

**LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE
HOMES OF EMINENT
ORATORS, VOL. XII,
JANUARY - JUNE, NO. 1 - 6**

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Little journeys to the homes of Eminent orators, Vol. XII, January - June, No. 1 - 6 by Elbert Hubbard

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ELBERT HUBBARD

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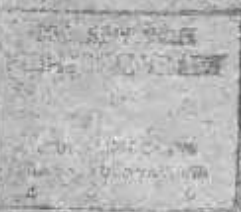
Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

PERICLES

Vol. XII. JANUARY, 1903. No. 1

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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1903 WILL BE TO THE HOMES OF
EMINENT ORATORS

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- | | |
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| 2 Mark Antony | 8 Robert Ingersoll |
| 3 Savonarola | 9 John Randolph |
| 4 Martin Luther | 10 Thomas Starr King |
| 5 Edmund Burke | 11 Henry Ward Beecher |
| 6 William Pitt | 12 Wendell Phillips |
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Little 
Journeys

To the Homes of
EMINENT
ORATORS

Pericles

Written by Elbert
Hubbard & done
into a Book by the
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NEW YORK

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When we agreed, O Aspasia! in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can rise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

¶ Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear:

“Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison.”

¶ In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather; in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles: not long afterward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on policy and ethics, I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious; a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy.

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary deity of his land, the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the

friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest, Sacred it ought to be, formed as it were under the Portico of Death. my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of Philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen. ¶ And now at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do in the pride and fullness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory and Aspasia her happiness, to me. Have I been a faithful guardian? Do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation that which is the lot of all.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.
(WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.)

