

THE JEFFERSON BIBLE

At the first session of the fifty-seventh congress the following concurrent resolution was passed: "That there be printed and bound by photographic process with an introduction of not to exceed 25 pages, to be prepared by Dr. Cyrus Adler, Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, for the use of congress 2,000 copies of Thomas Jefferson's 'Morals of Jesus of Nazareth' as the same appears in the national museum; 3,000 copies for the use of the senate and 5,000 copies for the use of the house."

The book thus ordered by a special act of congress has recently appeared and is attracting much attention. President Jefferson, who was not only a student of the Bible and a sincere admirer of Jesus of Nazareth. When entering upon his duties as a statesman, he said: "I shall read the favor of the Being in whose hands we are, who led our fathers as Israel of old from their native land and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessities and comforts of life." When his daughter, Maria, died in 1804, he sought comfort in his grief by turning to the Bible: "I found him," wrote his eldest daughter, Martha, "with his Bible in his hands. He who has been so often and so justly accused of unbelief, he in his hour of intense affliction sought and found consolation in the sacred volume." On a certain occasion a gentleman expressed his disbelief in the truth of the Bible. "Then, sir," said Jefferson, "you have studied it to little purpose." Daniel Webster once wrote a letter in which he gave an account of an interview with Jefferson. "I found him," he said, "to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said and always will say, that the studious pursuit of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better husbands and better fathers."

So impressed did he become with the surpassing beauty of the teachings of Jesus that he determined to compile a book that should contain the story of the life and philosophy of Jesus in the exact words of the New Testament. Consequently he secured four copies of the gospel in Greek, Latin, French and English. Texts were cut out of these books and pasted in a book of blank pages. This was handsomely bound in red morocco, on the back of which in gilt letters were stamped the words, "The Morals of Jesus of Nazareth."

New Testament, tears out a few of its leaves, and pastes them into the book and appropriates all the rest that its system becomes in any degree possible as a basis for personal religion.

The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth extracted textually from the Gospels in Greek, Latin, French & English



PRESIDENT THOMAS JEFFERSON

hand pages. Leaf 83 has extracts on the right-hand page, the left-hand page has only the black line; it is followed by three other blank leaves, the first of which has the black line on both sides; then come the fly-leaf and the cover. Between each of the leaves, with the exception of the blank ones, there are alternately one and two narrow strips of paper bound in mind the preparation of such a book, and that he actually prepared it, has been known to students of his letters and writings, and special attention was drawn to the fact in 'The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson,' by Henry S. Randall, published in three volumes, New York, 1858.

precious. With a view to do this for my own satisfaction I had sent to Philadelphia to get two testaments Greek of the same edition and two English, with a design to cut the doctrines of morality and paste them on the leaves of a book in the manner you describe in your book. But I shall now get the thing done by better hands." In a letter to Mr. Adams, August 22, 1813, Jefferson says that he had prepared a syllabus of the Christian teaching from all the gospels, using the verses after the death of that gentleman, Mr. Jefferson's great delight, for he found that it would involve him in a religious controversy.

- 1. Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count 10 before you speak; if very angry, then a hundred.
11. Thomas Jefferson—the United States first secretary of state, second vice-president and third president—was born in Virginia in 1743; he died in his native country on July 4, 1826, just a few hours before John Adams passed away. Jefferson was a bold horseman, a skillful hunter, an elegant penman, a fine violinist, a brilliant conversationalist, a master in the art of letter-writing, an architect of no mean ability, and a superior classical scholar. He was the most popular American to represent the new nation in the court of France, with the possible exception of Ben Franklin.

TITLE PAGE

On June 14, 1890, Senator Evans arose from his seat in the United States senate and offered a report of the committee on library, in which it was recommended that the government purchase the manuscript papers and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson. The senate did not see fit at that time to purchase these writings. But the resolution offered by Senator Evans bore fruit. The action of the senate in not acting upon the advice of the committee on library called forth a storm of protest from every section of the nation. Jefferson, one of the greatest figures in the history of the new world, wrote many things that his countrymen of a century after his day wish to know. At least the will of the public was carried out and the Jefferson library purchased. But in this collection of tomes was one volume that was missing, and this one book was valued more highly than all the others—the so-called "Jefferson Bible." Readers of American history had long known of this work of the great Democratic, but only a very few had ever seen it. Some even regarded the story as a myth. It only to be connected with the faded tale of how Jefferson rode alone into Washington on the morning of his inauguration, hitched his horse at a certain post, and strode unattended into the capitol and took the oath of the president of the United States dressed in riding suit and boots. But this was not the case, as careful students of American history kept still, there was great disappointment when the much wanted Bible was not found in the collection of books purchased from the Monticello library. The hub-bub stirred up over this disappointment soon brought the owner of the Bible to light. It was owned by Miss Randolph, a member of the famous Virginia family. The book was purchased from her, the price paid in said to have been \$400. After the book was purchased, people began to wonder what sort of a work it was. They knew that it was something out of the ordinary run of Bibles, printed by the million and sold at any price from a penny to a pound, but they knew that difference was they did not know. True, the newspapers had told them that it was a collection of clippings from the holy book, and collection containing verses in four languages—Greek, Latin, French and English. Bible students then wished to know just what parts of the holy writ the great statesman had selected. The Smithsonian Institution wished to see the clippings in order that they might learn just what sections of the Bible Jefferson thought worthy of a statesman's notice. For the benefit of these folk, Almon B. Spofford, then Librarian of Congress, wrote the following brief description: "The Morals and Life of Jesus of Nazareth, extracted textually from the Gospels in Greek, Latin, French and English. Title and very full index in his own hand. Texts were cut by him out of printed copies of Greek, Latin, French and English testaments and pasted in this book in gilt letters, which was handsomely bound in red morocco, ornamented in gilt, and titled on the back in gilt letters. The Morals of Jesus. His original idea was to have the life and teachings of the Savior, old

TOLSTOI, THE ENIGMA

From the Chicago Tribune. FEW people since Rousseau have revealed more about the secrets of their soul than Count Lyof Tolstoy. Like Rousseau again, Tolstoy speaks not to this country or that, but to the world; and I think that he is listened to for precisely the same reason. It is a difficult thing for the ex-valet to win the franchise of Europe at a time when its intelligence was embodied in 'Voltaire.' It is a difficult thing for Count Lyof Tolstoy, the aristocrat in the mulk blouse to repeat to a generation inoculated with the theories of Darwin the old lesson of the sermon on the mount. Mere sincerity in neither case would have availed anything. More fanaticism in either case would have been found only tedious. Tolstoy, no less than Rousseau, conquered because he had power to interest the human heart. One would naturally imagine that under a despotism such as the Russian, a despotism which holds out unique advantages for individual energy, provided the necessary formulas are recognized, the life of self-development would be almost inevitable. A Count Lyof Tolstoy's life is an utter contradiction to this thesis. He was born with that rare gift, the power to see men and things in perspective and at first hand for one's self. As a child he seems to have been singularly clear-eyed with that hard, pagan vision that his enemy, Merzhkovsky, attributes to him as the essence of his character. He could see his father just as he was, and could record the changes of inflection in his voice as he argued with the old steward, over the acubus. He noticed every little mimicking affectation about his sister's French governess. Years afterwards he was able to reproduce by a few touches the picture of the old servant, in whom his tutor used so anxiously to confide. He did not think there is in any other writer of narrative quite the same grip of the actual that Tolstoy gives us. You will find it in the recollections of the nursery; it will crop up again in the defense of Sevastopol. You will meet with it in the fetid atmosphere of a mulk's hovel; and you will find it amid the historic traditions of palaces.

peal which lies in a national disaster. Tolstoy produces an illusion similar to that of the great French novelist. It is the illusion of life. The children are to be taken to Moscow, and their tutor, old Karl Ivanovich, has to go away. That would have ended any situation but for more trite and commonplace. There had been no extraordinary devotion to their instructor on the part of the children. He is not at all a Tom Pinch, cast of his array, that the lady of the house is devoted to him, but that she has no power, no power. He must go out into the cold. Once more life had caught him up and torn him away from his quiet anchorage. De Muspassant might have given us much the same picture, but he would have ended with a sneer, just like Dickens, after achieving a much more amplified portrait, with a quiet, 'with sob.' Tolstoy's pagan artist makes no comment. All through his after life he preserved this directness of vision. His life itself was a romance because he could see clearly. The university days, his entry into society, the inevitable relapses into dissipation—these things he puts before us as though no one had written of such topics before. Perhaps, indeed, no one had, for these things are written with something other than ink. But there was another side of Tolstoy. The man who could see clearly soon ceased to take everything for granted. He began to question above all, he began to question his own heart. With these two things, the power to face reality with unflinching eyes and his habit of self-questioning, Tolstoy is fully equipped for the work of a novelist; in fact, a novelist before he has written a single book. They come out, as once in the 'Recollections of Sevastopol,' and with them an incomparable honesty. Tolstoy is not merely honest to the outside world, he is honest to himself. In the retreat from Sevastopol, how did the common soldier really die? First of all, a sense of loss at the abandonment of familiar places; secondly, the fear of pursuit. That is in the rough. Later on, in 'War and Peace,' he was to get at the thought that vibrates through great masses of men, and, at the same time, to disclose the secret tortures of the individual. Above all, he was to avoid the formula, the banal adjective, the prearranged method of presentation. He was to apply to the field of battle the same inquisitive scrutiny that he had applied to the nursery in his old home. But, as I have said before, almost from the beginning, he questioned. Just as you will find the germ of 'War and Peace' in the little sketch of 'Sevastopol,' so you will find the germ of 'Anna Karenina,' in that wonderful open air story, 'The Cos-

boot, and moves elastically. The step and carriage are youthful. An irony of fate will have it that the bitterest foe of militarism betrays in his whole appearance the former officer. The man in the peasant's dress is in every movement the grand seigneur. The master of Yasnya Polyana was indeed the reality whose genius had arrested the attention of a Europe languidly skeptical as to nearly all other voices. 'The trial' was his disillusion. He was a writer Mr. Gung, 'embodies the moral consciousness of our century.' Nobody need ask what Tolstoy stands for when one glances at the various forces that interpret modern thought. He has discarded his vain and illusory shadows everything except the whisper of the inner consciousness which says, 'This is right and that is wrong.' He who all his life has been able to appreciate so well the pagan gladness of life, has abandoned forever the pagan gospel of beauty. He who absorbed, as perhaps no other novelist has absorbed, the passion and romance of war has survived to maintain the duty of moral resistance. He who for years has been a diligent student of philosophy and science has accepted humbly the mulk's blouse as the symbol of his faith. Alone he survives; unequivocal, unrepentant, doing the thing that he believes to be right—and contemptuously indifferent to the terrors of the machine that has done so much to bring his country to final ruin. They know where to find me; he said once in superb defiance of the authorities who have been powerless to suppress his one voice. Tyranny dares much in that land of immense silence, but tyranny is itself abashed before the isolated nobility of Count Lyof Tolstoy.

couldn't see why boss laughed. From the Chicago Tribune. Yes, the foreman admitted they were rather short handed; they could do with another man, but he wasn't sure the applicant would suit. "You're rather old," he said. "Fifty, sir," was the reply. "Fifty? I fancy you wouldn't be able to stand the strain. You see, it's hard and monotonous work." "What is it, sir?" "The man I engage will have to carry water all day long from the tank to the workmen there. You don't think you could manage a couple of buckets of water for hours at a stretch, do you?" "What?" ejaculated the applicant delightedly. "Why, it's the thing! A couple of buckets of water—just try me, sir! Why, I've done it for years!" "Then you've been in this line before?" asked the foreman. "When was that?" "When I was a milkman!" before the innocent reply. The applicant got the post, though he couldn't see for the life of him what the foreman was laughing at.