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**Title:** "Misanthropy," by Clement E. Babb

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Society is the law of the universe - above as, the air is filled with the cloudlike enaces of et inhabitants - here seems o for a upon the plains around us - and choose,
like islands, cut with flathing fin the bring dup beneather and the viceties tracking
the chings, which steel into the court from the silent about us, speak the same good
touth - Bach rock his pillower on home kindred ston - trus in forests were - willo mak the
gether into rivers - rivers to this broad oce and home - to the stars in constillations gene
the blue and well this. This is main nature to,

The blue archeo thy. This is main nature to,
"The hart effections, Who earthis living strand,
" Brush flow in channels - or like light in beand.

"If once Relf- centered on this course try turn,

" Whe ports they & tognate - or, like meters, hurn."

And Ruch spirit the are I have how, who have east from them in seven the fitters of evilly - have disclaimed all intenst or cympathy in this fellows - gen, have hates this own & this make's image,

Some, hidered of forms, have fled into Related from the gage of oulg as enickly , the first of those insoluces, or the more humbling glanes of those, who would frity while they sund abhor. Carling man for that deformity which hater gave, they have made lone glass to event cases this home; o there in libert gloons have churched dark thoughts, until the maniais wildness find this up; to the they have howled to the mode which the winds the made of this epith; or wenter their hater of man on the emales object armind them.

Others string by the emacting wounds of injury, bracked with the august exeeration of the delivered worklass or the delucted, I not laving the magnonimity the stands
in emocious innocence exect, like the the provide old ocean cliff, that seems the waves
which last it bose with puny spile, instead of appring have bound to the trust of
worny, I dealy basely fled this for, a menuly hated all markines.

Other of air, the rotains of crime, have cursed evenly, because it cueled the lisened

of their heading possions of desins, & have warred against this followined. because they were not like themselves, all vile-because across the glow of faller humanity there still player come faint a strake of brightness of heaven: I werything good or on the armses of once the demon of this sole.

These are the new, Jone the unnatural daring of whoe Johnny is dues the word start back in horror to diamay - the Sitans of iniquity, who heap as ourtain upon mountain of transgression with the mess towers darkly to the shies; to Jone the it blackens summist they can scoff at the Jone world above them, to dark in reskless impictly the themourholds of heaven. They have endely town t flung from them every the of rature; to with such feelings of cindistine that as heave the dark bosom of their "miscalled the marining star", they the such claims of antimed - as the heing of hyere his prays

and there are no monters of Jable. Luch mun have lived of do live to pollute the summilt plains of the globe, & tant the bolony bruyes that they over them and this characters are but the natural I would of heading pullion unsustrance.

West there is a power whose unnertained action is more Bollful still them this. Imagination Surveis brightest gift to mawis when properly controlled the source of his purest pleasures a subliment expirations. But when the scriptre of judgement is brokery the is huster from his theme within its this mighty magician. of the mind is left unfettend in all the magic of his proces he wand his wand of dominion rows the soul, or all that is gay a beautiful o good sinks bureath its villing sweep. For they, on whow would the Promethem spack of gamins has Jallin, have ever an innate truding to excess. When Juney is bright , along there is ever a struggle between his & nason; & if the impulsive o exacting faculty be more powerful than The restraining, it will gather strongth from every contest, emtil it finally triumphi; & then the viction under It guidance is driven as by a tempest ones the sea of life. He amy sur everything through a districted mediums; and his apint in its lightning conser will not paule to consider of the mirer the cornect, but suges the falle image & hurris on - Hence a calual word - a look - along which others would not absent or heady is to his Jenned Juney the studes basis on which to build a monatain of conjecture; & in the dark chambers of thought he boords ones it, I may nifes as he broods , bearing from decluction to deduction swift as the maniais inestreet argument, with from a more nothing, to which his mind alone had given a local habitation & a name", he arrives at startling conclusions is hugo the monsters to his heast as though they bow the impress of reality. One this his mind becomes "suspicion's sanctuary"; to with an eye as her as that

of jealing jealouse, he econo the world around him, of triples light as air flash in his houl withall the cleaners of consistions hat that his heart is wile, I that he others to hat his followness that the Orightness of his own spirit dogy to him; and "with others of his own spirit dogy to him; and "with others of this own spirit dogy to him; and "with others and blasted".

As the bird of araby is consumed in the blage its own bright wings have mode. And have his head breaks with the lightning scatted min of some gorg rows temple; or the like the larning crates of one of easths internal fires. When is the hat Jurians cented of element with element - and when was times are hat how themes multirings, which tell of the strip within; & at times the friend formult breaks Jost into airlust imagetion.

The "elf-towing sophiet" of General was untiked of riendless- insulted, because the brightness of his own spirit throw, over everything a glass, which doppled is misled. And he whose had if not manifold heart, if not his story, was his own, spake of the star of his own disting whom he said,

"It was a world as Josh & Jair

"As ever revolved round Lun in air.

" Ito course mad from & regular;

" Space bosomed not a lovelier star ."

But I may inction wild & passion unrestrained arres struggled, & triumphiol. an

- - and that bright star became

" a manchering mass of shapeless flame -

"a pathless count , a ever-

"The menaer of the universe-

"Still rolling on with innate force,

" Without a sphere without a coverse.

" a bright deforming on high.

"The monster of the appearatey: Such emphatically was

Englands great port of passions The make of the men are before the world - the dark strams from that dark fountain a misanthe pis hearts

But there are others, who have seemed to write for the hince they have despised, but

have emothered within this own broad the fire, which might have lighted up a continued the thre it has burned & regard entil it has consumed things they have die, like the bloody stattom wolf, in silent hate - nothers breaked by the wild action of that etheral extense, which if properly astrained might have made them the ornament of this country - the pride of this ago - the admiration of the world. But who is it ever thus that glory dwells so was to gloons? that light is ever bordered by darkness? Hat the dearest pleasures , the brightest joys are so often but the short perclude to we tohedness & despoir & that the viction, when "Misted by Janey's meters ray much still have the painful concioneness that " The light, which led astrap. " has light from heaven "? Form the day on which tolled in Edin's bowers the deathoftenell of mais purity in which the golden chain of intercourse, that linked him to his makes, was miner by sin the humber would has been a light fairing of discordants; whose trues are at times as eggs, a low, of thinking smeet as the a desapt swept its things or again as londer heaven as This a demonis hand passed rudely over it. And no one but he , who formed the instrument, can return its chards to this pristing harmony.

Clement Edwin, Mabb.

# Commencement Oration of Clement Edwin Babb, Class of 1840 Transcribed by Sarah Skalak, June 2008 Edited by Tristan Deveney, July 2008

#### Misanthropy

Society is the law of the universe – Above us, the air is filled with the cloud-like swarms of its inhabitance – herds scower & feed upon the plains around us – and sharks, like islands, cut with flashing fin the briny dup beneath. And the voiceless teaching teachings, which steal into the soul from the silent about us, speak the same great truth. Each rock his pillowed on some kindred stone – thus in forest wave – rills rush together into rivers – rivers to their broad second home - & the stars in constellations gem the blue-arched sky. This is man's nature too,

- "The hearts affections, like earths living streams,
- "Must flow in channels or like lights in [heaven?].
- "If once self-centered on this source they turn
- "Like pools they stagnate or like meteors, burn."

And such spirits there are & have been, who have cast from there in [service?] the fetters of society – have disclaimed all interest or sympathy in their fellows yea, have hated their own & this [marked?] imaged.

Some, hideous of form, have fled into solitude from the gaze of vulgar curiosity and the jus of thoughtless insolence, or the more humbling glance of those who would pity while they must abhor. Cursing man for that deformity which nature gave, they have made lone glens & secret caves their home, and there in silent gloom have cherished dark thoughts, until the maniacs wildness find their eyes; & thus they have howled to the [rude?] rocks & wild winds the madness of their spirit; or vented their hatred of man on the senseless objects around them.

Others stung by the smarting wounds of injury, loaded with the unjust execration of the [one word illegible] worthless or the deluded, & not having the magnanimity to stand in conscious innocence [one word illegible], like [one word illegible] the proud old ocean cliff, that scorns the waves which lash its base with puny spite, instead of opposing have bowed to the torrent of wrong, & basly basely fled their foes, & meanly hated all mankind.

Others again, the [rotaries?] of crime, have cursed society, because it curbed the lisence

of their headlong passions & desires, & have warred against their fellowman because they were not like themselves <u>all vile</u> because across the gloom of fallen humanity there still played some faint straks of brightness & of heaven: if everything good or noble aroused at once the demon of this land.

These are the men, from the unnatural daring of whose phrenzied deeds the world starts back in horror and dismay – the Titans of iniquity, who heap mountain upon mountain of transgression until the mass towers darkly to the skies; & from its blackened summit they can scoff at the pure world above them, & dare in reckless impiety the thunderbolt of heaven. They have rudely torn & flung from them every [hi?] of nature, & with such feeling of vindictive hate as heave the dark bosom of him "miscalled the morning star," they too behold mankind – as the hungry hyena his prey.

And these are no monsters of fable. Such men have lived & do live. To pollute the sunniest plains of the globe, & [taint?] the balmy breezes that blow over them and their characters are but the natural result of headlong passion unrestrained.

But there is a power whose unrestrained action is more baleful still than His. Imagination - heaven's brightest gift to man is when properly controlled the power of his purest pleasure & sublimest aspirations. But when the sceptre of judgment is broken, & he is hurled from his throne within; & this mighty magician of the mind is left unfettered in all the magic of his power he waves his wand of dominion over the soul; & all that is gay & beautiful & good sinks beneath its withering sweep. For they, on whose souls the Promethian spark of genius has fallen, have ever an innate tendency to excess. When fancy is bright & strong there is ever a struggle between her & reason; & if the impulsive & exciting faculty be more powerful than the restraining, it will gather strength from every contest, until it finally triumphs; & then the victim under its guidance is driven as by a tempest over the sea of life. He now sees everything through a distorted medium; and his spirit in its lightening course will not pause to consider if the mirror be correct, but seizes the false image & hurries on. Hence a casual word – a lark – a tone, which others would not observe or heed, is to his fevered fancy the slender basis on which to build a mountain of conjecture; & in the dark chambers of thought he broods over it, & magnifies as he broods, leaping from deduction to deduction swift as the maniacs incoherent argument, until from a mere nothing, to which his mind alone had given "a local habitation & a name", he arrives at startling conclusions & hugs the monsters to his heart as though they bow the impress of reality. And thus his mind becomes "suspicion's sanctuary", & with an eye as keen as that

of jealosy jealousy, he scans the world around him, & "trifles light as air" flash over his soul with all the clearness of conviction. Not that his heart is vile, & that he strains to hate his fellowmen but that the brightness of his own spirit dazzles him; and \_\_\_\_\_ "with eternal flame He is both kindled and blasted".

As the bird of Araby is consumed in the blaze its own bring winds have made. And hence his heart becomes like the lightening scathed ruin of some gorgeous temple; <u>or else</u> like the burning crater of one of Earth's internal fires, where is the hot furious contest of element with element – And whence at times are heard long thunder-mutterings, which fell of the strife within; & at times the fiery ferment brake forth into violent iruption.

The "self-torturing sophist" of Geneva was wretched & friendless - & insulted, because the brightness of his own spirit threw over everything a glare, which dazzled & misled, And he whose [three words illegible] Manfred's heart, if not his story was his own, spoke of the stars of his own destiny when he said,

"It was a world as fresh & fair

"As ever revolved around sun in air

"Its course was free & regular;

"Space bosomed not a lovelier star."

But imagination wild & passion unrestrained arise, & struggled, & triumphed.

"And that bright star became

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame

"A pathless comet & a curse -

"The menace of the universe -

"Still rolling on with innate force,

"A bright deformity on high.

"The monsters of the upper sky." Such emphatically was England's great poet of passion The marks of these men are before the world – the dark straws from that dark fountain a misanthrope's heart.

But there are others, who have seemed to write for the kind they have despised, but

have smothered within their own breasts the fire, which might have lighted up a continent, & there it has burned & raged until it has consumed them; & they have died, like the bloody stubborn wolf, in silent hate – withered & wasted by the wild action of that eternal essence, which of properly restrained might have made them the moment of this country – the pride of this age – & the admiration of the world.

But why is it ever thus that glory swells so near to gloom? that light is ever bordered by darkness? That the dearest pleasures & the brightest joys are so often but the short prelude to wretchedness & despair & that the victim, when

"Misled by Fancy's meteor rap

"By passion driven," must still have been painful consciousness that

"- the light, which led astray.

"was light from heaven."

From the day on which tolled in Eden's bowers the death knell of man's purity – in which the golden chain of intercourse, that linked him to his maker, was <u>riven</u> by sin the human soul has been a lyre jarring & discordant; whose tones are at times as soft, & low, & thrilling sweet as tho' a seraph swept its strings & again as loud & hoarse as though a demon's hand passed rudely over it. And no one but he, who formed the instrument, can return its chords to their pristine harmony.