

Chapter 1 : Erewhon Quotes by Samuel Butler

Browse through Samuel Butler's poems and quotes. 13 poems of Samuel Butler. Still I Rise, The Road Not Taken, If You Forget Me, Dreams, Annabel Lee. Poet and satirist; born at Strensham in Worcestershire and educated at the King's School, Worcester.

Biography[edit] Samuel Butler was born in Strensham , Worcestershire , and was the son of a farmer and churchwarden , also named Samuel. His date of birth is unknown, but there is documentary evidence for the date of his baptism of 14 February. Nash had already mentioned Butler in his Collections for a History of Worcestershire , and perhaps because the latter date seemed to be a revised account, it has been repeated by many writers and editors. However, The parish register of Strensham records under the year In early youth he was a servant to the Countess of Kent. He also tried his hand at painting but was reportedly not very good at it; one of his editors reporting that "his pictures served to stop windows and save the tax" on window glass. After the Restoration he became secretary, or steward, to Richard Vaughan, 2nd Earl of Carbery , Lord President of Wales , which entailed living at least a year in Ludlow , Shropshire , until January while he was paying craftsmen working on repairing the castle there. While the diarist acknowledged that the book was the "greatest fashion" he could not see why it was found to be so witty. However, Butler is thought to have been in the employment of the Duke of Buckingham in the summer of , and accompanied him on a diplomatic mission to France. Longueville, although he was not in debt when he died. The poem was very popular in its time, and several of its phrases have passed into the dictionary. It was sufficiently popular to spawn imitators. Hudibras takes some of its characterization from Don Quixote but unlike that work, it has many more references to personalities and events of the day. Two of the more noteworthy editions are those edited by Zachery Grey and Treadway Russell Nash The standard edition of the work was edited by John Wilders Other writings[edit] Most of his other writings never saw print until they were collected and published by Robert Thyer in Butler wrote many short biographies , epigrams and verses the earliest surviving from Many other works are dubiously attributed to him. Quotations[edit] A News-monger is a Retailer of Rumour, that takes up upon Trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable Commodity, that will not keep: True or false is all one to him; for Novelty being the Grace of bothe, a Truth grows stale as soon as a Lye

Chapter 2 : Famous Poems of Samuel Butler | List of Samuel Butler Poems

The best Samuel Butler resource with comprehensive poet information, a list of poems, short poems, quotations, best poems, poet's works and more. Samuel Butler (baptized 14 February - 25 September) was a poet and satirist.

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I and you are you – whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way we used to. Put no difference in your tone, wear no false air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed, play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever spoken without effort, without trace of shadow. What is death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. Samuel Butler

He who has gone, so we but cherish his memory, abides with us, more potent, nay, more present, than the living man. Antoine de Saint-Exupery I wish I could translate the things about the dead young men and women, And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps. What do you think has become of the young and old men? And what do you think has become of the women and children? All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses, And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier. Walt Whitman, from Song of Myself Time is the root of all this earth; These creatures, who from Time had birth, Within his bosom at the end Shall sleep; Time hath nor enemy nor friend. All we in one long caravan Are journeying since the world began; We know not whither, but we know Time guideth at the front, and all must go. Edith Sitwell They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided, that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record of their friendship. If absence be not death, neither is theirs. Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still. For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is omnipresent. In this divine glass they see face to face; and their converse is free, as well as pure. This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal. In all times and in all places is Death. Man is a Gateway. CG Jung, from Sermons to the Dead When I lie where shades of darkness Shall no more assail mine eyes, Nor the rain make lamentation When the wind sighs; How will fare the world whose wonder Was the very proof of me? Memory fades, must the remembered Perishing be? Oh, when this my dust surrenders Hand, foot, lip, to dust again, May these loved and loving faces Please other men! Look thy last on all thing lovely, Every hour. Let no night Seal thy sense in deathly slumber Till to delight Thou have paid thy utmost blessing; Since that all things thou wouldst praise Beauty took from those who loved them In other days. Hafiz They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: The Order for the Burial of a Child; Revelation, 7: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust. Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone; Fear not slander, censure rash; Thou hast finished joy and moan: All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust. No exorciser harm thee! Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Ghost unlaid forbear thee! Nothing ill come near thee! Quiet consummation have; And renowned be thy grave! Rabindranath Tagore Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still. It is up to each individual to decide what they want to believe. This website is not intended to influence anyone, but intends to offer comfort and support. Copyright December by Annie Zalezsak. No portion may be reproduced in anyway unless written permission is obtained through the form on the Contact Us page. Last modified March 05, This is a zalezsak.

Chapter 3 : Samuel Butler : Read Poems by Poet Samuel Butler

Missing a poem of Samuel Butler? Know another great poem from Samuel Butler? Don't keep it to yourself!

Thomas Butler, son of Dr. Dr Butler was the son of a tradesman and descended from a line of yeomen, but his scholarly aptitude being recognised at a young age, he had been sent to Rugby and Cambridge , where he distinguished himself. Thomas Butler, states one critic, "to make up for having been a servile son, became a bullying father. His education began at home and included frequent beatings, as was not uncommon at the time. Samuel wrote later that his parents were "brutal and stupid by nature. I have never passed a day without thinking of him many times over as the man who was sure to be against me. He was sent to Shrewsbury at the age of twelve, where he did not enjoy the hard life under its then headmaster, Benjamin Hall Kennedy , whom he later drew as "Dr Skinner" in *The Way of All Flesh*. Career[edit] Butler at the age of 23, After Cambridge he went to live in a low-income parish in London 1859 as preparation for his ordination into the Anglican clergy; there he discovered that baptism made no apparent difference to the morals and behaviour of his peers and began questioning his faith. This experience would later serve as inspiration for his work *The Fair Haven*. Butler went there like many early British settlers of privileged origins, to put as much distance as possible between himself and his family. He wrote of his arrival and life as a sheep farmer on Mesopotamia Station in *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* , and made a handsome profit when he sold his farm, but the chief achievement of his time there was the drafts and source material for much of his masterpiece *Erewhon*. In , the Utopian novel *Erewhon* appeared anonymously, causing some speculation as to the identity of the author. When Butler revealed himself, *Erewhon* made him a well-known figure, more because of this speculation than for its literary merits, which have been undisputed. While at Cambridge in he sold the Whitehall mansion and six acres to his cousin Thomas Bucknall Lloyd, but kept the remaining land surrounding the mansion. He wrote a number of other books, including a not-so-successful sequel, *Erewhon Revisited*. His semi-autobiographical novel *The Way of All Flesh* did not appear in print until after his death, as he considered its tone of satirical attack on Victorian morality too contentious. Sexuality[edit] Butler never married, and although he did for years make regular visits to a woman, Lucie Dumas, he also "had a predilection for intense male friendships, which is reflected in several of his works. Both Butler and Jones wept when they saw him off at the railway station in early , and Butler subsequently wrote a very emotional poem, "In Memoriam H. However, once the Oscar Wilde trial began in the spring of that year, with revelations of homosexual behaviour among the literati, Butler feared being associated with the widely reported scandal and in a panic wrote to all the magazines, withdrawing his poem. Jones adds that Butler chose that title because "he had persuaded himself that we should never see Hans again. As Herbert Sussman speculates: Victorian bachelorhood enabled a middle-class man who rejected matrimony to remain distinctly middle-class For Butler, as for Pater and James, the aim of bachelordom was to contain the homoerotic within the respectable With Pauli, and with Jones and Faesch, Butler most likely kept within the homosocial boundaries of his time. There is no evidence of genital contact with other men, although the temptations of overstepping the line strained his close male relationships. In characteristic Victorian fashion, then, these men He described the "evidence" for this theory in his *The Authoress of the Odyssey* and in the introduction and footnotes to his prose translation of the *Odyssey* Assessment[edit] Butler belonged to no literary school, and spawned no followers during his lifetime. A serious but amateur student of the subjects he undertook, especially religious orthodoxy and evolutionary thought , his controversial assertions effectively shut him out from both of the opposing factions of church and science which played such a large role in late Victorian cultural life: His struggle became generalized, symbolic, tremendous. He asserted that this "body" of God was, in fact, composed of the bodies of all living things on earth, a belief which may be classed as "panzoism". He later changed his views and decided that God was composed not only of all living things but all nonliving things as well. He argued, however, that " And behind this vaster and more unknown God there may be yet another, and another, and another. Instead, he asserted that each being was actually merely an extension of its parents at a later stage of evolution. Butler, though strongly anti-Darwinian that is, anti-natural selection and anti-Charles

Darwin is not anti-evolutionist. He professes, indeed, to be very much of an evolutionist, and in particular one who has taken it upon his shoulders to reinstate Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, and, as a follower of these two, Lamarck, in their rightful place as the most believable explainers of the factors and method of evolution. His evolution belief is a sort of Butlerized Lamarckism, tracing back originally to Buffon and Erasmus Darwin. Bowler has described Butler as a defender of neo-Lamarckian evolution. Bowler noted that "Butler began to see in Lamarckism the prospect of retaining an indirect form of the design argument. Instead of creating from without, God might exist within the process of living development, represented by its innate creativity. Project Gutenberg [29] hosts a shorter "Sketch" by Jones. More recently, Peter Raby has written a life: A Biography Hogarth Press, The actual manuscript was edited by Daniel F. Penn State Press, Darwin among the Machines , largely incorporated into Erewhon [30] Lucubratio Ebria [30].

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Charles II is known to have had a high opinion of Butler's great religious satire Hudibras () and awarded him an annual pension of £, although the writer still died in poverty. Butler began Hudibras while lodging in Holborn around

View Larger Image Best Poems for Funerals Choosing the best poems for funerals is difficult, especially at a time of grieving. Success He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; Who has left the world better than he found it; Who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; Whose life was an inspiration; Whose memory is a benediction. I am standing on the sea shore. A ship sails and spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean. Gone from my sight, that is all; She is just as large in the masts, hull and spars as she was when I saw her, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination. Bishop Brent, No. For my sake turn again to life and smile, Nerving thy heart and trembling hands to do Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine. Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine And I perchance may therein comfort you. A Price Hughes No. Death isâ€ Death is not the extinguishing of the light, but the putting out of the lamp, because Dawn has come. Rabindranath Tagore Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still. Hope I fall asleep in the full and certain hope That my slumber shall not be broken; And that though I be all-forgetting, Yet shall I not be forgotten, But continue that life in the thoughts and deeds Of those I loved. Samuel Butler, No. Death is Nothing at All Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference in your tone, wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we have always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me, Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effect without the trace of a shadow on it, Life means all that it ever meant. It was the same as it ever was; there is unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. Remember Remember me when I am gone away, Gone far away into the silent land: When you can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay. Remember me when no more day by day You tell me of our future that you planned: Only remember me; you understand It will be late to counsel then or pray. Yet if you should forget me for a while And afterwards remember, do not grieve: For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had, Better by far you should forget and smile Than that you should remember and be sad. Christina Rossetti, No. Funeral Blues Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone, Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone, Silence the pianos and with muffled drum Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come. Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead, Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves, Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves. He was my North, my South, my East and West, My working week and my Sunday rest, My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song; I thought that love would last for ever: The stars are not wanted now: For nothing now can ever come to any good. Farewell Farewell to Thee! But not farewell To all my fondest thoughts of Thee; Within my heart they still shall dwell And they shall cheer and comfort me. Life seems more sweet that Thou didst live And men more true Thou wert one; Nothing is lost that Thou didst give, Nothing destroyed that Thou hast done. Anne Bronte No. Miss me a little, but not for long, And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love we once shared, Miss me, but let me go! When you are lonely and sick of heart Go to the friends we know, And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds, Miss me, but let me go. Just think of him as resting from the sorrows and the tears in a place of warmth and comfort where there are no days and years. Think how he must be wishing that we could know today how nothing but our sadness can really pass away. And think of him as living in the hearts of those he touchedâ€ for nothing loved is ever lost and he was loved so much. One short sleep past, we wake eternally, And death shall be no more. Death thou shalt die. John Donne, No. Though you may wander sweeter lands, You will not forget my hands, Nor yet the

way I held my head Nor the tremulous things I said. You will still see me, small and white And smiling, in the secret night, And feel my arms about you when The day comes fluttering back again. When I am dead Cry for me a little Think of me sometimes But not too much. Leave me in peace And I shall leave you in peace And while you live Let your thoughts be with the living. The sadness of the present days is locked and set in time, and moving to the future is a slow and painful climb. No wound so deep will ever go entirely away yet every hurt becomes a little less from day to day. Nothing can erase the painful imprints on your mind but there are softer memories that time will let you find. Anon, 20th century Not, how did he die, but how did he live? Not, what did he gain, but what did he give? These are the units to measure the worth Of a man as a man, regardless of birth. Not what was his church, nor what was his creed? But had he befriended those really in need? Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer, To bring back a smile, to banish a tear? Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say, But how many were sorry when he passed away?

Chapter 5 : Samuel Butler's Poems with Analysis, the Author's Quotes - www.nxgvision.com

Hudibras, satiric poem by Samuel Butler, published in several parts beginning in The immediate success of the first part resulted in a spurious second part's appearing within the year; the authentic second part was published in

The work stands at the head of the satirical literature of England, and for wit and compressed thought has few rivals in any language. Many of its brilliant couplets have passed into the proverbial commonplaces of the language, and few who use them have any idea of their source. It was widely popular and spawned many imitators. Hudibras is to a certain extent modelled on Don Quixote but unlike that work, it has many more references to personalities and events of the day. The Second Part, London Hudibras, which received the honor of being illustrated by William Hogarth in , was several times carefully edited during the 18th century for an account of the illustrated editions see Notes and Queries, 4th series, xi. The edition of Dr. Grey, which appeared in , is still considered the standard one. Hudibras was translated into French verse with great skill by John Townley " This gentleman, in November , consented to allow R. Thyer, the keeper of the public library in Manchester, to examine them. Several of the pieces are still unpublished. He was next at Wrest in Bedfordshire, in the service of the Countess of Kent, and here he met and worked for John Selden. The second part of Hudibras was issued in ; the third in Two years afterwards Butler died His chief work, that one on which his fame is wholly founded and of which he was himself most careful and diligent, is Hudibras. As a whole it is now-a-days hard reading. It is long, antiquated, exasperatingly discursive. The greater part of it has fallen naturally into disuse and disregard. The most popular of its innumerable dicta have got degraded into mere colloquialisms, and remind us of coins effaced and smoothed by centuries of currency. But Hudibras is none the less as notable in these days as it was at the epoch of its birth. It has been more largely read and quoted than almost any book in the language. It contains the best and brightest of Butler, and is a perfect reflex of his mind and temper. To give an idea of it by means of extracts is almost impossible. He treats of much, and that at such length that he takes many thousand verses to pass his heroes through some two or three adventures. To know him as he was, his work must be read as a whole, and diligently. His literary origins in Hudibras are not far to seek. His matter he must have acquired during his stay with Sir Samuel Luke, when he had such opportunity of study from the life as has fallen to the lot of but few. His genius, it is true, had little or nothing dramatic in it; and the harangues of Hudibras and the Lady and the Squire have not the personal and human ring in them that is to be discerned in those of Mayenne and the Sieur de Pierrefont. But they proceed on the same principle with these; like these, they extenuate nothing and set down everything in malice; of these they are in some sort the worthy successors. For his manner, Butler found a something of it in Cleveland. The acute, imaginative intelligence of abuse that is a distinguishing feature in that wandering satirist is a distinguishing feature in Butler also. In Cleveland, flashing his random speeches at the enemies of his party and his king, there are to be found as it were the rough beginnings of the patient, persistent, laborious author of Hudibras. The broken scholar, hawking at a parcel of lay-elders, "Those state-dragoons, Made up of ears and ruffs like ducatoons"; or girding at the members of a "Mixed Assembly" as so many "parboiled lobsters, where there rules The fading azure and the coming gules"; or reflecting, in connection with the Scots he hated, "Lord! It must be added that Butler is not less polished and orderly than Cleveland is rough and careless; that Butler is nearly always apt enough to be final, and that Cleveland hangs or misses fire a dozen times for once he hits; that Butler in fine is an artist in raillery, and that Cleveland is at best but a clever amateur. Lastly, it was from Cervantes that Butler took the idea of his fable and of his chief personages. Butler however, did but choose the great originals of his grotesques as the two most popular figures in European literature, and his instinct in this matter " the instinct of the true parodist " did him yeoman service; the public of the Restoration must have felt to Hudibras and Ralpho as to the oldest friends they had. Thus much secured, the rest was easy. It was not for Butler to make his figments human; for, as Mr. Saintsbury has observed, "to represent anything but monsters some alleviating strokes must have been introduced"; and as Butler wanted, not to finally embody the sectaries he hated, but to make as much fun out of them as possible, he did right to deal in monsters, and in monsters only. Hudibras, accordingly, is but a hunched back, a beard, and a collection

of old clothes and rusty iron; Ralpho has no outward presence at all; while spiritually both man and master are merely compact of vileness and of folly. Butler had the court at his back, and the crowd as well; he gave them of the stuff they liked; and it was his function for some twenty years to pelt and belabour and defile the brace of pitiful scarecrows he had contrived, and so make sport for a winning side that could not forget it once had been in other circumstances. It is the steady and persistent exercise of this function that has procured him much of the neglect with which he is visited. Fashions change; the bogies of one epoch become the heroes of the next, and what yesterday was apt and humorous is balderdash and out of date to-morrow. That which we praise in Butler now is that for which two centuries ago no man regarded him. He is tedious, trivial, spiteful, ignoble, where he once was sprightly, exact, magnanimous, heroic. But he had an abundance of wit of the best and truest sort; he was an indefatigable observer; he knew opinions well, and books even better; he had considered life acutely and severely: And when all against him has been said that can be, there remains enough of good in his verse to prove that, great as it is, his reputation was well earned and justly bestowed. He deals in a perishable Commodity, that will not keep: True or false is all one to him; for Novelty being the Grace of bothe, a Truth grows stale as soon as a Lye. But whence this Barber?

Chapter 6 : Samuel Butler Poems

Samuel Butler (4 December - 18 June) was born in Strensham, Worcestershire and baptised 14 February He is remembered now chiefly for a long satirical burlesque poem on Puritanism entitled Hudibras.

THE learned write, an insect breeze Is but a mungrel prince of bees, That falls before a storm on cows, And stings the founders of his house; From whose corrupted flesh that breed Of vermin did at first proceed. Michael, Where thousands fell, in shape of fees, Into the bottomless abyss. Prolong the snuff of life in pain, And from the grave recover "Gain. So politic, as if one eye Upon the other were a spy, That, to trepan the one to think The other blind, both strove to blink; And in his dark pragmatick way, As busy as a child at play. Not by the force of carnal reason, But indefatigable teasing; With vollies of eternal babble, And clamour, more unanswerable. Yet when his profit moderated, The fury of his heat abated. Was it to run away we meant, When, taking of the Covenant, The lamest cripples of the brothers Took oaths to run before all others; But in their own sense only swore To strive to run away before; And now would prove, that words and oath Engage us to renounce them both? Else why should tumults fright us now, We have so many times come through? Tumults, by which the mutinous Betray themselves instead of us. For who first bred them up to pray, And teach, the House of Commons Way? But that which does them greatest harm, Their spiritual gizzards are too warm, Which puts the over-heated sots In fevers still, like other goats. When fiends agree among themselves, Shall they be found the greatest elves? For who have gifts to carry on So great a work, but we alone? What churches have such able pastors, And precious, powerful, preaching masters? To pack designs without the walls; Examine, and draw up all news, And fit it to our present use. Would freely have paid us home in kind, And not have been one rope behind. Those were your motives to divide, And scruple, on the other side. Could turn the Covenant, and translate The gospel into spoons and plate: As by a world of hints appears, All plain and extant as your ears. And if he take you into trust, Will find you most exactly just: Such as will punctually repay With double interest, and betray. Not that I think those pantomimes, Who vary action with the times, Are less ingenious in their art, Than those who dully act one part; Or those who turn from side to side, More guilty than the wind and tide. How easy is it to serve for agents, To prosecute our old engagements? To keep the Good Old Cause on foot, And present power from taking root? Take all religions in and stickle From Conclave down to Conventicle; Agreeing still, or disagreeing, According to the Light in being. Sometimes for liberty of conscience, And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense; But in another quite contrary, As dispensations chance to vary; And stand for, as the times will bear it, All contradictions of the Spirit: And though some change it for the worse, They put themselves into a course; And draw in store of customers, To thrive the better in commerce: But in affairs of less import, That neither do us good nor hurt, And they receive as little by, Out-fawn as much, and out-comply; And seem as scrupulously just, To bait our hooks for greater trust; But still be careful to cry down All publick actions, though our own: To represent their Personages: Their founder was a blown-up Soldier. But Jesuits have deeper reaches In all their politick far-fetches, And from the Coptick Priest, Kircherus, Found out this mystick way to jeer us. This shews how perfectly the Rump And Commonwealth in nature jump. Then what can better represent Than this Rump Bone the Parliament; That, alter several rude ejections, And as prodigious resurrections, With new reversionions of nine lives, Starts up, and like a cat revives? The van-guard could no longer hear The charges of the forlorn rear, But, born down headlong by the rout, Were trampled sorely under foot:

Chapter 7 : Poems and Quotes of Remembrance

An Heroic Epistle Of Hudibras To His Lady by Samuel Butler..I who was once as great as Caesar Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar And from as famed a conqueror As ever took degree in war Or did his exercise in.

Chapter 8 : Best Poems for Funerals: 21 Funeral Poems

DOWNLOAD PDF POEMS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

Samuel Butler (baptized 14 February - 25 September) was a poet and satirist. He is remembered now chiefly for a long satirical poem titled Hudibras.

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Samuel Butler (4 December - 18 June) was the iconoclastic English author of the Utopian satirical novel Erewhon () and the semi-autobiographical Bildungsroman The Way of All Flesh, published posthumously in