to Mr Martin: Talk for fuel Luncheon Club: Oxford Poly Degree Day: Dent Book Synopsis and Overview: Notes on Disease from Space: Letter to RV Jones: MS Typed of Iran Lecture: Copy of Letter that started the New Physics.

Chapter 4 : English Department SSMV: Lecture on "The Hero as Man of Letters," by Thomas Carlyle

The complete "Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters" span the period to , in which year George Lyttelton died; this volume covers briefly over a year, to

See Article History Alternative Titles: Background and education Pitt was born in London of a distinguished family. Father Robert was mean and cantankerous , and the Villiers blood was notoriously unstable. William inherited the gout , as well as a haughty temper and a strain of manic depression. Such was the background and the smoky, explosive inheritance that was suddenly to blaze into genius. Delicate health and the early onset of gout deprived him of field sports and hunting, but he learned to ride with a good seat and take his port wine, and he enjoyed the select company of clever and well-connected friends—the two Grenvilles one to be Earl Temple; the other, George, to be first minister to George III , George Lyttelton , Charles Pratt to become a follower of Pitt and, as the 1st Earl Camden, a member of his ministry , and other men who would later become influential in politics, as well as Henry Fielding , author of Tom Jones. But Pitt hated the brutal harshness of Eton and determined to have his own sons educated at home. He continued his education at Trinity College, Oxford , but left after a year without taking a degree. He then spent several months at the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands, probably studying law. His classical education made him think, act, and speak in the grand Roman manner. His favourite poet was Virgil , and he never forgot the patriotic lessons of Roman history; he constantly read Cicero , the golden-tongued orator who could yet lash offenders with his indignation. Later, in Parliament, his organ-like voice could be distinctly heard outside the House. To his countrymen he was to become almost a divine portent, a voice from the Delphic oracle. Walpole had governed England since , monopolizing patronage, and had—they thought—become too ready to compromise in foreign affairs for the sake of peace. He was still a relatively poor dependent of a powerful Whig clan but already showed an independence of mind and a readiness to appeal to public opinion outside Parliament that were new in English political life: His talents as an orator had already become clear. He claimed to speak for the commercial interests and even for the colonies overseas, the latter scarcely represented in the Commons. Walpole at last fell from power in and was replaced by a ministry that included his old colleagues Thomas Pelham-Holles , the 1st duke of Newcastle, and Philip Yorke, the 1st earl of Hardwicke, with Carteret as secretary of state. Pulteney was silenced by the grant of a peerage. They opposed Carteret even more vigorously than they had Walpole. Pitt insisted that French power should be opposed at sea and in its colonial possessions, not on the Continent. When Carteret was forced to resign in , Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham took office and wanted to include Pitt in their ministry, but George II refused to accept him, though he did accept Cobham, Lyttelton, and Grenville. It was at this time that Pitt first appeared in Parliament swathed in bandages, on crutches, and with a huge gout boot on his foot, parading his illness. But, in the Jacobite rising of the Forty-five Rebellion , Pitt gained new stature as the one effective statesman. The post of paymaster was one of the most sought after in government, with ample opportunity for corruption. He spent a good deal on landscape gardening and bought a new property near London. After a furious quarrel, he became estranged from his sister Nan, who had been his hostess for years. When Henry Pelham died in office in , Pitt hoped for advancement, but, after much reshuffling and intrigue, Newcastle and Henry Fox later 1st Baron Holland abandoned him for the sake of expediency. She was 33 and he 46, and she adored him, possibly from the times in her childhood when he had visited Stowe with her brothers. She was attractive, clever, patient, and eminently practical—particularly about money, arranging mortgages, satisfying creditors, and pouring away her own fortune, in his last years of grandiose extravagance, to protect him. Pelham, Henry Pelham, detail of a portrait by John Shackleton, c. He magically became healthy and happy, ready for his last big parliamentary fight for high office. The war began with heavy losses and considerable confusion of policy. In June Newcastle returned to office on the understanding that he should control all the patronage and leave Pitt to conduct the war. Pitt determined that it should be in every sense a national war and a war at sea. He revived the militia, reequipped and reorganized the navy, and sought to unite all parties and public opinion behind a coherent and intelligible war policy. He seized upon America and India as the main objects of British strategy:

He subsidized and reinforced the armies of Frederick the Great of Prussia to engage the French on the Continent, while the British Navy harassed the French on their own coasts, in the West Indies, and in Africa. Choosing good generals and admirals, he inspired them with a new spirit of dash and enterprise. His hand, eye, and voice were everywhere. This resolute and concerted policy was too much for Bourbon France, and, by the terms of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, Great Britain remained supreme in North America and India, held Minorca as a Mediterranean base, and won territory in Africa and the West Indies. Pitt had given Britain a new empire besides preserving and consolidating the old. But, before the war ended, he had been forced to resign. When Pitt failed to persuade his colleagues to declare war on Spain to forestall its entry into hostilities, he resigned in October. He alone was not tired of war. He never considered its carnage or the ruin facing a bankrupt country. He had tended to concentrate the whole conduct of government into his own hands and worked with furious energy. His haughty manner, which alienated many, and his high-handed treatment of affairs had earned him respect and admiration but little friendship. Just as when he had accepted the pay office, this acceptance of a peerage and a pension for his wife seemed to be the result of a political bargain. As rewards for his immense services they were meagre enough, but it was some measure of his unique reputation for highminded disinterestedness that his accepting them should provoke so much bitter disillusionment. But, though his popular appeal was soon restored, his career as war minister was over. Last years Pitt fell back on his gout and his gardening. In an admirer left him a splendid estate at Burton Pynsent in Somerset, where he planted avenues of noble trees. He was frequently at Bath, where they stood up in the Pump Room when he drank the water. John Wilkes, engraving from a manifesto commemorating his fight against general warrants and for the liberty of the press, Courtesy of the trustees of the British Museum; photograph, J. In July the king asked him to form a ministry drawn from all sections of the houses of Parliament. Pitt himself chose the secondary post of lord privy seal, for which he was created earl of Chatham, but this meant abandoning the House of Commons and the possibility of influencing it directly by his oratory there. Engulfed in a black fit of insanity, Pitt withdrew completely and resigned office. He continued to plead for generous treatment of the American colonists though he did not wish to grant them independence, partly for fear of their falling into the hands of France; in he hurriedly introduced a bill designed to suspend repressive measures at Boston and to maintain the legislative authority of Parliament over the Colonies while using the Continental Congress established at Philadelphia as a body for assessing the monetary contributions of each colony. Although the bill was summarily rejected, it indicates how Pitt would have handled the American problem. His last speech, against any diminution of an empire based on freedom, closed a political career that had become devoted to a reconciliation of imperial power with constitutional liberty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with all the funeral pomp he could have desired and with public grief.

Chapter 5 : Intellectual - Wikipedia

Comments on man of letters. What made you want to look up man of letters? Please tell us where you read or heard it (including the quote, if possible).

The coronation of George IV. Publication of the Tales of a Traveller-Letter to Mrs. Letter to Alexander I. Extracts from Diary-Wilkie and the painting of St. Thomas-Letter to Alexander II. Everett, after receiving his opinion of Columbus-Letter to Prince Dolgorouki-Character of the Andalusians-The churches rich in paintings-Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller-The accumulating debt of correspondence-Bull fights, his notion of-Seville, a residence for a court-San Juan de Alfarache-Relics of Moorish labor and Moorish taste, Removes to a cottage in the vicinity of Seville-Letter to Alexander H. Change of quarters to Port St. Everett-His plan of return broken up-Letter to Peter "Reply to the objection that the appointment was below his talents and position-A travelling companion turns up, with whom he proposes to leave Granada,.. Letter from Newstead Abbey-Journeys with Mr. Bryant, transmitting volume of his poems for English publica. Here a prospect seemed to open of starting Peter in a safe enterprise, as Washington thought, and the following letter to William, the last I have found addressed to that brother, will show with what ready zeal he embarked in it. The more kindly and scrupulously we observe its dictates, the happier for us. I ought to have mentioned before, that Peter and he had occupied the same lodgings in London for about a year, during which this brother gave anonymously to the world a Venetian tale, taken from the French, entitled Giovanni Sbogarro, which he had written at Birmingham. It was published in London and in New York, but belonging as it did to a school of fiction that was passing away under the brilliant advent of Scott, its pecuniary success was not very encouraging. I presume Peter has written at large about the project to promote which these bills are drawn. I will, however, give a few particulars. On our way from England here we stopped at Havre, where we unexpectedly found Mr. Edward Church, who had just put a steamboat on the Seine, to run between Havre and Rouen. Beasley, our consul, who is well acquainted with the river and its localities, had entered warmly into the enterprise. We took passage in the steamboat for Rouen, and were struck with the populousness of the banks of the river, the quantity of traffic carried on upon its waters, and the magnificence of the scenery. It appeared to be one of the most advantageous places possible for steam navigation, both as to procuring freight and passengers; and we both at the same time conceived the idea that a share in a new enterprise of the kind would be a most promising mode of turning a small amount of money and some activity of talent and exertion to large account. It was not like a mere random experiment, for Mr. Church, the conductor of the enterprise, had already proved his capacity by his very successful attempts on the Garonne. The circumstance, too, of the parties owning the boat being such intimate friends was greatly in favor of a participation in the concern. After our arrival in Paris, we talked the matter over with one another and with Mr. Church, and Peter wrote to Beasley. He has since been at Rouen and is at present at Havre, where, after making minute examinations, all which tend to confirm us more and more in our anticipations, he has made arrangements for taking a share in the general concern which will include two other boats about to be built to the amount of ten thousand dollars. It will once more give him employment, and employment to which he is particularly adapted by the turn of his mind and his personal activity; and I think it will pay him largely for his trouble. I shall not enter any further into the scheme myself, nor shall I take any active part. The part we take will be entirely in his name. I shall turn my attention entirely to literary pursuits; and I think I shall pursue them with more cheerfulness when I see prosperity once more dawning around us. Peter, who had the most confident anticipations that the enterprise would prove very lucrative when it got into further operation, had just written to his brothers William and John, requesting that one or both of them, as they found convenient, should advance him a loan of five thousand dollars, his proportion, and either send it to him, or authorize him to draw for the amount. It is in reference to this application that Washington adds: With every disposition to promote their true interests, therefore, but wishing to frustrate the whole scheme as far as they were concerned, they refused to furnish the capital required. John wrote for further explanations to Peter and then declined, while William, whose health was failing and whose life was soon to close, felt himself compelled to withhold acceptance from the drafts of

Washington, that he might not facilitate the fulfilment of a purpose which, in his foreboding spirit, might only lead anew to sordid entanglement, without benefiting either him or Peter. The drafts were for an interest actually purchased in the concern, and he was obliged, in consequence, to have recourse to other means for raising the necessary advance. Meanwhile, as Peter had failed of a share of the property, an agency was opened VOL. In explanation of the motive by which he was actuated in engaging in the concern, and adverting to a pecuniary sum remitted from America, the proceeds of some literary property, he writes: If Peter would have accepted the money and lived on it, until something turned up; if lie would have shared my morsel with me as I made it, it was at his service. I have repeatedly told him so. I have urged it upon him in a variety of ways. I have endeavored to foist a loan of money on him, but it has been all in vain. He has a tenacious, and, as I think, a false and squeamish delicacy on that head; and will not take a farthing from me. Were I in his situation and he had the fullest purse, I would share it without hesitation. I would think I lid not do him justice in declining to share his better luck. I have therefore done the best I could to serve him; and if the steamboat business fails and all that I advance is lost, my only regret will be on his account. Irving took lodgings at Paris at No. I have dined with him repeatedly. Either Paris or myself has changed very much since I was here before. You see but little of the sprightliness and gaiety of manner for which the French are proverbial. However, as I have been here but a little time I will not begin to give opinions; and as I wish my letter to go safe, I will not interlard it with any speculations on national character or concerns. Mieanwhile, the Sketch Book was making a fame for him in England. The Edinburgh Review, in an article written by Jeffrey, contained a handsome tribute to his talents, and perhaps not the least flattering circumstance connected with its publication in the eyes of Mr. Irving, was a rumor which ascribed its parentage to Sir Walter Scott. This fact was brought to his knowledge in a most gratifying manner in a letter from Mr. Richard Rush, our minister at the court of St James, transmitting one from the accomplished Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer, whose high character and attainments caused her afterwards to be chosen to superintend the early education of the children of Queen Victoria. Richard Rush to Wash. I value the enclosed letter very highly, and would not trust it out of my own hands but to pass it to yours, and almost tremble at risking it to Paris. Pray, therefore, do not fail to return it, and I must say the sooner the better, as I shall wait impatiently for your answer before returning a final one to my fair correspondent. She is Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer, and is among the most accomplished and lovely women of England; worthy, as I think, of another monody from Hayley, should fate ever snatch her from her almost equally estimable husband. If you do not write to me soon all that you have to say upon her letter, I shall certainly give her to understand, and perhaps under my official seal, that you are the author of Waverley, Rob Roy, and some two or three more of the Shakspearean novels; for as Sir Waltei Scott is to have the credit of the Sketch Book, I can see no good reason why a portion of his laurels should not be transferred to you by way of indemnification. I hope your Excellency will not think that I am presuming too far upon your goodness in taking the liberty of making an inquiry which relates to a subject of some interest, I think to yourself as well as to me. It appears to me that the merits of the Sketch Book are so very unlike those of Scott, and that the style and nature of the work are so new and peculiar, that it puts me out of all patience to hear the surmise, and I could not rest till I had applied to your Excellency for some proof of its falsehood. I am told that nobody has yet actually seen a copy of the book printed in America; that Sir Walter Scott, a great friend, as he calls himself, of the pretended author, inadvertently asserted one day that Mr. Washington Irving had resided in London all the time he was in England; he could not, therefore, it was inferred, have written the admirably just descriptions of English rural life; and upon my appearing obstinately incredulous, I was assured that if Sir Walter Scott did not write the whole, lie at least revised the language, and had all the merit of the style. I feel very much obliged by your letter of the 20th, and am highly flattered by the letter of Lady Lyttleton, which you were so good as to enclose, and which I herewith return. As her ladyship seems desirous of full and explicit information as to the authorship of the Sketch Book, you may assure her that it was entirely written by myself; that the revisions and corrections were. I speak fully to this point, not from any anxiety of authorship, but because the doubts which her ladyship has heard on the subject seem to have arisen from the old notion that it is impossible for an American to write decent English. If I have indeed been fortunate enough to do any thing, however trifling, to stagger this prejudice, I am too good a patriot to

give up even the little ground I have gained. As to the article on Rural Life in England, which appears to have pleased her ladyship, it may give it some additional interest in her eyes to know that though the result of general impressions received in various excursions about the country, yet it was sketched in the vicinity of Hagley just after I had been rambling about its grounds, and whilst its beautiful scenery, with that of the neighborhood, were fresh in my recollection. I cannot help smiling at the idea that any thing I have written should be deemed worthy of being attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and that I should be called upon to vindicate my weak pen from the honor of such a parentage. He could tenant half a hundred scribblers like myself on the mere skirts of his literary reputation. He has always been to me a frank, generous, warmhearted friend, and it is one of my greatest gratifications to be able to call him such. Indeed, it is the delight of his noble and liberal nature to do good and to dispense happiness; those who only know him through his writings know not a tithe of his excellence. The information contained in this letter, or perhaps the letter itself, was communicated by Mr. Rush to Lady Lytton, and was succeeded by a message from Lord and Lady Spencer, her parents, expressing an earnest desire to become acquainted with the author of the Sketch Book, and inviting him to spend the approaching Christmas at their place. The invitation was conveyed through Mr. Rush, in a note from him. The following is Mr. It is enough to excite the vanity of a soberer man than myself. Nothing would give me greater gratification than to avail myself of the hospitable invitation of Lord and Lady Spencer, but at present it is out of my power to leave Paris, and would be deranging all my plans to return immediately to England. Will you be kind enough to convey to Mr. Lytton my sincere acknowledgments of his politeness, and also of the honor done me by Lord and Lady Spencer; but above all, my heartfelt sense of the interest evinced in my behalf by Lady Lytton, which I frankly declare is one of the most gratifying circumstances that have befallen me in the whole course of my literary errand. Excuse all this trouble which circumstances oblige me to give your Excellency, and believe me, with my best remembrances to Mrs. At a later period he accepted an invitation to Winbledon, one of the noble country seats of Earl Spencer, about twelve miles from London, and where he first met the poet Rogers. Some weeks prior to the date of this letter, October 26, Mr. Murray informed the author that his volumes had succeeded so much beyond his mercantile estimate, that he begged he would do him the favor to draw on him at sixty-five days for one hundred guineas, in addition to the terms agreed upon. He had also been encouraged to publish the History of New York. It is very generally liked here; and if so, how much more it must be felt, and therefore much more enjoyed by your own countrymen. I am quite delighted with the novelty of character and scenery, which you have so admirably dramatized, and so vividly painted. In the same letter, Mr. Irving also urges him no longer to conceal his name from the world, but to accept openly the wreath the public had in store for him, give his name to the works, and write a simple preface announcing it. At this time Mr. Murray had already reprinted the second volume of the Sketch Book, and was preparing a new and uniform edition of both volumes in a smaller size. Murray had placed too low an estimate upon Mr. Irving at first, he was fully alive to his merits now. On the receipt of this letter he writes to Leslie, who had told him of the progress he was making in his picture of the May-day I have just received a very long and friendly letter from Mr. Murray, who in fact has overwhelmed me with eulogiums. It appears that my writings are selling well, and he is multiply-

Chapter 6 : Commentary: William Hazlitt on Horace Walpole

In his lecture "The Hero as Man of Letters," Thomas Carlyle expounds upon the "phenomenon" of the Man of Letters: this new-age hero serves to elucidate, through the use of writing and printing, the realities of the world that lay hidden beneath the Earth's superficialities.

A little more Lyttelton history Posted on by Chelsea Dickson During recent earthquake repairs at a residential property on well-known Sumner Road in Lyttelton, our archaeologists uncovered a small assemblage of artefacts that represented everyday Victorian household items. At first glance these appeared a somewhat ordinary "but when Lydia Mearns one of our historic researchers, delved deeper into the history of this domestic house site, she uncovered the history of a local couple who experienced their share of turbulent times during the late 19th century. A selection of the domestic artefacts found at this site. Wyatt, Lyttelton, between and Donaldson: Wills cigarette tin lid this tobacco company was known by this name from onwards; Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences The couple initially settled on land that they purchased in Hawkhurst Road, and during the late s, they began to accumulate residential sections on Sumner Road. The first record of their occupation of Sumner Road was in , and this placed the Fletts as residents on the section that was adjacent to our archaeological site. This is where the couple would spend most of their time for the next few decades H. Detail from a photograph taken between and the early s showing a number of small cottages present along the Sumner Road in the vicinity of our site. During their time in Lyttelton together, Robert and Isabella featured in the local newspapers several times. Through all of this, the Fletts were also experiencing some trying times socially. Some ink bottles found on the property. With this much ink, one can write many letters" to drainage boards etc" Image: Despite all their major and minor personal troubles, the Fletts were managed to amass themselves a tidy little property empire in Lyttelton by the end of the s. The Flett estate for sale! The property business seems to have been going swimmingly, as they were all let to good tenants. Perhaps having not found the perfect buyers for all of their properties, Robert and Isabella left Lyttelton in April to visit their hometown of Birsay, Orkney Islands without selling their empire. But despite these attempts to sell up, it was later reported that the Fletts were merely holidaying in the Scottish Isles? Whether it was Fletts intention to emigrate back to Orkney for good or just to holiday, we will never know for certain. But during their time in Scotland, tragedy struck again for their family when Robert fell off a cliff to his death! Local news reports of the incident depict Robert dangling over a cliff in an attempt to reach a lost gun. His body was not even able to be found after the accident due to a fierce storm that hit the next day, which caused the loss of even more lives in the sea below. It seems Isabelle Flett was still avidly penning letters at this time. The unfortunate Mrs Flett, now a widow, returned to Lyttelton alone, where she had no other family. Perhaps she preferred to change her immigration plans and go back to where she and her late husband had enjoyed success together in their property development schemes, especially now that her father was no longer home in Scotland? The age of these houses was recorded as being between 30 and 50 years old at this time and this provides a construction date for the four dwellings between and " proving them to be the same legacy left by Robert to Isabella Archives New Zealand, This dwelling does not have the same footprint as the extant building on this section so it must have been demolished sometime in the 20th century. Detail from map of Lyttelton showing the land owned by Mrs Flett on the Sumner Road outlined in red and showing the footprint of a cottage present on our section outlined in blue. The rest of the cottages also appear to have been removed later that year as there are no residents recorded in the street directories on the land previously owned by the Fletts H. The manufacturing dates of the artefacts we showed you at the start of this post suggest that this tenant was most likely Edward James Norris who we know very little about. But regardless of this gap in the historical record, we were able to stumble across this intriguing narrative about Mr and Mrs Flett and their story in the early history of Lyttelton. Chelsea Dickson References Anon, c. Lyttelton wharves, Canterbury, showing harbour, ships, houses and buildings. Archives New Zealand, Overlooking Port Lyttelton and Township. Antique Bottle and Containers of Christchurch and District. Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences. Accessed 20 November

Chapter 7 : Full text of "The life of Thomas Lord Lyttelton"

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Definitions[edit] Socially, intellectuals constitute the intelligentsia , a status class organised either by ideology conservative , fascist , socialist , liberal , reactionary , revolutionary , democratic , communist intellectuals, et al. The contemporary intellectual class originated from the intelligentsiya of Tsarist Russia c. I am a human; I reckon nothing human to be foreign to me. The Intellectuals are specialists in defamation , they are basically political commissars , they are the ideological administrators, the most threatened by dissidence. The real or true intellectual is therefore always an outsider, living in self-imposed exile, and on the margins of society. He or she speaks to, as well as for, a public, necessarily in public, and is properly on the side of the dispossessed, the un-represented and the forgotten. Many everyday roles require the application of intelligence to skills that may have a psychomotor component, for example, in the fields of medicine or the arts, but these do not necessarily involve the practitioner in the "world of ideas". The distinctive quality of the intellectual person is that the mental skills, which one demonstrates, are not simply intelligent, but even more, they focus on thinking about the abstract, philosophical and esoteric aspects of human inquiry and the value of their thinking. The intellectual person is one who applies critical thinking and reason in either a professional or a personal capacity, and so has authority in the public sphere of their society; the term intellectual identifies three types of person, one who: In the 17th and 18th centuries, the Belletrists were the literati, the French "citizens of the Republic of Letters ", which evolved into the salon , a social institution, usually run by a hostess, meant for the edification, education, and cultural refinement of the participants. Historical background[edit] In English, the term intellectual identifies a "literate thinker"; its earlier usage, as in the book title *The Evolution of an Intellectual* , by John Middleton Murry , denotes literary activity, rather than the activities of the public intellectual. In the 20th century, such an approach was gradually superseded by the academic method, and the term "Man of Letters" became disused, replaced by the generic term "intellectual", describing the intellectual person. In late 19th century, the term intellectual became common usage to denote the defenders of the falsely accused artillery officer Alfred Dreyfus. Likewise, in Tsarist Russia, there arose the intelligentsia sâ€™70s , who were the status class of white-collar workers. The theologian Alister McGrath said that "the emergence of a socially alienated, theologically literate, antiestablishment lay intelligentsia is one of the more significant phenomena of the social history of Germany in the s", and that "three or four theological graduates in ten might hope to find employment" in a church post. Moreover, some intellectuals were anti-academic, despite universities the Academy being synonymous with intellectualism. In the East[edit] You can help by adding to it. Such civil servants earned academic degrees by means of imperial examination , and also were skilled calligraphers , and knew Confucian philosophy. Historian Wing-Tsit Chan concludes that: Generally speaking, the record of these scholar-gentlemen has been a worthy one. It was good enough to be praised and imitated in 18th century Europe. Nevertheless, it has given China a tremendous handicap in their transition from government by men to government by law, and personal considerations in Chinese government have been a curse. Socially, they constituted the petite bourgeoisie , composed of scholar-bureaucrats scholars, professionals, and technicians who administered the dynastic rule of the Joseon dynasty. Manufacturing Consent Addressing their role as a social class, Jean-Paul Sartre said that intellectuals are the moral conscience of their age; that their moral and ethical responsibilities are to observe the socio-political moment, and to freely speak to their society, in accordance with their consciences. That, because "all knowledge is existentially -based", the intellectuals, who create and preserve knowledge, are "spokesmen for different social groups, and articulate particular social interests". That intellectuals occur in each social class and throughout the right wing, the centre, and the left wing of the political spectrum. That, as a social class, the "intellectuals view themselves as autonomous from the ruling class " of their society. That, in the course of class struggle meant to achieve political power, every social class requires a native intelligentsia who shape the ideology world view particular to the social class from which they originated. Therefore, the leadership of intellectuals is required for effecting and realizing social change, because: A

human mass does not "distinguish" itself, does not become independent, in its own right, without, in the widest sense, organising itself; and there is no organisation without intellectuals, that is, without organisers and leaders, in other words, without In Russia, as in Continental Europe , Socialist theory was the product of the "educated representatives of the propertied classes", of "revolutionary socialist intellectuals", such as were Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. By means of intelligible and accessible interpretation, the intellectuals explain to the workers and peasants the "Who? Smith describes the intellectuals of Latin America as people from an identifiable social class, who have been conditioned by that common experience, and thus are inclined to share a set of common assumptions values and ethics ; that ninety-four per cent of intellectuals come either from the middle class or from the upper class , and that only six per cent come from the working class. In The Intellectual , philosopher Steven Fuller said that, because cultural capital confers power and social status, as a status group, they must be autonomous in order to be credible as intellectuals: It is relatively easy to demonstrate autonomy, if you come from a wealthy or [an] aristocratic background. You simply need to disown your status and champion the poor and [the] downtrodden Academic background[edit] In journalism, the term intellectual usually connotes "a university academic" of the humanities "especially a philosopher" who addresses important social and political matters of the day. Hence, such an academic functions as a public intellectual who explains the theoretic bases of said problems and communicates possible answers to the policy makers and executive leaders of society. The sociologist Frank Furedi said that "Intellectuals are not defined according to the jobs they do, but [by] the manner in which they act, the way they see themselves, and the [social and political] values that they uphold. The British sociologist Michael Burawoy , an exponent of public sociology , said that professional sociology has failed, by giving insufficient attention to resolving social problems, and that a dialogue between the academic and the layman would bridge the gap. Wright Mills said that academics had become ill-equipped for participating in public discourse, and that journalists usually are "more politically alert and knowledgeable than sociologists, economists, and especially A Study of Decline, June 2, , C-SPAN The American legal scholar Richard Posner said that the participation of academic public intellectuals in the public life of society is characterized by logically untidy and politically biased statements of the kind that would be unacceptable to academia. That there are few ideologically and politically independent public intellectuals, and disapproves that public intellectuals limit themselves to practical matters of public policy, and not with values or public philosophy , or public ethics , or public theology , not with matters of moral and spiritual outrage. Criticism[edit] The economist Milton Friedman identified the intelligentsia and the business class as interfering with the economic functions of a society. Socrates proposed for philosophers a private monopoly of knowledge separate from the public sphere. In "An Interview with Milton Friedman" , the American libertarian economist Milton Friedman said that businessmen and the intellectuals are enemies of capitalism; the intellectuals, because most believed in socialism, while the businessman expected economic privileges: The two, chief enemies of the free society or free enterprise are intellectuals, on the one hand, and businessmen, on the other, for opposite reasons. He ought to get special privileges from the government, a tariff , this, that, and the other thing. That, in the twentieth century, the intellectuals were attracted to socialism and to social democracy , because the socialists offered "broad visions; the spacious comprehension of the social order, as a whole, which a planned system promises" and that such broad-vision philosophies "succeeded in inspiring the imagination of the intellectuals" to change and improve their societies. It is not the formulation of ideas, however misguided, but the desire to impose them on others that is the deadly sin of the intellectuals. That is why they so incline, by temperament, to the Left. For capitalism merely occurs; if no-one does anything to stop it. It is socialism that has to be constructed, and, as a rule, forcibly imposed, thus providing a far bigger role for intellectuals in its genesis. The progressive intellectual habitually entertains Walter Mitty visions of exercising power. In Hungary , the intellectual is perceived as an "egghead", a person who is "too-clever" for the good of society. In the Czech Republic , the intellectual is a cerebral person, aloof from reality. That, in relation to other professions, the public intellectual is socially detached from the negative and unintended consequences of public policy derived from his or her ideas. As such, the philosopher and mathematician Bertrand Russell " advised the British government against national rearmament in the years before World War I " , while the German Empire prepared for war.

Yet, the post-war intellectual reputation of Bertrand Russell remained almost immaculate and his opinions respected by the general public because of the halo effect.

Chapter 8 : Biography of Rupert Hart-Davis

A "man of letters" was a literate man ("able to read and write") as opposed to an illiterate man, in a time when literacy was a rare form of cultural capital. In the.

Edit The order was identified with the crest of the Aquarian Star , a six-pointed sign that represents great magic and power and was linked to the gates of Atlantis. The order was led by elders, who held their most protected secrets. Members of the order were ordained through the paternal line of their family. Despite the name of the order, members are not gender specific, as one of their initiates was female, although the majority of them were men. It was known that by , they possessed a significant number of members, as well as weapons and locations that were powerful. Bonaventure Convent as part of their last test to be members of the order. The convent housed a nun murdered two victims before she threw herself from a tower. The demons were possessing the nuns, and although Henry and Josie cast out a couple demons, the Knight of Hell quickly overpowered Henry. As Abaddon stated her intention to possess Henry to study the Men of Letters, Josie begged the knight to stop and offered herself as a vessel instead. Abaddon agreed and ordered the remaining demon to act dead. She convinced Henry that they successfully exorcized all the demons. Abaddon, while possessing Josie, also subtly threatened the surviving nuns to keep the ordeal quiet, thus preventing them from warning Henry of the truth. Abaddon murders the elder Men of Letters. With the death of Henry Winchester and the only known surviving elder Larry Ganem , both at the hands of Abaddon in , the order is extinct. The headquarters could only be accessed by a special key. While the American branch was wiped out, the British branch remained intact and used their knowledge of lore to protect Britain. To this end, they put up warding all over Britain that would detect a monster the moment it entered their borders allowing the Men of Letters to capture the monster within twenty minutes and kill it within forty. Due to this level of organization, there has been no monster related deaths in Britan since Soon after, the two brothers identified a case involving bringing down some members of the Necromancer Nazi party known as the Thules. Similar to how Aaron Bass and his saboteur Golem took up the mantle to keep the Judah Initiative alive and active, Sam found an interest in the Men of Letters society and took up the throne as the next legacy, becoming the newest member of the formerly extinct Men of Letters. Additionally, Charlie Bradbury also expressed interest in becoming a woman of letters. Though the American chapter was wiped out in , a separate organization known as the British Men of Letters exists. Though the British Men of Letters are far more proactive in wiping out monster threats, they also have a black and white view of the world, ultimately bringing them into conflict with the restored Men of Letters and the American hunters. Structure Edit The order possessed a rating system for demonic possessions with a possession like that of The Exorcist being a Class Two Infernal Event. This system went up to at least Class Five and the order was interested in a new type of exorcism that could conceivably cure a demon. The first attempt failed, but Father Max Thompson eventually succeeded, though it is unknown if the order was aware as they only recorded the first failed attempt. Using the rating system, the order recorded every possession for hundreds of years up until their destruction. Some spells used by the members were also classified according to ranks. For example, knowledge of the blood sigil cast by Henry Winchester is expected of high-level members. Mary donning the Men of Letters Crest on her bracelet. Although considering Hunters below them, Men of Letters shared many of their characteristics and habits, such as keeping journals, and guarding secrets. Much like Hunters they also sometimes investigated supernatural events and phenomena, using alias and impersonating officials. This sort of "Field work" was necessary for initiates to partake in before initiation. It is evidenced that the Campbells family were among these trusted hunters, as Mary wore their crest on her bracelet. The Men of Letters apparently had a sort of witness relocation program for retired members. They used this to hide Clive Dylan after his return from Oz. One of its executive officers was Clifford Henshaw , and one of its operatives was Delphine Seydoux. This division was tasked with infiltrating various organizations, including the Nazis, to prevent the misuse of supernatural knowledge. One of these missions was preventing the Nazi from misusing the power of a Hand of God by retrieving it. They had knowledge of ancient and powerful magic, including exorcism and time travel

spells. One of the members, Henry Winchester , tapped into his own soul in order to power a spell. They also were aware of the existence of angels , something hunters only gained knowledge of during the ushering of the Apocalypse. Additionally, they knew of the existence of dragons , and Atlantis, among other things. However, their knowledge on some things seemed to be limited: They also had no lore on the Mark of Cain. They seem to be ranked by Levels of supernatural knowledge that they have attained; the higher the level, the more powerful and experienced they are. Known members Edit Mr. Markham , senior member and the last known chief of Men of Letters in He led a meeting on the matter of Cuthbert Sinclair expulsion. He also ordered the Werther Box burial so it never harmed anyone again. Larry Ganem , elder, first blinded by Abaddon in , then killed by her in David Ackers, elder, killed by Abaddon. Ted Bowen, elder, killed by Abaddon. An Unnamed Elder, murdered by Abaddon. Grandfather of Eileen Leahy. Committed suicide using the Hand of God. Clifford Henshaw , a Man of Letters who operated out of the bunker in He aided Delphine Seydoux in her mission to steal the Hand of God from the Nazis and was described as her mentor. Possessed by Abaddon, killed with her by Dean Winchester in After travelling forward in time to , he is killed by Abaddon while saving Sam and Dean. Max Thompson , a priest and fellow member who spent his life in research of how to cure a demon. Murdered by Abaddon after Hell was made aware of his activities. Frank Baum , father of Dorothy. Journeyed to the magical dimension of Oz in a rescue mission to bring back Clive Dylan. Dean Winchester , became a legacy. Presently one of three known members alive. Sam Winchester , became a legacy. Dorothy Baum , daughter of L. Presently in Oz as its new ruler and one of three known members alive. Charlie Bradbury , a friend of the Winchesters recruited by them to be a Woman of Letters. Killed by the Stynes in her effort to prevent them from obtaining the Book of the Damned. Mother of Eileen Leahy. Killed when defending her family during a Banshee attack in Eileen Leahy , can be considered as a legacy due to her bloodline although she chose her own path. Diego Avila , an insane rogue Man of Letters who tried to summon Yokoth and Glythur from an alternate reality in Ophelia Avila , great-granddaughter of Diego Avila and a legacy dedicated to keeping Yokoth bound. The Portsmouth Chapter rogue members , who became a sect after Diego Avila managed to convince them into his personal quest to summon ultra-dimensional gods to this world. Most of them consumed by Yokoth after successfully summoning her. Survivors of the incident managed to bind the goddess inside the chapter house and started to keep watch, passing the mission on to their descendents. The Great-Grandchildren of the survivor members of the Rhode Island incident, all of them legacies dedicated to keeping Yokoth bound. Some, like the local sheriff, got killed while trying to detain the Winchesters, while others were consumed by Yokoth. Known Locations of Bunkers and Chapter Houses.

Chapter 9 : Heroes and Hero Worship by Thomas Carlyle: Ch. 5 - Hero as Man of Letters

The young settlers, Robert Flett and his wife, Isabella Gaudie Flett, emigrated from the Scottish Orkney Islands in and arrived in Lyttelton on board the Tiptree (Sun 3/12/ 11).

Hero-Gods, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show themselves in this world. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon. He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavoring to speak forth the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the market-place; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling for this is what he does, from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living,--is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected. Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes: It seemed absurd to us, that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries: He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance, as deep as is readily possible for us, into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work. There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. He is uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do. Fichte the German Philosopher delivered, some forty years ago at Erlangen, a highly remarkable Course of Lectures on this subject: That all things which we see or work with in this Earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous Appearance: But the Man of Letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest to us, this same Divine Idea: It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for: The unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendor, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing,--the Presence of the God who made every man and thing. Mahomet taught this in his dialect; Odin in his: Fichte calls the Man of Letters, therefore, a Prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the Godlike to men: Men of Letters are a perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life, that all "Appearance," whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture for the "Divine Idea of the World," for "that which lies at the bottom of Appearance. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean. To that man too, in a strange way, there was given what we may call a life in the Divine Idea of the World; vision of the inward divine mystery: Illuminated all, not in fierce impure fire-splendor as of Mahomet, but in mild celestial radiance;--really a Prophecy in these most unprophetic times; to my mind, by far the greatest, though one of the quietest, among all the great things that have come to pass in them. Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this Goethe. And it were a very pleasant plan for me here to discourse of his heroism: We have had no such spectacle; no man capable of affording such, for the last hundred and fifty years. But at present, such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe, it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him in this case. Speak as I might, Goethe, to the great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realized. Him we must leave to future times. Johnson, Burns, Rousseau, three great figures from a prior time, from a far inferior state of circumstances, will suit us better here. Alas, these men did not

conquer like him; they fought bravely, and fell. They were not heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it. They lived under galling conditions; struggling as under mountains of impediment, and could not unfold themselves into clearness, or victorious interpretation of that "Divine Idea. There are the monumental heaps, under which three spiritual giants lie buried. Very mournful, but also great and full of interest for us. We will linger by them for a while. Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganized condition of society: It is too just a complaint, as we all know. Considering what Book writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book writers, I should say, It is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable! Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations; everywhere in the civilized world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this was the most important thing; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work, that of theirs; beautiful to behold! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Well; how he may do his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it at all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shopkeeper, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance! Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Mighty fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,--they are precious, great: Agamemnon, the many Agamemmons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives: All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: They are the chosen possession of men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So "Celia" felt, so "Clifford" acted: Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew BOOK,--the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four thousand years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: To look at Teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities. It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much

less put in practice: But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognized Union of our Priests or Prophets, of those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. But now with Books! Nay not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,--is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an "apocalypse of Nature," a revealing of the "open secret.