

**CHARLES ELIOT
NORTON:
TWO ADDRESSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649329731

Charles Eliot Norton: Two Addresses by Edward Waldo Emerson & William Fenwick Harris

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON & WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

**CHARLES ELIOT
NORTON:
TWO ADDRESSES**

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

TWO ADDRESSES

BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1912

70 11111
ABSTRACT

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

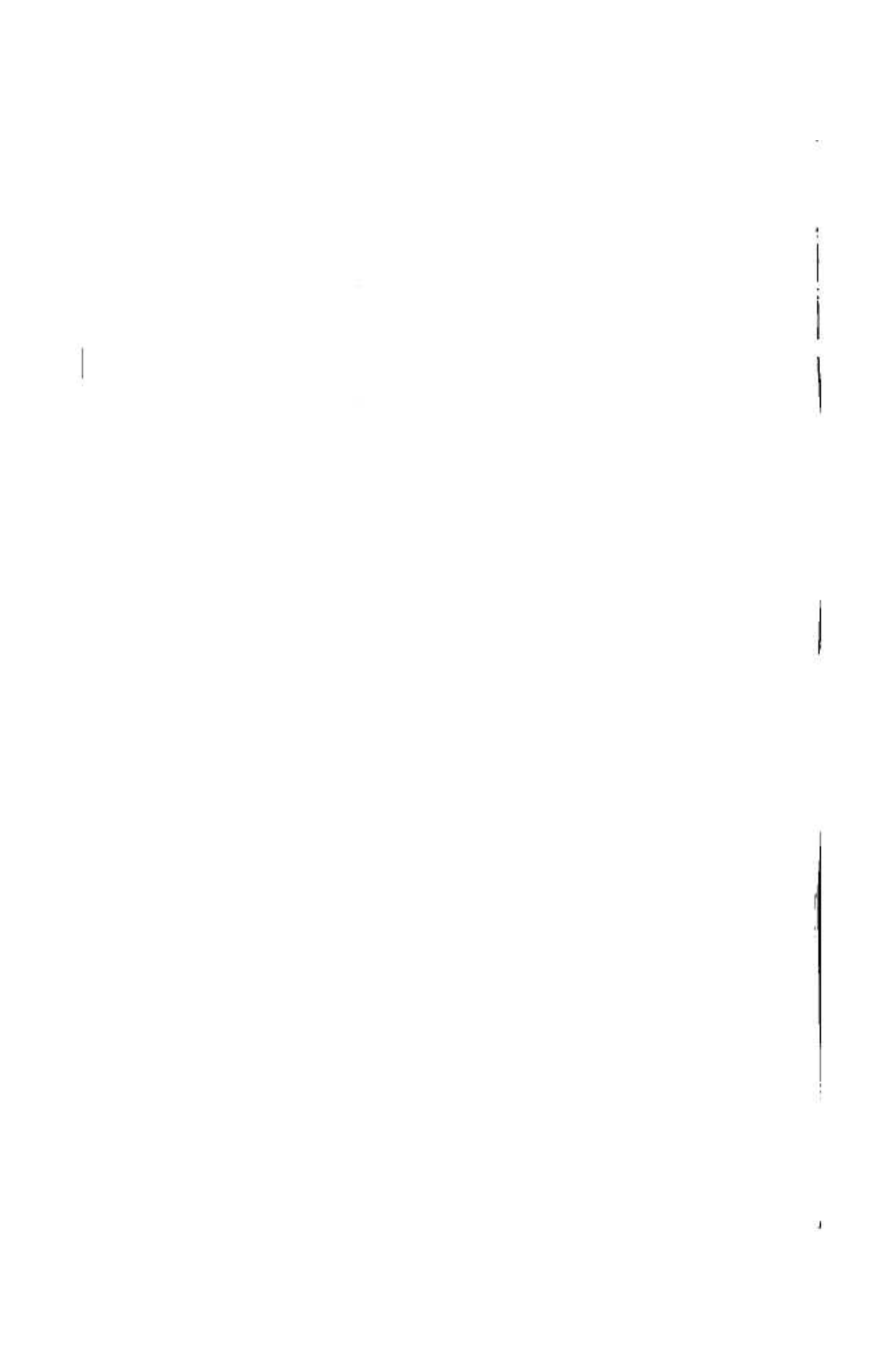
THE MAN AND THE SCHOLAR

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A GENERAL MEETING
OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
IN TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1908

BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

253388



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

THE MAN AND THE SCHOLAR

MR. PRESIDENT; members of the Archaeological Institute of America here assembled:—

You have honored me by your call to speak to you of your Founder and first President. "Dead, yet living" are the first words that come to me. Through eighty years he strove to choose at each parting of the ways the upward path. He has opened the eyes of hundreds to see it through the fog or the dazzle. He has awakened many in fellowship to strive to be, as he has been, a Helper and Illuminator.

Near friends asked me not to make a eulogy, but the more closely I have looked into Mr. Norton's life, the more faithfully active and brave and sweet I find it. Yet as far as I can in this short space, I will let him speak, or his friends, or his works, speak for him.

In the journal of Judge Samuel Sewall is an entry written in the seventeenth century telling of an earnest discourse he had with young John Norton, later first pastor of the ancient church in Hingham, Massachusetts. I wish there were space for it here, for those who knew your honored Founder, gone from our sight, might see in this brave young ancestor, under utterly different conditions, the essential traits of his

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

descendant — a questioner, scrupulous yet hopeful, an independent thinker, steadfast American, a teacher of the Spirit and doer from the heart, Charles Eliot Norton.

His grandfather, it is said, was almost driven to utter unbelief by the dreadful "Scheme of Salvation" taught in his day.

Andrews Norton, Charles Norton's father, was, in his prime, the eager yet well-equipped and skilful champion of the new Unitarianism. "He believed," said his friend, the Reverend Doctor Newell, "in the Gospel of Christ and not the Gospel of Calvin — the gospel as it came fresh from Heaven in its own native beauty and power." He was counted an able theologian, an exact scholar, and an accomplished critic. Yet he was withal a lover of nature and of poetry, and himself ventured on the slopes of Parnassus. During his careful work of translation of the Gospels, and writings on their genuineness, he corresponded with authors and critics abroad, and was, for a time, the editor of the "Select Journal of Foreign and Periodical Literature." Removing from Bowdoin College to Cambridge, he was, first, tutor in mathematics, then librarian and lecturer on biblical criticism, and finally professor of sacred literature. He fixed his home in the quiet of Shady Hill, long before the invasion by roaring railroads, and irresistible encroachments of Boston suburbs. Though formidable in the critic's chair, he was a kindly man, domestic and hospitable.

Madam Norton was of the Eliot family, a lady of refinement and of great dignity and sweetness.

Of such parents was born a son, Charles Eliot, in November, 1827, in the pleasant house in a sunny clearing of a wood of pines and beeches, his father's home, and his, until his death nearly eighty-one years later. It was a home of the best type of New England after the passing of its austerity allowed its brave and kindly virtues to shine out, while its simplicity remained. But three years since, Mr. Norton, in a talk on old Cambridge to its Historical Society, welcomed, he said, "the opportunity to express my piety for my native town, and to say how dear a privilege I count it to have been born in Cambridge and to have spent here much the greater part of my life, and how deeply I reverence the ancestors who have bequeathed to us the blessing of their virtues and the fruits of their labors.

"The society was of exceptional pleasantness and of pure New England type. Few artificial distinctions existed in it, but the progress of democracy had not swept away the natural distinctions of good breeding and superior culture. Its informing spirit was liberal and cheerful; there was general contentment and satisfaction with things as they were. . . . The households were homes of thrift without parsimony, of hospitality without extravagance, of culture without pretence. The influence of the college gave to the society a bookish turn, and there was much reading — much more of the reading which nourishes the intelli-