Doe's and Thinkers

The popular mind, though fond of broad distinctions, is a vague and unreal mirror wherein one sees all aspects. Without having regard to the subtle shades of difference it masses most of its impressions in large generalizations, though wide she often loses, and unhappily the conclusions drawn from them are usually as clearly defined as if they were absolute and precise.

Thus the concept of the mind has divided mankind into two classes, the "Doe" and the "Thinker," and ordinarily the division may be accepted. We know it means only to demarcate the man in whom thought predominates from the one in whom thought is subject to the men animal or instinctive tendencies. But the distinction of which
all are the property, having fused into a formula, it is received as an absolute truth; and from it is deduced the current opinion that the Thinker is unfit for action, and ordinarily inferior in the great race for leadership and promotion in the everyday walks of life. Certainly, we know the question is only one of degree, and that every one has capacity for both thought and action. The sluggish stonbreaker working in the quarry, without one spark of creative genius within him has yet a thinking faculty, while the meditative recluse—the enlightened student—may be a dreamer—a visionary—and little fitted to hold the reins of government. But even then supposing the two extremes of the scale, the man of thought will
be found with—"all his imperfections thick upon him" infinitely superior to the un instructed, little thinking plane-breaker. Men and women accustomed to habits of study and speculation, to passing laborious days in theories of an abstract nature, are generally absorbed in their own thoughts and reflections, and give little heed to the smaller details of life. And it is because the thinker is usually a dreamer, and of unbusiness-like habits that we hear the conclusions against theory so constantly expressed. Shall the use of a thing be tested by its abuse? Because there are theories wild and chimerical, shall we extinguish the brightest lamp that lights the thinkers just? True it is that poets, philosophers, and historians have not been generally
men of business. But can we not forgive them? Do not the men of business the man of habits? He does today what he did yesterday. He thinks this week what he thought last. His mind moving in a narrow circle and his associations being restricted generally to the affairs of his own occupation, he acquires a certain readiness in the small sphere in which he lives. But take this man of habit from his counting house to the political field, to the pen, or the study, and you will find the tact and proficiency which distinguished him in his narrow orbit is gone, and he is a child. Habit of business are essentially habits; things done upon rule and precedent. While the mind of the real thinker is not chained down to any association of ideas, it moves...
are rigorously in one direction as another. If new things are required, he invents new things. If the conditions are modified, he modifies his plans. Yet he is called a "mere theorist," and probably by one who is himself the slave of theories. It has been well said that no man is as much the servant of metaphor as he who has few or three metaphors which he uses on all occasions. In the same way no man is as adept as he whose, "large discourse of reason" has not looked before and after. Doubtless there are some, as *tickled* or with the pale look of thought" in whom the thinking faculty is so active that its very activity confuses and perplexes them. Men like Hamlet, who, by reasoning too much upon this means, wants the resolution...
to effect their ends. He cannot bring himself to execute his father's commands, because he prefers to much upon the best method of doing it. Though crowds upon him until his brain is bewildered and in the end he leaves vengeance to chance. Such cases show men are exceptional and so we do all act upon our thoughts, it is evident that our leaders must be thinkers. The Mahomet, the Alexander, the Caesar were prominent as thinkers, because they thought as clearly they acted as efficiently, for action in its real sense is not permanent, not mere turbulence. It is the incarnation of thought into deeds, the turning into action of strong emotions. With-Russia may when accidentally, or mechanically events take place without a terrific
we have indeed effects or results
and agents or causes, but neither
plied nor does it. In order to tell
indeed it is necessary that the effect of it
should be foreseen. And here comes into
play again theoretical thinking mind
what the man of genius has he-
ables other to see, unlike him who jour-
nymed all day beside the lemon tree
and asked his companion at even-
tide when it was. It is of great impor-
tance we should understand that our
real rulers are men of thought.
Despotisms, feudal and military
governments can be carried on with
some efficiency by mere caste and
classes or hereditary traditions.
But this can never be the case
with Democracy. If the people are to
delegate for themselves they will choose
such legislators as appear to them
to be men, and they should understand the real influence of the thinking man upon society. They should direct themselves of the absurd prejudice respecting the impracticability of poets, historians and moralists. When I say poet, I do not mean mere versifiers, but I say historian I do not mean con-

jurers! When I say moralist I do not mean declaimers of commonplace and maudlin, I mean men to see whatever the eye of leadership should see, and a mind to grasp and hold it. It is the condition of all strong convictions that they should realize themselves; only your half beliefs, your notions adopted at second hand are time-erasure and reverberation and, of course, flawed.
Surely our fittest leaders politically or scientifically are those in whose body is subordinated to mind, who unite to great capacity for thought a "fine eye to see" and an energetic will to realize convictions. As mind is impartial, as the phenomena of nature is as open to the seeker in a hovel as a palace, so on the broad road to the temple of Knowledge there is room for every traveler. The mechanic converts into magical rods the humblest lots of his humble trade. The Poet Ploughman pours path his golden song at the plough drain and the morning dew, and the light in the temple windows beckon and dance a welcome to every thinker who glances toward her.