A STEPSON OF FORTUNE: THE MEMORIES, CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS

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A stepson of fortune: the memories, confessions and opinions by Henry Murray

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HENRY MURRAY

A STEPSON OF FORTUNE: THE MEMORIES, CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS



A STEPSON OF FORTUNE

THE MEMORIES, CONFESSIONS, AND OPINIONS

OF

HENRY MURRAY

"All, the plain saw me gather, I garland— The flowers and the weeds,"

BROWNING.

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LIPELENIA.

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd.
1909

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HENRY MURRAY,

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TO MY WIFE—

IN FAME, MEA TABERNA, IN NOCTE, MEA LUCEKNA, RECTA ME SEMPER GUBERNA—

I DEDICATE THIS IMPERFECT RECORD
OF A MOST IMPERFECT LIFE

LONDON: March, 1909.



Calary, or Calarynda

A STEPSON OF FORTUNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE prefaced one of his earlier volumes by the statement that it was the work of the obscurest man of letters in America. I will preface this volume by saying that it is the work of the unluckiest scribbler—regarded merely as a scribbler—on which the all-beholding eye of day has ever looked. That is the one statement this book will contain to which I will suffer no challenge. It is my one point of pride—perhaps, of vanity—on which I would quarrel with my dearest friend or the wife of my bosom. You and I will come to no good of each other's society unless that fact is accepted as a fact.

Many quite intelligent people will tell us that there is no such factor as luck in human affairs, and a scientist of very distinguished ability, Lord Avebury, once wrote a whole book to prove that belief the correct one. I have not read the book, but I am quite certain that his lordship might have put his ink to better uses. So far from there being no such force in human affairs as luck, it is an absolute fact that luck is the one force that directs them. Since a man does not choose the race he shall be born of, it is a matter of luck whether he comes into the world a white man or a nigger. Since he does not select his parents it