

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.

(1823-1900.)

BY T. J. MCCORMACK.

WITH the death of Friedrich Max Müller, on October 28th of this year, one of the most notable personages of the academic world passed from the stage of history. We say "stage" advisedly, for Max Müller's career was in more senses than one histrionic, in the best sense of that word, and there was hardly a moment of his life that he did not stand prominently and conspicuously before the public notice. To the unlearned world at large, he was the personification of philological scholarship,—a scholarship which he knew how to render accessible to his public in inimitably simple and charming style. There was no domain of philosophy, mythology, or religion, that he left untouched or unmodified by his comprehensive researches, and the Science of Language, which is the greatest scholastic glory of the German nation, would appear, judging from his books alone, to have received in him its final incarnation and Messianic fulfilment. There was no national or international dispute of modern times, ever so remotely connected with philological questions, but his ready pen was seen swinging in the thick of the combat, and his Sanskrit roots made to bear the burden of a people's destiny. He was the recipient of more academic honors, orders, titles, royal and imperial favors, perhaps, than any other scholar since Humboldt, and he bore the greatness that was thrust upon him with the grace and dignity of a born aristocrat. Many were the pummellings he received from the hands of his less favored but more plodding colleagues; yet their buffets of ink but served to throw his Titanic figure into greater relief, and to afford him an opportunity by his delicate, insidious irony to endear himself still more to his beloved public. Apart from his great and sound contributions to the cause of learn-

ing and thought, which none will deny, Max Müller's indisputably greatest service was to have made knowledge agreeable,—nay, even fashionable,—and his proudest boast was that when delivering his lectures on the Science of Language at the Royal Institution, Albemarle street was thronged with the crested carriages of the great, and that not only “the keen dark eyes of Faraday,” “the massive face of the Bishop of St. David's,” but even the countenances of royalty, shone out upon him from his audiences.

Friedrich Maximilian Müller was born in Dessau, Germany, on December 6, 1823. He was the son of the well-known German poet Wilhelm Müller, the great-grandson of Basedow, the reformer of national education in all Germany, and the grandson of a Prime Minister to the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. His environment was thus, from the start, one of the highest culture, and he received through its advantages a thorough education, especially in music, in which he was very proficient. At Leipsic, where he attended the famous Nicolai School, and afterwards the University, he lived in the musical house of Professor Carus, father of Prof. V. Carus, the translator of Darwin, where he gained the friendship of Mendelssohn, Liszt, David, Kalliwoda, Hiller, and Clara Schumann. Here, and afterwards at Berlin, Paris, and London, he made the acquaintance of the great notabilities of the day, among whom were numbered Rückert, Humboldt, Burnouf, Froude, Ruskin, Carlyle, Faraday, Grote, Darwin, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes.

It was the Orientalist Burnouf that encouraged him to publish the first edition of the *Rig-Veda*,—a labor which brought him to England in 1846 and which he completed twenty-five years afterwards, having laid in the meantime the foundation of his career and become a fellow of Oxford, an incumbent of two professorships, and curator of the Oriental Works of the Bodleian Library. His edition of the *Rig-Veda*, his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, and his *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy* are the works on which his technical reputation stands. Of that enormous and meritorious undertaking, the translation of the *Sacred Books of the East* (49 vols.), he was the editor, but personally translated only the *Upanishads*, the *Vedic Hymns*, the *Dhammapada* and some of the Mahâyâna texts. His numerous other writings, on the *Science of Language* (2 volumes, 1861–1864), the *Science of Thought* (2 volumes, 1887), the *Science of Religion* (6 volumes, Hibbert and Gifford Lectures, 1870–1892), important as they are, were rather popular and expository in their nature and devoted to the presentation of his own personal philosophy, which to the very end of his life he

propagated and defended with uncommon ardor and success. In all these works we read Max Müller the philosopher and theorist, not Max Müller the philologist. In fact, he expressly disclaimed being a philologist in the pure technical sense, and boldly hailed himself as the protagonist of a new science,—the Science of Language, which was to him but a means to an end, “a telescope to watch the heavenly movements of our thoughts, a microscope to discover the primary cells of our concepts.” And whatever impress he left upon the thought of his time, will have come from these works. In addition to this, he was the apostle and guide of the great public in the domain of linguistic science, and he ranks with Huxley and Tyndall as a shaper of popular scientific thought. Two of his little books, *Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought* and *Three Lectures on the Science of Language*, together with the essay *Persona*, were published in the first numbers of *The Open Court* and afterwards appeared in book form. These books sum up in elegant and terse manner his philosophy, and we shall devote a few words to them after we have dwelt more at length on his interesting personality.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Max Müller's career as a scholar and philosopher was indissolubly connected with his career as a man, and his thought and his controversies in the latter half of his life were all colored by his dominant ambitions. In his delightful reminiscences, entitled *Auld Lang Syne*, published two years before his death (New York, Scribner's), Professor Müller has himself told many stories which are illustrative of the high estimation in which he was held by the world. One circles about the import of a witty letter of Darwin's, whom he had combated on the ground that language formed an inseparable barrier between brute and man. Romanes regarded the letter as an instance of Darwin's “extraordinary humility.” Professor Müller saw in it more of humor than humility, and modestly deprecates the notion that he should ever have been thought guilty of considering it as a trophy. We think that neither Romanes nor Müller has read the letter aright. The following is the text :

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, 15th Oct., 1875.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I am greatly obliged to you for so kindly sending me your essay, which I am sure will interest me much. With respect to our differences, though some of your remarks have been rather stinging, they have all been made so gracefully, I declare

that I am like the man in the story who boasted that he had been soundly horse-whipped by a Duke.

Pray believe me, yours very sincerely,

CHARLES DARWIN.

In his *Recollections of Royalty*, he tells of an amusing incident that nearly prevented his compliance with an invitation to dine with the King of Prussia at Potsdam, together with Humboldt.

"But a curious intermezzo happened. While I was quietly sitting in my room with my mother, a young lieutenant of police entered, and began to ask a number of extremely silly questions—why I had come to Berlin, when I meant to return to England, what had kept me so long in Berlin, etc. After I had fully explained to him that I was collecting Sanskrit MSS. at the Royal Library, he became more peremptory, and informed me that the police authorities thought that a fortnight must be amply sufficient for that purpose (how I wished that it had been so!), and that they requested me to leave Berlin within twenty-four hours. I produced my passport, perfectly *en règle*; I explained that I wanted but another week to finish my work. It was all of no avail, I was told that I must leave in twenty-four hours. I then collected my thoughts, and said very quietly to the young lieutenant, 'Please to tell the police authorities that I shall, of course, obey orders, and leave Berlin at once, but that I must request them to inform His Majesty the King that I shall not be able to dine with him to-night at Potsdam.' The poor young man thought I was laughing at him, but when he saw that I was in earnest he looked thunder-struck, bowed, and went away. . . . It was not long, however, before another police official appeared, an elderly gentleman of pleasant manners, who explained to me how sorry he was that the young lieutenant of police should have made so foolish a mistake. He begged me entirely to forget what had happened, as it would seriously injure the young lieutenant's prospects if I lodged a complaint against him. I promised to forget, and, at all events, not to refer to what had happened in the Royal presence."

The young professor returned from Sans Souci in the carriage with Humboldt :

"I could not resist telling him [Humboldt] in strict confidence my little adventure with the police lieutenant, and he was highly amused. I hope he did not tell the King; anyhow, no names were mentioned."

He was on intimate terms also with the Crown Prince Frederick. He writes of their meeting at Ems, in 1871 :

"At Ems the Prince was the popular hero of the day, and wherever he showed himself he was enthusiastically greeted by the people. He sent me word that he wished to see me. When I arrived, the antechambers were crowded with Highnesses, Excellencies, Generals, all covered with stars and ribands. I gave my card to an A. D. C. as simple Max Müller, and was told that I must wait, but I soon saw there was not the slightest chance of my having an audience that morning. I had no uniform, no order, no title. From time to time an officer called the name of Prince So-and-So, Count So-and-So, and people became very impatient. Suddenly the Prince himself opened the door, and called out in a loud voice, 'Maximilian, Maximilian, kommen Sie herein!' There was consternation in the crowd as I walked through, but I had a most pleasant half-hour with the Prince."

In 1888, Max Müller and the Crown Prince were again at Ems, but their meeting on this occasion was frustrated :

"The Crown Prince had sent me word that he wished to see me once more ; but his surroundings evidently thought that I had been favoured quite enough, and our meeting again was cleverly prevented. No doubt princes must be protected against intruders, but should they be thwarted in their own wishes ?"

Not to mention his having won sixpence from the Prince of Wales at whist, Professor Müller was the recipient of many other distinguished favors from the English Royal family, notably from Prince Leopold, who during his stay at Oxford always reserved for the great philologist some of his ancient and rare Johannisberger, from the famous *crue* of Prince Metternich.

"Once more the Prince was most kind to me under most trying circumstances. I was to dine at Windsor, and when I arrived my portmanteau was lost. I telegraphed and telegraphed, and at last the portmanteau was found at Oxford station, but there was no train to arrive at Windsor before 8 30. Prince Leopold, who was staying at Windsor, and to whom I went in my distress, took the matter in a most serious spirit. I thought I might send an excuse to say that I had had an accident and could not appear at table ; but he said : 'No, that is impossible. If the Queen asks you to dinner, you must be there.' He then sent round all the castle to fit me out. Everybody seemed to have contributed some article of clothing,—coat, waistcoat, tie, shorts, shoes and buckles. I looked a perfect guy, and I declared that I could not possibly appear before the Queen in that attire. I was actually penning a note when the 8 30 train arrived, and with it my luggage, which I tore open, dressed in a few minutes, and appeared at dinner as if nothing had happened.

"Fortunately the Queen, who had been paying a visit, came in very late. Whether she had heard of my misfortunes, I do not know. But I was very much impressed when I saw how, with all the devotion that the Prince felt for his mother, there was this feeling of respect, nay, almost of awe, that made it seem impossible to tell his mother that I was prevented by an accident from obeying her command and appearing at dinner."

PHILOSOPHICAL.

To Max Müller the problem of the origin of language was the problem of the origin of thought, and in the researches of the Science of Language were contained for him *in nuce* the solutions of the Science of Thought. Language, for him, was petrified reason, the geological record of human thought, as well as its living vehicle. He admires above all its simplicity :¹

"If we have, say, eight hundred material or predicative roots and a small number of demonstrative elements given us, then, roughly speaking, the riddle of language is solved. We know what language is, what it is made of, and we are thus enabled to admire, not so much its complexity as its translucent simplicity."

But whence these roots? Here is the delicate question.

¹ The following quotations are from Max Müller's *Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought*, published by the Open Court Pub. Co.

"There are three things that have to be explained in roots, such as we find them :

1. Their being intelligible not only to the speaker but to all who listen to him ;
2. Their having a definite body of consonants and vowels ;
3. Their expressing general concepts."

In the explanation of these three characteristics, the solution of the problem lies. The sounds of nature, even those emitted by man as a part of nature, are in themselves unmeaning ; they are physical phenomena merely. And this is also true of the emotional interjections of rational human beings : they are mere puffs of wind, individual in their significance, and standing on the same level with the *bow-wow* of the dog.

"It was Professor Noiré who first pointed out that roots, in order to be intelligible to others, must have been from the very first social sounds.—sounds uttered by several people together. They must have been what he calls the *clamor concomitans*, uttered almost involuntarily by a whole gang engaged in a common work. Such sounds are uttered even at present by sailors rowing together, by peasants digging together, by women spinning or sewing together. They are uttered and they are understood. And not only would this *clamor concomitans* be understood by all the members of a community, but on account of its frequent repetition it would soon assume a more definite form than belongs to the shouts of individuals, which constantly vary, according to circumstances and individual tendencies."

But the most difficult problem still remains. How did those sounds become signs, not simply of emotions, but of concepts ? For all roots are expressive of concepts ; our intellectual life is all conceptual. How was the first concept formed ?

"That is the question which the Science of Thought has to solve. At present we simply take a number of sensuous intuitions, and after describing something which they share in common, we assign a name to it, and thus get a concept. For instance, seeing the same color in coal, ink, and in a negro, we form the concept of black ; or seeing white in milk, snow, and chalk, we form the concept of white. In some cases a concept is a mere shadow of a number of percepts, as when we speak of oaks, beeches, and firs, as trees. But suppose we had no such names as black, and white, and tree, where would our concept be ?

"We are speaking, however, of a period in the growth of the human mind when there existed as yet neither names nor concepts, and the question which we have to answer is, how the roots which we have discovered as the elements of language came to have a conceptual meaning. Now the fact is, the majority of roots express acts, and mostly acts which men in a primitive state of society are called upon to perform ; I mean acts such as digging, plaiting, weaving, striking, throwing, binding, etc. All of these are acts of which those who perform them are *ipso facto* conscious ; and as most of these acts were continuous or constantly repeated, we see in the consciousness of these repeated acts the first glimmer of conceptual thought, the first attempt to comprehend *many things as one*. Without any effort of their own the earliest framers of language found the consciousness of their own repeated acts raised into conceptual consciousness, while the sounds by which

these acts were accompanied became spontaneously what we now call conceptual roots in every language."

These results quite agree with the psychological conclusions of Professor Mach (see *The Open Court* for June of this year, p. 348, "The Concept"), who regards concepts as bundles of directions for performing definite activities, and conceptual names and sounds as the keys that unlock the impulses to these activities: the whole resting on the conscious repetition of actions.

Professor Noiré emphasises another feature of the process. He thinks that "true conceptual consciousness begins only from the time when men became conscious of results, of facts, and not only of acts. The mere consciousness of the acts of digging, striking, binding, does not satisfy him. Only when men perceive the results of their acts—for instance, in the hole dug, in the tree struck down, in the reeds tied together as a mat—did they, according to him, arrive at conceptual thought in language."

Such, then, is the origin of the one hundred and twenty concepts to which the eight hundred roots of the Indo-European languages are reducible. "These one hundred and twenty concepts are the rivers that feed the whole ocean of thought and speech. There is no thought that passes through our mind, or that has passed through the minds of the greatest poets and prophets of old, that cannot directly or indirectly be derived from one of these fundamental concepts."

And these thoughts, "the whole of our intellect, all the tricks of the wizard in our brain, consist in nothing but addition and subtraction," in nothing but combination and separation. But what is it that is combined and separated?

We shall forego the metaphysical discussion of the possibility of sensation and experience which Max Müller interpolates at this stage of the development of his theory, and shall jump immediately to the point at issue,—his enunciation of his celebrated doctrine of the *identity of language and thought*. He says:

"How æthereal vibrations produce in us consciousness of something, how neurosis becomes æsthesis, we do not know and never shall know. But having the sensations of light or darkness within us, what do we know of any cause of darkness or any cause of light? Nothing. We simply suffer darkness, or enjoy light, but what makes us suffer and what makes us rejoice, we do not know,—*till we can express it*.

"And how do we express it? We may try what we like, we can express it in language only. We may feel dark, but till we have a name for dark and are able to distinguish darkness as what is not light, or light as what is not darkness, we are not in a state of knowledge, we are only in a state of passive stupor.

"We often imagine that we can possess and retain, even without language, certain pictures or phantasmata; that, for instance, when lightning has passed before our eyes, the impression remains for some time actually visible, then vanishes more and more, when we shut our eyes, but can be called back by the memory, whenever we please. Yes, we can call it back, but not till we can *call*, that is, till we can name it. In all our mental acts, even in that of mere memory, we must be able to give an account to ourselves of what we do, and how can we do that except in language? Even in a dream we do not know what we see, except we name it, that is, make it knowable to ourselves. Everything else passes by and vanishes unheeded. We either are simply suffering, and in that case we require no language, or we act and react, and in that case we can react on what is given us, by language only. This is really a matter of fact and not of argument. Let any one try the experiment, and he will see that we can as little think without words as we can breathe without lungs."

By words, however, Max Müller means signs. "All I maintain is, that thought cannot exist without signs, and that our most important signs are words."

"How is it, I have been asked, that people go through the most complicated combinations while playing chess and all this without uttering a single word? Does not that show that thought is possible without words, and, as it were, by mere intuition? It may seem so, if we imagine that speech must always be audible, but we have only to watch ourselves while writing a letter, that is, while speaking to a friend, in order to see that a loud voice is not essential to speech. Besides, by long usage speech has become so abbreviated that, as with mathematical formulas, one sign or letter may comprehend long trains of reasoning. And how can we imagine that we could play chess without language, however silent, however abbreviated, however algebraic? What are king, queen, bishops, knights, castles, and pawns, if not names? What are the squares on the chessboard to us, unless they had been conceived and named as being square and neither round nor oblong?"

"I do not say, however, that king and queen and bishops are *mere names*."

"There is no such a thing as a mere name. A name is nothing if it is not a *nomen*, that is, what is known, or that by which we know. *Nomen* was originally *gnomen*, from *gnosco* to know, and was almost the same word as *notio*, a notion. A mere name is therefore self-contradictory. It means a name which is not a name; but something quite different, namely, a sound, a *flatus vocis*. We do not call an empty egg-shell a mere egg, nor a corpse a mere man; then why should we call a name without its true meaning, a mere name?"

"But if there is no such thing as a mere name, neither is there such a thing as a mere thought or a mere concept. The two are one and inseparable. We may distinguish them as we distinguish the obverse from the reverse of a coin; but to try to separate them would be like trying to separate the convex from the concave surface of a lens. We think in names and in names only."

We are now in a position to grasp his view in its full import. The entire fabric of the mind is identical with the fabric of human speech, and the whole history of philosophy reveals itself but as the natural growth of language.

"Reason . . . is language, not simply as we now hear it and use it, but as has been slowly elaborated by man through all the ages of his existence on earth."

Reason is the growth of centuries, it is the work of man, and at the same time an instrument brought to higher and higher perfection by the leading thinkers and speakers of the world. *No reason without language, no language without reason.* Try to reckon without numbers, whether spoken, written, or otherwise marked, and if you succeed in that, I shall admit that it is possible to reason or reckon without words, and that there is in us such a thing, or such a power or faculty, as reason, apart from words."

Such, in epitome, is Max Müller's famous doctrine of the Identity of Language and Thought,—a doctrine in which he is supported by a long line of illustrious predecessors.¹ It is not our purpose in this place to offer any criticism of its general tenability. This has been done, in part, by the editor of this magazine in two essays in *The Monist*, to which readers desirous of more details are referred.² It merely remains for us to remark that Max Müller's theory, which it is sometimes difficult to grasp precisely in its critical points, is now held, even by those who admit the intrinsic truth of his assertions, only with great modification. His definition of thought is upon the whole arbitrary and made *pro domo*. The barrier between man and animal is not so impassable as he liked to imagine, and the tendency of recent thought in comparative psychology has swerved from his position. But the beauty of style, the wealth and breadth of learning, the controversial skill with which he advocated his doctrine are undeniable, and the controversies to which his zealous championing of his cause led have advanced the cause of truth immeasurably. And this, he avers in an impersonal moment, is his whole concern :

"You say I shall never live to see it admitted that man cannot reason without words. This does not discourage me. Through the whole of my life I have cared for truth, not for success. And truth is not our own. We may seek truth, serve truth, love truth; but truth takes care of herself, and she inspires her true lovers with the same feeling of perfect trust. Those who cannot believe in themselves, unless they are believed in by others, have never known what truth is. Those who have found truth, know best how little it is their work, and how small the merit which they can claim for themselves. They were blind before, and now they can see. That is all."

And again :³

"Scholars come and go and are forgotten, but the road which they have opened remains, other scholars follow in their footsteps, and though some of them retrace their steps, on the whole there is progress. This conviction is our best reward, and gives us that real joy in our work which merely personal motives can never supply."

¹ See the article "My Predecessors" in his *Three Lectures on the Science of Language*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

² "The Continuity of Evolution," *The Monist*, Vol. II., p. 70; "Prof. F. Max Müller's Theory of the Self," *The Monist*, Vol. VIII., p. 123.

³ *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, Vol. I., p. viii.

The cause of true religion also is under great obligation to the labors of Prof. Max Müller. The very spirit of his motives in publishing translations of the great *Sacred Books of the East* can have been productive only of good.

"I had a secret hope that by such a publication of the Sacred Books of all religions that were in possession of books of canonical authority, some very old prejudices might be removed, and the truth of St. Augustine's words might be confirmed, that there is no religion without some truth in it, nay, that the ancients, too, were in possession of some Christian truths. . . . We may well hope that a study of the *Sacred Books of the East* may produce a kindlier feeling on the part of many people, and more particularly of missionaries, towards those who are called heathen, or even children of Satan, though they have long, though ignorantly, worshipped the God who is to be declared unto them; and that a study of other religions, if based on really trustworthy documents, shall enable many people to understand and appreciate their own religion more truly and more fairly. Just as a comparative study of languages has thrown an entirely new light on the nature and historical growth of our own language, a comparative study of religions also, I hoped, would enable us to gain a truer insight into the peculiar character of Christianity, by seeing both what it shares in common with other religions, and what distinguishes it from all its peers."

And he lived to see his hopes realised by the marvellous transformations of the religious attitude wrought by the Parliament of Religions of our World's Fair.

As to his personal belief, which is not easy to grasp in its precise details in his works,¹ we may say generally that Professor Max Müller was a Vedantist. He was a believer in the Brahman doctrine of the *âtman*, or soul-in-itself, the monad soul; he believed in a "thinker of thoughts," a "doer of deeds," a Self within the person, which was the carrier of his personality, and a Self without, which was the carrier of the world, "God, the highest Self"; and these two Selves are ultimately the same Self: *Tat tvam asi*, That art thou, as the Brahman said.

These views of his have received full discussion in the article of Dr. Carus before referred to.² How deeply they entered his being and with what little modification they might have been transformed into the opposing theory of modern psychology, is apparent from the following beautiful passage quoted from *Persona* (see Vol. I. of *The Open Court*, pp. 505 and 543):

"We are told that what distinguishes us from all other living beings is that we are personal beings. We are persons, responsible persons, and our very being, our life and immortality, are represented as depending on our personality. But if

¹ Compare, for example, the remark of the *Pferdebürle*, in the delightful essay of that name in the *Deutsche Rundschau* for 1897: "Max, du bist vielleicht auch noch ein Gottesfabler. . . . Max, ein ganz Freier bist du immer noch nicht."

² *The Monist*, Vol. VIII., p. 123.

we ask what this personality means, and why we are called *personæ*, the answers are very ambiguous. Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? And if not, what remains when all these distinctions vanish? Is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow? From most philosophers we get but uncertain and evasive answers to these questions, and perhaps even here, in the darkest passages of psychological and metaphysical inquiry, a true knowledge of language may prove our best guide.

"Let us remember that *persona* had two meanings, that it meant originally a mask, but that it soon came to be used as the name of the wearer of the mask. Knowing how many ambiguities of thought arose from this, we have a right to ask: Does our personality consist in the *persona* we are wearing, in our body, our senses, our language and our reason, our thoughts, or does our true personality lie somewhere else? It may be that at times we so forget ourselves, our true Self, as to imagine that we are Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, or Prince Hamlet. Nor can we doubt that we are responsible each for his own *dramatis persona*, that we are hissed or applauded, punished or rewarded, according as we act the part allotted to us in this earthly drama, badly or well. But the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been able to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses, not actors; and that before we can go home, we must take off our masks, standing like strangers on a strange stage, and wondering how for so long a time we did not perceive even within ourselves the simple distinction between *persona* and *persona* between the mask and the wearer.

"There is a Sanskrit verse which an Indian friend of mine, a famous Minister of State, sent me when retiring from the world to spend his last years in contemplation of the highest problems:

'I am not this body, not the senses, nor this perishable, fickle mind, not even the understanding; I am not indeed this breath; how should I be this entirely dull matter? I do not desire, no, not a wife, far less houses, sons, friends, land, and wealth. I am the witness only, the perceiving inner self, the support of the whole world, and blessed.'

* * *

And now the great philologist himself has passed away; his Self also has been merged in the All-Self, creature in creator. The fulness and purport of his life are such as have been granted to few; his mission has been fulfilled to the utmost; and it was with this consciousness that he departed. As Tacitus said of Agricola, "Let us dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture, not of his person, but of his mind. . . . For all of him that we follow with wonder and love remains and will remain forever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past."