

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what he liked, taking just as much as he wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap and reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse,—keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock,—sitting round and looking on all the winter whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it;—and, if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces—if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men.

—Archdeacon Paley.

When we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses,—the peasant paymasters, spade in hand, the original and imperial producers of turnips, and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some,—too often theoretical,—service. There is first the clerical person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for giving his moral advice; then the legal person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for telling him, in black letter, that his house is his own; there is thirdly the courtly person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for presenting a celestial appearance to him; there is fourthly the literary person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for talking daintily to him; and there is lastly the military person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for standing, with a cocked hat on, in the middle of the field, and exercising a moral influence upon the neighbors.

—Ruskin.