world, the flesh, and the devil." Work, energy, and determination were the habitual conditions of his life. Nothing could hold him back when he saw the road of duty clear before him. He *would* go to Worms although there were as many devils there as tiles upon the housetops.

By the time that he was thirty-five, Luther had published little; but after that, he was not only the most copious, but the most popular writer in Germany. His first publication was characteristically entitled *Resolutions*—expressive of the energetic determination of the man whose life was really one long encounter with difficulties and perils. By the energy of his style, and the fire and vehemence of his convictions, he carried everything before him. His language adapted itself to every voice and every key,—sometimes brief, terse, and sharp at steel, as others with a mighty stream of words. At the same time he continued full of cheerfulness and good humor, taking infinite pleasure in his wife and family, and cheering their hearts with music; for he played both the guitar and the flute. "Music," he said, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which, besides theology, can calm the agitations of the soul and put the devil to flight." But this was not enough; he occupied some of his spare time in turning and clock-making. He could never be idle. "When I am assailed with heavy tribulations," he said, "I rush out among my pigs rather than remain by myself." His robust hunger of work was extraordinary. In three years he wrote and published four hundred and forty-six works, prefixed to many of which were wood engravings after his own design; and during the same time he was in correspondence with many of the leading minds in Europe. Luther stamped the impress of his mind upon his race and nation. He devoted himself to the cause of popular education; and what Germany has become, must in no small

degree be attributed to his prescient forethought and his individual influence.

Calvin was no less indefatigable and laborious. He was the divine and dialectician, as Luther was the orator and pamphleteer of the Reformation. Calvin had undergone severe and prolonged mental discipline in his youth, and was accomplished in the learning of the schools. He was only twenty-five when his *Institutes* appeared—a work which exercised a powerful influence during the age in which he lived, as well as on succeeding generations. After the appearance of that work, his labors were incessant. He preached daily, taught theology to students three days in the week, conducted an extensive correspondence, maintained controversies with theologists in all lands, and devoted the remaindor of his spare time to literary work. He travelled from Geneva into Germany and France, but only to renewed toil. From Strasburg he wrote to a friend: "I do not recollect a day in which I was more overwhelmed with business of various sorts. A messenger was waiting for the first portion of my book, so that I had to revise about twenty pages; added to this, that I was to lecture, to preach, to write four letters, to despatch some controversies, and to answer more than ten appellants." Elsewhere he complains of constant interruptions, and looks forward "to the long nights when he shall have some freedom,"—though it was only freedom to do some extra work. For he worked night and day, "in season and out of season," even when laboring under a terrible complication of maladies. It was his extreme temperance and simplicity of living that enabled him to reach fifty-five, at which age he died. During his last illness when he was scarcely able to breath, he translated his *Harmony of Moses* from Latin into French, revised the transaction of Genesis, and wrote his *Commentary on Joshua*, at the same time he was occupied with the affairs of the various churches, and

answered their appeals by word of mouth or by writing, as ths various cases required. His friends expostulated and entreated him to spare himself; but his usual reply was that what he had done was as nothing, and that they must allow him to labor at the work which God had set him to do until his latest breath.

Knox, too, was a man of unconquerable energy and indefatigable labor. He was always at work—teaching, preaching, advising, and organizing; sometimes when in hiding from his perscutors, and at other times in the open face of day, braving all dangers. For two years he was a slave on a French galley-boat, where he dragged his chains and rowed under torture of the whip, with Huguenots as well as criminals. He was at length liberated, though his health had been greatly injured by the cruelty with which he was treated—yet his mental vigor remained as great as ever. Undauntedly he went from place to place, rousing the intellect of his countrymen. Though he was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel, they formed a living wall of defence around him. His energy and perseverance, his ability and courage, his intense earnestness and self-denying zeal, carried him through his "good fight" to the triumphant close. Though he lived to the comparatively advanced age of sixty-seven, his biographer says that he "was not so much oppressed with years, as worn out and exhausted by his extraordinary labors of body and anxieties of mind." When laid in his grave beeind St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, Lord Morton, looking down upon his coffin, said, "There lies one who never feared the face of man." *

Not less indefatigable and laborious was John Wesley,

* John Knox's daughter. Elizabeth. married John Welsh, (from whom the late Mrs. Carlyle, Jane Welsh, was descended); he was a Presbyterian minister. and was exiled for his opposition to Episcopacy. When her husband was in ill health, and desired to return to Scotland, she sought an interview with King James, who asked her whose daughter she was. She replied, "My father was John Knox."—"Knox and Welsh," said the king; "the devil ne'er made sic a match as that."—"May be," replied Mrs. Welsh; "for we never speired his leave." She then begged that her husband might be permitted to revisit Scotland, and the king said, "He shall if he submit himself to the bishops;" upon which Mrs. Welsh, holding out her apron, said, "Sooner that he should do so, I would kep his head there."

the founder of the Wesleyan Methodist connection. His life has been cited as an instance of the power of mediocrity, impelled by earnestness and inspired by devotion. Wesley was a most self-denying man, and a continuous worker. Not a moment was left unemployed. He rose at four in the morning, summer and winter, for fifty years, and preached at five in the morning whenever he could find an audience. He travelled from four to five thousand miles a year—teaching, preaching, and organizing. In the intervals of his work he found time to read much, and to write voluminously; being at the same time his own printer and bookseller. That he did not, however, place much reliance upon books, as upon working zeal, may be inferred from his remark to one of his disciples, "Beware that you be not swallowed up in books! An ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge." His capacity for organizing and administering affairs was very great; as is sufficiently proved by the vigorous community which he founded during his life, and which has increased so much since his death.

Wesley's knowledge of character was accurate, his will was resolute, and his intellect was clear and decided. But all these characteristics would have availed comparatively little but for his laboriousness, which inspired all who came within reach of his influence and example. At eighty-six, he was still preaching twice, and occasionally thrice, a day. At eighty-seven he wrote: "Blessed be God! I do not slack my labors; I can preach and write still." He was still preaching at eighty-eight—the year

in which he died. He himself attributed his length of years and his laborious life to his habitual temperance; for, from his youth up, he had been one of the most abstemious of men. But he possessed—what is of immense importance to the brainworker—the power, which comparatively few persons possess, of being able to sleep at will; and he acknowledged that he never lost a night's sleep from his childhood.

The mere quantity of work done by some men—apart from the question of its quality—has been extraordinary. Richard Baxter wrote a hundred and forty-five distinct works, as he himself says, "in the crowd of all my other employments." De Foe was incessantly pamphleteering and book-making. Chalmers gives a list of one hundred and seventy-four distinct works; though several of them are pamphlets, now little known. The nine quarto volumes of De Foe's *Review* were all written with his own hand. Of course most of his writings are forgotten, as must necessarily be the case with the works of every voluminous writer. For the most part, they die with the occasion that gave them birth. Only a few, and those perhaps the least prized at the time of their publication, are destined to reach posterity. *Robinson Crusoe* was offered to bookseller after bookseller, and refused; and yet it is the work above all others by which De Foe is likely to be best known in the future.

There are other multitudinous authors whose works are all but forgotten. Prynne, the author of *Histriomastix*, is one of them. It has been computed that, from the time he reached man's estate to the day of his death, he wrote, compiled, and printed, an average of eight quarto pages daily. What is more, they enjoyed an extraordinary popularity in their day; and publishers were found to risk several hundred pounds upon a single volume. Yet now they are almost unknown, except to book-hunters.

The works of some voluminous authors have been all but unknown even in their own time. When a gentleman casually mentioned to Dr. Campbell, author of *A Political Survey of Great Britain*, that he would like to have a set of his works, he found, to his surprise, that a cart-load of Dr. Campbell's works was at his door next morning; the little bill for which was over seventy pounds! Swedenborg's father, Bishop Snidberg, plied the printing-press almost incessantly. "I think," he said, "that ten carts could scarcely carry away what I have written and printed at my own expense." His son, Emanuel, was a voluminous author, having published during his lifetime upwards of sixty works, some of which were most elaborate.

The Abbe Prévost wrote more than one hundred and seventy volumes, though the only one that is now read is *Manon Lescaut*. Hans Sachs, the German shoemaker and author, was one of the most laborious of men; for, besides the shoes which he made and mended, he composed and published about two hundred comedies, tragedies, and farces, and about seven hundred fables, allegorical tales in verse, and poems sacred and profane. Moser, a German compiler of the last century, left behind him four hundred and eighty works, of which seventeen are still unedited. Another German, named Kruntz, composed an encyclopedia entirely by himself, which at the date of his death, in 1796, amounted to seventy-two large octavo volumes.

The *quality* of Buffon's works is generally recognized. These, when published complete after his death, occupied thirty-six quarto volumes; but then, to use his own words, "I spent fifty years at my desk." Gibbon occupied fifteen years of laborious work and study in elaborating his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Dr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, was another diligent worker—great in the quality as well as quantity of his works. His *History of Scotland* and his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* were probably

his best historical works. His early motto was *Vita sine literis mors est,* a sentiment which adhered to him through life. Sir John Sinclair was an enormous worker. While at college, he made the following arrangement of his time: Sleep, seven hours; dressing, half-an-hour; meals and relaxation, two hours and a half; exercise, two hours; study, twelve hours,—thus making up the twenty-four hours. He worked continuously until he was eighty-one, his mind remaining clear and firm to the last. In the course of his life he published ten great works in eighteen volumes, and superintended the publication of four other works in one hundred and six volumes, besides issuing not less than three hundred and sixty-seven distinct pamphlets on various subjects.*

The habits of study of the late M. Littré were somewhat different from those of Sir John Sinclair. Littré was first a doctor, then a publicist, and lastly a philologist. At the age of sixty-two he began the great work by which he is chiefly known—his *Dictionary of the French Language.* He himself did, almost unaided, what it required the combined knowledge and industry of the members of the French Academy to accomplish in a former generation. Littré's work was not only a dictionary of the French language, but a history of each word, with its nomenclature, signification, pronunciation, etymology, definitions, and synonyms, together with examples of style and language taken from the best authors. Perhaps no such work has ever been accomplished by a single man, and in so short a time; for the work occupied him only about fourteen years. He began in 1863, at the age of sixty-two, and completed the four original volumes—of about three thousand pages, each page containing three columns in small type—by the year 1878. But another volume remained to be done, to complete his

* For sketch of Sir John's life and career, see *Self-Help.* pp. 376-381.

work—the Supplement, which contained more than four hundred pages full of additional information.*

The manner in which he economized his time while working at his Dictionary was described by himself. He rose at eight, took some work with him downstairs while his room was being put in order. At nine he went upstairs and corrected proofs until breakfast time. From one till three he worked at the *Journal des Savants,* and from three till six at his Dictionary. At six he went down to dinner. It lasted about an hour. Notwithstanding the doctors' rule that one should not recommence work immediately after dinner, Littré constantly violated it, and felt himself nothing the worse. From seven o'clock until three next morning he worked closely at the Dictionary, and then went to bed. He slept as soundly as Wesley did, and rose next morning at eight, to begin his day's work as before. Littré died at the age of eighty.

"To work" was part of Southey's religion. He was perpetually reading, writing, and annotating. His mind was full of great designs, though he did not live to complete them. Yet he contrived during his life to write more than a hundred volumes on various subjects, besides about one

* In his last Supplemental Volume (the fifth of his great work) Littré says: "J'étais à peu près parvenu à l'impression de la moitié de ce supplément, lors qu'une grave maladie, m'interrompant, rappela à ma mémoire le vers que Virgile met dans la bouche d'Enée qui, après quelques vains succès de résistance dans la dernière nuit de Troie, s'écrie: *Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis.* N'était-ce pas, en effet, aller contre le gré des dieux que de commencer à soixant-seize ans un travail de quelque durée? Mais ma théorie morale quant à l'activeté (je l'ai exprimée plusieurs fois) est qu'il faut travailler et entreprendre jusqu'au bout, laissant au destin le soin de décider si l'on terminera. Après le vers de Virgile se présenta à mon esprit, dans l'oisivité de la maladie, LaFontaine et son centenaire disputant contre la mort qui le presse et que lui assure qu'il n'importe à la république qu'il fasse son testament, qu'il pourvoie son neveu et ajoute un aile à sa maison. Je ne suis pas centenaire; mais je suis fort vieux, moi aussi j'objectai à la mort. Elle ne trouvait pas non plus qu'il importât beaucoup à la république que je terminasse mon supplément; mais enfin, elle n'insista pas, la menace s'éloigna et un sursis me fut accordé."

hundred and thirty articles for the *Quarterly Review*. Schiller also, though his career was shorter than that of Southey, and though the bulk of his work was much smaller, accomplished more of an enduring character. He wrote his best works during the last fifteen years of his life, though during that time he scarcely passed a day without suffering from bodily pain.

It is true, a great deal of intellectual labor is merely selfish; not to promote any useful object, to further science, or even to amuse and instruct others, but merely to please one's self. Thus, Mezzofanti mastered nearly every known language, but left not a word behind him wherewith to help the struggling student on his way. Magliabecchi also, the devourer of books—who lived amongst them, took his meals amongst them, slept amongst them, and was never out of Florence more than twice in his life—was another useless brain-worker, who lived exclusively for himself, and did nothing to render the world grateful that such a book-devourer had ever existed.

Calderon and Lope de Vega were among the most fertile of authors,—the one adding at least four hundred dramas, and the other upwards of two thousand, to the dramatic literature of Spain. De Vega wrote with as much ease as great talkers converse, without study and without effort. He was, in fact, an *improvisatore*. He produced because he could not help producing. Scarcely a month or even a week passed without some sonnet, or romance, or comedy, or drama, proceeding from his pen. He himself states, in the eclogue to *Claudeo*, one of his last works, that of his dramas about one hundred had been composed in as many days. During the fifty years of his working life, he produced upwards of twenty millions of verses which are in print, besides twenty-one quarto volumes of miscellaneous works.

The only writer of modern times who can be compared

to Lope de Vega for rapidity of production was Sir Walter Scott, who, however, wrote himself out much sooner. When in the full tide of his popularity, he produced the Waverley Novels at the rate of twelve volumes a year. Thus, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, and *Kenilworth*, were produced in little more than twelve months. Indeed, Scott composed faster than he could write; and when unable, through sickness and bodily suffering, to proceed with *The Bride of Lammermoor*, he called to his help the services of Laidlaw and John Ballantyne as his amanuenses. They had often to call upon him to stop to enable them to note down his narrative. Laidlaw beseeched him to stop dictating, while his audible suffering filled any pause. "Nay, Willie," said Scott, "only see that the doors are fast. As to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." John Ballantyne usually had a dozen of pens ready made, before he seated himself opposite the sofa on which Scott lay, and began his work. Though Scott often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when any dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, the spirit seemed to triumph over matter; and Scott rose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, as if acting the part.

It was in this fashion that Scott produced by far the greater portion of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with the production of this, perhaps the most dramatic and tragic of Scott's novels, that when the work was put into his hands after his recovery, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! The story had been rooted in his mind from childhood; but the whole of the working out of the drama, in its marvellous detail, had been accomplished as if he had been asleep; and when finally read out, it came upon him like a half-remembered dream. It

may, however, be added that Scott, at the time of its composition, was under the influence of henbane and opium, both of which he took in considerable quantities for the purpose of allaying the painful cramp in his stomach, and that he was therefore in an altogether abnormal state of nervism and exaltation.

Scott was under great pressure when he wrote *The Life of Napoleon*. That voluminous but by no means enduring work was written for the special purpose of paying his debts. It was composed in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin. The nine volumes were written rapidly, in less than twelve months. At the same time, he was proceeding with the novel of *Woodstock*, taking refuge in the composition of the latter as a relief and relaxation from drearier labor. Scott produced in all seventy-four volumes of novels, twenty-one volumes of poetry, and about thirty volumes of history and biography, besides a large number of articles for the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. One hundred and four of these volumes were produced between 1814 and 1831, the principal working years of his life, or at the rate of about six volumes a year. The mere mechanical work of writing them out was immense. But it should be remembered that Scott was not wholly an author. He was sheriff of his county, a clerk of the Court of Session, partner in a printing and publishing house, an almost universal correspondent with friends in all parts of the world, and a county squire exercising splendid hospitality. He was a most brave, industrious, excellent, and noble gentleman.

As we have said, it is not the *quantity* but the *quality* of the work that is most valued. Some men have bestowed great labor upon works which, when finished, were compressed within a very small compass. Thus Butler's *Analogy* occupied him twenty years, and it is contained within a small volume. But he wrote and re-wrote various

parts of it, and studied each word and phrase until it expressed precisely his meaning, and no more. It is simply a condensed epitome of thought and argument.

It took Montesquieu twenty-five years to compose his *Esprit de Lois*, though it may be read in an hour. The author said to a friend, "the preparation of it has whitened my hair." Hervey's treatise, *Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, in which he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, cost him twenty-six years' labor. Swammerdam, the naturalist, was occupied for eight years in the preparation of his last published work, *The anatomy of the Day Fly*. Ariosto was engaged for ten years in composing his *Orlando Furioso*, of which only a hundred copies of the first edition were printed and sold to a bookseller at about fifteenpence a copy.

Abraham Tucker made numerous sketches of his *Light of Nature* before he eventually decided upon the plan and details of the work, after which he wrote out and transcribed the whole copy twice over with his own hand. The work, which was in seven volumes octavo, occupied him about eighteen years. Though little read now, *The Light of Nature* was a favorite book with Dr. Paley and Sir James Mackintosh. Tucker has been called "the metaphysical Montaigne." Sir James Mackintosh said of him that he wrote to please himself more than the public, and that he had too little regard for his readers either to sacrifice his sincerity to them, or to curb his prolixity, repetition, and egotism, from the fear of fatiguing them. Hence the book now rests on the book-shelves with so many dead and half-forgotten volumes.

While some authors, like Lope de Vega and Scott, throw off their work with ease and rapidity, others, like Virgil, Tasso, Petrarch, Pascal, and Buffon, write and re-write, and are never satisfied with the form in which their ideas are cast. Books, however,—especially prose books,—will

be found to live rather because of what they contain than because of the form in which they are presented. Mere style never yet saved a book, and perhaps never will. And yet style is greatly to be esteemed. Authors who have thought too much of style have rarely survived their own day, while those who have forgotten themselves in their subject for the most part survive.

It is no doubt true that many works written rapidly and easily prove worthless and die, but so also do others written elaborately and carefully. Of Lope de Vega's enormous number of works, few are now remembered, and only two or three of his plays keep possession of the stage. It was the same with the works of the Italian poet Leonida, who wrote his poems ten times over to give them the perfection he intended; as well as of Piero Maffei, who confined himself to the careful composition of not more than fifteen lines a day; and of Claude Vaugelas, who took thirty years to translate Quintus Curtius, and was never done retouching and correcting it. But who reads these books now?

Rogers took fourteen years to compose his *Italy*. But how many readers would now possess the book but for the exquisite illustrations of Turner? It was said of Roger's works that they "would have been dished but for the plates." Rogers told Babbage that he had never written more than four, or at least six lines of verse, in one day, in his life. Babbage, however, in his *Life of a Philosopher*, mentions a case in which Rogers showed that he possessed a very active imagination. While at dinner with a friend, the poet sat with his back to a window consisting of a single sheet of glass. Looking back, he fancied it to be open, and thereupon immediately caught cold!

Inspired men certainly compose with a rapidity and rapture unknown to the ordinary worker. Alfieri tells us that he composed the first act of *Alcestes* with fury and with floods of tears. Great works of genius are indeed

rarely produced slowly. When the poet stays to polish and overlay his idea with labor, the perfume of the conception escapes. The "fit" goes, and the train of thought is lost.

Shakespeare, Petrarch, Dante, Scott, Goethe, Shelley, all wrote with rapidity, though Petrarch was a great polisher. Goethe would not allow a thought to escape, but immediately committed it to paper. One day, when honored with a visit from an exalted monarch, Goethe slipped away for a few minutes in the midst of an interesting conversation, and went into another room to write down an idea which had just struck him for his *Faust*. Pope would not permit an idea to escape him, even in the night. He would get up, light his candle, and note it down. Southey, writing to Sir Walter Scott, said, "Believe me, Scott, no man of real genius was ever a puritanical stickler for correctness, or fastidious about any faults except his own. The best artists. both in poetry and painting, have produced the most."

At the same time, it is not necessary to attempt the *tour de force* of the author mentioned by Horace, who could compose two hundred verses while standing on one leg! It is not necessary to add that none of the one-leg verses survived. Indeed, the easy composing of that which is worth reading can only be arrived at by preparation and study. Though it may seem spontaneous, it is nevertheless the result of previous labor. When a plutocrat asked Horace Vernet to do a little thing for him in pencil for his album, Vernet did the little thing and asked 1000 francs for it. "But it took you only five minutes to draw," said the man of wealth. "Yes," said Vernet, "but it took me thirty years to learn how to do it in five minutes."

Erasmus composed his *Praise of Folly* (*Encomium Moriae*) in seven days; but it embodied the results of the studies of his entire life. "And herein truly," says Car-