

THE
FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS OF
LITERARY PEOPLE.

By F. KLICKMANN.

IT is curious to notice how our whole life, from beginning to end, is dominated by quotations. As youngsters, we say our simple hymns and nursery jingles till they become part and parcel of our very existence. When we get to the school stage, we absorb "To be, or not to be," "Excelsior," "Friends, Romans, countrymen," and such-like classics (under stern compulsion, doubtless, but that is a very minor side-issue), and these add materially to our stock-in-trade. As serious-minded youths, we heavily score our favourite authors, and copy out folios of choice extracts—those almost pathetic extracts that turn up and confront us in later years, with odd, haunting memories of noble things we meant to achieve which still remain undone! But, finally, out of all the motley collection that we have gathered from the wayside and the highways and hedges of life's journey, there are usually two or three that appeal to our own individuality more than all the others put together; one may suit us in one mood, one may help

us in another; but, however it may be, they represent us ourselves, that underlying *Ego* that we are often so careful to disguise from other people.

Just as a man's favourite books will betray his personal tastes, so his favourite quotations will invariably indicate his attitude towards life or his aspirations. One feels that literary men and women must be the best equipped in the matter of quotations. They have dived into such deep and wealthy mines of book-lore, and one knows they never return empty-handed. But, on interrogating them on the matter, I found that by very reason of the wide range of their reading it was not always easy for them to name *one* extract that stood out prominently from among all others. "Ian Maclaren" (Dr. Watson) expresses this very happily. He says: "I have so many favourite quotations that I could not mention one without giving offence to all the others, and perhaps ceasing to be on speaking terms with them."

Another celebrated writer has, however, unwittingly thrown considerable light on this subject,



MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

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though he little dreamt into what direful complications his revelation might plunge the famous author of *Young Barbarians*!

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes: "A favourite quotation isn't like a wife!—we may have more than one. But just as a sailor is said to have a sweetheart in every port, so I must confess to a favourite quotation in any number of books. For working purposes, however, the following is hard to beat—

"'Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle.'

I wish I could say it was of my own coining, but it is from the *British Weekly*, where it appeared as my friend Ian Maclaren's Christmas Greeting."

One can only hope that all the other favourite quotations will promptly acquit Dr. Watson of any personal intent to show an undue preference on this occasion.

Miss Marie Corelli writes: "I have so *many* favourites—but I send the two which represent my own disposition most thoroughly—

"'Call me what instrument you will, though you can 'fret' me, you cannot play upon me!'—*Hamlet*.

"'Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang;
dare, never grudge the throe!'
—ROBERT BROWNING."

One is not surprised that a writer of the calibre of Mr. Guy Boothby should find his favourite quotation in the works of Rudyard Kipling. He mentions a verse in *L'Envoi* at the end of *Life's Handicap*—

"'One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence.
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.'"

Nor is Mr. Boothby alone in singling out this particular poem. It has likewise been named by Mr. William Canton, though one could not find two men whose writings are more



Photo by]

MR. GUY BOOTHBY IN HIS STUDY.

[Thomas, Cheapside.

I have so many favourite quotations that I could not mention one without giving offence to all the others, and perhaps ceasing to be onspeaking terms with them,

Yours faithfully,

John Watson

utterly dissimilar than the creator of that fascinating fiend, *Dr. Nikola*, and the author of those literary gems, *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., her Book*. Mr. Canton says: "I have quoted a stanza from what seems to me to be one of the most beautiful poems that Mr. Kipling has published, *L'Envoi to Life's Handicap*—

"Take not that vision from my ken!
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

Mr. Robert Barr sends some lines that have before to-day stirred up the courage and "grit" in the heart of many a man who was beginning to think he saw nothing but "Failure," writ large, before him—

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."—ROBERT BROWNING.

But Mr. Barr can never be serious in a letter, whatever he may be in his quotation. He has long been celebrated as one of the wittiest letter-writers of the day. However short his note may be, it is long enough to afford him an opening for some little touch of the *humouresque*. In the present instance he writes: "The above is my favourite quotation. Whenever you want something helpful, you know, look up the writings of the talented R. B.'s—Robert Burns, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, Robert Bruce, or

"Robert Barr."

Miss Beatrice Harraden likewise makes a selection from the greatest of "the talented R. B.'s." She writes: "Your question is bewildering, as one has so many favourite lines

I have so many
favourites — but I send the
two which represent my own
disposition most thoroughly
Indulge yours

Marie Corelli

Dec 9. 1899.



MR. WILLIAM CANTON.

tumbling about which cannot be called forth to order ; but I am very fond of these words from Browning's *Saul*—

“The palm wine shall staunch
Every wound of man's spirit in winter.”

“Also this, from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—

“The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage.
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones.”

One is not surprised that Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who has always been a close student of the German philosophical writers, should go to the land of great thinkers for his favourite quotation in literature. He says: “I cannot hesitate to select one which, from my earliest years when I began to read German with enthusiasm, has always been ringing in my ears—

“*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben.*”—In the Whole, the Good, the True to live resolutely.”

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne sends the spirit, if not the letter, of the couplet he most admires: “What am I to say? I have so many favourite quotations; but I suppose you only allow me one. Well, it shall be this serious pronouncement on life, from Stevenson's *Child's Garden*—

“The world is so full of a
number of things,
That we all ought to be
as happy as kings.”

Take not that vision from my ken!
Oh, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.

Rudyard Kipling:

William Canton.

I hope I quote correctly, but if not you can call it my favourite misquotation.”

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) says: “It is difficult to choose a few lines out of a series of commonplace books in which I could count my favourite quotations by hundreds; but I send these as among random scraps garnered and appreciated—the first for its music, the second for its thought—

“Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar,
As vainly strength speaks to a broken mind.”

“Written on a scrap of paper by Coleridge in reply to Thomas Poole on his urging C. to exert himself.—1807.”

“John Strange Winter” (Mrs. Stannard) asks: “Why should one have favourite quotations? It would be



Yours Very Truly
Robert Barr

hideously inartistic to try to narrow one's supremest appreciation down to this or that line when there are thousands that rightly give equal delight. I value Longfellow most among poets, and love scores of his beautiful expressions, but I would no more attempt to pick out a favourite than I would to select the best brick from a builder's stack. But most of us have favourite proverbs or sayings which often enough are quotations. Mine is—

“ ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.’ ”



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[Miss Gertrude Harraden.

Yours very truly
 Gertrude Harraden

Miss Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves) quotes Kingsley's dear familiar verse—

“ Be good, sweet maid, and let
 who will be clever.
 Do noble things, not dream
 them all day long ;
 And so make Life, Death,
 and that vast ‘ For ever ’
 One grand, sweet song.”

Mr. Max Pemberton quotes from the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám—

“ Into this Universe, and Why
 not knowing
 Nor Whence, like Water
 willy-nilly flowing ;
 And out of it, as Wind
 along the Waste,
 I know not Whither, willy-
 nilly blowing.”

Mr. S. R. Crockett refers us to the greatest of his literary fellow-countrymen, though he says : “ I have no favourite quotation in the sense of one above all others. But I have always felt that Scott's dying words to his children put my own aspiration—

“ ‘ For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit.’ ”

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton writes from her home in Boston, Mass., and it is curious to notice how her letter vibrates with that sense of sadness—the sadness that lingers around an autumn sunset—which is the

keynote to so many of her beautiful poems, more especially in her last volume, *At the Wind's Will*: “ I heartily wish I could answer your letter by giving you a list of my favourite quotations. But such a list would run into hundreds, I am afraid. So many centuries are to be counted in which so many beautiful things have been said. When I think of death—and death is the one only certainty—I find myself asking, with Hamlet, ‘ For in that sleep of death what dreams may come ? ’ and then remembering, with Henley, that ‘ Into the dark go one and all.’ Then, perhaps, I fortify myself with Stevenson's superb *Requiem*, and try to believe that I, too, shall ‘ gladly die,’ and ‘ lay me down with a

"Be just, and fear not

Ada Ellen Bayly
'Edna Lyall'

will.' But when on this one theme of all—conquering death, countless quotations pursue each other; and there are so many themes! Forgive, then, the inadequacy of my reply."

"Edna Lyall" (Miss Bayly) sends this line—
"Be just, and fear not."

Mayne Lindsay, that brilliant young writer whose Indian stories rank second only to those of Kipling and Mrs. Steel, says: "I instinctively turned to Stevenson to find my favourite quotation, but I found it such a vain task to make an extract when I could only conscientiously transcribe him by the volume, that I turned to Matthew Arnold. By the way, I suppose they are an oddly diverse couple to be bracketed for first place in

anybody's affections. But still they are there, in mine, *vice* Browning lately deposed. But this is not giving you the quotation. It is the last lines of *Rugby Chapel*, that end—



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[Killick & Abbot.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

"The world is so full of a number of things
That we all ought to be as happy
as Kings."

I quote correctly, but if you
can call it my favourite
quotation.

With kindest regards -

Yours sincerely

Richard Le Gallienne

"... Follow your steps as ye go. Ye fill up the gaps in our files, Strengthen the wavering line, 'Stablish, continue our march, On, to the bound of the waste, On, to the City of God!"

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who divides his life between bright America and still brighter Italy, sends a quotation in what is practically his second native language. He writes from Italy: "I find it very hard to discover what my favourite quotation is. If there is one I prefer to another, it is, perhaps—

"'Risurgi e Vinci.'

The words are found in Dante's *Paradiso*, towards the end of the XIVth Canto."

F. Maxim Gorky.

"Maxwell Gray," the author of the famous *Silence of Dean Maitland*, writes:—"It seems to me that no one but a fool could have a favourite quotation, but I may be mistaken. At an age when people are expected to be fools, I wrote in grammar and dictionary leaves, '*Vinco aut Morior*,' '*Sans Peur et sans Reproche*.' Perhaps they were my favourite mottoes. Also a poem on '*Dulce*



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MISS HELEN MATHERS (MRS. REEVES).

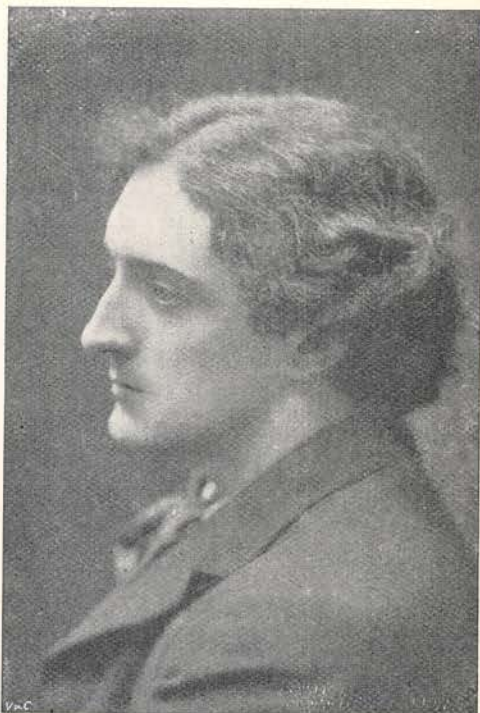


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[Mendelssohn.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

et decorum est pro patria mori.' And one still extant on the motto of the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery Corps—'*Ubique Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt*'—a suitable motto for those who bear it. The only plan I can hit upon for discovering the favourite quotations of literary people is to read their works, which appears to be the last use to which writers are put in the present day. Matthew Arnold's favourite quotation seems to have been, '*Nella sua volontade è nostra pace.*' So perhaps I have one, though I don't know it."

It is a far cry to Indiana, and yet from that State there comes a quotation that appeals most aptly to the much-rained-upon Englishman! "Edwin Caskoden" (Mr. Charles Major), whose delightful romance, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, is at the present time enjoying one of those phenomenally large sales that America indulges in occasionally, bids fair to be as popular an author before long on this side of the Atlantic as he is through the length and breadth of the United States. Mr. Major writes: "I send you some verses, *Wel Weather Talk*, by our Indiana poet, James Whitcomb Riley, my very dear friend. I send you the whole poem, but the first verse is the

one I specially like, because it breathes a sweet philosophy which, if we but live up to it, will bring to us all that which we most desire—happiness.

“It ain't no use to grumble and complain ;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice :
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

“Men giner'ly, to all intents—
Although they're ap' to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come ;—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of the concern.

I have no favourite
quotation in the sense of
one above all others.
But I have always
felt that Scott's dying words
to his children put my
own aspiration

“For myself, my dears,
I am unconscious of ever
having done any man an
injury, or omitted any
bad opportunity of doing
any man a benefit.”

Faithfully yours
S. R. Crockett



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MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

[J. N. Willis.

“With some, of course, it's different—
I've seed *young* men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball !
But, all the same, the rain some way
Rained jest as hard on picnic-day ;
Er when they raily wanted it,
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit !

“In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then ;
But maybe, while you're wondern' who
You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And *want* it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you ain't got none !”

Mr. Edmund Gosse is of the opinion that "It must be very difficult for anyone to say what is his favourite quotation or motto; but," he adds, "when I came to this house four and twenty years ago I painted on the rafter in my book-room a line from Tibullus—

"*Pieridas pueri doctos et amate poetas,*"

and it is there still. I don't know any words which express better my aim in life."

Rebore me faithfully
Edmund Gosse



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[Mendelssohn.

Faithfully Yours
Sarah Grand

Madame Sarah Grand writes: "There are times when I cannot say what is my favourite quotation, for no sooner have I chosen one than twenty others I like equally well occur to me; so that my favourite quotation to-day will most likely not be my favourite quotation to-morrow. The truth is, I suffer from a succession of favourite quotations. They come to me spontaneously *à propos* to something of public or private interest which happens to be going on at the moment, stay so long as they are applicable, and then depart. I can, therefore, only give you my favourite quotation for the time being. It came to me for my comfort while I was suffering from the first shock of the cruel and cowardly injustice done to Dreyfus, from the horror of those atrocious bull-fights at Boulogne, and from the chronic pain due to a too intimate knowledge of the tortures daily inflicted in our midst upon helpless animals by the callous vivisector. When I thought of these things, and of all the strength which seems to be expended in vain in efforts to relieve suffering, I should have despaired once for all of our vaunted humanity, had it not been for my (present) favourite quotation, which seems to say that progress marches on always imperceptibly in spite of all this—

"For while the tired waves dimly breaking
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far out, by creeks and inlets waking
 Comes silent flooding in the main!"

Mr. Austin Dobson replied to my query: "My quotations vary with the occasion and the necessity. But I have more than once derived a melancholy consolation from the—

"*Sperate miseri, cavete felices,*"

which Goldsmith puts on the title-page of the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

Austin Dobson

I conclude with an allusion to two prominent people who for a whole generation have been the mouth-piece of many of the finest thoughts of our dramatic literature. The quotations were given to me two or three years ago, but are none the less interesting on that account. Sir Henry Irving gave as his favourite

*" Into less breeze, & why not blowing
 Not whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing*



Photo by] [Potter, Indianapolis.
 MR. CHARLES MAJOR ("EDWIN CASKODEN").

motto: "Perseverance keeps honour bright"; while Miss Ellen Terry's selection was as follows: "In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."—LONGFELLOW—and:—

"Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise."—SHAKESPEARE.



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*Yours most sincerely
 Louise Chandler Moulton*

*Yours most sincerely
 Louise Chandler Moulton.*