

ALLEN FRANCIS EDGAR

911 FOREST AVENUE

WEST BRIGHTON

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

July

1927

My Dear Miss Tarbell

Thank you for
the pictures. I am sending you a picture
of the two Books Lincoln called his
two little friends in the Francis
Home Springfield Illinois. This is
interesting and historical. If you
read these lines careful you will
surely see Lincoln sentiment there.
Without question I would say Lincoln
adopted ~~the~~ Oliver Goldsmiths cool
sing songy method of expression,
Note the way he closes his farewell
address Springfield Illinois Feb 11, 1861
I bid you an affectionate farewell
Oliver Goldsmith (I am your affectionate
Brother.)

The Brave men, living and dead
who struggled here have consecrated
it far above our power to add or
detract (Gettysburg)

It is rather for us to be here dedicated
to the great task remaining ~~in~~^{before} us
that from the honored dead (Gettysburg)

He is ~~since~~^{now} dead Goldsmith,

With malice toward none with charity
for all with firmness in the right
as God give us to see the right

One would wish sometimes to be in
the right (Goldsmith)

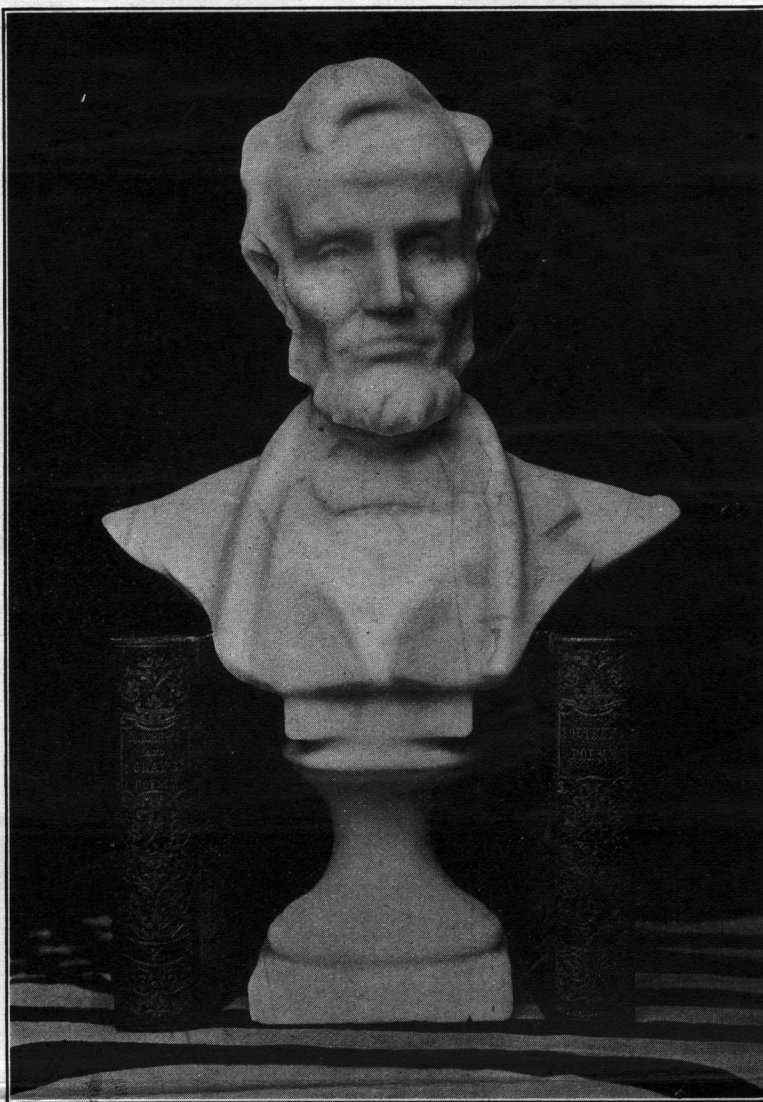
You can see the facts for yourself.

Note the phrase of the people by
the people (Gettysburg)

Note Goldsmith (I have endeavored
to show, there may be equal happenings
and etc, did you find out
where the photograph of Mary Todd
was published.

Sincerely yours

Allen F. Edgar



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THE TWO BOOKS LINCOLN CALLED HIS TWO LITTLE FRIENDS

FRANCIS HOME - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

PROPERTY OF MRS. SIMEON FRANCIS WHO INTRODUCED LINCOLN TO MARY TODD LINCOLN

LINCOLN TOLD SIMEON FRANCIS THE FOLLOWING WAS
HIS FAVORITE STYLE OF SPEECH.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticisms, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous—I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrensy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplors is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head; and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.