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**"Beautiful  
thoughts" from  
Bulwer-Lytton**

**Lytton Edward Bulwer**

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“ BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS ”

FROM

BULWER-LYTTON

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## PREFACE.

OF all the great classical writers of the century not one has given utterance to so many lofty thoughts and ennobling ideas as the first Lord Lytton, still so familiarly known to us by his family name of Bulwer-Lytton. Witty epigrams, sententious sayings, flashes of keenest insight into the workings of the human heart, are found so abundantly in every work of his that the difficulty has been one of selection rather than of search.

The message of Bulwer-Lytton to his age was a strong protest against pessimism, cynicism, cant and every form

of materialism, that true greatness in life could only come through nobility of purpose and that great aims dignified even little men. The Ideal can never be reached in this world, but nevertheless men and women are ever the better for striving after it. The temptations of life are its true trials, life is a battlefield where all may acquit themselves and where no death is ignoble save to him who turns his back on the conflict.







*January 1st.*

THOUGH Hope be a small child, she  
can carry a great anchor !

*Harold.*

*January 2d.*

If a woman has once really loved,  
the beloved object makes an impene-  
trable barrier between her and other  
men; their advances terrify and revolt  
—she would rather die than be unfaith-  
ful even to a memory. Though man  
loves the sex, woman loves only the  
individual.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 3d.*

However august be the object we  
propose to ourselves, every less worthy

path we take to insure it distorts the mental sight of our ambition ; and the means, by degrees, abase the end to their own standard. This is the true misfortune of a man nobler than his age—that the instruments he must use soil himself: half he reforms his times ; but half, too, the times will corrupt the reformer.

*Rienzi.*

*January 4th.*

Out, then, upon that vulgar craving of those who comprehend neither the vast truths of life, nor the grandeur of ideal art, and who ask from poet or narrator the poor and petty morality of “Poetical Justice”—a justice existing not in our work-day world—a justice existing not in the sombre page of

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history—a justice existing not in the loftier conceptions of men whose genius has grappled with the enigmas which art and poetry only can foreshadow and divine:—unknown to us in the street and the market—unknown to us on the scaffold of the patriot, or amidst the flames of the martyr—unknown to us in the Lear and the Hamlet—in the Agamemnon and the Prometheus. Millions upon millions, ages upon ages, are entered but as items in the vast account in which the recording angel sums up the unerring justice of God to man.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*January 5th.*

But the final greatness of a fortunate man is rarely made by any vio-

lent effort of his own. He has sown the seeds in the time foregone, and the ripe time brings up the harvest. His fate seems taken out of his own control; greatness seems thrust upon him. He has made himself, as it were, a *want* to the nation, a thing necessary to it; he has identified himself with his age, and in the wreath or the crown on his brow the age itself seems to put forth its flower.

*Harold.*

*January 6th.*

And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honors in others. We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate,