

Lettre de William B. Chisholm à Émile Zola datée du 31 mars 1898

Auteur(s) : Chisholm, William B.

Transcription

Texte de la lettre

Auburn, New York.

1. S. A.

March 31. 1898

My dear Sir

Please excuse my taking the liberty of enclosing a poem of mine dedicated to yourself on the Dreyfus matter which appeared recently in the Home Journal of New York City _ and also a discussion of your novel "Paris". It is needless to say that your heroic attitude is admired generally by Americans _ you have seen that long since.

Please excuse my addressing you in English as I do not feel quite at ease in French, but if you choose to acknowledge this I can easily read it.

I also reviewed "Lourdes" for the home Journal some time ago.

I wish you a great triumph in your faithful fight.

Yours very truly

William B. Chisholm

Poème joint :

Eternal Justice

The man is thought a knave or fool,

Or bigot plotting crime
Who for the advancement of his race,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the axe be bared ;
For him the gibbet shall be built ;
For him the stake prepared ;
Him shall the scorn & wrath of [not illisible]
Pursue with deadly aim ;
And malice, envy, spite & lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last
For round & round we run
And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done.

—

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
cheerily to and fro ;
First to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the limp of clay,
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine ;
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,

So round and round we run !
And ever the truth comes uppermost
And ever is justice done.

—

Plod in thy grave, gray Anchorite ;
Be wiser than thy peers ;
Augment the range of human power
And trust to coming years.
They may call the wizard and monk accurio
And load thee with dispraise ;
Those [not illisible] born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind :
Time has reward in store ;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord ;
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be corony.
And ever justice is done.

—

Keep Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear ;
They may gloat over the senseless words they earing
From the pangs of thy despair :
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow ;
The heel of a priest may thread thee down

And a tyrant work thee woe ;
but never a truth has been destroyed :
They may curse it and call it a crime ;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run ;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And line there now such men as these
With thoughts like the great of old.
Hang have died in their misery
And left their thought untold.
And may line, and are ranked as mad
And placed in the cold world ! Ban
For sending their bright for-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van ;
They toil in [not illisible] and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned ;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
of the meanest of mankind ;
But yet the world goes round and round
And the genial seasons run
And ever the truth comes uppermost
And ever justice is done.

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

7 Fichier(s)

Relations

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

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Présentation

GenreCorrespondance

Date d'envoi[1898-03-31](#)

AdresseAuburn, New York, U. S. A.

Description & Analyse

DescriptionEnvoi d'un poème à la gloire de Zola, donne son soutien.

Notespoème écrit par le destinataire et discussion sur Paris.

Information générales

Langue[Anglais](#)

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Éléments codicologiques lettre originale sans enveloppe, deux feuilles dont deux pages sont manuscrites.

Source

- Collection famille Émile-Zola
- Dreyfus
- Journal
- Lourdes
- Paris
- Poème

- renommée
- Socrate

Informations éditoriales

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Notice créée par [Richard Walter](#) Notice créée le 21/12/2018 Dernière modification le 21/08/2020
