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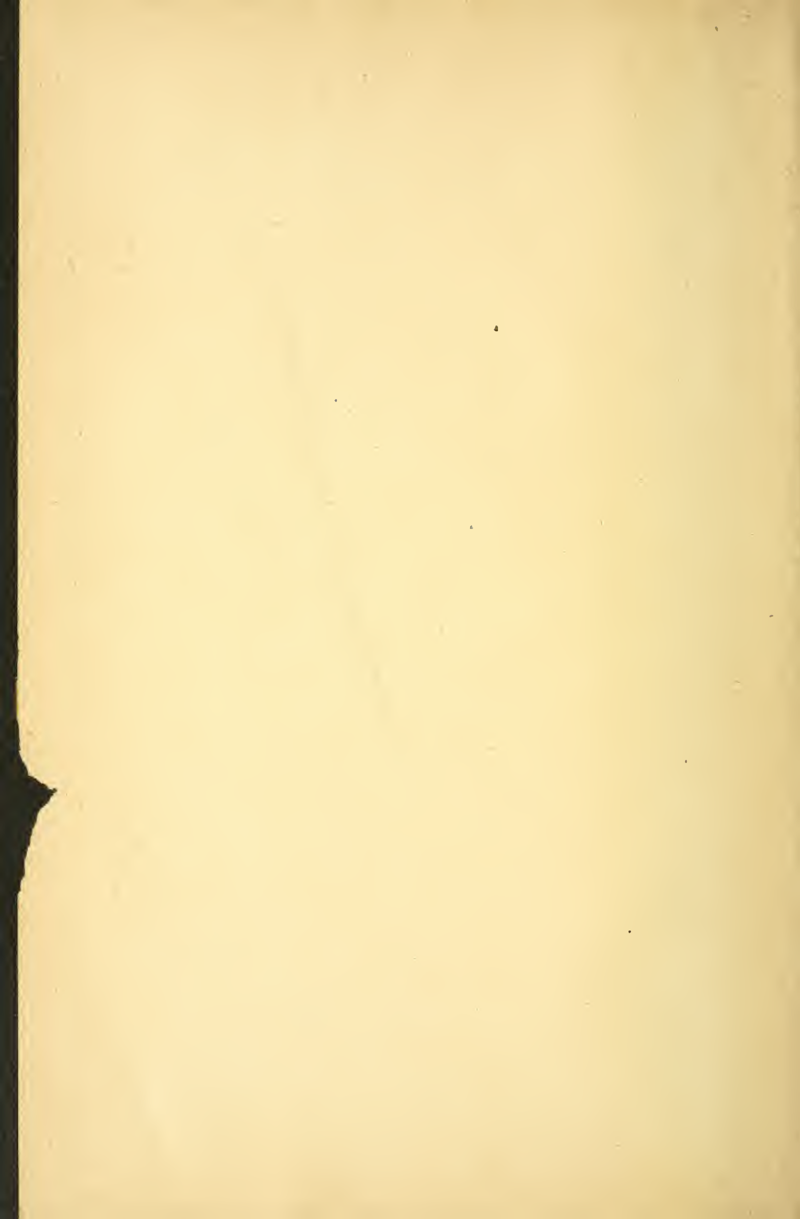

ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION

VOCAL AND PHYSICAL

BY

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AND

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AT

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE, ATCHISON, KAN.

And they read in the book of the law of God distinctly and plainly to be understood; and they understood when it was read.—II. Esdras, VIII., 8.

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TO

THE STUDENTS

OF ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE,

whose ardent interest in the noble science and art of
expression has encouraged us in our labor,
and to all students of Elocution,
we respectfully dedicate
this volume.

PREFACE.

Elocution is a science and an art. When the art absorbs the science, naturalness will be the result, for "art at its highest and nature at its truest are one."

Some professors of this noble art, when asked what method they use, simply reply: "We follow nature." If the question were put to us, our answer would be the same. We would, however, make our answer more definite by stating, that to follow nature, is not to follow individual whims and eccentricities, but to speak in a manner worthy of our subject and concordant to its sentiments. The venerable watch-word "Be Natural," thus resolves itself into "Speak Properly."

Those that claim to be disciples of nature usually forget the scientific part of elocution, and, hence, discard all rules. Their entire theory consists of two words: "Be natural." We also say, by all means, be natural. But if there are no rules to teach us *how* to be natural, how can we acquire this *open sesame* to the grand domains of expression? How can we determine the line where nature ceases, and affectatoin begins? If there are no rules governing delivery, we can neither praise a speaker for the highest merits, nor censure him for the grossest defects. Happily, we have rules, which far from making us unnatural, guide us back to nature's paths from which we have deviated.

"Those rules of old discover'd not devised
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized:
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart
At once the source, the end, and test of art:
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show and without pomp presides."

To state anew "those rules of old," in a comprehensive form, for the benefit of college students, is the object of the present volume. The principles laid down do not claim novelty as a recommendation. Like all principles, they derive their value not from their oldness or newness, but from their truth. They have stood the test of ages, and been the faithful guides of many eloquent speakers.

There are several text-books of elocution deserving high commendation, but they are only adapted to special schools of Elocution and Oratory, where hours each day may be devoted to the subject. They are also ill-suited to the intellectual powers of beginners as they deal from the start in technicalities, philosophical analyses, etc.

It has been our object throughout to retain only essential theory, and even to condense that, to avoid technical terms as far as may be, and to give copious choice examples.

All literature, we are justly told,

"Should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

Each of the four have many select representatives throughout the volume. Most of our examples appear for the first time in an elocution book. They have been chosen from Catholic sources. We do not wish, there-

by, to depreciate any of the noble names of literature, or rob them of deserved prominence. We only wish to remove writers of merit from cobwebbed shelves, where their beauties have too long been obscured by dust and silence. It is hoped that the tidbits given, while they delight the mind with their beauty and elevate and refresh it with wholesome truths, will also excite a craving for more. Hence, we have given the names of works and authors. Only selections recommended by intrinsic worth should be memorized. Students should be required to seek additional examples from other sources. Turning the leaves of our popular readers at random they will be greeted by apt selections from Milton, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Ruskin, Longfellow, Macaulay, Tennyson, Webster, Clay, Burke, etc.

The arrangement of subjects in an elocution book is always attended with difficulties. As regards logical order, it resembles the alphabet. If G were placed before B, and Y before C, the alphabet would not suffer. Before we can read well we must know all the letters, for Z sometimes precedes his extreme brother A, and O not seldom introduces the egotist, I. It is the same in elocution. Vocal elements that are treated last may enter a given selection earlier, and characterize it more than some treated in the fore-part of the book. Until they are all mastered, we cannot read well. If the arrangement we have given does not accord with any professor's views, it will be an easy task to change the order and take any section or chapter that expedience advises or circumstances require. As it stands, we suggest the following order:

I. Class. Breathing, Action, Articulation, and the simpler Gestures.

II. Class, Gesture, Force, and Delsarte's Laws of Gesture.

III. Class, Pitch, Inflexion, Quality, and Planes of Gesture.

IV. Class, Emphasis, Gestures of Different Members, and Pause.

V. Class, The remainder of the book.

With all of these review, review, review.

Concert drills are recommended for economizing time and labor. In this way each student will receive some practice every class hour. It is only by practice skill may be acquired. A student may be able to tell you very accurately *how* a certain selection should be spoken and *why* it should be so rendered, dut this will avail him but little as an orator, if he does not, by diligent practice, attain the power of doing it gracefully.

One selection mastered thoroughly is better than numberless ones imperfectly studied.

Class criticism may be employed to produce worthy emulation. It makes speaker and hearer vigilant.

The book does not claim to be exhaustive or perfect.

> "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Hence, kindly criticism, for the improvement of future editions, will be gratefully received.

We acknowledge indebtedness to Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., Eleanor C. Donnelly, and others for the generous permission granted us to quote from their writings.

If the principles herein laid down further the power of human speech, kindle the fires of eloquence slumbering in many a youthful bosom, give to College grad-

uates a trusty vehicle to convey truth and a strong weapon to defend right, the irresistible weapon—graceful delivery—the fondest hopes of the authors will be realized.

THE AUTHORS.

September 14, 1895.

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CHAPTER I.

BREATHING.

Although it may seem strange, nay, unnatural, that **Breathing**—that which anyone practices uninterruptedly—that which was the beginning of life, and is its continuity,—must be studied; still, there are certain canons which govern respiration for *vocal* ends, the observance of which is not arbitrary.

The *unstudied* breathing by which life is sustained is insufficient for vocalization. Voice is the result of an air-shock on the vocal ligaments. The amount of air that we unconsciously inhale for the support of life, answers admirably its specific purpose, but is inadequate for speaking.

Manifestly, therefore, if we desire to use our *voice*, we must learn to breathe more *copiously*.

Breathing consists of **Inspiration** and **Expiration**. Both are arts; both must be acquired.

A speaker who has not learnt to inhale correctly will never possess a *rich*, substantial voice. One that has mastered inhalation but neglects expiration, will soon find his *breath-expenditure* greater than his *receipts*, and will early end his career as a speaker with a ruined, *bankrupt* voice. We must have an *income*, or the *outcome* will be—inevitable failure.

We can never afford to run out of breath when we are speaking, for then, silence will ensue, painful alike to speaker and hearer. Among the various methods of breathing the one recommended most by good results is this: "First, feel that the diaphragm-region — the waist—expands. This expansion is caused by the downward contraction of the diaphragm. Secondly, at the same time feel an incipient expansion of the whole trunk-region, from the lowest point of the abdomen to the highest point of the Chest and Collar-bone. This Expansion is felt in the entire circumference of the trunk, as a complete oneness of action, not in sections or broken. Thirdly, whether the amount of breath taken be great or small, whether a half or a full expansion be required, it must always be done with the combined breathing-apparatus and with oneness of action. The difference between half and full, long and short breaths, is not in method, but in time and the amount of expansion. This is the only correct, natural, healthy way of breathing, for by this method the whole of the lungs is used and ventilated and thus kept healthy."—*Leo Kofler.*

It is obvious, from the above, that diaphragmatic, or abdominal breathing, is the proper method. The diaphragm must control the breath, otherwise the unreined air will rush to the throat, and, in its hurry to gain freedom, will make the tones "breathy," or, if the throat endeavors to control the efflux of the air, the effort will necessarily stiffen the muscles of the throat, and "throaty" tones will be the result. Each one may experience this by trying the following exercise.

Take a few heavy inspirations as you would when nearly spent with running; note the effect on the diaphragm. You will observe it pulsates; now, if, while

taking one of the *rapid gulps* of air, you stop quickly, you will feel the diaphragm grasp the air to check its exit. Never allow the throat to share *this office* with the diaphragm—for the diaphragm has been assigned the office by nature, and nature never permits an infraction of her laws to go unpunished.

Unless the breath is under perfect control, pure tone is an impossibility; for in its production *all* the air that is liberated must be converted into sound.

The nose, unless obstructed, is the medium of *inspiration.* Avoid the pernicious inversion, of which too many are guilty, of using the nostrils as channels to convey your sentiments to long-suffering audiences, and the mouth to convey air and dust to short-enduring organs. An All-wise Providence has arranged the nose so that it warms and "filters" the air before it reaches the more delicate organs. Whereas the mouth, not being intended for inspiration, carries the cold air directly to the delicate membrane, thereby causing hoarseness, and eventually serious throat and lung-ailments.

Inspiration and Pausing in speaking go hand in hand; neither should be indulged where they interfere with the sense of the phrase. Nevertheless, never make any effort to sustain a tone, or complete a sentence, when the air in the lungs is well-nigh exhausted. Always stop at the *approach* of fatigue.

Let the student practice the following Exercises with *due moderation:* as enthusiastic disciples, by *violent* practice, might overtax the respiratory muscles and do themselves irreparable injuries.

Exercise I.

Stand erect, shoulders back and down—in which position they should remain during the whole exercise—

fill the lungs comfortably by very short inhalations and then quickly empty them in one blast.

Exercise II.

Fill the lungs with one energetic draught, then emit the air in jets.

Exercise III.

Inhale and utter ah and a̤, alternately. Employ half the breath on ah, the other half on a̤. Pronounce äh high and forcible, ä low and subdued.

Exercise IV.

Inhale deeply, prepare the lips as you would say "who," then exhaust the lungs with puffs.

Exercise V.

Place thumbs on costal, fingers on abdominal muscles, bending profoundly forward empty the lungs; in assuming erect position, inhale vigorously, retain the air-supply a few moments, then expel it *vocally*, with abdominal impulses, in the form of ŭh, ŭh, ŭh.

Exercise VI.

Repeat directions of the preceding number and use the air in alternating ŭh, äh, in aspirate and pure tones.

Exercise VII.

Assume an erect attitude, heels together, toes turned

outward from 45 to 90 degrees apart. This is the "drill position." With hands lightly pressed on the chest, fill the lungs gently and emit the air in a lustrous prolongation of the syllable *sil*.

Exercise VIII.

Take preceding position, inspire energetically, run the speaking gamut upward, employing the word "up," increasing gradatim the tone's intensity.

Exercise IX.

Vary the preceding exercise by running the speaking gamut downward, using the word "down," gradually decreasing the force.

Exercise X.

Repeat No. VIII., accompanying the raise for each tone with a corresponding movement of each arm and wrist, so that, when the rounding note of the octave is reached, the arms be extended upward to their utmost.

Exercise XI.

Leaving the arms extended as No. X. required, repeat No. IX., and, with each descension in tone, lower the arms with a gentle wave of the wrist, so that, on the concluding "down," the arms reach the sides as for "drill position."

Exercise XII.

Take position as indicated in No. VII., inspire deeply, tap the chest gently with the finger-tips in order to

drive the air into all the lung-cells, then, let the air escape in a sound showing weariness, as ä-ŭh.

Exercise XIII.

Observe the preliminaries of No. V.; when the lungs are well inflated, expend the air with explosive force on the sentence.

"Arise, ye more than dead!"—*Dryden.*
or, "Rise, O Sun of Justice, rise!"—*Rev. James Kent Stone.*

Exercise XIV.

Comply with the injunctions of No. VII.; when the lungs are well expanded, summon your brightest smile and laugh out the vowels ĭ, ĕ, ĕ, ă, ă, ŏ, ŏ, ŏ, ŭ, ŭ, ŭ, in a low tone; occasionally introduce an open vowel.

This exercise is characteristically adapted to strengthen the throat, invigorate and make more elastic the vocal ligaments, deepen and mellow the voice.

Exercise XV.

Inflate the lungs fully, utter ō, ä, ou, in a soft, pure tone; continue until the air supply is nearly consumed, then prolong the sound of ō, gradually merging it into o͞o, and diminishing the force as the air-supply lessens, until, with the last thin current, sound weds itself to silence.

[A breathing exercise should introduce every elocution hour.]

Examples where copious Breathing is required.

"Oh, perverse children of men, who refuse truth when offered you, because it is not truer! Oh, restless hearts and

fastidious intellects, who seek a gospel more salutary than the Redeemer's, and a creation more perfect than the Creator's! God, forsooth, is not great enough for you; you have those high aspirations and those philosophical notions, inspired by the original Tempter, which are content with nothing that is, which determine that the Most High is too little for your worship, and His attributes too narrow for your love. Satan fell by pride: and what was said of old as if of him, may surely now, by way of warning, be applied to all who copy him: 'Because thy heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am God, and I sit in the chair of God,.........whereas thou art a man and not God, and hast set thy heart as if it were the heart of God, therefore..........I will bring thee to nothing, and thou shalt not be, and if thou be sought for, thou shalt not be found any more forever.' "—*Newman.*

"Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears:
And where are they—the loved, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?"

Rev. Charles Meehan.

"St. Paul was a vessel of election to bear the good odor of Christ into the palaces of kings! A torrent of eloquence flowing into the barren fields of a vain philosophy, to fertilize and adorn! A rich exhibition of virtue, winning by its beauty, attracting by its symmetry, and exciting to activity by emulation! A glowing meteor of benediction, dissipating the clouds, and warming the hearts of the beholders to charity on earth, that they might be fitted for glory in heaven!"

Bishop *England.*

CHAPTER II.

ACTION.

By **Action** we understand that part of Elocution which **speaks to the eye.**

CICERO, perhaps the greatest orator that ever lived, says on this subject: "It is of little consequence that you prepare what is to be spoken, unless you are able to deliver your speech with freedom and grace. Nor is even that sufficient, unless what is spoken be delivered by the voice, by the countenance, and by the gesture in such a manner as to give it a higher relish." And again: "It is hardly possible to express of how great consequence is the manner in which the orator avails himself of tones of voice, **gesture,** and the expression of the countenance. For even indifferent speakers, by the dignity of their *action*, have frequently reaped the fruits of eloquence; whilst those whose language is that of an orator, often on account of the *awkwardness* of their action, have been reckoned indifferent speakers."

QUINTILIAN says: "If delivery can produce such an effect as to excite anger, tears, and solicitude in subjects we know to be fictitious and vain, how much more powerful must it be when we are persuaded in reality! Nay, I venture to pronounce that even an indifferent oration, recommended by the *force of action*, would have *more effect* than the best, if destitute of this enforcement." ST. FRANCIS OF SALES, who by his preach-

ing of the Word of God drew tens of thousands into the true fold of Christ, gives *studied* delivery a very decided commendation when he says, "that the most *eloquent* composition, *badly delivered*, will produce little or no effect; whilst a very *mediocre* speech, *eloquently delivered*, will often be attended with the most striking results." And this is only natural, for good delivery makes the impression deeper and more lasting.

Many labor under the false idea, that the orator is born, not made. They proclaim against all attempts at acquiring oratory. They say it makes one artificial; and still there is not a single orator of any renown who was not aided by art. The greatest orators of ancient times were CICERO and DEMOSTHENES. Both of these were assiduous in the study of the minutest details of the art. DEMOSTHENES was not gifted by nature. The preeminence he acquired in a nation of orators was the work of years of close application. His practice and belief agreed with CICERO's,—that to be an orator something more was needed than to be born. With regard to the idea that the study of Elocution tends to create an unnatural mode of delivery, we hold that it is only true where the art is *imperfectly* acquired. It is the same in all the arts. The man who has taken but a few lessons in painting, will not be true to nature in his pictures. No one condemns the pictorial art on this account. It is just as inane to condemn elocution on a judgment formed from hearing one who is yet in the primer of Elocution. The *real art* of elocution lies in *concealing* art. Following up a line of argument based on the assertions of some, DEMOSTHENES should have been the worst of orators, since he pursued this study further than any other ancient or modern speaker.

Amongst modern orators, we may point with national pride to HENRY CLAY, the prince of American speakers. He early began to prepare for the success he afterwards attained. He acknowledges the pains he took to acquire oratory. "I owe my success in life," he says, "to one single fact, namely, that at an early age I commenced and continued for some years, the practice of daily reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book.....It is to this *early practice* of the *art of all arts* that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated my progress, and have shaped and moulded my whole destiny." In short, no man who has attained even passing renown as an orator will admit that the study of action is not a **positive necessity for success** in oratory.

These remarks are inserted here, as the hue and cry of ignorance has arisen against this part of the study of oratory in particular. Let the student of oratory heed rather the words of Shakespeare than those of men whose delight it is to carp:

> "Pleads he in earnest! Look upon his face,
> His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are jest;
> His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
> He prays but faintly and would be denied:
> We pray with heart and soul."

We will treat this division of Elocution under the following heads,—**Position, Relaxation, Delsarte's Laws,** and **Planes of Gesture.** To these we subjoin a few remarks on the limits of **Personation.**

POSITION.

The study of **Position** is the first point we call attention to, as it is the **first point which catches the eye** when a speaker appears. Is he ungraceful in his bearing? If so, he has implanted in the minds of the audience a point against him at the very start. The old saying has it, "first impressions are generally lasting." It holds good here as well as anywhere—hence, the importance of this subject..

In laying down rules for Position, elocutionists have in view **two points—the correct and expressive balance, or poise of the body, and a becoming appearance.**

There are **Three Positions.** We shall call them the **Unexcited,** the **Excited,** and the **Military.** Each of these forms the basis of one or more attitudes. By **Attitude** is meant the **enlargement** of a **Position.** In the **Unexcited** Position, the speaker stands erect in an easy, dignified manner, with the hands hanging naturally at the sides, and the feet nearly together. The weight of the body should be principally on the ball of the left foot, and the right should be three or four inches in advance. The left limb is straight; the right, slightly bent at the knee. As a change and rest, reverse the position, throwing the weight on the right and placing the left in advance.

It is used in all *unexcited* speech, such as *narration* and the portrayal of the *gentler emotions.* As an example, we insert the following.

From Essay on Criticism.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind.

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Pope.

The **First Attitude** is only the enlargement of the first position. The feet should be separated some distance, thus giving a firmer basis. A rest and change from this attitude is made by advancing the left foot and throwing the weight of the body on the right. The first attitude is used while giving utterance to *grandeur, heroism,* and *strong oratorical thought.* As an example on which to practice, an excerpt from the speech of Hon. J. R. Chandler on the Know Nothing Movement is here inserted.

"If, Mr. Chairman, I had not long been a member of this House, I might startle at the risk of presenting myself as the professor of a creed evil spoken of. But I know the House is composed of gentlemen. I stand here alone in defence of my faith, but I stand in the Congress of the nation., I stand for truth and my soul is undaunted."

In the **Second Position,** the **Excited,** the left foot is advanced and most of the weight is thrown on the ball. The right heel is entirely off the floor, and the ball of the right foot, touching the floor, balances the body. The left leg is slightly bent at the knee. A rest is taken by reversing the position, bringing the right foot to the front, etc. The body is inclined forward as if about to take a step. The **Excited Position** is assumed in any speech implying *earnest appeal and solicitude,* and, also, as "Practical Elocution" says: "When the speaker is impelled by some emotion which causes him to step forward toward his audience, as if to get nearer to them that he may impart, with more power and emotion, that which he utters."

Example.

From Romeo and Juliet. *Act II.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Shakespeare.

The **Second Attitude** differs from the *second position* in extension and also in the position of the feet. The left is extended as in the second position, but the right does not balance on the ball. It is planted firmly on the floor. The whole body leans forward as in the Excited position, and the muscles are rigid, forming straight lines and angles rather than curves. This attitude may also be reversed. It is correctly used in *defiant threatening* and *very emphatic thought.* Practice on this example.

From The Merchant of Venice. *Act III.*

Salarino. Why I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shylock. (*Emphatic.*) To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute: and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.—*Shakespeare.*

The **Third Attitude** is based on the Excited position likewise. The weight is thrown on the left foot. The right leg is straight; the left, bent at the knee. The right foot is forward and separated from the left by a space of about twice the length of the foot. The body inclines backward. This attitude is generally used in dramatic oratory where *horror* or *extreme terror* are to be expressed. As an example, Brutus' speech where he sees the ghost of Cæsar, is appropriate.

From Julius Cæsar. *Act IV.*

Brutus. How ill this taper burns. Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Shakespeare.

In the **Third Position** which we call the **Military,** the heels are together or nearly so. We can describe it best by saying it is the **soldier's position.** The weight of the body is about equally divided on each foot. The elocutionist finds most use for this position in personating characters, and in practicing breathing exercises, etc. In personating the feeble and broken-hearted Aegeon, standing before the court of Solinus, this position would be suitable.

From The Comedy of Errors. *Act I.*

Aegeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by fortune, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

Shakespeare.

In the **Fourth Attitude,** which is based on this position, the feet are widely separated. It is principally used in personations, and is expressive of *impudence, selfassertion*, etc. As an example on which to practice, we cite Falstaff's words, when asked to give a reason for one of his monstrous assertions.

From King Henry IV. *First Part. Act II.*

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. I.—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER III.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation, derived from *articulare* = to divide into single members or joints, to furnish with joints, hence, to utter distinctly, giving each joint its due value and prominence, demands precedence, being the basis of just Elocution.

JONATHAN BARBER says: "Students of elocution should always attend to articulation as the *primary* object; and in the first instance, it should be prosecuted alone, as a distinct branch of the art, and prosecuted until perfection in it is attained."

The acquisition of an accurate and distinct articulation is wholly mechanical. It demands nothing more than industry and persevering elementary practice. Wherein does it consist?

"In just articulation, the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion. They should neither be abridged nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced; they should not be trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession and of due weight."—*Austin's Chironomia.*

Although it is impossible to classify all the elements of syllables and words exactly, the following classification will be found comprehensive and accurate enough for cultivating the articulatory organs. Theory, however, will prove useless, unless swallowed up in practice.

Practice, and practice **only**, in every department of elocution, is the magic watchword that **insures success.**

Elementary Sounds.

ä	as in	*darn.*	ā	as in	*pharos.*	ẽ ẽ	as in	*merger.*
ȧ	"	*path.*	a	"	*Italian.*	ŭ	"	*null.*
â	"	*rare.*	ĕ	"	*helm.*	û	"	*burnish.*
ă	"	*tang.*	ē	"	*premier.*	ĭ	"	*rift.*
a̤	"	*guffaw.*	ȱ	"	*junto.*	o͝o	"	*rook.*
ǡ	"	*notary.*	ō	"	*loam.*	o͞o	"	*loon.*

DIPHTHONGS.

ou = a glide from ä to o͞o, *pout.*

ū = a compound of ǐ and o͞o, *student.*

ī = a glide from ä to ǐ, *prize.*

ā = a vanish in ǐ or ē, *ray.*

ō = a vanish in o͝o or o͞o, *hones.*

Oral Consonant Elements.

Place of Articulation.	Continuous		Momentary	
	Surd	Sonant	Surd	Sonant
Lips	.....	w	p	b
Lips and teeth	f	v	..	..
Tongue and teeth	th(in)	th(y)	..	..
Tongue and hard palate (forward)	s	z, r	t	d
Tongue and hard palate (back)	sh	zh, r	ch	j
Tongue, hard, and soft palate	.....	y, l	..	..
Tongue and soft palate	.....	.....	k	g
Various places	.....	.....	h	..

Consonants are styled **Momentary** and **Continuous**, because the mute consonants, surds as well as sonants, are incapable of any appreciable duration; whereas the continuants may be sustained until the breath expires.

Consonants delivered with impeded tone, owing to their tone quality, are called "sonants;" consonants produced with breath sounds only, and those made by mute action, are called surds, because they are "toneless."

For the **oral** consonants, the passage through the nose must be wholly obstructed. It is the property of the soft palate to do this by being pressed like a valve on the wall of the pharynx, thus clearing the passage into the mouth.

The *nasal* consonants, m, n, ng, which are solely "sonants," require the soft palate to be depressed, thus cutting off the passage to the mouth and rendering it

necessary for the air to escape through the nostrils; e. g., twang, sing, wrong, lamb, etc.

The examples which follow have been culled with careful hand from Catholic gardens, and form a bouquet, exhaling the most wholesome fragrance.

While the specific object for their insertion was the exemplification of vowel-quality, withal, the teacher will find a broad field wherein his pupils may profitably explore for specimens of various kinds of Pitch, Force, Stress, Emphasis, etc.

Vowels having identical sounds or closely allied, have been combined; for their correct pronunciation Webster's dictionary will afford the rules.

Ā. E̱.

An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one d*a*y;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and w*ai*t, and pr*a*y.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of Pride are o'er:
The f*a*tal ch*ai*n is round you cast
And you are men no more.
In v*ai*n the hero's heart hath bled.
The s*a*ge's tongue hath warned in v*ai*n
Oh. Freedom! once thy fl*a*me hath fled,
It never lights again!

F*ai*th's meanest deed more f*a*vour be*a*rs
Where hearts and wills are w*ei*gh'd.

Than brightest transports, choicest pr*a*yers,
Which bloom their hour and f*a*de.

Heaven but f*ai*ntly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd v*ei*l:
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her fr*ai*lty, still is fr*ai*l.

Those hearts of ours—how str*a*nge! how str*a*nge!
How they yearn to ramble, and love to r*a*nge
Down through the v*a*les of the years long gone,
Up through the future that fast rolls on.

Father Ryan.

God is in all pl*a*ces; therefore, we owe Him respect in all pl*a*ces. There is no pl*a*ce in the universe which is not consecr*a*ted by the presence of His majesty: and in what pl*a*ce soever I am, I m*a*y s*a*y with J*a*cob: "This pl*a*ce is holy, and I knew it not."

Â. Ê.

I've lived to know my sh*a*re of joy,
To feel my sh*a*re of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy;
To love, and love in vain;
To feel a pang and w*ea*r a smile,
To tire of other climes;
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

The very earth, the steamy *ai*r
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty every wh*e*re
Are flushing into life.

Do you ask me the place of this valley,
To hearts that are harrowed by *c*are?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his Angels are th*e*re:
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

Oh, England's fame! Oh, glorious name!
And one, that France most cherished,
On marble b*a*re are written th*e*re—
Th*ei*r names and how they perished!
Its summit high against the sky,
Like sentinel defending,
Points from the sod to wh*e*re, with God,
Th*ei*r spirits now are blending!

Joseph K. Foran.

Ă.

And mine, O brother of my soul
When my release sh*a*ll come:
Thy gentle arms sh*a*ll lift me then,
Thy wings sh*a*ll waft me home.

We tr*a*mple grass and prize the flowers of May:
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

What l*a*nd, what people, has the sun ever illumined more worthy of the heart's deep *a*ffection than our own? Here, where Nature, who never hastens and never tires, h*a*s stored, through countless ages, whatever may be serviceable to m*a*n, divine Providence h*a*s given us a country *a*s large *a*s all Europe, with a soil more fertile, and a climate more invigorating.

In the city h*a*llowed by the name of Washington, in the *ca*pital of the freeest people on earth, the Roman C*a*tholic Church made to our country the m*a*gnificent gift of a great unversity, where science *a*nd art, where religion *a*nd mor*a*lity will ever find a home, *a*nd where our people will learn the gr*a*nd lesson th*a*t loyalty to God means loyalty to the state.

H*a*d Washington, Fr*a*nklin, C*a*rroll and their illustrious brethren failed in the work which God h*a*d laid out for them, it would h*a*ve been a dire cal*a*mity to hum*a*nity itself.

Ä.

Then what this world to thee, my he*a*rt?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless;
Thou hast no owner's p*a*rt
In all its fleetingness.

In the d*a*rk hour of the night, just before day,
In the rear of the camp, 'twas m*a*rching my beat
When a gentle voice murmured, "Forgive them, I pray,
For this, O my Lord! I bow at thy feet."
To the tent of the penitent I moved on tiptoe,
I thought some mortal was stricken with grief.
'Twas a Sister of Charity, face all aglow,
Praying for us and our country's relief.

John F. Scanlan.

Every one has some sweet face
Prisoned in a picture case,
Or by memory's magic *a*rt
Photographed upon the he*a*rt:
And we all in gloomy days,
Steal ap*a*rt and on them gaze.

Michael O'Connor.

Now from the overcrowded streets,
  Whose torrid heat the city p*a*rches,
The multitudes seek cool retreats
  By breezy shores or woodland *a*rches.

W. D. Kelly.

It dawned on my soul like a picture of light,
Or a st*a*r that illumines the azure of night,
Sp*a*rkling and beautiful, winsome and fair
The pink of perfection of all that were there.

John Curran Keegan.

Ȧ.

The temple is *a* cross; its centre the tabernacle, and Christ is *a*dored forever in the divinest symbol of His love, which is borne upward on aerial spires far above all monuments of human pride, shedding benediction and gentler life through the world's waste.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds *a*sk deeper l*a*ncing;
*A*fter-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever ch*a*ncing:
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow *a*gainst thy will.

Robert Southwell.

*A*nother year—the curfew rings;
F*a*st cover up each coal.
The old year dies, the old year dies,
The bells its requiem toll.
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air with incense glows;
The spirit of *a*nother year
Comes forth from long repose.

Thomas O'Hagan.

A̤. Ô.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O, spring to light, *au*spicious babe be born!

Pope.

O Religion of peace! thou hast not like other systems, inculcated the precepts of hatred and discord; thou hast t*au*ght men nothing but love and harmony.

In *aw*e she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried,
"Lord help me to obey!"

The waves were white, and red the morn
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistled, and the porpoise rolled.
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

*A*ll nature manifests the infinite skill of its *Au*thor.

See how pale the moon rolls
Her silver wheel; and, scattering beams afar
On earth's benighted souls,
See wisdom's holy star;
*O*r, in his fiery course, the sanguine *o*rb of w*a*r.

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosom fires,
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
*A*ve Maris Stella!

F*a*ll in! f*a*ll in! f*a*ll in! Every man in his place
F*a*ll in! f*a*ll in! f*a*ll in! Each with a cheerful face
F*a*ll in! f*a*ll in!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when st*o*rms are gone:
When w*a*rring winds have died away.
And clouds beneath the glancing ray.
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were b*o*rn.
Again upon the lap of m*o*rn.

In some things *a*ll, in *a*ll things none are crossed:
Few *a*ll things need, and n*o*ne have *a*ll they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man bef*a*ll:
Who least hath some: who most hath never *a*ll.

A̤ Ŏ ŎW

Anxious thoughts in endless circles roll.
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavors end:
How can the less the greater c*o*mprehend?
Or finite reason reach infinity?
For wh*a*t could fathom G*o*d were more than He.

Peace o'er the world her olive w*a*nd extend.
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:—
"Prepare the way! a God, a G*o*d appears!"
"A G*o*d, a G*o*d!" the vocal hills reply;
The r*o*cks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

Pope.

Kn*o*wledge is the light which comes down fr*o*m the throne of the Eternal.

Passed from this world with sin and sorrow rife,
A world unfitted for a soul like hers—
Pure in each sphere—as sister, mother, wife—
To mingle with God's holiest worshippers,
And round his throne to join the myriad throng
Who praise His holy name in ceaseless song!

J. C. Curtin.

Ȧ.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease who freely lives.

The beginning of matter, the elements into which it may ultimately be resolvable, how the cycles of the heavenly bodies began, the unspeakable intricacy of their checks and counter-checks, the secular aberrations and secular corrections of the same, the secret of life, the immateriality of the soul, where physical science ends,—all these questions are discussed in a thousand books in a spirit and tone betokening the most utter forgetfulness that we are little creatures, who got here, God help us! where He chooses and when.—*Father Faber.*

And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing;
That to men, like the doves of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

E.

Ē, ĒĒ, Ï.

They shall safely st*ee*r who s*ee*;
Sight is wisdom. Come to m*e*!

Hunted elsewhere, God's Church with th*ee* found rest:—
Thy future's Hope is sh*e*—that qu*ee*nly Guest.

Oh b*e* not thine such strife! there h*ea*ves no sod
Along thy f*ie*lds, but hides a h*e*ro's head:
And when you charge for fr*ee*dom and for God
Then—then b*e* mindful of the mighty dead!
Think that your f*ie*ld of battle is the bed
Where slumber hearts, that never f*ea*red a foe
And while you f*ee*l, at each el*e*ctric tread,
Their spirit through your veins indignant glow,
Strong b*e* your sabre's sway for fr*ee*dom's vengeful blow.

Oh, might I s*ee* but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more!
Death soon would h*ea*l my gr*ie*fs! This heart, now sad and sore,
Would b*ea*t anew a little while, and then no more!

Ah! thus when Death shall close the sc*e*ne, may Heaven's eternal Spring
Around the soul her fadeless wr*ea*ths her sacred roses fling;
And when sh*e* looks in triumph back, will not her world of bliss
S*ee*m happier, for the gloom that rests on all that's found in this.

D*ea*r emblem of my native land,
My fresh fond words kept fresh and gr*ee*n
The pressure of an unfelt hand
The kisses of a lip uns*ee*n

A throb from my d*ea*r mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope! thou art,
Sw*ee*t shamrock, from the Irish shore!

Ĕ.

The Saviour's image sanctifies the anc*e*stral hall, the clos*e*t and b*e*d-chamber; it is the subj*e*ct for the *e*xercise of the highest genius in the imitative arts: it is worn n*e*xt to the heart in life: it is h*e*ld before the failing eyes in d*ea*th.

The whole universe is a t*e*mple filled with the glorious pr*e*s-ence of the Deity.

Not always full of leaf, nor even spring:
Not *e*ndless night, nor y*e*t eternal day,
The saddest birds a season find to sing:
The roughest storms a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding terms God t*e*mpereth all:
That man may hope to rise, y*e*t fear to fall.

But ah! on sudden, Famine's br*ea*th brought direful desola-tion:
Whilst tyrants cast their cruel laws around the dying nation,
And spurn'd the wasted, wither'd poor, for h*e*lp, for mercy crying,
The Saxons smiled with joy to hear that C*e*ltic sons were dy-ing.

O! grant that wh*e*n ag*ai*n
A year had fl*e*s,
And 'mid the haunts of m*e*n
My time has sp*e*d,
My retrosp*e*ctive look
May not rebuke.

Ẽ, Ĩ, Û.

Fairer the inward perfection of a soul which God has renewed, than all the gorgeous but evanescent loveliness of earth's most lovely scenes.

See! see! th' Eternal Hands
  Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
  Of mercy sitteth down,
Forever and for ever
  On her predest'n'd throne!

Softly woo away her breath,
      Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, murmuring, mournful Life!

Every word has its own spirit—
True or false—that never dies:
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

From vast Niagara's gurgling roar
  To Sacramento's golden shore,
From east to western wave,
  The blended vows of millions rise,
Their voice re-echoes to the skies—
  "The Union we must save!"

Serve, then, that King, immortal and so full of mercy, who will value a sigh and a glass of water given in His name, more than all others will ever do the effusion of all your blood: and begin to date the time of your useful services from the day on which you shall have given yourself to a master so beneficent.

Bossuet.

The Lord knows best: He gave us th*i*rst for l*ea*rning;
And deepest knowledge of his w*o*rk betrays
No th*i*rst left wat*e*rless. Shall our soul-*yea*rning
Apart from all things be a quenchless blaze?

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Ė.

Generosity, tenderness, and *re*finement of nature are especially cherished by po*e*sy; while the hardier virtues, courage, pers*e*verance, and self-sacrifice, the constituents of the h*e*roic character, have at all times been the great objects to which it d*i*rects our admiration.

Deny me wealth, far, far *re*move
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness, love,
And, faith, in this world's shame.

He b*e*held his wife and his infant weep for unknown joy: soon yielding to an irr*e*sistible impulse, he fell at the foot of the cross, and mingled torrents of tears with the r*e*generating waters that were poured upon his head.

Has there been any form of government ever d*e*vised by man to which the r*e*ligion of Catholics has not been accommodated?

Man must not be permitted altogether to d*e*spise himself; lest, b*e*lieving, with the impious, that life is but a game in which hazard reigns, he follow without rule and without guidance, the will of his blind d*e*sires.

Ī. Ȳ.

Lead k*i*ndly l*i*ght. amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on!
The n*i*ght is dark, and *I* am far from home:
Lead thou me on!

Ye heavens! from h*i*gh the dewy nectar pour.
And in soft s*i*lence shed the k*i*ndly shower.

R*i*se! for the day is passing.
And you l*i*e dreaming on:
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the f*i*ght are gone.

O source of uncreated l*i*ght,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thr*i*ce holy fount, thr*i*ce holy f*i*re.
Our hearts with heavenly love insp*i*re;
Come and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctif*y* us wh*i*le we sing.

Yet h*i*gher powers must think though they rep*i*ne
When sun is set. the little stars will sh*i*ne.

Vain are thy offerings, vain thy s*i*ghs
Without one gift div*i*ne.
Give it, m*y* ch*i*ld, th*y* heart to me,
And it shall rest in m*i*ne!

Ĭ.

The Catholi*c* procession *i*s the overflow*i*ng of rel*i*gious joy, beyond the vessel that usually contains *i*t. *It i*s the m*y*stical stream wh*i*ch Ezechiel saw flow*i*ng from the Altar of the holy place, and *i*ssu*i*ng abroad. through the temple gates: deepen-

*i*ng and swell*i*ng, as *i*t flows along, t*i*ll *i*t becomes a mighty torrent, bounding forward *i*n exultation, and mak*i*ng a joyful noise as the sound of many waters.

He from th*i*ck f*i*lms shall purge the v*i*sual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear
And b*i*d new mus*i*c charm th' unfold*i*ng ear.

Why should I sh*i*ver beside the d*i*m r*i*ver
Wh*i*ch the feet of Christ have coasted?
For the angel of death can del*i*ver
Grief-laden souls that are yearn*i*ng to soar.

Oh! land of sorrows, *I*nn*i*sfail! the saddest, yet the fairest!
Though ever-fruitful are thy breasts — though green the garb thou wearest,
*I*n vain thy ch*i*ldren seek thy g*i*fts, and fondly gather round thee;
They l*i*ve as strangers m*i*dst thy vales s*i*nce dark oppression bound thee.

Rev. Ambrose Butler.

Ī.

What an awful state of mind must a man have attained, when he can despise a mother's counsel! Her very name is *i*dentified with every *i*dea that can subdue the sternest mind; that can suggest the most profound respect, the deepest and most heartfelt attachment, the most unlimited obedience.

Humility is one of the most difficult of virtues, both to attain and to ascertain. Ancient civil*i*zation had not the *i*dea, and had no word to express it; or rather, it had the *i*dea, and considered it a defect of mind, not a virtue, so that the word which denoted it conveyed a reproach.—*Newman.*

O, then, let thy magical fingers glide lightly,
The slumbering strings rouse to melody true,
And thy own gentle voice chime with every *v*ibration
As on fragrant flowers falls the soft soothing dew:

Rev. Michael B. Brown.

Ō.

S*oa*r up my s*ou*l unto thy rest,
Cast off this l*oa*thsome l*oa*d:
Long is the death of thine exile,
Too long thy strict ab*o*de.

The *o*ld proverb "Charity begins at h*o*me" s*o* often qu*o*ted and s*o* little understood, means this: the first act of charity is like the expansion of the circle in the water: it springs from its centre, it cannot *o*verleap the intermediate space. Depend upon it, therefore, that if our hearts conceive great thoughts of charity, and of some work at a distance, while we are not doing the work of charity which lies at our feet, it is a mere illusion.

Still, still in th*o*se wilds may young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout *o*ver mountain and valley:
The star of the west may yet rise in its gl*o*ry,
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in st*o*ry.

In this sweet spot the loved are sleeping:
The sculptured angel pure as sn*o*w,
Is, like the living m*ou*rner, weeping
For th*o*se who rest in death bel*o*w!
On the white marble fond affection,
Above the buried and the c*o*ld,
Hath traced—ah m*ou*rnful retrospection!
Their praise in characters of g*o*ld.

*O*h n*o*,—not a heart that e'er knew him but m*o*urns,
Deep, deep, *o*'er the grave, where such gl*o*ry is shrined—
O'er a monument fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

O̤, ŌŌ, Ṳ.

Those hearts of ours—what f*oo*ls! what f*oo*ls!
How they laugh at wisdom her cant and r*u*les!
How they waste their powers, and, when wasted, grieve
For what they have squandered but can not retrieve.
Father Ryan.

Oh! well was it said, tho' the king r*u*le the nation,
Tho' the making of laws to the statesman belongs,
Wh*o* reigns first, wh*o* reigns last in the hearts of creation
Is the god-given poet wh*o* maketh our songs.
Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Are our hearts lighter for the roses bl*oo*m?
Or sad life fairer for their odorous breath?
Or tangled threads upon Fate's busy l*oo*m,
More deftly straightened by the hands of death?
Sara T. Smith.

Ọ, ŎŎ, Ụ.

That mother viewed the scene of blood;
Her six unconquer'd sons were gone;
Fearless she viewed—beside her st*oo*d
Her last—her youngest—dearest one;
He l*oo*ked upon her and he smiled;
Oh! will she save that only child?

Her loyal subjects, low and high,
F*u*ll many a costly tribute bring;
The glories of her kingdom, I,
Her humble poet laureate sing.

E. J. McPhelip.

Trust not him thy b*o*som's weal,
A painted love alone revealing;
The show, without the lasting zeal:
The hollow voice, without the feeling.

Gerald Griffin.

Ȯ, Ŭ.

I had a dream: yes: *so*me *o*ne softly said:
"He's gone; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry *Subvenite*; and they knelt in prayer."

Newman.

J*u*dge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from s*o*me well-w*o*n field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; b*u*t *o*ne by *o*ne
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be d*o*ne.

Ther's nothing dark, below, ab*o*ve,
B*u*t in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy t*ou*ch shall turn all bright again.

Truth can *u*nderstand error, b*u*t error cannot *u*nderstand truth.

Another year—with tears and joys
To form an arch of l*o*ve,
An*o*ther year to toil with hope
And seek for rest ab*o*ve;
An*o*ther year winged on its way
Eternity the goal
An*o*ther year—peace in its train,
Peace to each parting soul.

It is a day to date from, when we first c*o*me to see, that the very fact of God having created *u*s is in itself a whole magnificent revelation of eternal l*o*ve, more safe to lean *u*pon than what we behold, more worthy of our tr*u*st than what we know, more *u*tterly our own than any *o*ther possession we can have.—*Father Faber.*

OI, OY.

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in j*oy*,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home.
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite b*oy*
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
The od'rous myrtle to the n*oi*some weed,
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And b*oy*s in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.

Pope.

While I, embr*oi*dering here with pleasant t*oi*l
My imaged traceries around my name,
This banner weave (in part from hostile sp*oi*l),
And pay my fealty to thy highest claim!

Cardinal Wiseman.

OU, OW.

A vacant h*ou*r is always the devil's h*ou*r. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong t*ow*er, nay a very Church, with angels lurking among the leaves, as if they were so many niches.

In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried *ou*t, from a group near the door: "Impious tyrant, dost th*ou* not see, that a poor, blind Christian hath more p*ow*er over life and death than th*ou* or thy cruel masters?

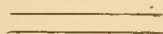
Away, away! *ou*r hearts are gay,
And free from care, by night and day,
Think not of summer pleasure:
The merry bells ring gayly *ou*t
*Ou*r lips keep time with song and sh*ou*t
And laugh in happy measure.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
With*ou*t a mark, with*ou*t a b*ou*nd,
It runneth the earth's wide regions r*ou*nd;
It plays with the cl*ou*ds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

Ye fields of changeless green,
Cover'd with living streams and fadeless fl*ow*ers,
Th*ou* paradise serene,
Eternal j*oy*ful h*ou*rs
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy b*ow*ers.

May never was the month of love
For May is full of fl*ow*ers
But rather April wet by kind,
For love is full of sh*ow*ers.

Robert Southwell.



Ȱ.

From harm*o*ny, from heavenly harm*o*ny,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harm*o*ny
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

Dryden.

The spirit of the world can call to order sin which is not respectable. It can pr*o*pound wise maxims of public decency, and inspire wholesome regulations of p*o*lice. Or, again, there it is, with high principles on its lips, discussing the religious v*o*cation of some youth,— while it urges discreet delay— and more considerate submissiveness to those who love him, and have natural rights to his *o*bedience.

Father Faber.

U.

Ū.

The p*u*re, pale star of the autumn eve
Beams from the bl*u*e like an angel's eye,
And softly the wayward wavelets heave
And sink on the strand with a weary sigh!

Justice pales, truth fades, stars fall from heaven:
H*u*man are the great whom we revere;
No tr*u*e crown of honor can be given,
Till the wreath lies on a f*u*neral bier.

Oh! His rest will be with *you* in the congress of the great,
Who are p*u*rified by sorrow, and are victors over fate:
Oh, God's rest will be with *you*, in the corridors of Fame,
Which were j*u*bilant with welcome, when Death called out
your name.

And hark! I hear a singing: yet in sooth:
I cannot of that m*u*sic rightly say
Whether I hear or touch, or taste the tones.
O, what a heart-subd*u*ing melody!

Newman.

U̇.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nat*u*re
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creat*u*re.

League not with him in friendship's tie,
Whose selfish soul is bent on pleas*u*re:
For he from joy to joy will fly,
As changes fancy's fickle meas*u*re.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virt*u*e and pain
Who yield up to pleas*u*re your nights and your days
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Gerald Griffin.

For disciplining the organs, and for acquiring facility in the distinct enunciation of difficult combinations, the following exercises are invaluable.

bd, robb'd, sobb'd mobb'd.

He was mobb'd by men whose doctrine was, "Might makes Right."

bst, dubb'st, webb'st, drubb'st.

Why dubb'st thou wise—a dullard!

blz, marbles, troubles, foibles.

The foibles of life tickle the sides of Mirth.

blst, trembl'st, assembl'st, enfeebl'st.

Thou enfeebl'st the cause by temporizing.

bld, mumbl'd, fumbl'd, humbl'd.

'Tis but the humbl'd plaint of pride.

bldst, nibbld'st, gabbld'st, dissembld'st.

Dissembld'st thou, or didst thou tell the truth?

bz, tubes, fobs, robes.

Oh robes of the rich and great! Your texture often dazzles and bedims the eyes of justice!

dlst, meddl'st, handl'st, addl'st.

Thou meddl'st with all affairs, save thine own.

dld, paddl'd, wheedl'd, fondl'd.

Many were the fools he wheedl'd.

dldst, dwindl'dst, fondl'dst, kindl'dst.

Thou kindl'dst in the breast of youth a flame that ne'er will die.

dnd, glad'n'd, quick'n'd, slack'n'd.

The sweet whisperings of grace glad'n'd his heart and quick'n'd his fervor.

dnz, burd'ns, lad'ns, gladd'ns.

Guilt burd'ns the mind.

dr, dream, drunk, drown, drizzle.

His dreams were all of fame and wealth—
His life, devoid of both.

dst, would'st, drudg'ds't, hadst.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

dth, width, breadth.

The breadth of the world will not satisfy ambition.

dths, hundredths, thousandths, wraths, breadths.

Six widths of one only equalled four breadths of the other.

dzh, allege, ledge, fledge.

Allege not reasons to which you give no credence yourself.

dzhd, privileg'd, enrag'd, gorg'd.

His barbarity could be gorg'd with blood alone.

flst, rifl'st, shuffl'st, muffl'st.

Thou shuffl'st in vain the cards of error; they always come forth with counterfeit value on their faces, and can only take the meanest tricks.

fldst, rifl'd'st, shuffl'd'st, muffl'd'st.

Thou rifl'd'st the homes of the weak and unprotected, and count'd'st it an honorable deed?

fnz, tough'ns, puffins, deaf'ns.

The religion of Christ soft'ns the heart of the most barbarous nation.

fnd, fright'n'd, strength'n'd, height'n'd.

In vain that cause is strength'n'd that has not justice and truth for its basis.

fts, handicrafts, drafts, rafts.

And lo! the crafts are mercilessly seized by hungry waves that roar themselves hoarse with glee as they view the floating timbers of the once united rafts.

fst, doff'st, scoff'st, quaff'st.

Vile slave! doff'st thou not thy fusty castor to the king thy liege lord and master?

ftst, ingraft'st, draught'st, waft'st.

O Patriotism, thou ingraft'st upon the tree of liberty the scions of religious toleration!

fths, fifty-fifths, twelfths.

Two fifths and seven twelfths = fifty nine sixtieths.

gd, digg'd, shrugg'd, wagg'd.

Deep he digg'd into the stubborn earth until greeted by the glittering ore.

gdst, tugg'dst, lagg'dst.

Thou tugg'dst in vain with fortune: the hope of riches which thou hugg'dst is illusory.

gld, strangl'd, spangl'd, wrangl'd.

The captive's hope was strangl'd by the stern demeanor of his judge.

glst, tingl'st, inveigl'st, struggl'st.

Thou struggl'st bravely with adversity and wilt not be overcome.

gldst, juggl'dst, jingl'dst, bungl'dst.

If thou bungl'dst this care
From thy office forbear.

gst, bring'st, sing'st, lag'st.

O childhood! thou bring'st the most fragrant, unselfish, and acceptable offerings to the altar of friendship!

kld, tinkl'd, rankl'd, sparkl'd.

The tiny bells which sweetly tinkl'd,
Sweet thoughts of home evoked.

kldst, tinkl'dst, rankl'dst, sparkl'dst.

Thou, mercy, more brightly sparkl'dst in the royal diadem than any precious stone.

klz, wrinkl's, trickl's, stickl's.

He stickl's for injustice more zealously than the champions of truth for their cause.

klst, cackl'st, speckl'st, sprinkl'st.

Thou cackl'st, but unlike the cackling of the geese of Rome, thine arouses—laughter.

knd, heark'nd, dark'nd, lik'nd.

He heark'nd to the voice of mourning,
And dried the tears of distress.

kndst, reck'nd'st, beck'nd'st, wak'nd'st.

Oh, Power! When thou beck'nd'st, flattery and hypocrisy, arm in arm, hasten to comply.

kst, text, ach'st, break'st.

Thou break'st the laws of heaven and of earth and yet thou talk'st of harmony. Harmony begins to pine when estranged from order.

kts, erects, protects, cataracts.

He erects a monument, which never shall crumble, and which the future shall not cease to admire, and whereon is written—Spotless Reputation.

ktst, lock'dst, pick'dst, hack'dst.

Thou lock'dst thy heart against the gentle knocks of grace and now 'tis stony grown.

ldz, scolds, scalds, unfolds.

His life unfolds the inward peace and beauty of the just.

ldst, yield'st, mould'st, withhold'st.

Yield'st thou without a struggle to such a craven?

lmst, calm'st, embalm'st, overwhelm'st.

Thou unwritten music of nature, calm'st the troubled heart and burdened soul.

lpst, gulp'dst, help'dst, yelp'dst.

O Charity! thou help'dst those who could not help themselves!

lths, commonwealths, filths, healths.

The glory of commonwealths is bright honor and justice.

ltst, moult'st, revolt'st, exalt'st.

Religion! thou exalt'st humanity to the skies.

lvst, revolv'st, delv'st, absolv'st.

Delv'st thou in knowledge mines
With hopes of fame or wealth?

mdst, maim'dst, inflam'dst, defam'dst.

Thou maim'dst virtue when thou defam'dst R. D.—

mfs, nymphs, lymphs, triumphs.

The greatest triumphs are those silent, unpretentious ones o'er self.

mpst, bump'st, romp'st, damp'st.

Why damp'st thou youthful enthusiasm?

mst, proclaim'st, redeem'st, bloom'st.

Thou proclaim'st thyself valiant thou white-livered braggart.

ndgst, sting'dst, prolong'dst, ring'dst.

With thy cruelty, thou prolong'dst warfare while peace was mourning and imploring for reunion.

ndzh, cringe, singe, expunge.

Cringe, cringe sycophants! beneath the glance of Power!

ndzhd, sing'd, aveng'd, estrang'd.

His manes aveng'd, he ceased commerce with mortals.

ntsht, munch'd, pinch'd, quench'd.

He ne'er quench'd his thirst at the Pierian spring.

nths, sixteenths, labyrinths, months.

Months are labyrinths of time.

ntst, print'st, grunt'st, haunt'st.

Haunt'st thou the editor with a still-born poem?

nz, rains, refrains, feigns.

It rains, it rains,
The sweet refrains
Of crystal drops on window panes,
My heart and soul enchains.

pldst, sampl'dst, crumpl'dst, toppl'dst.

Thou easily toppl'dst Error's Monument.

plz, temples, dimples, ripples.

The buoyant ripples chased one another in glee and flirted with the coquettish sunbeams that peeped through the gently-stirring foliage of the tamarind.

plst, toppl'st, sampl'st, rippl'st.

Thrice thou sampl'st the hospitality of thine enemy and found it generous and ample.

pt, hopp'd, kept, equipp'd.

Ye are all equipp'd? We are. Farewell then, Home! with all the charms, which make thee dear.

pts, adepts, precepts, excepts.

Adepts are rare, where diligence and persevering practice are rare.

rbdst, disturb'dst, absorb'dst, curb'dst.

Thou absorb'dst attention, but the hearts of thy auditors remain cold and clayey.

rdz, chords, rewards, girds.

The minor chords of humility breathe greater peace and joy than the loftiest majors of exultation.

rdst, bombard'st, retard'st, disregard'st.

Disregard'st thou the ingenuous voice of friendship?

rdzh, purge, surcharge, scourge.

A scourge should be placed in every loyal American hand, to lash the traitor around the Land of Liberty.

rktst, embark'dst, perk'dst, smirk'dst.

Thou embark'dst pilotless in a boundless sea.

rldst, twirl'dst, purl'dst, uncurl'dst.

O Fate, thou uncurl'dst the locks of time!

rmdst, harm'dst, inform'dst, alarm'dst.

Thou harm'dst not me by depriving me of life, the loss is all thine own.

rndst, yearn'dst, discern'dst, suborn'dst.

O youth, thou yearn'dst for home—it is thy world!

rsts, bursts, worsts, thirsts.

The beacon of faith bursts through the doubtful darkness and illumines the perilous way.

rtst, pervert'st, depart'st, convert'st.

Depart'st thou without a single word to cheer thee

on the way?

rvdst, observ'dst, starv'dst, subserv'dst.

Avarice thou starv'dst thyself for the sake of that which thou shalt not enjoy.

rvst, starv'st, deserv'st, reserv'st.

Thou prudently reserv'st thy strength for the final onset.

sf, sphacel, sphex, spheral.

The spheric beauty of the dome evoked the admiration of all.

shr, shroud, shrivel, shrift.

The shroud may soon envelop the graceful form we praise.

skr, scrape, screed, scrimp.

He was such a scrimp that any screed against him would be justifiable.

sks, basilisks, burlesques, masks.

Doggerel is best adapted to burlesques in poetry.

skst, bask'st, husk'st, ask'st.

Husk'st thou the golden ears?

slst, bustl'st, tussl'st, nestl'st.

Thou bustl'st around as officiously as a person who has knowledge for his guide.

snz, lessens, heightens, havens.

The havens of peace are nigh to the turbid waters of contention.

snst, moist'n'st, height'n'st, quick'n'st.

Thou moist'n'st the brow of suffering with tears of sympathy.

sps, wasps, wisps, cusps.

It is strange that wasps which feed on the sweets of flowers should have such sour dispositions.

sts, breasts, outcasts, nests.

On the last day when the breasts of all shall be un-

burdened before all, we shall know our friends.

stst, forecast'st, persist'st, overcast'st.

Forecast'st thou consequences in accordance with the dictates of Prudence?

ths, troths, drouths, wreaths.

Time had not made one cycle ere their plighted troths were broken.

thd, bequeath'd, smooth'd, sheath'd.

He bequeath'd his family that priceless inheritance —a noble example, an unsullied name.

thz, scath's, swath's, tith's.

He scath's the memory of the man whom he feared when living.

thst, breath'st, loath'st, smooth'st.

Thou loath'st climbing and yet wouldst fain ascend?

tlst, whittl'st, battl'st, prattl'st.

Battl'st thou against fortune's decrees?

tldst, whittl'dst, battl'dst, prattl'dst.

Thou prattl'dst the drowsy hours away.

tsht, attach'd, sketch'd, couch'd.

He that is attach'd truly to virtue's cause must be virtuous.

tshtst, vouch'dst, scorch'dst, search'dst.

Vouch'dst thou for the character of X—— ? Then thine own character needs a voucher.

vdst, engrav'dst, retriev'dst, behoov'dst.

Thou retriev'dst by thy kindness innumerable faults.

vlst, swiv'l'st, lev'l'st, rev'l'st.

Thou rev'l'st while dear ones at home are weeping and starving.

vlz, hovels, grovels, travels.

Visit hovels, and contemplate human misery.

vz, hives, groves, sleeves.

The groves are musical with living hives.

vst, improv'st, conniv'st, pav'st.

Thou improv'st thy mind and heart by closely observing the beauties of nature.

znd, impris'n'd, reas'n'd, seas'n'd.

It is only the seas'n'd bark that may safely tempt the waves.

znz, treasons, mizzens, emblazons.

Treasons, treasons! brood of irreligion!

CHAPTER IV.

GESTURE.

Probably the best definition of gesture ever given is that of DELSARTE: "Gesture is the manifestation of the being through the activities of the body." Accepting this definition, we acknowledge that **Gesture should come in answer to the inward impulse,** or motive, and should be an outward expression of that motive or emotion.

The student that would rest satisfied with mastering a number of *formal Gestures*, expressive of different meanings, would fail to grasp the correct idea of gesture. The **Gesture must portray some emotion** existing in the being. If the emotion within does not move the speaker to action, he is soulless, and all the gestures of a ROSCIUS would not make a good speaker of him. There is, no doubt, such a thing as the cultivation of those emotions, those impulses to action. The training of the soul in virtue, and of the mind in the arts and sciences, tends to develop in man keener perceptions and stronger emotions. The better our lives are, the quicker do we shrink from evil: the more thorough our education is, the more easily do we distinguish between truth and falsehood. It may be noticed that artists, owing to their refined sensibilities, are more sensitive than others. They have unconsciously developed this sensitive nature by close application to the niceties and fine points of their art.

However, the development of the emotions in man is not the chief aim of elocution. Elocution's task is to teach the correct, and therefore, the artistic portrayal of the emotions.

Professor BROWN, in his "Philosophy of Expression" says: "A single caution should be whispered in the ear of the earnest student of technical gesture. We put our suggestions in two apothegms: I. *Conscious* technique kills expression. II. A gesture *put on* is a grimace. It has no art-expression."

Naturalness in gesture is only present when self is suppressed and the inward emotion spurs us on to action. Before you will be able to express the emotions of the soul correctly, you must become as the child, without self-consciousness. What is truer to nature, and at the same time more graceful than the little child! It manifests artlessly, and, yet, artistically, the emotions it feels. In applying ourselves to the study of gesture, we should copy this model: for here nature speaks untrammeled by art. He that is always straining after effect, will lose in the impression he would make. We must **relax** instead of **straining**. We must learn to suppress self, and let the inward emotion give the impulse to action.

A course in the **Relaxation** of the different muscles of the body is, therefore, highly necessary in order to fit us for portraying the emotions. By **Relaxation** is meant the **taking** of **the will power** away **from the muscles** and allowing the limb to hang as if dead. We try by this means to get rid of self-consciousness in the muscles, in order to let nature take its place. In other words, it is the relaxation of that tension which opposes natural grace of motion. By practice of the exercises in relaxation given below, the student will invigorate

the muscles, and free the joints of the body so that each part of it will be, not only free, but fitted to give the most exact response to the promptings of the inner man. These exercises are based on the laws laid down by **Francois Delsarte,** the great Catholic philosopher of expression. We do not give all that might be given; but exercises for the other muscles of the body will suggest themselves to the earnest student. Do not be backward in practicing them, for relaxation, far from producing an artificial mode of expression, enhances it vastly by giving the speaker a body fitted and eager to portray the inmost emotions of the soul spontaneously and harmoniously. Diligent practice of the following Exercises will tend to remove all awkwardness.

Exercises in Relaxation.

Legs.

Stand with weight of body on right foot. Withdraw energy from the muscles of the left leg and swing it by a rotary movement of the upper body. Change to left foot and go through same motion with right. Practice each of the movements given for about thirty seconds. Energize from hip to knee-joint and raise the leg having lower part *relaxed*, or *decomposed.* Drop the leg lifelessly.

Torso.

Stand in Fourth Attitude. Withdraw energy from the neck muscles and let the head drop to the breast. Withdraw energy from the torso, or waist, and drop the trunk forward as far as it will go. Swing the relaxed part in a rotary motion, the energy coming from the lower limbs.

Neck.

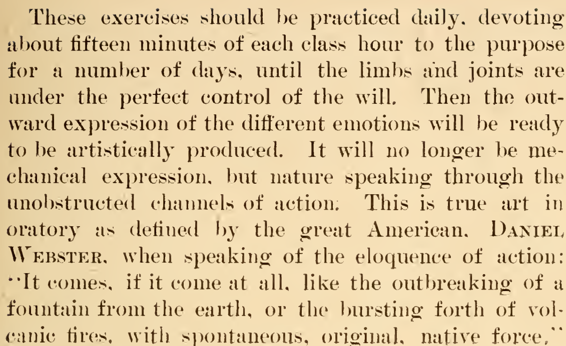
Decompose the neck and allow the head to drop forward. Raise and allow it to drop as if lifeless to the right and to the left sides and backward. By movements of the body cause the head to rotate. You must be careful not to *carry* the head to these different directions. Incline the body that way and let the head drop to its place.

Arms.

Raise the arms from the side toward each other till the fingers touch above the head. Withdraw will-power from the muscles and allow them to drop. Raise the arms in front and when the hands point to the zenith drop lifelessly as before. De-energize arm from shoulder down, and sway the body causing arm to swing loosely in all directions. Raise arm from shoulder, bend at elbow, causing fore-arm to hang at right angle to upper arm, de-energize fore-arm and shake up and down.

Hand and Wrist.

Grasp the right hand firmly with the left, placing left thumb on palm of right hand and the fingers of left hand on back of right. *Decompose* fingers of right hand and shake vigorously with the left. Exercise the fingers of left hand in the same manner. Withdraw the energy from the right hand and, with palm toward the floor, shake up and down by means of the fore-arm muscles. Hold the hand with the side to the floor. Shake on the wrist as before. Hold it with the palm upward and shake. Put the left hand through the same relaxing exercises, then both hands at once.



These exercises should be practiced daily, devoting about fifteen minutes of each class hour to the purpose for a number of days, until the limbs and joints are under the perfect control of the will. Then the outward expression of the different emotions will be ready to be artistically produced. It will no longer be mechanical expression, but nature speaking through the unobstructed channels of action. This is true art in oratory as defined by the great American, DANIEL WEBSTER, when speaking of the eloquence of action: "It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force."

CHAPTER V.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of power with which sound is produced on a word or words.

Every-day experience shows that different sentiments require a different use of Force. Dr. Rush, in his admirable work on the human voice, speaking on this matter, says: "Secrecy muffles itself against discovery by a whisper; and doubt, while leaning toward a positive declaration, cunningly subdues his voice, that the impression of his possible error may be least exciting and durable. Certainty, on the other hand, in the confident desire to be heard, is positive, distinct, and forcible. Anger declares itself with energy, because its charges and denials are made with a wide appeal, and in its own sincerity of conviction. A like degree of force is employed for passions congenial with anger; as hate, ferocity, revenge. All thoughts unbecoming or disgraceful, smother the voice, with a desire to conceal even the voluntary utterance of them. Joy calls aloud, for companionship in the overflowing charity of its satisfaction. Bodily pain, fear and terror, are also forcible in their expression; with the double intention, of summoning relief, and repelling the offending cause when it is a sentient being."

In treating Force, we must consider first, the mode of exerting it, or **form,** and second, the amount of force which we employ, or **degree.**

FORM.

The form of force may be **Effusive, Expulsive,** or **Explosive.**

The **Effusive Form** manifests itself by a smooth flow of sound, avoiding all abrupt and sudden sound.

As an example from nature we adduce the moaning of the wind.

It is principally used in giving expression to *pathos, awe, reverence, repose.*

Examples for practice on the Effusive Form.

From The Lost Chord.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then:
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine.
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again.
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter.

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles.
And by opposing end them?

Shakespeare.

The **Expulsive Form** of voice is that in which the sound is emitted as in conversation, not smooth-flowing but suddenly and quickly. In nature the expulsive sound is heard in the gurgling waters of a brook passing over some slight obstructions or in the chattering of a flock of birds. It is a median between the effusive and the explosive, and hence we find it used in all *ordinary speech*, such as *descriptive* and *colloquial language*.

Examples for practice on the Expulsive Form.

From Othello. *Act II.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation. reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again; you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.—*Shakespeare.*

From The Army of the Lord.

Where sin and crime are dwelling, hid from the light of day,
And life and hope are fading at Death's cold touch away,
Where dying eyes in horror see the long forgotten past:
Christ's servants claim the sinner, and gain his soul at last.
Where the rich and proud and mighty God's message would
defy,

In warning and reproof His anointed ones stand by:
Bright are the crowns of glory God keepeth for His own,
Their life one sigh for heaven, their aim His will alone.

Adelaide A. Procter.

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I might say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod; pray you avoid it.—*Shakespeare.*

From The Flag and the Cross.

Lift up the flag, yes, set it high beside yon gleaming Cross,
Close to the standard of the cause that never shall know loss.
Lift praising voice, lift pleading hand, the world must hear and see
The soldiers of the Cross of Christ most loyal, dear flag, to thee.
But wherefore speak of loyalty? Who fears a watching world?
When have we flinched or fled from thee since first thou wert unfurled?
Carroll and Moylan spoke for us, and Barry on the seas,
And a third of thy sturdy cradle guard—no Arnold among these.
And yet they call us Aliens, and yet they doubt our faith—
The men who stood not with our hosts when test of faith was death:

Who never shed a drop of blood when ours was shed like rain,
That not a star should fall from thee nor thy great glory
wane,

Eleanor O'Grady.

The **Explosive Form** is illustrated in nature by the boom of a cannon, the clang of the smith's hammer and the clapping of hands. In this form of voice the sound is emitted with great abruptness. It is most commonly used to denote an *extreme* of *joy*, *hate*, *defiance*, *anger*, *terror*.

Examples for practice on the Explosive Form.

Hail, St. Gabriel! hail! a thousand hails
For thine whose music still prevails
In the world's listening ear!
Angelic Word! send forth to tell
How the Eternal Word should dwell
Amid His creatures here!

Father Faber.

From Merchant of Venice. *Act III.*

Shylock. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I oft came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort.—No ill luck stirring, but what light's o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing: no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis?

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—*Shakespeare.*

From Othello. *Act I.*

Othello. Holla! stand there!

Roderigo. Signor, it is the Moor.

Brabantio. Down with him, thief!

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—Good signor, you shall more command with years, than with your weapons.—*Shakespeare.*

DEGREE.

Degree, for practical purposes, may be divided into **Subdued, Moderate, Energetic, Impassioned.**

Peaceful, sad, and tender emotions are correctly rendered in the **Subdued force.**

Examples.

From The Third Dolor.

Three days she seeks her Child in vain:
He Who vouchsafed that holy woe
And makes the gates of glory pain.
He, He alone its depth can know.

She wears the garment He must wear,
She tastes His Chalice! From a Cross
Unseen she cries. Where art thou. where?
Why hast Thou me forsaken thus?

With feebler hand she touches first
That sharpest thorn in all His Crown
Worse than the Nails. the Reed, the Thirst,
Seeming Desertion's icy frown?

Aubrey De Vere.

From The Grave.

The Grave, it is deep and soundless,
And canopied over with clouds;
And trackless and dim and boundless
Is the Unknown Land that it shrouds.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
For peace unavailingly roam:
Except through the Shadowy Portals
Goeth none to his genuine home!

And the heart that Tempest and Sorrow
Have beaten against for years,
Must look for a sunnier morrow
Beyond this Temple of Tears.

J. C. Mangan.

From In Memory of His Friend.

A shadow slept folded in vestments,
The dream of a smile on his face,
Dim, soft as the gleam after sunset
That hangs like a halo of grace
Where the daylight hath died in the valley,
And the twilight hath taken its place—
A shadow! but still on the mortal
There rested the tremulous trace
Of the joy of a spirit immortal,
Passed up to its God in His grace.
A shadow! hast seen in the summer
A cloud wear the smile of the sun?
On the shadow of death there is flashing
The glory of noble deeds done;
On the face of the dead there is glowing
The light of a holy race run;
And the smile of the face is reflecting,
The gleam of the crown he has won.

Father Ryan.

The **Moderate** differs only in a slight degree from the **Subdued.** It is commonly used in *conversation* and *unexcited speech.*

Example.

From Julius Cæsar. *Act IV.*

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor,
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much inforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Shakespeare.

The **Energetic** is used in *patriotic*, *bold* and *grand* sentiments.

Examples.

From The Irish Disturbance Bill.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way it has been received by the House, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? Oh! they will be heard there! Yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, "We are eight millions: and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!—*Daniel O'Connell.*

From An Address to the American Catholic Congress.

The shadow of an imposing event begins to move. The people of the United States, and of the hemisphere are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. We heartily rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event, that with reverence I may say the second creation, the finding of a new world, and the vast results that have flowed to humanity, can be traced directly to the Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students and the scholars search the archives of Spain, and the libraries of Europe, and the deeper the search the more glory will adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when footsore and down-hearted at the porch of a monastery that hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a Cardinal who interceded with the sovereigns of Spain. It was a Catholic King who fitted out the ships. It was a Catholic Queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. It was the Catholic Columbus and a Catholic crew that sailed out upon an unknown sea where ship had never sailed before. It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the prayer to the Blessed Mother that each night closed the perils of the day and inspired the hopes of the morrow. It was the Holy Cross, the emblem of Catholicity, that was carried to the shore and planted on the new found world. it was the Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first, and for a hundred years, the only Christian offering upon this virgin land.—*Daniel Dougherty.*

The greatest degree of force, the **Impassioned,** is used in *extremes* of *vehemence*, *terror*, and the *fiercer passions*; also in *calling* or *shouting*.

Examples.

From Julius Cæsar. *Act I.*

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Shakespeare.

From Merchant of Venice. *Act III.*

I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more,
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

Shakespeare.

From Macbeth. *Act III.*

Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Shakespeare.

Before concluding this chapter, a few words on some other matters regarding the use of force are in place. **Force must be applied judiciously.** In a large hall, care must be taken that sentences spoken in subdued force are audible to the entire audience. In this matter, there may be three difficulties to overcome. First, the size of the hall, second, the defective acoustics, and third, the presence of a large audience. In any of these three cases an increase of force is necessary. Besides this, you may aid yourself greatly by speaking more slowly and articulating more distinctly. Never allow

the pitch of voice to increase to a shout, unless some particular passage demands it. Speak to those that are farthest from you. In this way the sound will be projected, and by not shouting you will avoid giving disgust to those closest to you. A person adapting his force to the surroundings can pronounce the strongest of invectives in a parlor without offending any one.

Another tendency to error in force which you must avoid is imitation. Do not think that because some ideal of yours brings out a passage in thunder tones, that you must do the same or fail entirely. Your voice may be inadequate to the effort. Ape no man. Use your own scale; bestow your force, so that there is a reserve power left to you, and be content. The most vociferous is by no means the best or the most appreciated. Everyone is acquainted with the fact that the empty wagon rumbles most.

In order to strengthen your force so that you may be heard well in any ordinary assembly, practice daily in the middle pitch on some energetic passages. Avoid rasping sounds, use the pure tone, and be careful not to rise in pitch. Strenghthening the foundation, the middle pitch, will strengthen your voice along the whole range.

CHAPTER VI.

DELSARTE'S LAWS OF GESTURE.

Having familiarized ourselves with the bodily agents of expression, we proceed to the laws governing them. We give here the **laws of Delsarte** on the subject.

Law of Succession.

"Let your attitude, gesture, and face foretell what you would make felt."—*Delsarte.*

In other words, **facial expression** and **gesture** should **precede speech.** The expression begins at the eye, communicates itself to the face, and then passes to the rest of the body, successively throwing into motion each articulation as it passes down. For instance, along the arm it would start with the shoulder and upper arm, then follow the elbow and lower arm, lastly wrist, hand, and fingers. As a proof that this is the law of nature, we refer you to the chi.d. Observe it and you will see that on its face is mirrored the pleasure, pain, anger, etc., which stirs it, before it gives those emotions voice. The little face often assumes lines of pain, long before the voice has given evidence of grief.

Law of Opposition.

"When two limbs follow the same direction, they cannot be simultaneous without an injury to the law of opposition. Therefore, direct movements should be successive, and opposite movements simultaneous."

In order to make the law more intelligible we place it thus:

I. Opposite movements should be simultaneous:

II. Parallel movements should be successive.

As an example of the I., suppose something repulsive to be situated to the right oblique of the speaker. In making a gesture to show his feeling of disgust toward the object, he would move the head to the left, and with the right hand make a movement as if to push it away from him. The movement of both head and hand should be simultaneous. An illustration of the II. part of the law may be seen in the salutation of two friends. The body bends forward and then only the hand is extended for the other's grasp. Care should be taken that these laws be followed or awkward movements will ensue.

Law of Duration.

This law cautions us against multiplying gesture. **But one gesture is necessary for the expression of a single thought.** This gesture should be held till the thought is completed. Notice, we do not affirm that it must be held till the sentence is completed. There may be many modifications of the thought contained in a sentence. Until a new impression dawns upon us, the gesture must not be changed.

Law of Velocity.

"The rhythm of gesture is proportional to the mass to be moved."—*Delsarte.*

Interpreting this we have: The velocity of the gesture should be proportionate to the thought or emotion. Hence *grandeur* demands gestures of majestic dimen-

sions. In this law, gesture follows nature as seen in the swinging of a pendulum. If a pendulum is set so that it swings only a short distance, the motion will be *quick*; place it lower on the rod, and permit it to swing with a larger sweep, and the motion is *slow*. Take the following example from POPE, and notice the change in the velocity of gesture.

> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labors and the words move slow.
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

Law of Altitude.

Positiveness rises, hesitancy descends. If you are absolutely certain of your assertion, the arm will be carried straight toward the zenith in testifying to it. If you make an assertion with hesitancy, the gesture will not proceed above the shoulder line. The more doubtful you are, the lower is the altitude of the gesture. Try the Law of Altitude on the following sentences.

POSSIBILITY. He may be false.

ASSERTION. I believe him false.

CERTAINTY. I have evidence proving him false.

ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY. I swear that he is false.

In pronouncing these sentences, the *first* and *second* call for gestures of different altitudes below the shoulder line. The *third* is made above the shoulder line; the *last* points straight to the zenith.

Law of Force.

"Conscious strength assumes weak attitudes. Conscious weakness assumes strong attitudes."

The broad base is the physically strong attitude. This may be noticed in the child just learning to walk. Its legs are spread wide to steady it in moving along. Observe, the broad base is used also by one who has imbibed too freely. In order to keep from falling, he assumes this, the physically strong attitude. It is this attitude, likewise, which conscious weakness will assume in order to have at least the semblance of strength. On the other hand conscious strength has nothing to fear, and hence relaxes all tension and show of power. This relaxation tends to moderate the position. The bully will assume broad gesture and position to put on a show of power which, of course, he is conscious he does not possess. The athlete, confident in his own powers, does not need to assume physically strong attitudes, for he knows that when the trial comes his strength will not be found wanting. Observe these two classes of individuals and you will not hesitate as to where the strength lies.

There is a dispute as to how many laws DELSARTE laid down for gesture. Some of his disciples claim nine as the number, others six, and others do not give any category. DELSARTE died before issuing any printed matter. Hence we have no means of certifying ourselves as to the number. We take the foregoing to be laws in consonance with nature and applicable to all gesture. Other laws attributed to him we omit, as being unnecessary.

CHAPTER VII.

PITCH.

Pitch may be defined as the highness or lowness of the voice in the delivery of a sentence.

We may call the human voice a musical instrument. It has, as the piano, three kinds of notes; the high, the medium, and the low. Its range is not like that of the piano in six or seven octaves, but generally in a little less than two. The voice, in delivery, may not be used in the higher, middle or lower registers arbitrarily, but must be confined to that which the nature of the sentiment intended to be expressed, demands. In order, therefore, that the student may learn how to use the different pitches of voice correctly, for like the piano the human voice is an instrument we must learn to play on, we subjoin rules for his guidance.

Pitch is divided into **High, Middle,** and **Low** tones. Of these the most used is the middle, it being the most flexible. LEGOUVE, in his admirable work, "The Art of Reading," says: "The middle pitch, in fact, is our ordinary voice, and is therefore the best and truest delineator of our truest and most natural sentiments. The low notes are not without great power: the high notes are occasionally brilliant; but to neither should recourse be had frequently; they should be employed only when certain unusual effects are to be produced—that is to say only exceptionally and sparingly. As an illustration I should compare our high

notes to cavalry, whose peculiar province is to make dashing charges and initiate strong attacks; the low notes I should compare to the artillery, as denoting strength, effort, and the putting forth of unusual power; but the main body of the army, its real working strength and spirit, the element on which the tactician relies the most and employs the oftenest, is the infantry. The middle voice is our infantry. The chief precept, therefore, which I would most earnestly impress upon you is this: to the middle voice accord the supremacy, first, last, and always!"

In the scale, *b* flat beginning below the leger line, the four notes, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, would be the range of the low pitch; *f*, *g*, *a*, *b*, *c*, would be the middle pitch, and *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, above, would be the range of the high pitch.

High Pitch is used to express *buoyant*, *gay*, *energetic*, *animated*, and *impassioned thought*, and the *height of terror*.

Middle Pitch is used to express all *unimpassioned narrative, and description.*

Low Pitch is appropriate in sentiments of *reverence*, *solemnity*, *grandeur*, and *gravity*.

Note.—Variations in pitch will be treated under the head of Inflection.

Examples for practice in High Pitch.

From Sweet May.

The summer is come!—the summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sunlight struggles between.

D. Florence M'Carthy.

From Othello. *Act II.*

Oh God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasure,

revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!—*Shakespeare.*

From Moore.

Joy to Ierne, joy,
This day a deathless crown is won,
Her child of song, her glorious son,
Her minstrel boy
Attains his century of fame,
Completes his time—allotted zone
And proudly with the world's acclaim
Ascends the lyric throne.

D. Florence M'Carthy.

From The Comedy of Errors. *Act V.*

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife—
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Shakespeare.

From King Richard II. *Act II.*

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than that,—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon our peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despoiling arms?

Shakespeare.

Examples for practice on Middle Pitch.

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently.—*Shakespeare.*

From Land and Sea Breezes.

Alone in the night watch, after the sea breeze has sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck, under those beautiful skies, gazing, admiring, rapt. I have seen there, above the horizon at once, and shining with a splendor unknown to those latitudes, every star of the first magnitude—save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers. There lies the city on the seashore wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds. The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above, and one almost fears to speak, lest the harsh sound of the human voice, should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul.—*M. F. Maury.*

From Essay on Criticism.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays:
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive:
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung:
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Pope.

Examples for practice in Low Pitch.

From Julius Caesar. *Act II.*

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that:
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

Shakespeare.

From The Pillar Towers of Ireland.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!

D. F. M'Carthy.

From Omens Presaging the Downfall of Italy.

Last night, between the hour of twelve and one
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome. The doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open and disclosed the mighty dead.

Dryden.

From Hamlet. *Act I.*

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And. for the day. confined to fast in fires.
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn'd and purged away.

Shakespeare.

CHAPTER VIII.

INFLEXION.

As in the art of painting we find a ground color, or basis, on which to bring out the lights and shades, so in the art of expression. Every man has a certain pitch of voice in which he is most agreeable to his hearers and most comfortable to himself. This is the ground-tone from which he is to build, from which all advancement is to be made. We call this pitch the conversational tone. The **variations from the key-note** of this **conversational pitch we call Inflexions.** We might then define inflexion as: **The undulations of the voice on particular words to give a certain effect.**

Every piece has a predominating pitch in which it should be spoken. It is the judicious variations from this pitch, on particular words, which forms the soul of good speaking.

There are **Three Inflexions**: the **Rising** (´), the **Falling** (`), and the **Circumflex**(~). It requires no little attention to learn where each is appropriately used, yet, a close observance of the following rules will aid us.

Rules for the Use of Rising Inflexion.

1. **The Rising Inflexion is generally used whenever a question is asked;** e. g.,

Hath a dog móney?

2. The Rising Inflexion is generally used where weakness, either mentally or physically, is denoted; e. g.,

A beggar who asks an alms says: Please give me a pénny.

3. The Rising Inflexion is used in the expression of something about which we are doubting; e. g.,

Is not that a man standing on that great peak far to the South of us?

4. The Rising Inflexion is used in answers that are slightly disrespectful, careless, etc.; e. g.,

Did you see him? I díd.

5. The Rising Inflexion is used where the speaker is supposed to have all of a succession of particulars in his mind when he expresses the first; e. g.,

Cæsar is said to have been táll, slím, ágile, and hàrdy.

6. The Rising Inflexion is often used at the end, when strong emphasis is used just before the close of the sentence; e. g.,

A very pleasing night to hõnest mén.

7. The Rising Inflexion is generally used before the disjunctive *or:* e. g.,

Will you ríde or walk?

8. The Rising Inflexion is used on the negative in all sentences where you have a negation and an affirmation; e. g.,

I will not gó, if he come for me.

9. The Rising Inflexion is generally used in the last but one of a series of clauses; e. g.,

St. Benedict said to Totila: You do much èvil: you have already done mùch: cease at length to perpetrate injùstice.

You will actually take Ròme; you will cross the sèa: you will reign nine years móre, and die in the tènth.

Rules for Falling Inflexion.

1. **The Falling Inflexion is used in answer to a direct question;** e. g.,

Must I endure all this? Aỳe, mòre.

2. **The Falling Inflexion is used where strength, command, positiveness are asserted;** e. g.,

Brutus bay not mè, I'll not endùre it.

3. **The Falling Inflexion is used where a series of particulars suggest themselves one after another as the speaker proceeds in his discourse;** e. g.,

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!—*Shakespeare.*

4. **The Falling Inflexion is used where the sense is completed whether the end of the sentence is reached or not;** e. g.,

Oh Cassius, you are yoked with a làmb that carries anger as the flint bears fìre.

Rules for the Circumflex Inflexion.

1. **The Circumflex Inflexion is generally used in the expression of humor, irony, and sarcasm;** e. g.,

I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Except immortal Cæsar !—speaking of Brutus,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Shakespeare.

Before I would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.—*Shakespeare.*

Application.

Study your selection until you are perfectly acquainted with what the author wishes to say. The perfection of good speech depends greatly on this principle. Then speak the piece as though it were your own. Practice on the following examples.

If it were done when 'tis done. then 't were well
It were done quickly.

Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.

The minor longs to be of age: then to be a man of business; then to arrive at honors: then to retire.

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.

I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon. than such a Roman.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
Hamlet. Madam, you have my father much offended.
Shakespeare.

CHAPTER IX.

QUALITY.

The voice is nature's medium of expression. The human voice is the vehicle of thought and feeling, the agent of the soul, the bond of union betwixt man and man. It may be trained to convey

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

The voice, being commonly in harmony with the nature of its possessor, reveals much character. It is regarded by some as an unfailing index. "A gruff, disagreeable voice," say they, "makes known a like nature; and a sweet, soft, kind voice tells the story of corresponding inner traits of character." Naturalists that have studiously observed dogs, inform us, that each dog, as well as each family, has a distinct or peculiar bark, which invariably agrees with its well-known disposition and characteristics. The owl and raven are universally regarded as birds of evil omen; their voices almost justify the view.

The moderate observation of each one will furnish like examples from nature. None will fail to detect the mild character of the dove in its plaintive cooing, and the loathsome character of the venomous serpent from its malignant hiss. No one hesitates to pronounce the character of a lamb from its bleating, and a mastiff from his bay.

The same tell-tales of character may be found in "the paragon of animals." There are voices that enchain attention, quell opposition, reach and win the heart; there are others that estrange, provoke, and almost make

> "Each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The attribute which enables us to distinguish the different voices is called Quality, Character, or Timbre of voice.

"The voice is a living æolian harp. The vocal chords are situated in the upper part of the larynx, where the air from the lungs, called breath, passes through, and brings to phonation the tones conceived in the brain."

It is susceptible of much cultivation. True, all may not attain the same mellowness, fullness, strength, and flexibility of vocal power, but all can improve by judicious vocal exercise. The voice is exposed to "the thousand natural shocks, that flesh is heir to," and, hence, must be employed with discretion.

Perfect organs are little more to the speaker than perfect tools to the mechanic—both must practice to become skilful in their use. The golden rule of economy, **never let the expenditure exceed the supply,** is especially applicable to the voice. The **supply essential** to every speaker is a **supply of breath.** Hence, correct vocal culture resolves itself into the **art of correct inspiration and expiration,** the difficult art of breathing.

The great value and necessity of a good voice, all admit. The sermons with which a Bernard or a Bossuet kindled devotion in the hearts of thousands would seem insipid, if delivered in leaden tones by a hueless

voice. SHAKESPEARE knew the value of a cultured voice when he said,

> In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
> But, being season'd with a **gracious voice,**
> Obscures the show of Evil?

The voice is the **interpreter of the emotions.** Each emotion has its distinctive quality. If we would give adequate expression to these innumerable emotions, we must be able to govern with

> "giddy cunning
> The **melting voice** through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

The **Qualities of Voice are seven: Pure, Orotund, Aspirate, Guttural, Pectoral, Falsetto,** and **Nasal.** The first three of these have the three forms of Force, Effusive, Expulsive, Explosive.

The Guttural, owing to its nature, **has no Effusive Form. The Pectoral,** for a like reason, **lacks Explosive Form. The Falsetto sometimes uses the Expulsive and Explosive Forms.**

The Nasal scarcely enters the province of elevated expression. But when we find an unfortunate that strains all his sayings through his nose, should we meet him "when the melancholy days have come," he would filter his *pathos* through his nose in the **Nasal Effusive.** But should we wipe the tears from his eyes and soothe him with sweet words of consolation, he would show his gratitude "*by tellin' us a tale*" in the **Nasal Expulsive.** After the "*tale*" is finished, the next theme is, perhaps, politics. We differ as to the merits of certain candidates. He extols his hero with great warmth. We bring up his idol's past record, which darkens the picture somewhat. Our *nasal* friend los-

es control of his temper and tongue, and pours out a *torrent of abuse* on our favorite, in the **Nasal Explosive.**

PURE TONE.

Pure Tone should be mastered before the others are attempted. In it lie all genuine power, compass, and endurance. When **all the breath** summoned for the production of a tone is **vocalized,** the result is **Pure Tone.**

"The tones must be brought to the front of the mouth: The brightness or bloom of the tone should sparkle upon the lips, and the mouth should be filled with vibration. The hard-palate is the sounding-board, and the mouth the resonance cavity of the voice."

The vocal cords must be unconstrained, otherwise the voice will be stiff and throaty. Use the throat for a channel through which the tone-material merely passes.

Pure Tone is the exponent of a *tranquil state of mind and body:* it is also used in expressing the tender emotions, as *love, melancholy, cheerfulness,* etc.

Examples.

From The Bells of Stonyhurst.

Now fold on fold
The sunset gold
Winds every westward vale in splendor;
And faint and far
To evening star
The turrets toll their ditty tender.
Wild College chimes
The vanished times
Live in your magic music air,
Within my heart
Old memories start
And wake anew your Ave Maria.

P. J. Coleman.

From "Aristotle's Poetics."

Revealed Religion should be especially poetical—and it is so in fact. While its disclosures have an originality in them to engage the intellect, they have a beauty to satisfy the moral nature. It presents us with those ideal forms of excellence in which a poetical mind delights, and with which all grace and harmony are associated. It brings us into a new world—a world of overpowering interest, of the sublimest views and the tenderest and purest feelings. The peculiar grace of mind of the New Testament writers is as striking as the actual effect produced upon the hearts of those who have imbibed their spirit. At present we are not concerned with the practical, but the poetical nature of revealed truth. With Christians, a poetical view of things is a duty,—we are bid to color all things with hues of faith, to see a Divine meaning in every event, and a superhuman tendency. Even our friends around us are invested with unearthly brightness—no longer imperfect men, but beings taken into a Divine favor, stamped with His seal, and in training for future happiness. It may be added that the virtues peculiarly Christian are especially poetical—meekness, gentleness, compassion, contentment, modesty, not to mention the devotional virtues; whereas the ruder and more ordinary feelings are the instruments of rhetoric more justly than of poetry—anger, indignation, emulation, martial spirit, and love of independence.—*Newman.*

From A Night in June.

O choir of silence, without noise of word!
A human voice would break the mytic spell
Of wavering shades and sound: the lily bell
Here at my feet sings melodies unheard;
And clearer than the voice of any bird,—
Yes even than that lark which loves so well,
Hid in the hedges, all the world to tell
In trill and triple notes that May has stirred.
"O love complete!" soft sings the mignonette;
"O Heart of All!" deep sighs the red, red rose;

"O Heart of Christ!" the lily voices meet
In fugue on fugue; and from the flag-edged, wet,
Lush borders of the lake, the night wind blows
The tenor of the reeds—"Love, love complete!"

Maurice F. Egan.

From Merchant of Venice. *Act V.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare.

From Criterion.

Every one ought to choose the profession for which nature has most fitted him. This rule is of great importance: it has often been neglected and the arts and sciences have suffered considerably in consequence. Some men imagine that the word "talent" means absolute ability. They suppose that a man who possesses abilities for one particular study, must likewise possess them for every other study. This is a great mistake. Experience teaches that some men have extraordinary abilities for some one branch of human knowledge, whilst in other branches they either do not succeed at all or their success will be very limited, notwithstanding the most intense application....Each talent has its own degree of strength and of weakness. There are few men, we might say there is not a single man, who would succeed equally well in all stations or professions.—*Rev. J. Balmes.*

From Bible, Science, and Faith.

The book of Nature and the book of the Spirit, although appealing to us in different tongues, ever voice the same testimony and proclaim the same truth. They both, in words eloquent and sublime, tell us of a God infinite in wisdom and love and perfection, who ordains all things well, and who compasses His ends with infinite knowledge and power..... One may indeed reject the truths of the Bible and discard the teachings of faith, as the mariner may ignore the saving bell or the friendly pharos, but he does so at his peril. Far from gaining anything by this mad assertion of independence —an independence which means not liberty and life, but rashness and destruction—he inevitably loses, and his loss carries with it the loss and death, it may be, of others besides. There is too much of doubt and uncertainty in the world of science for us to decline the undeniable helps of revelation—too much fog and darkness enveloping many problems of philosophy for us to close our eyes to the sun of Truth or for us to make naught of the light of God's inspired word.—*Rev. J. A. Zahm.*

From Books and Reading.

I have strayed into many fields of literature, and culled flowers in many languages, and I can bear witness that. whilst there are certain works in other languages which I appreciate more highly than works of the same grade in our own tongue, still, taking the literature of various countries as a whole, there is none of less objectionable character and of more elevating tone than is English literature, in its grand roll of authors from Widsith, the old English gleeman of the fourth century, down to the present laureate. But for this boon we are not to thank the Protestantism of England. It is rather due to the fact that the roots of English literature struck deep in Catholic soil, and the conservative character of the English people kept up the Catholic spirit and the Catholic traditions long after the very name of Catholic had become offensive. That Catholic spirit still lingers in the cloistered aisles and corridors of Oxford. It hovers over

the vacant tomb of Edward the Confessor within the hallowed walls of Westminster Abbey. It speaks in tower and pillared dome throughout the land, "of which every arch has its scroll teaching Catholic Wisdom, and every window represents some canonized saint." It breathes through the Catholic prayers still preserved in the Book of Common Prayer. It has become transfused into some of the noblest passages in Paradise Lost; the Arianism and the Protestantism are Milton's own: but his magnificent lines clothe many a sentiment of tenderness and sublimity culled from the pages of Cædmon, St. Avitus, Andreini, the Catholic mediæval miracle plays, and Lucifer, the Catholic drama of Vondel, the great Catholic and national poet of Holland.—*Brother Azarias.*

From Paradise. *Canto XXII.*

Astounded, to the guardian of my steps
I turn'd me, like the child, who always runs
Thither for succour, where he trusteth most,
And she was like the mother, who her son
Beholding pale and breathless, with her voice
Soothes him, and he is cheer'd; for thus she spake
Soothing me: knowest not thou, thou art in heav'n?
And know'st not thou, whatever is in heav'n,
Is holy, and that nothing there is done
But is done zealously and well? Deem now,
What change in thee the song, and what my smile
Had wrought, since thus the shout had pow'r to
move thee,
In which couldst thou have understood their
prayers,
The vengeance were already known to thee,
Which thou must witness ere thy mortal hour.
The swòrd of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger, save unto his seeming,
Who in desire or fear doth look for it.

Cary's Dante.

From Martin Luther and His American Worshippers.

(American Catholic Quarterly Review, July, 1884.)

Modern taste unfortunately—and we may thank Luther's teaching for it—is no longer Christian, but pagan. Our her-

oes, too often nowadays, are made and held up for worship. not on the score of religion, virtue, or love of country, but because they are of the world, worldly, mouthpieces in word, or patterns indeed, of the bad passions and corrupt inclinations that belong to unregenerate man. They have their use, too; for they are put up by a few bad men, and stand in their pedestals mute but eloquent witnesses of the cowardly servility that is an unfailing mark of all degenerate communities and peoples. Thus Greece of old, in her halls, groves, and high-ways, for one bust of Plato or Leonidas, had full twenty of Aphrodite, Eros, Priapus and adulterous Jove....Luther deserves no statue at the hands of the American people, nor in their chief city, for his teachings or any influence they may have exercised on civil and religious liberty. The idle boast that our political liberty has any connection with Martin Luther or his Reformation is sufficiently disproved by the fact that the liberties of Germany were effectually lost after Lutheranism had brought Germany under its influence, and nowhere more thoroughly than in Scandinavian Europe, where it became supreme without a rival.—*Monsignor Corcoran.*

From Sweet Innisfallen.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
  In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
  When first I saw thy fair isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
  Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
  And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come
  But on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
  Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Moore.

THE OROTUND.

The Orotund is a rich, deep, resonant chest-tone. It is the **Pure Tone amplified.** The volume of Pure Tone is increased when the sentiments, which Pure Tone conveys, become more elevated. Thus, in expressing our esteem, love, or mere admiration, we employ the simple Pure Tone. But when esteem heightens to *reverence*, love to *adoration*, admiration to *awe*, then the tone swells in harmony until it merges into what is called **Orotund.**

The Orotund requires deep breathing, great freedom, and a liberal opening of the vocal apparatus.

Examples.

From The Hidden Gem.

Father! who here this thing of clay didst fashion
Into Thine Image's terrestrial frame,
Its dust together hold, or free disperse,
Where rest my fathers, or as outcasts flung:
Make it the earthworm's, or the vulture's feast,
So that from its corruption flash my soul,
Into the furnace of thy purest fire:
Or rather, like a pearl, be gently dropped
Into the abyss of Thy great ocean-bosom,
To seek in vain for surface, depth, or margin,
Absorbed, yet unconsumed, entranced, yet free.

Cardinal Wiseman.

From The Precious Blood.

Salvation! What music is there in that word,—music that never tires but is always new, that always rouses yet always rests us! It holds in itself all that our hearts would say. It is sweet vigor to us in the morning, and in the evening it is contented peace. It is a song that is always singing itself

deep down in the delighted soul. Angelic ears are ravished by it up in heaven; and our Eternal Father himself listens to it with adorable complacency. It is sweet even to Him out of whose mind is the music of a thousand worlds. To be saved! What is to be saved? Who can tell? Eye has not seen, nor ear heard. It is a rescue, and from such a shipwreck. It is a rest, and in such an unimaginable home. It is to lie down forever in the bosom of God in an endless rapture of insatiable contentment.—*Father Faber.*

From Threnodia Augustalis.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name
But draw him strictly so
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame....
For once, O Heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
And let his wondering senate see,
If not thy firm, immutable decree,
At least the second page of strong contigency,
Such as consists with wills originally free,
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happiness may be;
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou hast designed,
Or with malignant penny
To stain the royal virtues of his mind.

Dryden.

From Paradise. *Canto XXX.*

O prime enlightener! thou who gav'st me strength
On the high triumph of thy realm to gaze!
Grant virtue now to utter what I kenn'd.
There is in heav'n a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing him alone
Have peace; and in a circle spreads so far,
That the circumference wore too loose a zone

To girdle in the sun. All is one beam,
Reflected from the summit of the first,
That moves, which being hence and vigour takes,
And as some cliff, that from the bottom eyes
Its image mirror'd in the crystal flood,
As if to admire its brave apparelling
Of verdure and of flowers; so, round about,
Eyeing the light, on more than million thrones,
Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth
Has to the skies return'd.

Cary's Dante.

From The Bells of Stonyhurst.

Old College bells!
Your carol swells
Like angel chords, or voices fairy;
Within my soul
I hear you toll
In fancy still your Ave Maria.

Old bells, old bells!
Your music tells
Of joyous hours and friendships cherished,
Of smiles and tears, and golden years
And dreams and hopes that long have perished.

Ah, sweet and sad,
When evening glad
Gives rest to hearts with toiling weary,
By memory tolled,
Sweet bells of old!
To hear again your Ave Maria.

P. J. Coleman.

From St. Herculanus.

"Perugians, stand!
Fight for the faith of fatherland;
Your leader I; strike, strike for God,
Your altars and your native sod."

His voice gives nerves the strength of steel,
Gives hearts the valor heroes feel;
One purpose gleams in every eye:
"On to the fight and victory!"

Brave heart! outstripping e'en the brave,
You fell, but in your fall you gave
Example fair of steadfast faith,
Of dauntless soul, of glorious death.

By craft, not arms, the city falls,
The foeman's sentries pace the walls:
Your veins a city's ransom hold—
What bliss! you die to save your fold!

Leo XIII.

From The Duellist's Honor.

Upon what ground can he who engages in a duel, through fear of ignominy, lay claim to courage? Unfortunate delinquent! Do you not see by how many links your victim was bound to a multitude of others? Does his vain and idle resignation of his title to life absolve you from the enormous claims which society has upon you for his services,—his family for that support of which you have robbed them, without your own enrichment? Go, stand over that body: call back that soul which you have driven from its tenement: take up that hand which your pride refused to touch, not one hour ago. You have in your pride and wrath, usurped *one* prerogative of God—you have inflicted death. At least, in mercy, attempt the exercise of *another*; breathe into those distended nostrils,—let your brother be once more a living soul! Merciful Father! how powerless are we for good, but how mighty for evil! Wretched man! he does not answer,—he cannot rise. All your efforts to make him breathe are vain. His soul is already in the presence of your common Creator. Like the wretched Cain will you answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Why do you turn away from the contemplation of your own honorable work? Yes, go far as you will, still the admonition will ring in your ears: *It was by your hand he fell!*—Bishop *England*.

THE ASPIRATE.

The Aspirate is used when the mind is stirred with *apprehension*, when we wish to *caution* others without being overheard, when *extremely affrighted*, and in *expressing every form of secrecy*.

It is a *breathy* quality demanding little or no vocality. The production of this quality is an excellent vocal exercise, but we should stop before the organs become dry, and take great care to economize breath.

Examples.

From Macbeth. *Act II.*

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?—
How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No! this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.(*knock.*)I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—(*knock.*)Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
(*knock.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst!

Shakespeare.

From The Dying Christian to His Soul.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

Pope.

From The Hidden Gem.

Bibulus. This way, masters, this way, we are now just at the door.

I. Robber. Which way?

Bib. Why, this way.

II. Rob. But which *is* this way?

Bib. Follow me, you—

I. Rob. Come, no sauce—where *are* you?

Bib. Follow your nose, then, straight across the court.

[*They meet in the middle.*]

Here we are at last altogether, now take hold of one another, and follow me.—Cardinal *Wiseman.*

From King John. *Act IV.*

Arthur. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hubert. Peace! no more, adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogg'd spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Shakespeare.

From Essay on Satire.

Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tired in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field;
The demon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."

Pope.

From Hamlet. *Act I.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again!

Shakespeare.

THE GUTTURAL.

The etymology of this word gives us a clue to its quality. It is derived from the Latin word *guttur* = throat, because it is of the throat, throaty. It is the result of a rigid condition of the vocal organs arising from the intensity of the passions it manifests. It is a gruff, discordant tone, eminently fitted to express *extreme anger, intense rage, deep contempt*, and *merciless revenge.* If we would give just expression to our hatred for detestable things, we must acquire this quality.

Examples.

From The Hidden Gem.

Again and again, I have been vilely used, down to the last night! Aye, last night! That was the last drop! That can never be blotted out except by one means.—Yes in the intense solitude of that foul dungeon,—in the Tartarus of that broiling furnace—in the murkiness of that endless night—still more, in the bitterness of an envenomed soul—in the recklessness of despair—yea, through gnashing teeth and parched throat—I, Bibulus, vowed revenge—fatal revenge. My manacles and gyves rung like cymbals, as my limbs quivered while I uttered the burning words; and a hollow moan, or laugh—I know not which—reechoed them through the vault.

* * *

And when did an Asiatic heart retract such a vow? When did it forego the sweet, delicious thougth—the only luxury of a slave—revenge?....Down, ye growling curs of remorse! Hush! hissing worms of conscience! You are too late—the potion is mixed, and the fatal drug cannot be extracted. And then remember Ardea—this afternoon—with its death of a mad hound foaming at the mouth, or a viper shrivelled up on a scorching bank. No; no more qualms. What I am going to do is a safe remedy of all my ills—the easiest way of gaining all my ends.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

From Othello. *Act III.*

Othello. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago:
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven; 'tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom with thy fraught.
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Shakespeare.

From The Battle of Knocktuagh.

Then stept fierce Cathal to the front his Chieftains standing nigh:
"Proud stranger take our answer back, and this our reason why:—
Our wolves are gaunt for lack of food—our eagles pine away,
And to glut them with your flesh, lo! we stop you here to-day!"
"Now, gramercy for the thought!" Calm Sir Hugolin replied,
And with a steadfast look and mien that wrathful Chieftain eyed:—
"Yet should your wild birds covet not the dainty fare you name,
Then, by the rood, our Norman swords shall carve them better game!"

By the Author of "The monks of Kilcrea."

From Coriolanus. *Act V.*

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes, impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie upon him.

I. Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it.——Boy!

Shakespeare.

From The Siege of Maynooth.

"The Earl heaped favors on thee?"—"Never heaped king more on Lord."
"He loved thee? honored thee?"—I was his heart, his arm, his sword!"
"He trusted thee?"—"Even as he trusted his own lofty soul!"
"*And thou betrayedst him?*" Base wretch! thou knowest the traitor's goal!

"Ho Provost Marshal, hither! Take this losel caitiff hence
I mark, methinks, a scaffold under yonder stone defence.
Off with his head! By Heaven, the blood within me boils and seethes!
To look on him! So vile a knave pollutes the air he breathes!"

J. C. Mangan.

THE PECTORAL.

The etymology of this word also stands us in good stead. It has its origin from *pectus*, the breast, because it derives its resonance from the lower part of the chest. It is deeper than the Orotund but lacks its strength and purity. It is tinged with the Aspirate and the Orotund. In the expression of *horror*, *remorse*, *awe*, etc., it is very effective.

Examples.

From Hell. *Canto XXX.*

"O ye, who in this world of misery,
Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,"
Thus he began, "attentively regard
Adamo's woe. When living, full supply
Ne'er lacked me of what most I coveted;
One drop of water now, Alas! I crave.
The rills, that glitter down the glassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,

Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivell'd cheeks."

Cary's Dante.

From God in the Night.

Deep in the dark I hear the feet of God:
He walks the world; He puts His holy hand
On every sleeper—only puts His hand—
Within it benedictions for each one—
Then passes on; but ah! whene'er He meets
A watcher waiting for Him, He is glad.
(Does God like man, feel lonely in the dark?)
He rests His hand upon the watcher's brow—
But more than that He leaves His very breath
Upon the watcher's soul, and more than this,
He stays for holy hours where watchers pray:
And more than that, He oftentimes lifts the veils
That hide the visions of the world unseen.
The brightest sanctities of highest souls
Have blossomed into beauty in the dark.

Father Ryan.

From God Revealed in Nature.

God of Christians! it is on the waters of the abyss and on the vast expanse of the heavens that Thou hast particularly engraven the characters of Thy omnipotence! Millions of stars sparkling in the azure of the celestial dome—the moon in the midst of the firmament—a sea unbounded by any shore —infinitude in the skies and on the waves—proclaim with most impressive effect the power of Thy arm! Never did Thy greatness strike me with profounder awe than in those nights, when, suspended between the stars and the ocean. I beheld immensity over my head and immensity beneath my feet!

I am nothing; I am only a simple, solitary wanderer, and often have I heard men of science disputing on the subject of

a Supreme Being, without understanding them; but I have invariably remarked, that it is in the prospect of sublime scenes of nature that this unknown Being manifests Himself to the human heart.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE FALSETTO.

The Falsetto is that thin, shrill voice which we use when we exceed our natural compass. It is used in **fright, affectation, screaming**, and in **petulant emphasis.** Men sometimes employ this quality of voice in imitating women and children.

Examples.

From Prologue to "The Maiden Queen."

Women like us passing for men you'll cry.
Presume too much upon your secrecy.....
The ladies we shall not so easily please:
They'll say, "What impudent bold things are these.
That dare provoke, yet cannot do us right,
Like men, with huffing looks, that dare not fight!"

Dryden

From The Poet's Little Rival.

Then the poet leans and listens
With a quaint and tender air,
As the bird-like child goes darting
Through the beautiful parterre.
"Bravo! Bravo! little poet!"
(Startled, flushed with love's sunshine:)
"See my poem, papa darling!
Every word a blossom fine."
"Sweet" he says; "God bless thee daughter;
Ne'er was poem writ like thine!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

From Ellen Middleton.

Julia was standing at the head of the stone steps that I have described as forming one of the extremities of the veranda; and as she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered slippery steps she called out, "I'm going down—I'll have my own way now." I seized her hand, and drawing her back exclaimed, "Don't Julia!" on which she said, "You had better not tease me: you are to be sent away if you tease me." I felt as if a viper had stung me: the blood rushed to my head, and I struck her; she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the steps. A voice near me said, "She has killed her!"—*Lady Georgiana Fullerton.*

From The Rape of the Lock.

"Oh, wretched maid!" She spread her hands and cried,
While Hampton's echoes, "wretched maid!" replied,
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?....
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

Pope.

THE NASAL.

"That nasal twang,
Heard in conventicle, where worthy men,

> Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
> Through the pressed nostril spectacle—bestrid,"

is placed here, not to be acquired—but to be avoided. It is the outcome of permitting too much or too little air to pass through the nasal passages. Those who may have acquired this quality from carelessness should regard it as a defect, and, hence, begin to overcome it. It is chiefly valuable for mimics and impersonators.

GENERAL EXAMPLES.

The student should be required to determine the qualities entering into each of the following selections, and explain and deliver them according to the foregoing rules.

From Nature Proclaims a Deity.

There is a God! the herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him; the insect sports in His beam; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the Heavens, the ocean declares His immensity: man alone has said, there is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn: a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds: meadows enamelled with flowers; forests hoary with snow: fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe!—*Chateaubriand.*

From Philosophy of History.

Christianity was the connecting power which linked together the great community of European nations, not only in the moral and political relations of life, but also in science

and modes of thinking. The Church was like the all embracing vault of heaven, beneath whose kindly shelter, those warlike nations began to settle in peace, and gradually to frame their laws and institutions. Even the office of instruction. the heritage of Christian knowledge, the promotion of science, and of all that tended to advance the progress of the human mind, devolved to the care of the Church, and were exclusively confined to the Christian schools....The little knowledge that was then possessed, was by the more active spirit, and the sound understanding and practical sense of the European nations, and their better priesthood, applied with general advantage to the interests of society. Science was not then, as in the later period of its proud ascendency, in open hostility with the pure dictates of faith and the institutions of life. On that world so variously excited in peace, as in war, and by the different pursuits of art and industry, useful knowledge and wholesome speculation descended, not like a violent flood, but like the soft distillations of the refreshing dew, or the gentle drops of fertilizing rain, from the Heaven of faith which over-arched the whole.—*Frederick von Schlegel.*

From Father Connell.

Helen heard the noise of a heavy blow, and the long shrieks suddenly stopped, subsiding into a low, melancholy cry, followed by deep, deep moans: and a second blow, accompanied by a hissing sound of human breath, such as workmen utter, when they labor with a hatchet. Perfect silence ensued, for a short time, only interrupted by the whispering of the night-breeze through the grass, and through the bushes, and by the gentle fall of water near at hand. Hasty footsteps entered the little hollow, and paused within a few feet of where she lay concealed.

"This is the place he bade us wait for him," said a hoarse, deep voice but in cautious tones.

"It is," answered another person—and the two words were spoken with a shudder.

"That was a black act," continued the first voice.

"Oh, it was a bloody deed! Oh, the thought of this night will never leave my mind, never, never!"

Banim.

From A Sermon on Heaven.

You have found yourself, perchance, upon a summer day, within the sanctuary of some sequestered vale; the tempered sunshine rests on all: in the rain-freshened verdure of the tree above you, and of the grass beneath your feet: on the smiling hills that enfold you on every side; on the sleeping waters of the lake beneath. The air is sweet with the scent of flowers, and cooled by the plashing of the shady stream; sounds of song are in the sky above, and in the woods and thickets around. Though, indeed, you scarcely note each several charm; for it is the unspeakable harmony of all, and its unison with the chords of your heart within, that you are sensible of as you pant out, in a very rapture of thanksgiving. My God, this is *heavenly!*

Yes, it is; and thank Him for such a glimpse into the mirror, when the very smoothness of unfallen nature is upon it, when the Peace of Paradise seems restored, and the unclouded smile of its not yet outraged God seems reflected on earth that bears as yet no curse. Make the most of such hours, for they will quickly pass: the valley will be storm-swept, the skies darkened, the verdure, the fragrance, the melody,—all will soon go. But that is to remind you that what you have seen is an image, and not the reality; it is not to take away the lesson that its beauty has taught you, nor to rob you of the hope it has kindled in your soul. For the invisible Heaven of God is clearly seen from the created world below, being understood through its image in creation.—*Archbishop Ryan.*

From Epistle II. Moral Essays.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—"Oh, odious, odious trees!"

Pope.

From To a Tomb.

What horror at thy sight shoots through each sense!
How powerful is thy silent eloquence
Which never flatters! Thou instruct'st the proud,
That their swoll'n pomp is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind: the fair, those flowers they have
Fresh in their cheek, are *strewed upon a grave.*
Thou tell'st the rich their idol is but earth;
The vainly pleased, that syren-like their mirth
Betrays to mischief, and that only he
Dares welcome death, whose aims at virtue be.

Habington.

From The Necessity of Religion for Society.

Religion is the only solid basis of society. If the social edifice rests not on this eternal and immutable foundation, it will soon crumble to pieces. It would be as vain to attempt to establish society without religion as to erect a palace in the air, or on shifting sands, or to hope to reap a crop from seed scattered on the ocean's surface. Religion is to society what cement is to the building: it makes all parts compact and coherent. What principles without religion are binding enough to exact of you that obedience which you owe to society and to the laws of your country? Is it the dread of civil punishment? But the civil power takes cognizance only of overt acts. It has no jurisdiction over the heart, which is the seat of rebellion, the secret council chamber where dark schemes are concocted. The civil power cannot enter the hidden recesses of the soul, and quell the tumults raging there. It cannot suppress those base calumnies, whispered in the dark, which poison the social atmosphere with their foul breath, and breed hatred, resentment, and death. You might as well preserve a tree from decay by lopping off a few withered branches whilst allowing the worms to gnaw at the roots, as to preserve the social tree from moral corruption by preventing some external crimes whilst leaving the heart to be worm-eaten by vice.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

From Sursum Corda.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary. dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wand'rers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur, "Where is home?

Homeless hearts! God is Home!

Father Ryan.

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forsetalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be: since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
My Crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.....
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay! [steel,
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
All may be well.

Shakespeare.

From "Hereafter."

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing will waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?

Hearts from which 't was death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, where are they
Beneath whose smiles we once lay basking
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to the eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Moore.

From Brutus's Harangue over the Dead Body of Lucretia.

Thus, thus my friends! fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story:
And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask, necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king,—
King! do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as most of you may well remember,
My father, Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?
Say—would you seek instructions: would you seek
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls
Which saw his poison'd brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!—

J. Howard Payne.

CHAPTER X.

PLANES OF GESTURE.

Gesture has three points of direction: **Ascending, Horizontal,** and **Descending. Ascending** gesture moves from the level of the shoulder toward the zenith. **Horizontal** gesture is the middle between ascending and descending. It is even with the shoulder. **Descending** gesture moves from the shoulder to the nadir. Each of these may be made toward the front, the oblique, the side or lateral, and the backward oblique.

The Hand has several different positions or uses. The principal uses of the hand are—the **supine**, in which the palm faces up; the **prone**, with the palm down; the **vertical** with the palm outward; the **index**, with the index finger extended and most prominent; the **clasped** and the **clinched**. Taking the first letter of each of the above we have the following concise notation of gesture.

A. F.	....ascending	front.
A. O.	.... "	oblique.
A. L.	.... "	lateral.
A. B. O.	... "	backward oblique.
H. F.	....horizontal	front.
H. O.	.... "	oblique.
H. L.	.... "	lateral.
H. B. O.	... "	backward oblique.
D. F.	....descending	front.
D. O.	.... "	oblique.

D. L.	....descending lateral.
D. B. O....	" backward oblique.
R. H.	....right hand.
L. H.	....left hand.
B. H.	...both hands.
S.	....supine.
P.	....prone.
V.	....vertical.
I.	....index.
Cla.	....clasped.
Cli.	....clinched.

Ascending gesture belongs to the imagination. It pertains to the realms of the *ideal*, the *virtuous*, the *noble*, the *heavenly*.

Horizontal gesture belongs to the realm of **the intellect.** It is employed in designating *geographical localities*, etc.

Descending gesture belongs to the will and is used therefore in *bold assertion* and *strong resolution*. It is also used to express *inferiority*, the *baser passions*, and, in general, things that we *scorn* or *hate*.

Front gestures signify *nearness*. They are more direct and personal than the others.

Oblique gestures are less emphatic than front gestures. They are used more in *generalities*.

Lateral gestures are less emphatic than even the oblique. They express *great extent*, *universality*, etc.

Backward gesture refers to *something past* either geographically or chronologically.

The **supine hand** *reveals*, **the prone** *conceals* or *imposes*, **the vertical** *repels*, **the index** *points out*, **the clasped** *strongly entreats*, **the clinched** shows the existence of *strong passion*.

These significations are not to be looked on as specific. They are general and admit of a very liberal interpretation. For practice on these different planes of gesture and faces of the hand, assume the Unexcited position, let the arms hang loosely and entirely *decomposed.* Now raise the arm in the required direction taking care that the shoulder leads and each joint unfolds in succession. At the *emphatic word* end the gesture by a quick turn of the wrist. This last movement is known as the *ictus* of of the gesture, or the *climax.* The fingers and thumb should have their natural position, i. e., the index straight, the thumb straight and somewhat apart from the index, the other three fingers relaxed, slightly curved. Do not separate the fingers nor bend the thumb inward. Carry the right hand through all of the above planes of gesture, and as far as practicable, in all the different faces of the hand. Practice the left next, and then both together in the same way. The descending vertical single hand and the double backward oblique are not practicable.

In the sentences given below the abbreviations show what gestures are appropriate. Where the hand is not mentioned, the right is supposed, and where the use is not given, the supine is to be understood.

The Supine Hand.

This hand may be used in the expression of almost any emotion. In general, *it is used to reveal.*

Single Supine Hand.

D. F.

I demand my right.

I submit the matter to your decision.

D. O.

There is no foundation for these assertions.

What could I do in such a state of health?

D. L.

Away with such trifling!

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

D. B. O.

Away with such an abominable idea.

Let those who did the deed now look to it.

H. F.

Sir, I appeal to you, for you were present.

This above all, to thine own self be true.

H. O.

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

This is my opinion, gentlemen.

H. L.

Search the latest records and you will find it inscribed.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

H. B. O.

Turning from civilization, he struck out into the jungle.

His past life now appears to him a dream.

A. F.

Oh! Jesus, seize my hand and lead me home.

But conquered now, and crushed, I look aloft,
And sorrow leads me, Father, back to thee.

A. O.

The angels of God watch over us ever.

The same stars look down upon man that looked upon the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem.

A. L.

The Dipper, great in size but proportionate to the rest of

the heavens, is known to everyone.

The sun, the moon, the stars proclaim His name.

A. B. O.

Our forefathers, men of sterling worth, died for this faith.

Hurrah! Hurrah! great Cæsar comes.

Both Hands Supine.

B. H. D. F.

I am willing to lay down all I possess, at thy command.

O, death! where is thy sting?

B. H. D. O.

Behold me at thy feet!

We can easily afford to grant this.

B. H. D. L.

Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.

I utterly renounce the supposed advantages.

B. H. H. F.

I beg of you to consider the consequences of such a decision.

Here I stand longing ardently for you.

B. H. H. O.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

B. H. H. L.

On every side, we behold evidences of the Creator's goodness.

The world, from end to end, sends up its praise.

B. H. A. F.

Oh, God! we praise thee.

Oh, sacred Liberty! I lift my hands to thee.

B. H. A. O.

The many stars I see were planted by an almighty hand.

The gathering clouds, like meeting armies, come on apace.

B. H. A. L.

Not a star glittered in all the firmament.

Joy, joy! my soul is saved.

Single Hand Prone.

The Prone hand is as extensively used as the supine. It generally *represses* and *conceals*.

D. F.

Down, slave, before me and pay your allegiance.

Even Genius feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

D. O.

The wild rose grew above that unknown grave.

Let every true patriot repress such a feeling.

D. L.

Repentance will cover that sin.

The noise died away.

D. B. O.

I despise thy threats of harm to me.

I utterly contemn and abhor such dealings.

H. F.

O Hamlet! speak no more.

Far ahead we saw the smoke of a great steamer.

H. O.

Friendship has a power,
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.

Peace, dreamer, thou hast done well.

H. L.

The landscape fades from view.

No more shall melancholy brood therein.

H. B. O.

The dread visitation from God was come upon Gomorrah.

Looking back to your deeds of yesterday, have you not much to dread?

A. F.

He has suspended the sword above you.

Forbear, pollute not that sacred name.

A. O.

Ye gods, withhold your wrath.

The rising sun put out the stars.

A. L.

Do you see that dark cloud over there?

The top of yon high mount we gained.

A. B. O.

The Decalogue was given amidst Sinai's thunder.

No other institution carries the mind back to the time when lions and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheaters.

Both Hands Prone.

B. H. D. F.

Here we gently laid him down and covered him.

I saw before me the mutilated corpse.

B. H. D. O.

Down with all such sentiments forever.

Frail men! bow down your necks to His yoke.

B. H. D. L.

In the graves of every nation lie unknown heroes.

Time, in his onward march, destroys all the works of man.

B. H. H. F.

On horror's head, horrors accumulate.

My blessing rest on you.

B. H. H. O.

Night closed over the city.

Heaven blast your hopes with its heavy curse.

B. H. H. L.

O'er all the world darkness reigns supreme.

Sorrow mantles the whole earth.

B. H. A. F.

Withhold the chastisement we deserve.

Forever blessed be Thy sacred name!

B. H. A. O.

The mantle of darkness lifted, and light was.

Hover o'er us in the storms of life.

B. H. A. L.

From end to end of the universe, God reigns.

The floor of heaven bestrewn with golden stars.

The Vertical Hand.

This hand is used to denote a *warding off*. The **Supine** generally *supports*, the **Prone** *represses*, the **Vertical** *repels*.

Single Vertical Hand.

H. F.

Out of my sight!

H. O.

Drive back the bold invaders.

H. L.

Away with such vile measures.

H. B. O.

Follow not: I'll have no speaking.

A. F.

Withhold Thy justice; grant me mercy.

A. O.

Oh, Heaven! forbid such a deed.

A. L.

Away, delusive phantom!

A. B. O.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

B. H. F.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

B. H. H. O.

Far from us be such a thought.

B. H. H. S.

Bursts the wild storm of terror and dismay.

B. H. A. F.

Avert, O God the frown of thy indignation!

B. H. A. O.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

B. H. A. L.

Melt and dispel ye spectre doubts.

The Index Hand.

This form of gesture is used to limit the designating gesture. Compare the following examples and the difference of use will be more obvious.

R. H. H. O. P.

Let us go over the whole ground once more!

R. H. H. F. I.

Let us dwell on this point in particular.

I. A. F.

That point is beyond your reach.

A. O.

From yonder point I have often gazed at the sea.

A. L.

Do you see the eagle's nest far to our right?

A. B. O.

I ask you to glance at that brightest page in our Church's annals.

H. F.

That point I will prove thus.

H. O.

On yonder house they nailed the placard.

H. L.

In that mound lies a forgotten race.

H. B. O.

For proof of this, look to the days of the penal laws of Irleand.

D. F.

Lie there till the bugle arouses thee.

D. O.

Thou creeping serpent, graceful in all thy movements!

D. L.

He lay here aside of the road.

D. B. O.

You remain behind or you will rue it.

The Clasped Hand.

This position *denotes great emotion.* It is used in *earnest entreaty, supplication,* etc. The fingers of the right hand are intertwined with those of the left. Ascending and descending front gestures may be made with the Clasped Hands.

A. F.

For God's sake spare me.

D. F.

All is now lost; I await your sentence.

The Clinched Hand.

This is used where *great emphasis* is to be expressed. *Strong denunciation* with threats, *desperation, resolution,* etc., take this mode of expression. E. g.,

We will win the day or perish.

I'll have my bond.

With this little hand I will crush his power.

Practice on these sentences, as was mentioned before, taking care to grasp the sentiment, and portray it as if it were your own. Mechanical gesture will thus be avoided. We insert here also a number of extracts which the student is to interpret and portray by appropriate gesture.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

He sees in the distance the goal he must attain.

From Julius Cæsar. *Act II.*

O conspiracy!
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Shakespeare.

From St. Herculanus.

Down from far Gothland's icy coasts
Sweep Totila's resistless hosts,
He dooms Perugia's walls and towers,
And girds her round with ruthless powers.

Leo XIII.

From Hamlet. *Act I.*

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't:—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month: or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother: but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month:
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.

Shakespeare.

From Lalla Rookh.

"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
"Shall we die tamely? die alone?
"Without one victim to our shades,
"One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
"The sabre from its toil may sleep?
"No—God of Iran's burning skies!

"Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
"No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
"Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
"We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
"Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
"Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
"Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
"Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
"Our refuge still from life and chains;
"But his the best, the holiest bed,
"Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Moore.

From Antony and Cleopatra. *Act V.*

O Antony!
Have I follow'd thee to this?-but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate and empire.
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart.
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcileable should divide
Our equalness to this.—

Shakespeare.

From Love's Prisoner.

Reposing in his altar-home—
Imprison'd there for love of me—
My Spouse awaits me; and I come
To visit him awhile, and be
A solace to his loneliness—
If aught in me can make it less.

Hill.

From Richard III. *Act I.*

Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfill man's?
Take heed: for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Shakespeare.

From Milly's Expiation.

There are times when all these terrors
Seem to fade, and fade away,
Like a nightmare's ghastly presence
In the truthful dawn of day.
There are times, too, when before me
They arise, and seem to hold
In the grasp my very being
With the deadly strength of old,
Till my spirit quails within me,
And my very heart grows cold.

Adelaide A. Procter.

From The Tempest. *Act IV.*

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself:
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve.

Shakespeare.

From Yesterdays.

Gone! and they return no more.
But they leave a light in the heart:
The murmur of waves that kiss a shore
Will never, I know, depart.

Gone! yet with us still they stay,
And their memories throb through life;
The music that hushes or stirs to-day,
Is toned by their calmer strife.

Father Ryan.

From Twelfth Night. *Act I.*

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die,—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.

Shakespeare.

From A Voice from Afar.

A sea before
The throne is spread: its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass:
We on its shore
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are bless'd.

Newman.

From Two Gentlemen of Verona. *Act V.*

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor earth.

Shakespeare.

From The Sister of Charity.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head:
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees:

Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.
Gerald Griffin.

From Winter's Tales. *Act III.*

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee,
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Shakespeare.

From The Diver.

Soon one of these monsters approached me, and plied
His hundred feelers to drag
Me down through the darkness: when, springing aside,
I abandoned my hold of the coral crag,
And the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,
And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length.
J. C. *Mangan.*

From King Lear. *Act III.*

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
* * *
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax you not, you elements with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: why then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Shakespeare.

From Stella Matutina.

Cerulean Ocean, fringed with white,
That wear'st her colors evermore,
In all thy pureness, all thy might,
Resound her name from shore to shore.

That fringe of foam, when drops the sun
To-night, a sanguine stain shall wear:—
Thus Mary's heart had strength, alone,
The passion of her Lord to share.

Aubrey De Vere.

From Macbeth. *Act II.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business; which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Shakespeare.

From Ireland's Vow.

List! scarce a sound can be heard in our thorough-fares—
Look! scarce a ship can be seen on our streams;
Heart-crushed and desolate, spell-bound, irresolute,
Ireland but lives in the bygone of dreams!

Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings, love's fond caressings,
Peace, home and happiness, all shall be ours!

D. F. M'Carthy.

From Timon of Athens. *Act V.*

Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood:
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come.
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—

Shakespeare.

From The Penitent Raven.

The Raven's nest is built with reeds,—
Sing woe, and alas is me!
And the Raven's couch is spread with weeds,
High on the hollow tree:
And the Raven himself, telling his beads
In penance for his past misdeeds,
Upon the top I see.

Telling his beads from night to morn,—
  Sing alas! and woe is me!
In penance for stealing the Abbot's corn,
  High on the hollow tree.
Sin is a load upon the breast,
And it nightly breaks the Raven's rest,
  High on the hollow tree.

T. D. M'Gee.

From Titus Andronicus. *Act III.*

Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd:
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons.

Shakespeare.

I, who first swathed thee; thy grave-clothes now will bind:
  Giver of Life, thou liest dead before me now:
Tears laved thee at thy birth; far hotter tears I find
  To wash the death-drops from thy pallid brow.

From Troilus and Cressida. *Act III.*

Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.

Shakespeare.

From The Hidden Gem.

Farewell, sycophant! farewell, indeed?
No, not yet.—

There shall be moaning over death in this house, before I go to encounter it. After this cruel doom, who will blame me, if I seek to escape it? Yet here again comes the question —who is doing this? Proculus. Then ought not my vengeance to fall on him? Warily, calmly—let us weigh this.

If Proculus dies—Eusebius would be worse. Now, if Euphemian dies, it is very different. We know that by his will he has released all his slaves. So let him die and I am free.

But, is this generous? or honorable? tut, tut; who has ever been generous, or honorable with me? and am I to begin virtues first? Out upon it—no!

Yet the thing must be done cautiously, securely. It is an ugly thing, is killing, even in revenge. One must throw a veil over it—make it appear like an accident, even to one's self. Ha! happy combination—I know how at once to procure the necessary means, and then—the pilgrim who is going to sleep there—Capital! What more likely? He has some design, no doubt—and he will be the only person near. A train can be easily laid to bring it home to him.—Bravo, Bibulus, thou art a clever hand at mischief.—By one blow thou shalt gain liberty, security and revenge!—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

From Coriolanus. *Act V.*

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
* * *
Cut me to pieces, Volsces: Men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Shakespeare.

From The Death of Our Lady.

Weep, living things! of life the mother dies;
The world doth lose the sum of all her bliss,
The qeen of earth, the empress of the skies;
By Mary's death mankind an orphan is.
Let nature weep, yea, let all graces moan;
Their glory, grace, and gifts die all in one.

Southwell.

From The Merchant of Venice. *Act I.*

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" you say so:
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit:
What should I say to you! should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for those curtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Shakespeare.

From On Hope.

Dear Hope! earth's dowry and Heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet;
  Fair cloud of fire! both shade and light,
  Our life in death, our day in night;
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.

Crashaw.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream. *Act IV.*

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Shakespeare.

From On Milton.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the other two.

Dryden.

From Much Ado about Nothing. *Act V.*

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

Shakespeare.

From Essay on Criticism.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all involving age.
See from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
  Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Pope.

From Taming of the Shrew. *Act IV.*

  For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

Shakespeare.

From A Ballad of Iscander-Beg.

"St. Michael stands upon my right,
  Therefore I have no fear;
When he shall cease his holy fight
  My end will then be near."
Thus spake the brave George Castriot
Albania's Christian knight,
Who once with Moslems cast his lot,
(With those who love our Jesus not.)

They called him by another name—
  The hateful Moslem crew!—
Iscander-Beg! They knew his fame,
  And deep that fame they rue.
To-day, beside the Golden Horn.
Full many a Moslem dame
Most sore affrights her latest born
With that bright name that Christians mourn.

M. F. Egan.

From All's Well That Ends Well. *Act I.*

Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right!

Shakespeare.

From The Banner of the Holy Family.

To arms! to arms! for God our King!
Hark how the sounds of battle ring!
Unfold the Banner! Raise it high,
Dear omen of our victory!
We come, our hands and hearts we bring:
We come, and Sion's song we sing
  Unto the Holy Family!

Father Faber.

From As You Like It. *Act II.*

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice:
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon:
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakespeare.

From Rachel in the North.

Out on the cruel field he lies, dear God!
Whom three nights gone I pillowed safe and warm,
Thinking the down scarce soft enough,—the sod,
Alas! the bloody sod now beds his form.

I watch—I wait. I had such hopes and schemes
Of what might be if he were home once more.
Fame! glory! perish—empty, hollow dreams!
My glory 's dead. And this, O Heaven, is war!

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

From The Comedy of Errors. *Act V.*

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Shakespeare.

From Campion. *Act I.*

Camp. Why did I hide? What was that of mine?
If Truth must walk erect, oh! then, my lords,
Be not so cruel; and straightway destroy
The bloody edicts that affright her so.
But once set free the holy word of God:
Throw wide these gates, and I will hasten forth
Through all the streets, by which I hither came.
In sight of all who sit in darkness there.
I'll hold erect my head—unfold my heart,
Which pants to blazon forth the truth of Rome.
Nay, more, bid come the champions of your Church,
Free from all wrath, like truly Christian men,
To hold dispute within the sight of all:
And let Her Royal Grace herself preside.
Then she, my lords, and you, and all the court
Shall know if what I preach do shun the light.

Morgan.

From Measure for Measure. *Act II.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Shakespeare.

From Major John Andre. *Act II.*

Arnold. Benedict Arnold, thou art a Traitor! Thou hast sold thy honor, the blood and freedom of thy countrymen for a handful of gold! Great Heavens! has it come to this? Did I imagine when I first began my profligate life that it would end in treachery? Arnold the Traitor! What a name? And

shall mine go down to posterity so? Traitor branded on my forehead!—Could my gallant father see me now, what would he say? Methinks his bones are restless in the cold grave to think his son, his once darling boy, has become the cruel betrayer of his people! Arnold the Traitor! So the child, yet unborn, will read in his country's history. Generations yet to come will learn my name but to curse it as the cause of the chains which shackle their freedom. Arnold the Traitor! Is it for this thou didst fight and bleed so long? Is it for this, thou for five long years didst lead thy countrymen, and see them die with a smile upon their lips, because it was for liberty? Is it for this thou didst cross the country, enter Canada, brave the once hated British,—mock at its northern cold! Ah! how my soldiers, ill-clothed and starving as they were, would greet my hopeful glance! How they once cheered for Benedict Arnold! Now they will curse me, execrate the memory of their country's betrayer! But hold! The crime is not yet consummated; I have still time to retrace my steps—Andre is yet here. I will go to him, cast the money at his feet, regain my papers and my honor! Yet how can I recall my plighted word! How pay my debts, how continue my profligate life, without English money? No! I cannot relinquish my mode of life! Have I not been disgraced by Congress? Have not others been preferred before me? Actuated by jealousy and secret hatred, my superiors in office, a few months ago, removed me from my comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, and put me on those hills. Yes, my actions, my deeds of valor, my genius, have been undervalued. I have suffered insults from the very persons my victories raised to power! Money and Revenge! Let others curse me, let future generations spit upon my memory, I will have money! I cannot change my manner of living. They may brand my reward as the price of blood, of liberty; I call it the means of pleasure. Arnold thou must go on: to retreat now would be the act of a coward! Money and Revenge!—*Haid.*

From Othello. *Act III.*

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 't is gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O Love! thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Shakespeare.

From The Malediction. *Act II.*

My father has cursed me, and his curse has penetrated the marrow of my bones. Where is my father? He has not yet been put to death? What do you wish, Tarik? I was the son of Gomez,but thou call'st me Almanzor. I am king of Murcia! Let the people offer me homage. Prostrate at my feet, I wish to behold them from the summit of my throne. What have I said, Lopez? Ha, Ha, Ha! Have you seen Pelagius? I will bathe myself in his vile blood: I will plunge my hand into the depths of his entrails; I will crush his hoary head. How beautiful are the heavens! Mahomet alone is great! Why, then, Abdallah, did you not efface these crosses from the walls? I was also a Christian! Why does this awful cross arise before my eyes? I see—I see the Immaculate Virgin trampling the crescent beneath her feet—and now! oh, hence! awful vision; hence! Ah Lopez, do you see the hand that threatens me?

You, also, does it menace. Come! away! Let us flee.—O God! upon the air, upon the walls, upon my heart is written, "Cursed! cursed! cursed!"—*Lyons.*

From King Richard II. *Act III.*

Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name!—A puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts.

Shakespeare.

From A Panegyric.

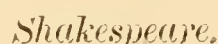
There is an instinct in all humanity to preserve the memory of the great. The heroes of this world are not silenced when placed in the grave: they live on. Their deeds are carved in yielding marble. Emblazoned in gold, they fling out to the world from some grand monument the memory of him who lies beneath. But time wears away the stone, and bedims the lustre of the shining letters, and the cold world soon forgets who sleeps there. Even the names of the greatest become, with the onsweep of ages, a shadow. Who but the student is acquainted with the names and deeds of an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Genghis Kan,a Tamerlane: and yet these were names to conjure within days agone; names that thrilled the hearts of nations: names at whose command millions of swords outflew. What has become of them? Search the wide earth and you will find hardly a stone inscribed to their memory. The Catholic Church likewise preserves the names of her great, but in a far more effective manner. She writes their names above an imperishable altar and bids her children store up their deeds within the heart as examples for the direction of their own lives.—*Williams.*

From Henry VIII. *Act III.*

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee.
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve thy king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity in Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare.



CHAPTER XI.

EMPHASIS.

SECTION I.

Any sentence includes one or more important words. These **vital words** of the sentence, these words containing the thought, for the expression of which the sentence has been formed, are termed **emphatic**, and **Emphasis** is the agent that confers on them their due degree of prominence.

Emphasis, however, **is not an element of expression, but is the application of any vocal element** to particular words or clauses. From this it is manifest that **Emphasis employs no uniform method.**

Some aver that the most significant words must *always* receive *special force*, or energy of voice—thereby confining emphasis to a *monotonous mode*, and making it and stress identical. True, emphasis, in a large measure, is to words, what accent is to syllables; but **unlike accent,** it does not depend *wholly* on stress for the execution of commands, but can, with equal right, call upon *any vocal element* and be promptly obeyed. In short, **Emphasis is the sovereign of all elocutionary elements,** and they may all exclaim,

> Your Highness' part
> Is to receive our duties: and our duties
> Are to your throne and state, children and servants:
> Which do but what they should by doing everything
> Safe toward your love and honor. *Shakespeare*

Hence, whoever has **command** of **emphasis** has **masterdom** of **elocution.**

That we may be able to give just emphasis, we must possess a clear conception of whatever we try to interpret. This is proven by the fact that in unconstrained conversation, anyone emphasizes correctly, because he understands clearly what he wishes to say.

Emphasis and Sense are mutually dependent.

To illustrate this principle, let us apply it to the sentence,

MY TEACHER IS VERY KIND.

This sentence contains only five words and, yet, is susceptible of five various senses.

If several boys, from divers schools, should engage in conversation concerning their respective teachers, each one would "my" his teacher. If an inquisitive passer-by should catch the last words only, his curiosity would be kindled, and, stopping, he would ask "who" was so *very kind?* Whereupon the bravest and frankest of the group answers, "My teacher." The answer adds fuel to the stranger's curiosity, and he immediately asks the name of the teacher. Being informed it is Mr. Birch, he says with an incredulous air, to the intense satisfaction of the young spokesman's tittering companions, "He must have changed a great deal."

The just anger of the boy is aroused, and he repeats with increased emphasis, "Well, he is very kind." The memory of the questioner now carries him back to former days, when this same *kind* teacher checked his curiosity with the birch of justice, and he responds abstractedly, "He gave punishments enough in his younger days, and often 'swayed the rod of empire over'— any way a *little* kindness will not harm him or his pupils seriously."

The boy, strong in the good cause he is defending, unwilling to grant ought that may detract from a teacher whose even kindness has endeared him to all, repeats with greater force, "My teacher is very kind." The stranger, anxious to leave, for a crowd is gathering, desires to confound the boy by a heavy retort, and says, "Owing to his advanced age, perhaps, he is becoming negligent, and possibly lenient. But, my young man, there is a vast difference between kindness and lenity. Lenity, you know,"——

"All I know," the boy's ardor interrupts, "is that my teacher is very kind."

The stranger's curiosity seems satisfied; he departs, and the young hero is champion of the field. The weapon he used was just emphasis. Each change of emphasis, in the above sentences, effected a like change of meaning; proving that **Emphasis and Sense are mutually dependent.**

Let us now examine the sentence,

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN THE GRAVE; JEALOUSY, MORE CRUEL.

As it stands, *love*, *stronger*, *grave*, *jealousy*, and *cruel*, would receive emphasis. But if some misanthrope should deny the first part of your statement, you would immediately display the firmness of your conviction in what you said by affirming, "Love is stronger than the grave." If some one asked you to point out briefly wherein *love* differed from *jealousy*, you would say,

Lóve is strōnger than the gràve: jěalousy, more crûel.

Analyze the following sentence similarly.—

THAT MAN DESERVES LASTING RENOWN.

What will the meaning be if you place the chief em-

phasis on *man*, on *that*, on *renown?* What word would you emphasize and *how*, to indicate that your hero merits lasting fame, although it will scarcely be accorded him?

Similar sentences should be given by the teacher in order to accustom the students to "emphatic" analysis.

The following rules are offered to assist the student in in finding the emphatic words. While no infallible rules can be given, correct emphasis being the product of good brain-work, yet, the rules here presented will be found welcome and able aids.

1. **Words containing the leading ideas must receive capital emphasis; whereas, those expressing matter comparatively unimportant should be subordinated.**

Example.

I have done my dùty: I stand acquitted to my consciénce and my còuntry: I have opposed this measure thròughout; and now I protèst against it as hàrsh, opprèsive, uncàlled for, unjùst: as establishing an ínfamous precèdent, by retaliating críme against crìme: as tyrannous. cruèlly and vindíctively tỳrannous.—*O'Connel.*

2. **The Chief emphasis is conferred on the words which finish the new picture or idea.**

Examples.

The beautiful world hath its mountains and plains.—*M. S. Whitaker.*

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the Chapel of Wílliam Tèll.—*T. F. Meagher.*

3. Words expressing or implying contrast deserve emphasis.

Examples.

He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Dryden.

It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak:
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak.

Adelaide A. Procter.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.—*Pope.*

Fear carries us out of ourselves, shame confines us within the round of our own thoughts.—*Newman.*

I said an elder soldier, not a better.—*Shakespeare.*

From Creator and Creature.

Look how the splendors of the Divine Nature gleam far and wide, nay infinitely, while the trumpets of heaven blow, and the loud acclaims of the untiring creatures greet with jubilant amazement the Living Vision! See how Eternity and Immensity entwine their arms in inexplicable embrace, the one filling all space, the other outliving all time; the one without quantity or limit, the other without beginning, end, or duration. Behold the understanding and the will, the one forever lighting up with such meridian glory the profound abysses of God's uncircumscribed Truth and illimitable Wisdom; the other enfolding for ever in its unconsuming fires the incomprehensible life of God, His infinite oceanlike expanse of being, and every creature of the countless worlds that from His life draw their own.—*Father Faber.*

Get wealth and place, if possible with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.—*Pope.*

The contrast in the above couplet is implied. The poet desires us to secure wealth, and a good position in society, if possible, honestly, so that we may not forfeit grace; but, if we find it impossible to gain wealth and honor by fair means, we should, according to the poet, make use of *any means* to attain our purpose.

4. Words essential to the idea which the sentence tries to convey, are emphatic when first introduced; but occurring afterward, are unemphatic because they have already made the intended impression on the mind.

Example.

From a Munster vale they brought her
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormand peasant's daughter
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there:
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.
R. D. Williams.

Exception to No. 4.

Words repeated to deepen the effect on the mind are rendered with increased emphasis.

Examples.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
Pope.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.
Dryden.

5. The indispensable words of sentences are always emphatic; words which can be omitted without destroying the clearness, are unemphatic.

ILLUSTRATION.

But here I am to speak what I do know.—*Shakespeare.*

We might omit "but," "I am," and "do," from this sentence, and still be able to gather from the context the meaning. It would read: "Here to speak what I know." You will observe it is not classic English, but still the sense is not impaired. Hence, the words that may be omitted are *unemphatic.*

An **exception** to the foregoing occurs when such words as "nevertheless," "at all," "whatever," "notwithstanding," etc., are found in a sentence, as they are especially introduced for emphasis.

I HAVE KEPT NOTHING WHATEVER.

Nothing, in this sentence, is plainly the most important word, for we may say, "I have kept nothing," and the meaning will not suffer: yet, "whatever" receives

the chief emphasis. Such words are called "oratorical words" and largely resemble combinations like Declaration of Independence, Grand Army of the Republic, Catholic Knights of America, Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, etc.

Example.

The Grand Army of the Republic embraces a body of heroes whose names and deeds are inscribed on Liberty's palm. —*Sullivan.*

We must treat the underlined words as a word of nine syllables, giving equal weight to "*Grand*," "*Army*," "Re*pub*lic," passing gently over the other syllables as we do over unaccented syllables in other words.

But after we have discovered the emphatic words, the question arises, *how* shall we deliver them in order to give them the prominence they deserve?

We must pronounce them in accordance with the sentiment they express.

SECTION II.

MODES OF EMPHASIS.

Time, i. e., dwelling somewhat longer on certain words, is used as a mode of emphasis to express *tender feeling*, *sublimity*, *solemnity*, *admiration*, etc. It can only be used with words possessing long quantity.

Examples.

From King Henry VIII. *Act III.*

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness,
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:....
O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!

Shakespeare.

From Elegiac Stanzas.

Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb,—
None but the dews at twilight given!
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom,—
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

Moore.

From King John. *Act III.*

Constance. Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday breathe,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And change the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;....
And so he'll die; and, rising so again
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Shakespeare.

From Adventures of Telemachus. *Book XIV.*

Telemachus had long been disturbed in the night by dreams in which he saw his father Ulysses. The vision never failed to return at the end of the night, just before the approach of the Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chase from heaven the doubtful radiance of the stars, and from the earth the pleasing delusion of sleep....From these pleasing dreams Telemachus always awoke dejected and sorrowful. While one of them was recent upon his mind he cried out: "O my father! O my dear father Ulysses! the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me than these. Those representations of felicity convince me that thou art already descended to the abodes of those happy spirits whom the gods reward for their virtue with everlasting rest. I think I behold the fields of Elysium! Must I then, O my father, see thee no more forever? How dreadful is the loss of hope!—*Fenelon.*

Force is used with the *sterner emotions* and in the expression of *impassioned thought.*

The following examples offer opportunity for emphasis by Time and Force. Let the student indicate the *emphatic words* and the *means* of emphasis.

From Threnodia Augustalis.

Calm was his life and quiet was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were
In which the Almighty did appear;
By the still voice the prophet knew him there,
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line,
That peace. oh happy shade. be ever thine!

Dryden.

From Nature Superior to Science.

In all physical science we can only be the servants and disciples of nature. She must be the absolute mistress, and she will not yield one tittle of power to us. By submission alone to those laws, which she herself has taught us, can we overcome her. Let me now, in order to put this view more strikingly before you, imagine a conversation, such as has often, I dare say, taken place, especially at the commencement of steam locomotion, in almost every part of the world. We will suppose a person, by way of introducing the conversation, saying of the steam engine: "What a wonderful invention; how marvelous; to what a pitch has science been brought; how completely has she mastered nature and her laws! We have destroyed space, we have cheated time, we have invented a piece of mechanism which we have endowed with almost vital power, to which we have given all but intelligence; and how proudly it goes on its way!..........

"Hold!" says one who has been listening to this boastful speech; "hold! look at yon cloud; it is heavy with thunder. See those flashes, which already break through it—those bright lances, each tipped with fire, destructive beyond all the power of man: see their direction toward us! Suppose that by a law of nature, which you have not repealed, one of those strike, and make a wreck of that proud monster.....
"Nay," says a third; "I will not consent to a trial like that. ....It is not thus, in a vengeful form, that I will put into contrast that great production of man's ingenuity and the power of nature. No; I will take the most harmless, the most gentle, the most tender thing in her, and I will put that against the other.

What is softer, more beautiful, and more innocent than the dew-drop, which does not even discolor the leaf upon which it lies at morning; what more graceful, when, multiplied, it makes its chalice of the rose, adds sweetness to its fragrance, and jewels to its enamel?....Expose the steam-engine but to the action of this little and insignificant agent and the metal, although you made a compact with it that it should be bright and polished, cares more for the refreshment from those drops of dew than it does for you, and it absorbs

them willingly....Every polished rod, so beautiful and fair, is blotched and gangrened. A few drops from heaven have conquered the proudest work of man's ingenuity and skill.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

Inflexion is one of the most valuable servants of emphasis; the rules laid down elsewhere govern its use.

Pause, or Phrasing, as a mode of emphasis, is reserved for a separate chapter.

Let the student apply the preceding rules to the examples here given.

Examples.

From Coriolanus. *Act. III.*

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

Shakespeare.

From Mores Catholici.

The middle ages were ages of the highest grace to men—ages of faith—ages when all Europe was Catholic; when vast temples were seen to rise in every place of human concourse.

to give glory to God, and to exalt men's souls to sanctity: when houses of holy peace and order were found amidst woods and desolate mountains—on the banks of placid lakes, as well as on the solitary rocks in the ocean; ages of sanctity which witnessed a Bede, an Alcuin, a Bernard, a Francis, and crowds who followed them as they did Christ; ages of vast and beneficent intelligence, in which it pleased the Holy Spirit to display the power of the seven gifts in the lives of an Anselm, a Thomas of Aquinum, and the saintly flocks whose steps a cloister guarded: ages of the highest civil virtue, which gave birth to the laws and institutions of an Edward, a Lewis, a Suger: ages of the noblest art, which beheld a Giotto, a Michael Angelo, a Raffaele, a Domenichino; ages of poetry, which heard an Avitus, a Cædmon, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Calderon; ages of more than mortal heroism, which produced a Tancred and a Godfrey; ages of majesty, which knew a Charlemagne, an Alfred, and the sainted youth who bore the lily; ages, too, of England's glory, when she appears, not even excluding a comparison with the Eastern empire, as the most truly civilized country on the globe: when the sovereign of the greater portion of the Western world applied to her schools for instructors—when she sends forth her saints to evangelize the nations of the world, and to diffuse spiritual treasure over the whole world—when heroes flock to her court to behold the models of reproachless chivalry, and emperors leave their thrones to adore at the tombs of her martyrs!—*Kenelm H. Digby.*

From **The Exile's Return.**

The friends whom I loved and cherished have passed away, ay! every soul. The warm hearts and loving eyes that cheered my boyhood are gone,—the living friends are lost to sight, and I miss their enlivening presence, oh! how much!—but the inanimate friends—the old familiar scenes remain. I have taken up my abode in the very house of my nativity—ruined it is, and desolate, yet it is the shell which contained the kernel of my affections. The fields are as green, the sky as changeful, the mountains as grand, the sacred valley as lonesome and solemn, and, above all, the faith and piety of

the people is still the same, simple, earnest, nothing doubting, all-performing. Where I herded my goats, a peasant boy, I muse, an old and wrinkled man, on the path of life I have trodden. I stand at the opposite end of existence, and ask myself what is the difference. I have had since what is called "position," I have wealth still — ay! a fortune, but what of that—I am old, friendless, childless, and alone, burdened with harrowing recollections, and ready to sink into the grave, unhonored and unknown.—*Mrs. Sadlier.*

From History of Rome.

Coriolanus no sooner beheld Veturia attired in mourning, her eyes bathed in tears, and with a countenance and motion that spoke her sinking under a load of sorrow, than he ran hastily to her; and not only calling her mother, but adding to that word the most tender epithets, embraced her, wept over her, and held her in his arms to prevent her falling..... When some time had been allowed to those silent tears of joy, which often flow plenteously at the sudden and unexpected meeting of persons dear to each other, Veturia entered upon the business she had undertaken. After many forcible appeals to his understanding and patriotism, she exclaimed: "What frenzy, what madness of anger transports my son! Heaven is appeased by supplications, vows, and sacrifices: shall mortals be implacable? O Marcius, refuse me not the only request, I ever made to thee; I will never importune thee with any other. Cease thy immoderate anger; be reconciled to thy country; this is all I ask; grant me but this, and we shall both be happy. Freed from those tempestuous passions which now agitate thy soul, and from all the torments of self-reproach, thy days will flow smoothly on in sweet serenity of conscious virtue: And as for me, if I carry back to Rome the hopes of an approaching peace, an assurance of thy being reconciled to thy country, with what transports of joy shall I be received! In what honor, in what delightful repose, shall I pass the remainder of my life! What immortal glory shall I have acquired!"....

The Volscian officers, not able unmoved to behold this scene, turned away their eyes: But Coriolanus passionately

cried out: "Ah! Mother, what art thou doing?" And tenderly pressing her hand he added in a low voice, "Rome is saved, but thy son is lost!"—*Nathaniel Hook.*

SECTION III.

OBSERVATIONS.

Obs. 1. **The degree of force, the length of time, the height or depth of inflexion, on emphatic words, must be chiefly determined by the taste and judgment of the reader, aided by the character of the selection.**

For mere narration, the emphasis will be *moderate.* When feeling is united to the narration, the words expressing the emotion are brought out with more *vigor and sparkle.*

The following is a choice example of narration enlivened by emotion.

From Lalla Rookh.

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully:
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.....
Thither the vanquished Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"

O'er a dark narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his chiefs alone.
They crossed the chasm and gained the towers—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours;....
Here—happy that no tyrants's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"

Moore.

Obs. 2. In most sentences, the tone of the voice is gradually elevated until the emphatic word is reached, and then the voice increases its speed, and gives the remaining words in descending.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I sent James home to-day.

I sent James home to-day.

I sent James home to-day.

I sent James home to-day.

I sent James home to d- a-y.

We find the same in pronouncing words, for example, application= he is coming.

E-t-e-r n-i-t-y = How strong you look.

Incomprehensibility = He said that you belied him.

Obs. 3. **In very solemn address and in speaking of sombre, repulsive, or despicable things, the tone descends on the emphatic word.**

Examples.

What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! No! God is just.

Father Ryan.

From Richard III. *Act I.*

O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though it were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Shakespeare.

From Othello. *Act II.*

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Shakespeare.

Obs. 4. **Emphasis is too precious to lavish. If you make all the words emphatic, the specific aim of emphasis is lost.**

Prepositions, conjunctions, etc., are useful as links of speech, but alone they possess no meaning. It is absurd, therefore, and shows a very dull speaker, to emphasize "ands," and "ofs," and "ins," and "fors," every time they occur.

Do not say,

I will never submit to such tyranny.

The smaller number of words which you may emphasize without detriment to the meaning and tenor of the sentence—the better.

SECTION IV.

UNEMPHATIC WORDS.

The student should now be able to render the emphatic words. The **unemphatic members** of the sentence may still puzzle him. The analysis of the following sentence aims to remove this perplexity.

DAILY PRACTICE IN ELOCUTION MAKES THE VOICE SMOOTH.

In this sentence the particles "in" and "the" should be obscured; the other words receive only sufficient stress to make them yield their meaning distinctly. Note the difference when a word demanding special emphasis is introduced.

Daily practice in elocution makes even a strident voice smooth.

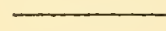
Here, "strident" differs as much in emphasis from

"daily," "practice," etc., as do they from the particles. These unemphatic words are to be pronounced with the same force, relatively, as the unaccented syllables of words.

ILLUSTRATION.

Indispensable.=O how beautiful!

Maladministrátion.=Where are you góing?



SECTION V.

CLIMAX.

The Climax, or orator's ladder, is such a disposition of words, clauses, or sentences, that each successive member transcends its predecessor in force and impressiveness. Quintilian's rule was, "that a weaker assertion or proposition should never come after a stronger one."

A vivid climax of considerable length is a telling test of elocutionary attainment. In its delivery we must utilize the best of voice and action we can afford.

Keen discretion must govern its pronunciation, so that we may not exhaust our vocal power before "capping" the climax.

The voice should ascend in harmony with the development of thought and feeling.

Sometimes, the desired effect may be produced, by culminating the climax with an intense whisper.

The Anti-climax, the reverse of the climax, is used to *burlesque*, to *disparage*, etc. Pope used it very successfully when he styled Lord Bacon,

The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.

Examples of Climax.

From Macbeth. *Act IV.*

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down:
Though castles topple o'er their warder's heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do stoop
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Shakespeare.

From Prologue to Addison's Cato.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage;
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Pope.

From Richard III. *Act I.*

Then, came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked aloud,—
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence."

Shakespeare.

From Lectures on Justification.

The Apostles spread their nets for disciples, and caught thousands at a cast.....And when these had entered the Church, many of them, doubtless, would wax cold in love, and fall away; but still, those who had the seed of God within them, would become neither offences in the Church, nor apostates, nor heretics; but would find day by day, as love increased, increased experience, that what they had ventured boldly, amid conflicting evidence, of sight against sight, and reason against reason, with many things against it, but more things for it, they had ventured well. The examples of meekness, cheerfulness, contentment, silent endurance, private self-denial, fortitude, brotherly love, perseverance in well-doing, which would from time to time meet them in their new kingdom,—the sublimity and harmony of the Church's doctrine,—the touching and subduing beauty of her services and appointments,—their consciousness of her virtue, divinely imparted, upon themselves, in subduing, purifying, changing them,—the bountifulness of her alms-giving,—her power, weak as she was and despised, over the statesmen and philosophers of the world,—her consistent and steady aggression upon it, moving forward in spite of it on all sides at once, like the wheels in the Prophet's vision, and this in contrast with the ephemeral and variable outbreaks of sectarianism,—the unanimity and intimacy existing between her widely separated branches,—the mutual sympathy and correspondence of men of hostile nations and foreign languages,—the simplicity of her ascetics, the gravity of her Bishops, the awful glory shed around her Martyrs, and the mysterious and recurring traces of miraculous agency here and there, once and again according as the Spirit willed,—these and the like persuasives acted on them day by day, turning the whisper of their hearts into an habitual conviction, and establishing in the reason what had been begun in the will.—*Newman*.

CHAPTER XII.

GESTURES OF DIFFERENT MEMBERS.

Each part of the human body is expressive. We have already treated of the hand and found it capable of expressing almost any emotion, that may present itself. QUINTILIAN says of the hand that, "while other limbs assist the speaker, the hands speak for themselves. For do we not demand, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, abhor, fear, ask, deny, with them? Do we not indicate joy, sadness, doubt, acknowledgement, remorse, measure, multitude, number and time with them? Do they not arouse courage? Do they not mourn, repel, consent? Do they not express admiration and shame? This is the language which in the great diversity of tongues among all races and peoples, I have in common with all men." No further commentary on the use of the hands is necessary.

The feet and legs are sufficiently treated in the chapter on action.

The Head.

There are few gestures of the head. The movement of the head denoting yes or no, denying or giving assent, is the one most commonly used.

1. The **Erect Head** is the attitude of *repose*. It denotes *calmness* and *attention:* e. g.,

Well, let him continue: we are listening.

2. **The Bowed Head** signifies *thoughtfullness, reflection:* e. g.,

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

To be or not to be,— that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?

Shakespeare.

3. **The Lifted Head** is expressive of *joy, vivacity, vehemence, selfsufficiency*, etc.; e. g.,

From The Merchant of Venice. *Act I.*

Gratiano. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Shakespeare.

4. **The Advanced Head** denotes *eagerness, curiosity*, etc.; e. g.,

Really, were you the person I met?

5. **The Head pivoted toward an object** is significant of **kindly feeling** toward it; e. g.,

I am glad to see you.

Pivoted from the object denotes *disgust* for it; e. g.,

I cannot bear the sight of you.

6. **The Head drawn back** from anything denotes *surprise, distrust, or harshness:* e. g.,

From The Hidden Gem.

"Ignotus, I implore you, speak.—Still silent?
Speak, or I must believe your guilt. No answer?
Have I then ta'en a viper to my bosom,
Whom worthy I had deemed to be a son?
A faithless robber for a holy man?
And have five years of seeming piety,
Of feigned austerity, and sham religion,
Been but a hypocrite's deep preparation
For vilest treachery, and meanest crime?
Who will believe again in human virtue,
If this be true.

Cardinal Wiseman.

7. **The Head is thrown entirely back and down** in *great despair, agony,* and *prostration:* e. g.,

Oh, God, my last hope is gone!

8. **The Head thrown entirely forward and down** signifies *shame, despair,* etc.; e. g.,

Yes, I burn with shame to own it: I followed his bad example.

9. **The Head inclined toward the side** expresses *carelessness, trustfulness, familiarity;* e. g.,

Whether he go or stay is immaterial to me.

The Eyes.

The Eye has been called "the window of the soul." Through it we see the emotion which stirs the soul. It **first communicates the thought.** It is capable of more subtle expression than any other organ. The general rule which should govern the eye might be worded thus: **Keep the eye to the audience.** Even in reading, this is necessary. The eye should be so practised that it can take in a whole line at a glance. Daniel Web-

STER used to practice this by walking around a table on which was placed an open book, and, taking in, whilst facing the book, enough to continue speaking as he went around. With some practice, this can be brought to such a degree of perfection that the eye will, during entire sentences, look steadily at the audience.

There are **nine attitudes of the eye.**

1. **The Normal eye** looking straight ahead and resting easily on any object. It is expressive of *calmness*. Practice on the following example.

From The Merchant of Venice. *Act IV.*

Antonio. I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Shakespeare.

2. **The Normal Eye with raised brow** is expressive of *contempt;* e. g.,

You intend to force me, do you?

3. **Eye wide open with brow drawn down** denotes *anger;* e. g.,

From The Comedy of Errors. *Act II.*

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am indispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Shakespeare.

4. **Eye opened wide with raised brow** signifies *astonishment;* e. g.,

Et tu, Brute?—*Shakespeare.*

5. **Eye slightly closed with brow down** indicates *thought;* e. g.,

Yes, if I recollect rightly, it was ten days ago.

6. **Eye opened with slightly lowered brow** expresses *firmness;* e. g.,

Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?—*Shakespeare.*

7. **Eye partly closed with the brow normal** speaks of *drowsiness;* e. g.,

Oh, for the days of childhood, I long for them once more.

8. **Eye nearly closed with raised brow** denotes *malignity,* and *contempt* of opposition; e. g.,

You thought to enchain me by your cunning hypocrisy.

9. **Eye open with normal brow** denotes *indefinite thought, day-dreaming, stupor,* and such like states of the mind; e. g.,

How long I strolled beside the stream
I do not know, nor may I say.

Father Ryan.

The Mouth.

The Mouth, too, is a great agent of expression. To convince yourself of this, place one hand over the mouth and give to the eye and upper part of the face the most sinister expression possible. Now look in your mirror and you will not be able to tell from the features whether the expression is one of close scrutiny or of anger.

The positions of the mouth, combined with the jaw and chin, are principally as follows: 1. Jaw firm, lips tightly closed denote *tension, firmness, etc.* 2. Jaw dropped, lips wide open; *terror.* 3. Chin protruded; *anger.*

4. Lips compressed: *concentration of mind.* 5. Corners drawn up,—*joy;* corners down, *sorrow.* These positions of the mouth without the agreement of the other features would not be expressive of the emotions we have mentioned. Consonance is necessary. Do not assert with the hand and deny with the head.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAUSE.

Many sentences, besides subject and predicate, contain certain subordinate ideas expressed in clauses and phrases. **To show the relation between** these **governing and dependent parts,** and to prevent uncertainty of reference, **Pauses** are used. These rhetorical pauses often coincide with the printer's pauses—but, sometimes, they are at variance. We often pause in reading, where no punctuation mark may be found, and must frequently disregard the grammatical pause, or sacrifice the sense.

The judicious reader will use the punctuation marks merely as guides to point out the meaning of the author. The old rule, to count one, at a comma; two, at a semicolon: three, at—etc.; together with its counterpart, *let the voice always fall at a period, never, at a comma,* is now, happily, retained by only a few. We know that the voice often rises at a period, and sinks at a comma; or for that matter, where no punctuation mark is necessary; and, that the pause at a comma, is sometimes greater than at a semicolon, colon, or period.

The influence of the Pause in expression is boundless. Silence, often, speaks louder than words. Force, clearness, and dignity of phrases depend largely upon the Pause. We can tell from a reader's Pauses whether he understands his author.

"A speaker is known by his *ands* and his *ors*
Those stitches that fasten his patch-work together."

The pause is necessary both for the reader and the hearer. For the reader, it is a **physical necessity;** he must stop for breath supplies. For the hearer, it is a **mental necessity;** he cannot grasp the thoughts unless they are presented separately, and time given him to perceive their relation.

The Length of the Pause is controlled by the character of the selection. In *vehement* expression, it will be very brief; in *solemn* utterance, long. *Normal* sentiments take the happy medium.

Examples.

From Eleonora.

Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children and thy mourning lord.

Dryden

From A Memory.

Yea! dreams that vied with angels' flight?
And, soaring, bore my heart away
Beyond the far star-bounds of night,
Unto the everlasting day.

Father Ryan.

From The Collegians.

The spirit of the scene produced its effect upon the mind of Hardress himself, who, yielding to its influence, adopted a degree of gaiety that surprised and delighted all who were interested in his fortunes.

It is true, that from time to time, a fear struck at his heart, like the shock of an alarm, and the glassy eyes of a corpse

seemed at intervals to stare at him from among the crowd. But he turned his eyes and his thoughts away to happier objects, and, as if in defiance of the ghastly interruption, became more gay than before.—*Gerald Griffin.*

If we follow the punctuation in the above examples, we must pause before and after the underlined words: *and* in the first, *and* in the second, *who* and *and* in the third. But by doing so, we give the words undue prominence and thereby impair the sense. We make "and" stand alone, endowing it with an independence of which it is incapable. Our ears may be *accustomed* to hear sentences rendered in this manner—for faulty readers abound—and hence do not object to such violations. But the *custom* of making vacuums, by separating words that are inseparable, is abhorred by nature, and condemned by the judicious, as a *vile custom*—"honour'd in the breach." Evidently, we must pass over the printer's pauses and put together what he has put asunder.

A right moral state of heart is the formal and scientific condition of a poetical mind.—*Newman.*

In this sentence no punctuation is required: yet, in its delivery, we would not fail to pause as follows:

A right moral state of heart || is the formal | and scientific condition || of a poetical mind.

The Reformation | in its results | has been unfavorable to literature. Its immediate effect was | to destroy the literary spirit. Erasmus said | that wherever it prevailed, | letters went to ruin. Hallam remarks | that "the first effects of the great religious schism in Germany | were not favorable to Classical literature."—*Brother Azarias.*

Here, the punctuation demands few pauses; the reader, however, will not neglect those marked.

1. Pause before relative pronouns, and adverbs of time and place that convey the idea of a relative.

(Only pauses exemplifying the particular rule will be indicated.)

Examples.

From Creator and Creature.

There is something awful in the enduring love of God. something | which overshadows the spirits of creatures so capricious and inconstant as ourselves. He will not easily surrender to His enemies a creature | whom He has borne in His bosom like a nurse from the beginning. Into the least of His blessings he pours an endless love. There are no infirmities | which He disdains, no prayers | which He disregards.—*Father Faber.*

From Passing Footsteps.

One other foot, through the shadows goes by, and I listen again:
'Tis the step of a man grown aged among his fellow-men;
'Tis a weary while | since a mother | first guided those stumbling feet,
They have grown unfit for this busy mart | where the world's strong pulses beat.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

2. Whatever intervenes between the subject and its predicate, between the verb and its object, should be separated from each by pauses.

From The Turf Shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

Thy heaven, | on which 'tis bliss to look, |
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, | in words of flame, |
The glories of thy wondrous name.

Moore.

From A Tempest at Sea.

The mountains and valleys, | with their bold lineaments and luxurious verdure, | are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the ocean, for here all is life and movement.—*Archbishop Hughes.*

3. A succession of adjectives, in natural order, takes a pause after each save the last.

From The Merchant of Venice. *Act III.*

Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped | snaky | golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambol with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head
The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Shakespeare.

From The Story of Ireland.

The earl marshal returned with the unwelcome news to the king, who flew into a rage! What! He the great, | the courtly, | the puissant, | and gorgeous King Richard of England, thus haughtily treated by a mere Irish prince! By the glory of William the Conquerer, this astounding conduct should meet a dreadful chastisement!—*Alexander M. Sullivan.*

From The Republic.

Loyalty is the highest, | noblest, | and most generous | of human virtues, and is the human element of that sublime charity which, the inspired Apostle tells us is the fulfilment of the law. There is nothing great, | generous, | good, | or heroic, | of which a truly loyal people are not capable, and nothing mean, | base, | cruel, | brutal | criminal, | detestable, | not to be expected of a really disloyal people.—*Orestes A. Brownson.*

4. A series of nouns belonging to one verb requires a pause after each.

Examples.

Faith, | Justice, | Heaven itself, | now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captive heart is sold.

Pope.

From Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared.

To what do we owe our knowledge of the ancient classics at the present day but to the indefatigable literary zeal of the Catholic priesthood—of popes, | bishops, | priests, | and above all of the monks—in collecting, preserving, and transcribing these highly-prized treasures? Who produced and who carefully preserved the Book of books—the Holy Bible, especially the Bible of Christians—the New Testament? From what source has flowed forth the all precious and profoundly learned writings of the long line of fathers, | doctors, | theologians, | and historians | of Christianity? He would be a venturesome defamer indeed who would dare call in question the debt that the world owes the Catholic Church on the score of the cultivation of letters, as the controversialist would be no less venturesome to attempt to frame an excuse for the attacks made upon literary culture by the early Reformers and the wanton destruction of untold thousands of books and manuscripts in hundreds of libraries by these vandals who sprang up all over Great Britain, | Germany, | and in other countries | where Protestantism in its bigoted and ignorant wrath strove by fire, | sword, | and robbery | to wipe from off the face of the earth every vestige of what had been the most glorious monuments of Christendom.—*Alfred Young.*

From Epistle VI. (Imitations of Horace.)

This vault of air, | this congregated ball, |
Self-centred sun, | and stars | that rise and fall.
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the ruler with his skies;

To him commit the hour, | the day, | the year, |
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Pope.

5. **When we wish to make a word very emphatic, we should pause before and after it.**

Examples.

From King John. *Act III.*

O, Austria thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: | thou slave, | thou wretch, |
thou coward; |
Thou little valiant, great | in villany!....
What | a fool | art thou,
A ramping fool: | to brag, | and stamp, | and swear, |
Upon my party!....
Thou | wear a lion's hide! | doff
it for shame,
And hang | a calf's-skin | on those recreant limbs.
Shakespeare.

From Brutus.

Go to the tomb where lie his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, | Revenge! |
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven,—
The gods themselves,—will justify the cry,
And swell the general sound— | Revenge! | Revenge!
J. Howard Payne.

It would be an easy task to multiply grammatical relations that require a pause before or after, or both, but as they are all subject to a general rule, it is unnecessary. A uniform observance of the following rule will result in correct pausing:

Never make a pause which injures the sense.

Any pause so introduced is from the purpose of speaking, "whose end, both at first, and now, was, and is," to convey meaning.

> Still follow sense of every art the soul:
> Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole.
> *Pope.*

Require the students to indicate the pauses in the following selections.

GENERAL EXAMPLES.

From The Dream of Home.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come:
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam
What charms him most, when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Moore.

From The History of England.

If we estimate the character of a sovereign by the test of popular affection, we must rank Edward the Confessor among the best princes of his time. The goodness of his heart was

adored by his subjects, who lamented his death with tears of undissembled grief, and bequeathed his memory as an object of veneration to their posterity. The blessings of his reign are the constant theme of our ancient writers; not, indeed, that he displayed any of those brilliant qualities, which attract andmiration, while they inflict misery. He could not boast of the victories he had achieved: but he exhibited the interesting spectacle of a king, negligent of his private interests, and totally devoted to the welfare of his people; and, by his labors to restore the dominion of the laws; his vigilance to ward off foreign aggression; his constant, and ultimately successful, solicitude to appease the feuds of his nobles; if he did not prevent the interruption, he secured, at least, a longer duration of tranquillity than had been enjoyed in England for half a century. He was pious, kind, and compassionate: the father of the poor, and the protector of the weak: more willing to give than to receive; and better pleased to pardon than to punish.....Hence he appeared to shine with purer light amid the gloom with which he was surrounded; and whenever the people under the despotism of the Norman Kings, had any opportunity of expresing their real wishes, they constantly called for "the laws and customs of the good King Edward."—*Lingard.*

From St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Lords, I know you;
What done ye have, and what intent ere yet
Yon sun that rises weeping sets this night:
And therefore bind I with this charge your souls;
If any secular court shall pass its verdict
On me, your lord, or ere that sin be sinned,
I bid you flee that court: if secular arm
Attempt me, lay thereon the Church's ban,
Or else against you I appeal to Rome.
To-day the heathen rage—I fear them not:
If fall I must: this hand, ere yet I fall,
Stretched from the bosom of a peaceful gown
Above a troubled king and darkening realm,
Shall send God's sentence forth. My lords, farewell!

Aubrey De Vere.

From The Bridal of the Year.

And the artist, too—the gifted—
He whose soul is heavenward lifted
Till it drinketh inspiration
At the fountain of the skies;
He, within whose fond embraces
Start to life the marble graces:
Or, with god-like power presiding,
With the potent pencil gliding,
O'er the void chaotic canvas
Bids the fair creations rise!
And the quickened mass obeying
Heaves its mountains;
From its fountains
Sends the gentle streams astraying
Through the vales, like Love's first feeling
Stealing o'er a maiden's heart:
The Creator—
Imitator—
From his easel forth doth start,
And from God's glorious nature learns anew his art!

D. F. M'Carthy.

From Occasional Sermons.

I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule, how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea.....The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south: it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walk-

ed forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven; so regular was the stately march or blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude, he did but see a vision, so marvelously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers: such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake; you know what that religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming through all ages, from the Apostles. There is one, and only one religion such: it is known everywhere; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it: there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known, and known to the multitude. It is called Catholicism—a world-wide name, and incommunicable: attached to us from the first: accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion, Christianity and Catholicism are one: they are in that history, as they are in their own nature, convertible terms. —*Newman.*

CHAPTER XIV.

POETIC READING.

Poetry and music in early days were united. They are still allied, though many have tried to sunder them. Music informs lyric poetry. Dryden tells us, "The charm of poetry our souls bewitch," and Shakespeare, "Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy." Rob poetry of its magic rhythm, however, and you deprive it of its *witchery* and *force*. **Poetry is an art,** and like sculpture, architecture, painting, and music, **its effects are premeditated.** If we do not by diligent study discover the end for which a poet employs a certain metre, certain words, certain blendings, we will fail to bring out his intention. In preparing a poem for recitation, do the same as you should do in prose: **First find out the author's meaning;** the meaning is *always* of **primary importance.**

But poets (not poetasters), always arrange their words so that we can bring out the meaning in sweet, melodious numbers. "The great masters require of the reader only that he should understand their meaning and deliver it with proper accentuation; then *they* will answer for the prosody coming right."—*Ruskin: Elements of English Prosody.* **Rhythm is a chief source of poetic charm.** Anyone derives pleasure from observing rhythmical motions in nature. The undulatory fields of grain before the harvest; the graceful swaying of

leafy boughs in summer's welcome breezes; the rippling of singing rivulets over the hardy pebbles; the playful waves chasing one another toward the strand, will arouse pleasurable emotions in the most insensible.

The rhythm of nature derives its beauty from the recurrence of like motions at measured intervals of space or time. "The wave swells and then sinks, making a crest and a hollow, visible to the eye. A succession of crests and hollows forms a rhythm." Rhythm, therefore, in poetry is the harmonious result of stressed syllables at regular intervals. It is not necessary to chant the words or to fall into "sing-song," "the false gallop of verse," to bring out this rhythm. If we read true poetry, the rhythm and meaning will always accord. If we read doggerel or "splay-foot verse," we may read it for the jingle, as *sense* does not enter largely into such pieces. The poet's choice of metre is not arbitrary. He must suit the metre to the thought.

Oh, lost, for ever lost—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day.

Moore.

or,

My brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honor's purest ray:
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Ah, why then was he torn away?

Ibid.

Compare these stanzas with the following:

From The Bridal of the Year.

But the Bride—the Bride is coming!
Birds are singing, bees are humming;

Silent lakes amid the mountains
  Look but cannot speak their mirth;
Streams go bounding in their gladness,
With a Bacchanalian madness;
Trees bow down their heads in wonder,
Clouds of purple part asunder,
As the Maiden of the Morning;
Leads the blushing Bride to Earth!
Bright as are the planets seven—
          With her glances
          She advances
For her azure eyes are Heaven!
And her robes are sun-beams woven,
And her beauteous bridesmaids are
          Hopes and Wishes—
          Dreams delicious—
Joys from some serener star,
And Heavenly-hued Illusions gleaming from afar!

D. F. M'Carthy.

Why did not Moore employ the same metre for his theme as M'Carthy? Because the tripping metre so aptly used by the latter, would be ill-suited to the slow tones of grief, in fact, would burlesque sorrow. It will avail the poet little, however, to harmonize metre and subject, if the reader does not imitate him. A knowledge of versification is indispensable for the higher effects of poetical reading. A brief presentation of the feet most *commonly* used is all that we can conveniently introduce.

A poetic foot may be composed of two or three syllables.

Dissyllabic Feet.

Iambus, second syllable accented, as amaze.
Trochee, first " " " sylvan.
Spondee, both syllables " " moonbeam.

For further information the student is referred to some treatise on versification. The ancient names for the feet have been retained, but we should remember that the feet in English are not long and short but accented and unaccented.

Trissyllabic Feet.

Dactyl, first syllable accented, as dutiful.

Amphibrach, second syllable accented, as remember.

Anapest, third syllable accented, as recollect.

The Iambus, the Trochee, the Dactyl, and **the Anapest** are called primary feet. A poem may be formed of any of these without recourse to blending. The following examples are given to illustrate the melody peculiar to each kind.

Spondee:

Rash dream|er return! O ye winds of the main
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.

Griffin.

Farewell, | a long | farewell | to all | my greatness.

Shakespeare.

Amphibrach:

No pearl ev|er lay un|der Omans | green water.

Moore.

Iambus:

From Lines.

The world | is sweet, | and fair, | and bright, |
And joy aboundeth everywhere,
The glorious stars crown every night,
And thro' the dark of ev'ry care
Above us shineth heaven's light.

Father Ryan.

Trochee:

From Give Place.

Joy so | true and | tender,
Dare you not abide?
Will you spread your pinions
Must you leave our side?
Nay, an Angel's shining grace
Waits to fill your place!
Adelaide A. Procter.

Dactyl:

From Sister of Charity.

Sister of | Charity, | child of the | ho-li-est,
O for thy living soul ardent as pure.—
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest—
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor.
R. D. Williams.

Anapest.

Sweet vale | of Avo|ca! how calm | could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.

It is unnecessary to preserve one species of feet throughout a poem. Hence, in reading poetry, if you find, that, by observing the preponderant metre of a given poem, you violate accent or emphasis, scan the line, to see whether the poet has introduced another kind of feet.

Examples.

That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace.—*Shakespeare.*

If we read this verse as though it contained all iambic feet we will emphasize "the" in the fourth foot, which is plainly wrong. If we scan the line, we will discover the fourth foot to be a pyrrhic.

That heals | the wound, | and cures | not the | disgrace.

Again,

> Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
> And catch the manners living as they rise.

According to the scheme of the verse, "as" in the first and the second line, should receive stress. Scan the lines, however, and you will find the poet introduced pyrrhics.

Here is a stanza including three kinds of feet, with varying position.

From The Turn of the Leaf.

> Poor tiny leaf, still so green, Oh! how
> Can you forsake thus your native bough?
> The sun still willing to shine around
> And yet forsooth you sink to the ground!
>
> *Kenelm Henry Digby.*

Another source of melody in verse, is the **Final and Cæsural pause.** The **Final pause** is especially necessary in lyric poetry where the length of the lines vary. Surely the poet did not make one line longer or shorter than another from mere caprice; and what *he*, on the printed page, addresses to our eye, we must convey to the hearer, by means of the final pause. Where the concluding word of a line is closely related to the initial word of the succeeding verse, make a delicate suspension, or poise of the voice on it, using it as a pivot. In this way you will keep the lines distinct, and

not impair the sense. Lord Kames, the eminent Scotch critic, attributes the great variety of modulation conspicuous in English verse to pauses and accents, and warns the reader, that unless he attends to these, he will fail to appreciate the richness and variety of English versification.

The **Cæsural pause** occurs about the middle of the verse. It is soon determined in a selection, but when once found, should not be followed blindly. It often varies.

Examples.

Thus, if eternal justice || rules the ball |
Thus shall your wives, || and thus your children fall.
Pope.

His peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason.|| Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
Shakespeare.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; || none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Pope.

What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride; || the never-failing vice of fools.
Ibid.

The nations have fallen, || and thou art still young
Thy sun is but rising, || when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud || o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom || shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, || though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out || when the proudest shall fade.
Moore.

What if the foot, || ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, || aspired to be the head?
What if the head, || the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines || to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd, || for any part to claim
To be another, || in this general frame:
Just as absurd || to mourn the task or pains
The great directing mind of all || ordains.

Pope.

All the foregoing is strengthened by the testimony of Legouve: "When you read a poet, read him as a poet. Where there is rhythm let that rhythm be heard! When the verses are painting and music, be a painter and a musician when you read them!"

The following examples, containing various melodies, are added for the student to analyze.

GENERAL EXAMPLES.

From To-day.

To-day is bright with golden gleams of spring,
To-day is fair, and all our sweet hopes sing;
But night comes down, and then our day is done.

It is not always bright, nor always spring,
And sunny seasons are the ones that bring
Most sudden showers; and the light is gone.

Live in the sunlight, in the fair to-day!
To-morrow keeps to-morrow, and the way
May, in a moment, lose the light of sun!

Maurice F. Egan.

From Their Story Runneth Thus.

He sat beside that lonely grave for long,
He took its grasses in his trembling hand,

He toyed with them and wet them with his tears,
He read the name again and still again,....
"What means it all? Can this be Ethel's grave?
I dreamed her soul had fled.
Was she the white dove that I saw in dream
Fly o'er the sleeping sea so long ago?
The convent bell
Rang sweet upon the breeze, and answered him
His question. And he rose and went his way
Unto the convent gate: long shadows marked
One hour before the sunset, and the birds
Were singing Vespers in the convent trees.
As silent as a star-gleam came a nun
In answer to his summons at the gate;
Her face was like the picture of a Saint,
Or like an angel's smile;....her lips were pale and worn
By ceaseless prayer; and when she sweetly spoke,
And bade him enter, 'twas in such a tone
As only voices own which day and night
Sing hymns to God.
She locked the massive gate.
He followed her along a flower-fringed walk
That, gently rising, led up to the home
Of virgin hearts.

Father Ryan.

From Lalla Rookh.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,

Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 't was a sight—that Heaven—that child—
A scene which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!
And now felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

Moore.

From Philip and Mildred.

Lingering fade the rays of daylight, and the listening air is chilly:
Voice of bird and forest murmur, insect hum and quivering fly,
Stir not in that quiet hour: through the valley, calm and stilly,
All is hushed and loving silence watch the slow departing day,
Till the faint last western cloudlet, faint and rosy, eases blushing,

And the blue grows deep and deeper where one trembling planet shines,
And the day has gone forever—then, like some great ocean rushing,
The sad night wind wails lamenting, sobbing through the moaning pines.
Such, of all day's changing hours, is the fittest and the sweetest
For a farewell hour—and parting looks less bitter and more blest;
Earth seems like a shrine for sorrow, Nature's mother voice is sweetest,
And her hand seems laid in chiding on the unquiet throbbing breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

From Absalom and Achitophel.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court,....
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His looks, his gestures and his words he frames
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts,
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said, but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops and far more sweet.
"I mourn, my countrymen your lost estate,
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banished man, for your dear cause
Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,

Charmed into ease is careless of his fame;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?
Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.

Dryden.

The Pilgrims of the Night.

Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Chorus. Angels of Jesus
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us.
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark:
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victim in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Father Faber.

CHAPTER XV.

PERSONATION.

We can hardly pass over this subject, as it is one which is so often offended against by persons who are otherwise fair elocutionists. As rules which must be observed, we insert the following:

1. **Personation is not allowed unless the direct speech of a person is given.** In such a sentence as,

> "She tore from braids of long black hair
> The gems that gleamed like star-light there," etc.,

you are not allowed to go through a motion indicative of tearing them from your own hair. In the following example, notice the personation does not commence till you arrive at the direct speech. Then raise the hand as if grasping a scepter, and point, at the same time assuming majestic voice.

From Heart of Bruce.

> The king sighed slightly, and his eyelids sank:
> Later his eyes unclosed; and with strong voice
> And hand half raised as if it grasped a scepter,
> He spake:"Yon case of silver is a reliquary—
> Seal thou therein my heart when dead I lie:
> In the Holy Land inter it."
>
> *Aubrey De Vere.*

In speaking of another's limb, face, mouth, etc., do not point or refer to your own; e.g.,

No voice brought a word of solace to soothe that kind heart breaking within him now. On his brow he felt the death-damp.—*Williams.*

2. Personation is often in place where, although no direct speech is used, the selection is *intensely dramatic.* This is on account of our sympathy with the situation. We see some one we love in a terrible crisis, and we involuntarily portray his actions, allow him to speak, as it were, through our organs of expression. As an example of this, Copee's "Night Watch" will serve. Irene de Grandfief sees lying wounded before her the man who murdered her lover. She must tend him and administer a potion regularly to prevent fever. Her wrongs burn within her, and, for a time, she hesitates. After a terrible struggle, she overcomes self, and with eyes ever bent on her crucifix fulfils her duty. Though much of the latter part of the piece is not in direct speech, still personation would be proper on account of the dramatic intensity.—Another example would be the following: The tenement was ablaze. The clang of the fire bells, the shouts of the spectators, the roaring of the flames above, and of the engines below in the street was deafening. Suddenly there appeared far above, out of reach of the ladders, a woman holding an infant. Flames were licking the casement of the window below. In a few moments she would be enwrapped in them. The eyes of the crowd are upon her. Their hearts go out to her in her terrible peril. Oh, for a means of saving her and her precious burden! And is she to be made a holocaust to the fire-king? A moment more and that creeping red flame will be around her! Oh, God! is there no hand to snatch her from that hell around?

3. The elocutionist is not allowed the liberties of

the actor. The character may be personated when we have the direct speech, but we are not permitted to use accessories. In reciting the lines of Falstaff, directed to the grand jurors, whom he has waylaid, we are not allowed the use of a sword. We may stab at the imaginary juror as he lies trembling on the ground, but Falstaff's mighty weapon must be relegated to the property man. Leave such portrayal to the actor. Elocution calls for no properties.

4. Where a personation occurs within a personation, the speaker is not allowed to drift from one into the other. The subordinate one is to be spoken in the manner in which the principal personation is characterized. In the selection, "The Old Surgeon's Story," an old surgeon tells of a youth's interview with his mother. In rendering this selection, it would be ridiculous for the reciter to use the tones of voice of the mother and child. The old surgeon is the one who speaks, even where he brings in the direct words of the mother and child. His personality can not be lost sight of during the entire selection. It is the prominent character. Assuming the voice or action of any other party would be a mistaken interpretation of the poem. Those who will ponder Hamlet's advice to the players, and thenceforward closely follow it, will scarcely violate the rules of personation.

From Hamlet. *Act III.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor, do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a

temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as't were, the mirror up to Nature: to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor Turk, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER XVI.

TONE COLOR.

The power of some painters is so great, that, by one stroke of the brush, they can change the nature of a picture. They can convert a dismal scene into a smiling one, a weeping into a laughing child.

We can as quickly and completely color an emotion by means of vocal quality. Faure tells us, that "the speaker's palette is as rich and varied as that of the painter. Besides its lights and shadows, its broken tones and brilliant colors, it possesses infinite varieties of rhythm and timbre that may be combined to produce endless effects."

In order to do this, we must **color the words to fit the thought** they express, we must make the sound "seem an echo to the sense."

The following from Moore's—"Puck The Fairy," can only be justly rendered in a light, jaunty, delicate manner corresponding with its mirthful flow.

> To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
> And dreamt of his cash, I slily crept:
> Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
> And he waked to catch–but away I sprang,
> Singing, I am the sprite
> Of the merry midnight,
> Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moon-light!

Observe how inappropriate the *bright, gay colors* of the former would be to express the following from "The Homeless Poor."

> There black waters in their luring silence
> Under loathsome ashes crawl and creep,
> There the rats and vermin herd together,
> There God's poor ones sometimes come to sleep.
>
> In slow darkness creeps the dismal river
> From its depths looks up a sinful rest,
> Many a weary, baffled, hopeless wanderer
> Has it drawn into its treacherous breast.
>
> *Adelaide A. Procter.*

This cheerless picture requires vocal colors sombre as "the dismal river."

All writers of merit since Homer's day have understood the charm and potency of words whose sound echoes their sense. Dante acknowledges this when he says,

> Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse, to suit
> That hole of sorrow, o'er which every rock
> His firm abutment rears, then might the vein
> Of fancy rise full springing.

This desire of accomodating the sound to the sense has given birth to many words whose sound **corresponds, resembles,** or **suggests** the thing signified.

Hence Tone Color embraces not only correspondence of sound and sense, but also resemblance and suggestiveness. Among the following words may be found examples of each.

Gush, whirl, cool, moan, whirring, slender, rugged, thunder, rough, shriek, ripple, sigh, cackle, weary, jar, click, clash, clink, tick, clang, rumble, clatter, boom, tinkle, bang, flutter, dash, grumble, clack, growl,

clap, croak, roar, hiss, shiver, chirp, rustle, twitter, patter, linger, whizz, buzz, murmur, splash, chuckle, crash.

Pope, by introducing words of this nature, artfully imitates the sound made by a bowstring in delivering an arrow.

> The string let fly,
> Twang'd short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry.

In his translation of the Iliad he imitates the felling of trees thus:

> Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes,
> On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
> Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,
> Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

Pope again says,

> When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
> The rough rock roars: tumultuous boil the waves.

The efforts of a dull author are thus suggested by the same poet.

> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.

Shakespeare says very delicately of queen Mab,

> She comes
> In shape not bigger than agate stone.....
> Drawn by a team of little atomies:....
> Her whip of cricket bone, the lash of film.

He says again,

> The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
> Hath rung night's yawning peal.

The effect which certain words, in the foregoing examples, produce, must be attributed to their vowel

and consonant colors. Certain sounds are expressive of certain emotions. Sad strains of music will affect us with an "ecstasy of woe" akin to that awakened by the artistic recitation of a pathetic poem.

Sherman says, "There is one particular set of sounds employed in groans, another in murmurs of pleasure or applause. It is clear that by the use of syllables or sounds from the one set or the other, the mind of the reader may be affected through suggestion of the respective emotion, and the author's meaning as contained in his words greatly strengthened and intensified."

When the thought is lively and sparkling, **hard consonants** and **heavy vowels** will be in the minority; but **liquid consonants** and **light vowels** will be scarce when the thought is more serious and vigorous.

Weighty subjects usually depress the voice and are expressed in words containing fuller vowel colors. This is the reason we find it easier to pronounce some words in a low, others in a high pitch; e. g., toll, ring.

Professor Tolman gave a very elaborate classification of vowel and consonant colors in the March number of the *Andover Review*, 1887. The vowels at the bottom of his scale, o͝o (wood, pull), ō (gore), o͞o (gloom), aw (awe), etc., he says "are peculiarly fitted to express solemnity, awe, horror, and deep grief, also slowness of motion, and extreme or oppressive greatness of size."

The vowels he has at the top of the scale, ĭ (little), ĕ (met), ă (mat), etc., are used especially in words expressing uncontrollable joy and delight, excessive gayety, triviality, rapid movement, delicacy, and physical littleness."

"The surd mutes, **p, k, t,** express boldness, precipita-

tion, unexpectedness, vigor, determination, explosive passion, and forcible and startling effects of all kinds. They must be the initial consonants of accented syllables to have their full expressional value." "**Z** and **zh** are rich, pleasant colors, as in easy, luxurious, azure, pleasure. **L** and **r** smooth, especially **l**, express above all others softness, smoothness, lingering love and longing."

We must never hope to find whole poems strongly colored. Nor would such monotony be desirable. **Only the emphatic parts receive appropriate tints.** One word may give life and hue to a whole sentence. We should imitate the authors and not distribute light and shade too heavily.

Complete control of Tone Color is necessary for the production of artistic results.

> "When loud surges lash the distant shore
> The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar."

How much more effective will not "the hoarse rough verse" be if delivered in a concordant voice!

> "Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows,"

and so should the voice flow in soft, persuasive tones enhancing and impressing the author's beauties.

GENERAL EXAMPLES.

From The Temple of Fame.

> O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
> Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
> Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
> Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
> Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,

Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds concealed.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seemed, to distant sight, of solid stone.

Pope.

From Hell. *Canto IX.*

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud-crashing, terrible, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all its might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down and hurls
Afar; then onward passing proudly sweeps
Its whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

Cary's Dante.

From Midsummer Night's Dream. *Act II.*

Fairies' Song.

I. Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II. Fai. Weaving spiders come not near
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near:
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Shakespeare.

From Odyssey. *III., 118.*

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.
Pope's Translation.

From Alexander's Feast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Dryden.

From Macbeth. *Act IV.*

For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Shakespeare.

From The Temple of Fame.

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds:
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,

In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames and clouds of rolling smoke;
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

Pope.

From Lalla Rookh.

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult,
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"
'T is done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
Shows the dim desolate city smoking through.

Moore.

From a Song for St. Cecilia's Day.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge. 't is too late to retreat.

Dryden.

From The Fairies of Knockshegowna.

In the noon of night, o'er the stormy hills,
The fairy minstrels play,
And the strain, replete with fantastic dreams,

On the wild gust flits away.
Then the sleeper thinks, as the dreamful song
On the blast to his slumber comes,
That his nose as the church's spire is long,
And, like its organ hums!

And when they spread their filmy wings
In the dim moon's waning ray,
Strange meteors dance, and the glittering rills
Seem show'ring fiery spray,
And deep when booms the solemn toll
Of the distant cloister bells,
The clang, and the clash, and the tambour roll
Of their midnight music swells.

R. D. Williams.

From The Virgin Mary's Bank.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd about;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout:
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock:
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high,
But the angry surge swept over them, and hush'd their gurgling cry:
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters lay.

J. J. Callanan.

From A Memory.

Low in the west gleam after gleam
Glowed faint and fainter, till the last
Made their dying day a living dream,
To last as long as life shall last.

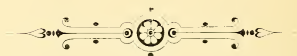
And in the arches of the trees
The wild birds slept with folded wing,
And e'en the lips of the summer breeze,
That sang all day, had ceased to sing.

And all was silent save the rill
That rippled round the lilies' feet,
And sang, while stillness grew more still
To listen to the murmur sweet.

And now and then it surely seemed
The little stream was laughing low,
As if its sleepy wavelets dreamed
Such dreams as only children know.

Sweet sang the stream as on it pressed,
As sorrow sings a heart to sleep;
As a mother sings one child to rest,
And for the dead one still will weep.

Father Ryan.



Selections.

A Night in June.

I.

Rich is the scent of clover in the air,
And from the woodbine, moonlight and the dew
Draw finer essence than the daylight knew;
Low murmurs and an incense everywhere!
Who spoke? Ah! surely in the garden there
A subtile sound came from the purple crew
That mount wistaria masts, and there's a clue
Of some strange meaning in the rose-scent rare:
Silence itself has voice in these June nights—
Who spake? Why, all the air is full of speech
Of God's own choir, all singing various parts;
Be quiet and listen: hear—the very lights
In yonder town, the waving of the beech,
The maples' shades,—cry of the Heart of hearts!

II.

On such a night spoke raptured Juliet
From out the balcon; and young Rosalind,
Wandered in Arden like the April wind;
And Jessica the bold Lorenzo met;
And Perdita her silvered lilies set
In some quaint vase, to scent the prince's mind
With thoughts of her; and then did Jaques find
Sad tales, and from them bitter sayings get.
To all of these the silence sang their thought;
To all of these it gave their thought new grace:
Soprano of the lily, roses' lone
And passionate contralto, oak boughs' bass—
All sing the thought we bring them, be it fraught
With the sad love of lovers' or God's own.

III.

This sweetness and this silence fill my soul
With longing and dull pain, that seem to break
Some cord within my heart, and sudden take
Life out of life: and then there sounds the roll
Of wheels upon the road, the distant toll
Of bells within the town: these rude things make
Life wake to life; and all the longings shake
Their airy wings,—swift fly the pain and dole.
Again the silence and the mute sounds sweet
Begin their speaking; I alone am still.
What are you singing, O you starry flowers
Upon the jasmine?—"Void and incomplete."
And you, clematis?—"Void the joys that fill
The heart of love until His Heart is ours."

IV.

O choir of silence, without noise of word!
A human voice would break the mystic spell
Of wavering shades and sounds; the lily bell
Here at my feet sings melodies unheard;
And clearer than the voice of any bird,—
Yes, even than that lark which loves so well,
Hid in the hedges, all the world to tell
In trill and triple notes that May has stirred.
"O Love complete!" soft sings the mignonette;
"O Heart of All!" deep sighs the red, red rose;
"O Heart of Christ!" the lily voices meet
In fugue on fugue; and from the flag-edged, wet,
Lush borders of the lake, the night wind blows
The tenor of the reeds—"Love, love complete."

Maurice F. Egan.

Hamlet Upbraids the Queen.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go; you question with an idle tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet! what's the matter now?
Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!
Ham. Leave wringing of your hands; peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not brass'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this.
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul:
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

O, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a Vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter the GHOST.

Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important act of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost-blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is't with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern affects: then what I have to do
Will want true color: tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* GHOST.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
Yea, courb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, mother. —*Hamlet, Act III.*

Homeless.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness,—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window-pane:—
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our criminals are all sheltered,
They are pitied and taught and fed:
That is only a sister-woman
That has got neither food nor bed,—
And the night cries, "Sin to be living,"
And the River cries, "Sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack which a Pedler

Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay;—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk or woollen or cotton....
But in counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chattles
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the Poor are only His image,
His presence, His words, His will;—
And so Lazarus lies at our door-step
And Dives neglects him still.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Hotspur's Death.

Hotspur. If I mistake not thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here,—I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life Time's fool,
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue; no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

Prince. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou sunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears the dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*Sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee.
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Ha! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion: in the which better part I saved my life.—I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Reenter PRINCE HENRY *and* LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

Lancaster. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then I am a Jack. There is Percy! *(Throwing his body down)*, if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself! I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.—
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

The First Part of King Henry IV., Act V.

At the Seashore.

A child's first sight of the ocean is an era in his life. It is a new world without him, and it awakens a new world within him. There is no other novelty to be compared with it, and after life will bring nothing at all like it. A rapid multitude of questions rush upon the mind; yet the child is silent, as if he needed not an answer to any of them. They are beyond answering; and he feels that the sight itself satisfies him better than any answer. Those great bright outspread waters! the idea of God is the only echo to them in his mind; and now henceforth he is a different child, because he has seen the sea.

So is it with us when we sit by the ocean of creative love. Questions throng upon us; problems start upon all sides; mysteries intersect each other. Yet so long as we are children, are childlike in heart and spirit, the questions are not difficulties. Either they answer, themselves, or they do not need an answer, like questions which are exclamations only; or we would rather not have an answer, lest peradventure some high thing should be lowered or some holy thing be made common. To gaze—to gaze is all we desire. The fact that so much is mystery to us, is no trouble. It is love. That

is enough. We trust it. We would almost rather it was not made plainer. It would be darker if it were. Whereas now, though it is indistinct, it is tranquillizing also, like the beauty of a summer night. We have thoughts which cannot be put into words, but it seems to us as if they more than answered all difficulties. How the broad waters flow and shine, and how the many-headed waves leap up to the sun and sparkle, and then sink down into the depths again, yet not to rest; and, placid as the azure expanse appears, how evermore it thunders on the hard white sand, and fringes the coast with a bewitching silver mist! Why should we ever stir from where we are? To look on the sea seems better than to learn the science of its storms, the grandeur of its steadfastness, or the many moods of its beautiful mutabilities. The heathen called the sea-spirit father. There was much in the thought. But when we cease to be children and to be childlike, there is no more this simple enjoyment. We ask questions, not because we doubt, but because, when love is not all in all to us, we must have knowledge, or we chafe and pine. Then a cloud comes between the sun and the sea, and that expanse of love, which was an undefined beauty, a confused magnificence, now becomes black and ruffled, and breaks up into dark wheeling currents of predestination, or mountainous waves of divine anger and judicial vengeance; and the white surf tells us of many a sunken reef, where we had seen nothing but a smooth and glossy azure plain, rocking gently to and fro, as unruffled as a silken banner.

We shall be children once again, and on the same shore, and we shall then never leave it more, and we shall see down into the crystal depths of this creative love, and its wide waters will be the breadth and meas-

ure of our joy, and its glancing splendor will be the light of our eternal life, and its soft thunder will be the endless, solemn, thrilling music of our beatitude. O happy we! but we must be changed first of all, and perchance by fire!—*Father Faber.*

The Gheber's Glen.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!" he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes—
"Now spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice, for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said, and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, reclimbed the steep
And gained the shrine. His chiefs stood round;
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst,
And hark! again, again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm. Oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,

With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
Turned on their chief, could doubt the shame,
The indignant shame, with which they thrill
To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?
He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No; God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awestruck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

Moore.

Cassius Inciting Brutus to Conspiracy.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Anthony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.
Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look;
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other things.
Cass. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have not such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the Winter's cold as well as he:
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Darest thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their own fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings
Brutus and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Julius Cæsar, Act I.

Decoration Day Oration.

I am profoundly impressed with the change which has come over the character of the day we celebrate. Founded in the gloom of war, it has come to be a day of glorious recollection and of patriotic anticipations. Time, which spares neither grief nor joy, has so modified the sorrows of this nation as to enable us to smile through our tears over the glorious prospect which lies before us. Our hearts beat with quickening gratitude to the heroic dead whose exalted patriotism has assured us our destiny.

The character of a nation is often known by its festivals. The character of the festival we celebrate to-day is the most unique in the history of the world. We celebrate in all its entirety the sublime epoch when fi-

delity to the republic triumphed over the dangers that comprised the civil war, and we emerged from the conflict radiant with the light of liberty established and indestructible American institutions with the undying vigor of American patriotism.

The conflict in which we engaged was not made by the generation in which we lived. It was a legacy handed down by the fathers of the republic after the foreign invader had been driven out.

But the Union soldier was great in peace as well as in war. His course was marked by a heroism greater than that of any other soldier in the world, for his was not merely a triumph of arms; it was not merely a conclusion of physical triumph. It was a triumph of heart and mind, for the Union soldier won the love of the foe that he vanquished. To-day, throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is a love for the flag of the Union. The victory of the Union soldiers was unique among the victories which have been won in warfares of the world. This festival celebrates all that he did and all that he was. All that he was is unique, for this is not essentially a military memorial alone. To-day the union stands not defended by armed force or by frowning fortresses. Its foundations are laid in the hearts of our citizens, South as well as North, and it will be durable and eternal because of that foundation. But although the vigor of the Union soldier in taking up arms was creditable to him, he also deserves credit for the manner in which he laid down his arms. Never before did victorious army so lay down its arms at the behest of rulers without the slightest disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The lesson which this day teaches above all others is that no matter what difficulties may arise, the patriot-

ism of this republic will be able to surmount them. No matter what dangers may threaten our institutions there is always to be in reserve the American patriotism sufficient to solve every question and surmount every difficulty. The victory of the Union soldiers proved the capacity and the power of this patriotism which underlies American citizenship. No sooner had the smoke lifted from Southern battlefields; no sooner had the rivers that had run red with blood once more resumed their course clear and pellucid to the sea, and the South was seen humbled, than the men of the North turned with charity and brotherly love to the aid of the men with whom they had fought. The victory which was achieved for the Union was thus made a permanent one for the union of these States.

The greatest of English writers has said that all human institutions are but phantoms disappearing with the dawn—if not of this day, at least of another. We have had abundant experience of this in nations that have gone before. We are told that the barbarians that swept down from the North upon the Old World were impelled by hunger; that they were unable to carry on agriculture, and swooped down upon civilization not so much for the conquest as for bread. And we are told that in this day and in our cities there are great bodies of men that are hungering for bread, ready to be led to the work of destruction by anarchists. But I have no fear of any such result for this country when I see the faces of these men who have once done their country a service. The ranks of patriots are recruited from the poorest quarters, and from the tenement house go forth men to become great and good citizens. The safety of the State is to be found in the intelligence and patriotism of the common people, and

upon this we can rely for protection. There are all over this country, unknown and unsuspected heroes who, when occasion should demand it, would become Grants and Shermans and Sheridans.

The lesson of the Union was not ended in 1865. The The mission of the Union soldier did not close with the war. It continues to-day as a patriotism which is the best security of the government. We are reminded of the survivors as we turn to-day from the graves of the brave men who were the heroes of the war.

On the Capitol at Washington, surmounting the great dome where Congress is in session, there may be seen a bright light high above all else on the building. And as you recede from the place, and the turrets and fluted columns of the edifice disappear in the darkness. the light at the top seems to be higher and higher, and finally seems to blend with the horizon until finally only this light marks the temple of freedom of our beloved government. And, as we celebrate this Decoration Day, looking back on the martyrs of the civil war, their deeds shall be to us the brilliant light which shall grow ever brighter and illumine the pathway of the republic to liberty, prosperity, and happiness.—*Hon. W. Bourke Cochran.*

Hamlet's Plan to Catch the King.

Hamlet. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspéct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, impregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bloody villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O vengeance!—
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
Must, like a trull, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a—cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't foh! About, my brain!—I've heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil: and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,—
As he is very potent with such spirits,—
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Hamlet, Act II.

The Bard's Story.

(The Prince of this legend was the husband of Ethna, who with her sister Fidalma, also a princess of Meath, saw St. Patrick celebrating Mass one morning by a river. They were attracted by the sight: he answered their questions and baptized them.)

Love makes man's life a glory; hate, a hell;
A warning to all warriors, this I tell:

Strongest of the Fini, he, the Prince, alone
Knelt by the river, sad, and made his moan.

His lands were wide, his people staunch and true,
And in his palace four fair children grew.

His wife was Ethna, Princess mild of Meath,
Graceful and tall, a lily in its sheath.
The Mass was said each day beneath his roof,
And evil from his household held aloof.

And he had seen great Patrick when he came,
At Paschal time, and lighted Christian flame.
And he had seen the saint make poison good
By words of prayer, while hatred near him stood.

And only in defence of clan and life,
Since he had learned of Christ, had he made strife.
But though his cattle grazed in richest green,
Black spots and red spots by the river's sheen:

And though his bards his prowess daily sang,
His moans beside the reedy river rang
At fall of night —some piercing loud and shrill,
Others that brought to hearers death-like chill.

"Forgive, forgive!" he murmured: "oh! forgive!
How can I bear my load of sin and live?
Oh! words of fire you spoke, great Patrick, Saint,
Ere the clear stream had washed from me sin's taint.

'Even Red Conn, the slayer of your kin,
Forgive, forgive, if you would heaven win.'
'He slew my men.' 'Forgive,' the Saint replied,
'Though through his wrath your clansmen oft have
died.'

'Forgive,' he said. *'He laughed my threats to scorn!'*
'Forgive, forgive! and win eternal morn.'
'Forgive Red Conn, and hurt him not, I pray;
Your sister's son is he. Forgive, I say.'

'Let me but fight for Christ with sword and brand—'
'Thou canst not fight thy sin with carnal hand.'
And then I promised; and the water flowed,
And all my heart with love for Patrick glowed.

Conn came not near me; hid he dark and deep
In marsh and bog where strange, wild creatures sleep.
Once, when I thought of clansmen cold and dead,
Killed by his hand ere he to bogs had fled,

My wrath awoke, but dying soon in peace,
It to my better musings gave release.
Peace made me proud. One day I chased the deer,
And found my enemy crouched low in fear

Among the fern. I made a bound at him:
He fled, not fighting, to the river's brim.
Pale, worn, he was; my hatred quick awoke
But in my heart the voice of Patrick spoke.

'Forgive, forgive!' I heard the whisper run
All through the reeds. 'Remember Mary's son.'
I listened not: I drove Conn to his knee;
His eyes were like a deer's in agony.

My brain was drunk with rage, my blood was fire,
His death—the death of Conn was my desire.
His eyes were all that spoke; the whispering leaves
Said, 'Oh, forgive; great Patrick for you grieves.'

I struck him down, and then looked in his face.
O Christ! O God! how I did lose Thy grace!
I saw his face! 'Twas Conn's no more! O sight!
Wouldst Thou hadst shriveled me, O Lord of light!

I saw His face, as He is on the cross!
There he lay prone upon the sodden moss.
The blood was His, not Conn's, that reddened all
The little shallows where the reeds grew tall.'

* * *

And, as the world shall last, the legends say,
Sweet Ethna's husband moans his life away.
Among the reeds his sighing all may hear;
And may it such grace-losing make us fear!

For Love makes life a glory; Hate is vain,
Except to wound our Saviour's heart again.

Maurice F. Egan.

Falstaff's Lantern and Troops.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bardolph. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it: come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be: virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night from tavern to tavern: but the sack that thou hast drank me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and thirty years. But, Bardolph, you should see my troops. If I be not

ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press terribly. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toast-and-butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating daff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There is but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is but two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose

innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

The First Part of King Henry IV., Act IV.

The Last of the Narwhale.

Ay, ay, I'll tell you, shipmates,
If you care to hear the tale,
How myself and the royal yard alone
Were left of the old Narwhale.

A stouter ship was never launched
Of all the Clyde-built whalers;
And forty years of a life at sea
Haven't matched her crowd of sailors.
Picked men they were, all young and strong,
And used to the wildest seas,
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,
And the rugged Hebrides.
Such men as women cling to, mates,
Like ivy round their lives;
And the day we sailed the quays were lined
With weeping mothers and wives.
They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,
In the thoughtless way o' men;
God help them, shipmates—thirty years
They've waited and prayed since then.

We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,
The pity we felt, and pride,
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador
From the sea where Hudson died.

We talked of ships that never came back,
And when the great floes passed;
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak
Like a great war-frigate's mast,
'T was said that a ship was frozen up
In the iceberg's awful breast,
The clear ice holding the sailor's face
As he lay in his mortal rest.
And I've thought since then, when the ship came
home
That sailed for the Franklin band,
A mistake was made in the reckoning
That looked for the crews on land.
"They're floating still," I've said to myself,
"And Sir John has found the goal;
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,
Are icebergs up at the Pole!"

We sailed due North, to Baffin's Bay,
And cruised through weeks of light,
'T was always day, and we slept by the bell,
And longed for the dear old night,
And the blessed darkness left behind,
Like a curtain round the bed;
But a month dragged on like an afternoon
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.
We found the whales were farther still,
The farther north we sailed;
Along the Greenland glacier coast,
The boldest might have quailed,
Such Shapes did keep us company,
No sail in all that sea,
But thick as ships in Mersey's tide
The bergs moved awfully

Within the current's northward stream;
But, ere the long day's close,
We found the whales and filled the ship
Amid the friendly floes.

Then came a rest: the day was blown
Like a cloud before the night;
In the south the sun went redly down—
In the north rose another light:
Neither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,
That silvered our lonely way;
It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,
Upon either side, a day;
The north wind smote the sea to death;
The pack-ice closed us round—
The Narwhale stood in the level fields
As fast as a ship aground.
A weary time it was to wait,
And to wish for spring to come,
With the pleasant breeze and the blessed sun,
To open the way toward home.

Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned
Like living things in pain;
They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,
And the Narwhale sailed again.
With joy the dripping sails were loosed,
And round the vessel swung;
To cheer the crew, full south she drew,
The shattered floes among.
We had no books in those old days
To carry the friendly faces;
But I think the wives and lasses then

Were held in better places.
The face of sweetheart and wife to-day
Is locked in the sailor's chest,
But aloft on the yard, with the thought of home,
The face in the heart was best.
Well, well—God knows, mates, when and where
To take the things He gave;
We steered for home—but the chart was His,
And the port ahead—the grave!

We cleared the floes: through an open sea
The Narwhale south'ard sailed,
Till a day came round when the white fog rose.
And the wind astern had failed.
In front of the Greenland glacier line
And close to its base were we;
Through the misty pall we could see the wall
That beetled above the sea.
A fear like the fog crept over our hearts,
As was heard the hollow roar
Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice
For leagues along the shore.

The years have come, and the years have gone,
But it never wears away—
The sense I have of the sights and sounds
That marked that woful day.
Flung here and there at the ocean's will,
As it flung the broken floe—
What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea
That sports with a sailor's woe?
The lifeless berg and the lifeful ship
Were the same to the sullen wave,

As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,
Till at last the Narwhale drave
With a crashing rail on the glacier wall,
As sheer as the vessel's mast—
A crashing rail and a shivered yard:
But the worst, we thought, was past.
The brave lads sprang to the fending work,
And the skipper's voice rang hard:
"Aloft there—one with a ready knife—
Cut loose that royal yard!"
I sprang to the rigging: young I was,
And proud to be first to dare;
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,
At the moving Shape that met my view—
O Christ! what a sight was there!

Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,
I saw that an iceberg lay—
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—
Not a cable's length away!
I could not see through the sheet of mist
That covered all below,
But I heard their cheery voices still,
And I screamed to let them know.
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,
But before the word could come,
It died in his throat, and I knew they saw
The Shape of the closing Doom!

No sound but that—but the hail that died
Came up through the mist to me;

Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,
And I was not forced to see—
But I heard it, mates: Oh, I heard the rush,
And the timbers rend and rive,
As the yard I clung to swayed and fell.
I lay on the ice alive!
Alive! O Lord of Mercy! ship and crew and sea
were gone!
The hummocked ice and the broken yard,
And a kneeling man—alone!

A kneeling man on a frozen hill,
The sounds of life in the air—
All death and ice—and a minute before
The sea and the ship were there!
I could not think they were dead and gone,
And I listened for sound or word:
But the deep sea roar on the desolate shore
Was the only sound I heard.
O mates, I had no heart to thank
The Lord for the life He gave;
I spread my arms on the ice and cried
Aloud on my shipmates' grave.
The brave, strong lads, with their strength in
vain,
I called them name by name;
And it seemed to me from the dying hearts
A message upward came—
Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice
From every sailor's breast;
"Go tell our mothers and wives at home
To pray for us here at rest."

Yes, that's what it means; 'tis a little word;
But, mates, the strongest ship
That ever was built is a baby's toy
When it comes to an Arctic Nip.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Catholicism and the Religions of the World.

How different are all religions that ever were, from the lofty and unchangeable Catholic Church! They depend on time and place for their existence, they live in periods or in regions. They are children of the soil, indigenous plants, which readily flourish under a certain temperature, in a certain aspect, in moist or in dry, and die if they are transplanted....There is but one form of Christianity possessed of that real internal unity which is the primary condition of independence. Whether you look to Russia, England, or Germany, this note of divinity is wanting. In this country especially, there is nothing broader than class religions; the established form itself is but the religion of a class. There is one persuasion for the rich, and another for the poor; men are born in this or that sect; the enthusiastic go here, and the sober-minded and rational go there. They make money, and rise in the world, and then they profess to belong to the Establishment. This body lives in the world's winter, and the other would melt away in the summer. Not one of them undertakes human nature: none compasses the whole man; none places all men on a level; none addresses the intellect and the heart, fear and love, the active and the contemplative. It is considered, and justly, as an evidence for

Christianity, that the ablest men have been Christians; not that all sagacious or profound minds have taken up its professions, but that it has gained victories among them, such and so many, as to show that it is not the mere fact of ability or learning which is the reason why all are not converted.

Such too is the characteristic of Catholicity; not the highest in rank, not the meanest, not the most refined, not the rudest, is beyond the influence of the Church; she includes specimens of every class among her children. She is the solace of the forlorn, the chastener of the prosperous, and the guide of the wayward. She keeps a mother's eye for the innocent, bears with a heavy hand upon the wanton, and has a voice of majesty for the proud. She opens the mind of the ignorant, and she prostrates the intellect of the most gifted. These are not words; she has done it, she does it still, she undertakes to do it. All she asks is an open field, and the freedom to act. She asks no patronage from the civil power; in former times and places she has asked it; and, as Protestantism also, has availed herself of the civil sword. It is true she did so, because in certain ages it has been the acknowledged mode of acting, the most expeditious, and open at the time to no objection, and because, where she has done so, the people clamoured for it and did it in advance of her; but her history shows that she needed it not, for she has extended and flourished without it. She is ready for any service which occurs; she will take the world as it comes; nothing but force can repress her. See, my brethren, what she is doing in this country now; for three centuries the civil power has trodden down the goodly plant of grace, and kept its foot upon it; at length circumstances have removed that tyranny, and

lo! the fair form of the Ancient Church rises up at once, as fresh and as vigorous as if she had never intermitted her growth. She is the same as she was three centuries ago, ere the present religions of the country existed; you know her to be the same; it is the charge brought against her that she does not change; time and place effect her not, because she has her source where there is neither time nor place, because she comes from the throne of the Illimitable, Eternal God.—*Newman.*

Wolsey's Advice to Cromwell.

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope: to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt the smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fear than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience? that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master; seek thy king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honours—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII., Act III.

Ægeon's Speech.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable?
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was brought by fortune, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum: till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,

Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself gently would have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
And by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

The Comedy of Errors, Act I.

The Four Idiot Brothers.

Dried, as 'twere, to skeleton chips,
In the Madhouse found I Four:
From their white and shrivelled lips

Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And the lips all day so dumb
Utter slowly to the air,
"*Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvet sæclum in favilla."

Four bold brothers once were these,
Riotous and reprobate,
Whose rakehellish revelries
Terrified the more sedate.
Ghostly guide and good adviser
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire—
"Hear your father from the tomb!
Rouse not God's eternal ire;
Ponder well the day of doom,
"*Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvet sæclum in favilla."

So spake he and died: The Four
All unmoved beheld him die.
Happy he!—his labors o'er,
He was ta'en to bliss on high,
While his sons, like very devils
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess
Atheism and Vice could dare;

Ironhearted, feelingless,
Not a hair of theirs grew grayer.
"Live," they cried, "while life enables!
God and devil alike are fables!"

Once at midnight as the Four
Riotously reeled along,
From an open temple-door
Streamed a flood of holy song.
"Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises!"
Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim
Goes the unhallowed greeting, while
Still the singers chant their hymn.
Hark! it echoes down the aisle—
"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla."

On the instant stricken as
By the wrath of God they stand,
Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,
Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,
Blanch their hair and and wan their features,
Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures!

And now, dried to the skeleton chips,
In the Mad-cell sit the four,
Moveless;—from their blasted lips
Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And their lips, all day so dumb,
Utter slowly to the air,
"*Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvet sæclum in favilla."

J. C. Mangan.

The Army of the Lord.

To fight the battle of the Cross, Christ's chosen ones are sent,—
Good soldiers and great victors,—a noble armament.
They use no earthly weapon, they know not spear or sword,
Yet right and true and valiant is the army of the Lord.

Fear them, ye mighty ones of earth; fear them ye demon foes;
Slay them and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close:
In vain do earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try,
They fight better for their wounds, and they conquer when they die.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain:
They would bind each rebel heart in their master's golden chain:
Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear

Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it
Love and Prayer.

Where the savage hordes are dwelling by the Ganges'
sacred tide,
Through the trackless Indian forests, St. Francis is their
guide;
Where crime and sin are raging, to conquer they are
gone;—
They do conquer as they go, for St. Philip leads them
on.

They are come where all are kneeling at the shrines of
wealth and pride.
And an old and martyred Bishop is their comrade and
their guide:
To tell the toil-worn negro of freedom and repose,
O'er the vast Atlantic's bosom they are called by sweet
St. Rose.

They are gone where Love is frozen, and Faith grown
calm and cold,
Where the world is all triumphant, and the sheep have
left the fold,
Where His children scorn His blessings, and His sacred
Shrines despise,
And the beacon of the warriors is the light in Mary's
eyes.

The bugle for their battle is the matin bell for prayer;
And for their noble standard Christ's holy cross they
bear.
His sacred name their war-cry, 'tis in vain what ye can
do,

They *must* conquer, for your Angels are leaguing with
them too.

Would you know, O World, these warriors? Go where
the poor, the old,
Ask for pardon and for heaven, and you offer food and
gold;
With healing and with comfort, with words of peace
and prayer,
Bearing His greatest gift to man,—Christ's chosen
priests are there.

Where sin and crime are dwelling, hid from the light
of day,
And life and hope are fading at death's cold touch away,
Where dying eyes in horror see the long-forgotten past.
Christ's servants claim the sinner, and gain his soul at
last.

Where the rich and proud and mighty God's message
would defy,
In warning and reproof His anointed ones stand by:
Bright are the crowns of glory God keepeth for his
own,
Their life one sigh for heaven, and their aim His will
alone.

And see sweet Mercy's sister, where the poor and
wretched dwell,
In gentle accents telling of Him she loves so well;
Training young hearts to serve their Lord, and place
their hope in Heaven,
Bidding her erring sisters love much and be forgiven.

And where in cloistered silence dim the brides of Jesus dwell,
Where purest incense rises up from every lowly cell,
They plead not vainly,—they have chosen and gained the better part,
And given their gentle life away to Him who has their heart.

And some there are among us—the path which they have trod
Of sin and pain and anguish has led at last to God:
They plead, and Christ will hear them, that the poor slaves who pine
In the black dungeon they have left, may see His truth divine.

O, who can tell how many hearts are altars to His praise,
From which the silent prayer ascends through patient nights and days,
The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone,
O World, ye do not know them, but He can help His own.

They are with us, His true soldiers, they come in power and might;
Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the heavenly fight;
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their rest and glory share,
As the rich spoil of their battle and the captives of their prayer.

O, who shall tell the wonder of that great day of rest,
When even in this place of strife His soldiers are so blest:
O World, O Earth, why strive ye? join the low chant they sing,—
"O Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting!"

Adelaide A. Procter.

Antonio's Consolers.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Anto. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Anto. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Anto. Fie; fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say you're sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anto. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO *and* GRATIANO.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

Loren. My Lord Bassanio, since you've found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Grat. You look not well, Signior Antonio,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Anto. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.
Grat. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Tnan my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of Wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my Antonio! I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb-wise men.
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Grat. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anto. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this year.
Grat. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable.
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I.

Selection from "The Dream of Gerontius."

I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "*Subvenite;*" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still: but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.—

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That such particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange, I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet....is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm: 'tis not a grasp

Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing, yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
Oh what a heart subduing melody!

Newman.

A Day's Changes.

It was a beautiful morning in April; Eugene had risen at an early hour, and having mechanically taken a small volume from a shelf of his library he, without opening it, went out to the balcony in front of his house to gaze on the magnificent landscape of the surrounding country. What a lovely aurora it was! what a glorious beginning of a genial day! Away in the far East appears the sun in the horizon, and clothing the lessening clouds that gently move on in the ether with his golden rays, gives them the most charming coloring; on the world he sheds the shining day that, burnished, plays on rocks, and hills and towers, and the wandering streams. Earth brightens up at his coming, birds salute his approach in melodious tunes, the peasant goes to his field with a heart light and glad, and sings of happiness and of love. Eugene gazes on the charming scene with indescribable pleasure; his tranquil, happy, peaceful soul, is easily touched by scenes so sweet and charming. He enjoys

excellent health, possesses a large fortune, his family affairs are in excellent condition, his friends are never more happy than when they are able to give him pleasure. No violent passion agitates his bosom, his sleep during the night was placid and tranquil, and was interrupted only by the break of day; he is only awaiting the hour for resuming the ordinary course of his agreeable occupations.

At last he opens his book; it is a romantic novel. A wretched man, whom the world has not understood, is disgusted with life; he curses society, curses the human race, curses heaven and earth, the present, the past, the future; he curses God, he curses himself. Tired of gazing on a sun that has for him no pleasant smile, tired of a world that gives him only sorrow and anguish, weary of a miserable existence that weighs so heavily on his spirits and crushes his heart beneath its insupportable burden, he has resolved to rid himself of his misery by putting an end to his life. See him standing on the brink of the fatal precipice! already the sad "farewell" is written in his portfolio; he turns his feverish head, his pallid countenance, his blood-shot eyes, his distorted features, wildly around; before accomplishing the fatal deed, he remains for a moment absorbed in gloomy silence, meditates on the destinies of man, on the cruel injustice of society. "This is exaggerated," impatiently exclaims Eugene, "there is indeed, much evil in the world, but not all that is in the world is evil. Virtue is not yet banished from the face of the earth; I myself know many persons whom I could not, without doing them gross injustice, set down as wicked. This is intolerable, it is as false in philosophy as it is disgusting in literature." Thus Eugene reasoned in his own mind and good naturedly he closed his book, banished from

his mind these unpleasant images, and allowed his soul to be once more transported by the contemplation of the charming scenery around him.

Hours pass away; the time for commencing his daily labor arrives. At the very outset it seems that the curses of the suicide seem to have fallen on Eugene.

The weather has undergone a change; it will not be at all as pleasant a day as the early morning indicated; heavy dark clouds appear in the sky and threaten rain. Eugene goes to his work; his umbrella is an insufficient protection against the rain that pours down in torrents. The way that leads to his place of business is narrow and dirty; a coachman drives along with furious speed. Eugene is splashed with mud; he must retrace his steps and return home. He is angry; he does not utter the horrible blasphemies of the suicide, but the prayer which he says for the horses and their driver, will surely not do either a considerable amount of good. Life is, after all, not quite as pleasant as he fancied in the morning; yet it is tolerable. His philosophy darkens with the weather. However, the sun has not yet gone down in the West. It generally happens that one misfortune follows in the footsteps of another. Eugene has forgotten the first misadventure of the day; his thoughts are again set on business, and he goes to the house of a friend from whom he expects important communications regarding a business transaction. Here he is received coolly; the friend tries to evade all conversation on the chief points in question; pressing affairs, he pretends, will not allow him time to talk over the matter just now.

Eugene takes leave, somewhat displeased at the turn the affair has taken; vague suspicions arise in his mind, he tortures his brains in order to discover what it all

can mean, when suddenly he meets another friend, who is able and willing to clear up the mystery. Be on your guard, Eugene, says the friend, in very few words; be on your guard, or you will fall a victim to the infamous perfidy of Mr. N. He thinks at once of the steps to be taken to prevent the impending misfortune. He goes to different friends to obtain information about the state of affairs. All sympathize with him in his misfortune, but all agree that it is now beyond remedy. All he can do, is to be resigned to his fate. Eugene returns to his home, retires into his private apartment and allows himself to be transported by the cruel pain of seeing his fairest hopes frustrated, his social position desperately changed, and all his brilliant prospects for the future inseparably ruined. On the table lies the volume he had read in the morning. The sight of it recalls to his mind the reflections he had made in reading it. Oh! how miserably deceived you were, he exclaims, when you imagined that the infernal descriptions contained in that book were mere exaggerations! It cannot be denied that that man was right. It is horrible, desperate, unpardonable, yet it is true. Man is a depraved monster, society a cruel stepmother, a heartless executioner, who takes pleasure in insulting and tormenting his wretched victims, and scorns them at the very moment that he covers them with ignominy and shame, to which death itself would be preferable. There is no fidelity in friendship, no gratitude, no generosity, no true virtue on earth; all is egotism, self-interest, falsehood, treachery! Eugene was disturbed in his monologue by a gentleman who, relying on his title of friendship, took the liberty of entering his apartment without the formality of being announced.

"Good day, my dear Eugene; I hear that you have

been badly imposed on."

"Well, what can be done?"

"It is really too bad!"

"Yes, but so goes the world...."

"But there is no time to be lost, we must remedy the misfortune...."

"Remedy? it is impossible!"

"The remedy is very simple...."

"I am surprised at your way of talking."

"All depends on ready money, your taking the first mail-coach and arriving at *D.* before he will arrive there."

"Yes, but that is impossible in my present circumstances; the scoundrel knows that I have spent all my ready money in that accursed transaction: he knows that I have none whatever at my disposal now; he knows how utterly impossible it would be for me to overtake him."

"But suppose that the money was ready for you."

"Let us not joke about the matter."

"Listen, my dear Eugene. A few friends and myself met together to discuss that affair, which you know. One of the company related the serious misfortune that had befallen you, and the disastrous consequences it must entail on your family. You can easily imagine what an impression the unpleasant news made on us. I requested leave of my friends to sever my connection with that project, that I might be free to place my own resources at your disposal. All instantly followed my example, and declared their readiness to run the risk of postponing their operations till you come out triumphantly from this diffiiculty."

"I cannot agree to it."

"But you must!"

"But if these gentlemen, whom I do not even know...."

"This was all foreseen. Get ready, take the first stage. In this portfolio you will find the money you need. Farewell, my dear Eugene."

The portfolio was placed on the table, beside the fatal book. Eugene is ashamed of having so hastily hurled his anathemas at society. The hour for the departure of the stage leaves him no time to philosophize, but he feels that his philosophy has assumed a less desperate aspect. On the following morning the sun will arise more gloriously than to-day; the birds will sing as merrily as ever; the peasant will go forth to his work, and Eugene will see things as he saw them before his unpleasant adventures. Within twenty-four hours, nothing has changed in nature or society, but the philosophy of Eugene has traversed an immense space, returning, like the planet, to the point from which it had started.—*Rev. J. Balmes.*

The Drunkard's Death.

I stood beside the death-bed of a man
Whom drink had slain;
And saw a soul depart as I'd ne'er wish
To see again.
In throes of agony, a human blight,
In sense, a clod,
Struggled with death, a sick'ning, awful sight:
Then went to God.
It pained my heart to see the stark bare room,
And rotten floor

Gaping with greasy rat holes, dark and foul,
And hingeless door.
The fireless hearth with dreary cinders strewn,
Blank, cold and dead;
The heap of filthy straw and stinking rags
That made the bed;
Old bottles, battered tins and broken ware,
The cupboard had;
Empty of food, it bore a thin, starved look,
Hungry and sad;
The crazy windows rattling with the wind,
And shattered wall:
Within, without, all things with dirt begrimed—
Dirt over all.

But when I saw the man unhinged of sense,
A shattered wreck:
His darkened, sin-grimed soul departing hence;
I could not check
The rising tear that glimmered in my eye,
Nor hush the thought,
That here was one who better to this world
Had ne'er been brought.
His heated brain with wild delirium raved;
His blood-shot eyes
Glared like a hunted beast's, while from his mouth
Came savage cries.
"Away!" he shrieked, with frantic look, "away!"
Ye fiends from hell!
Let go my throat. Begone! Dont strangle me,—
Hark! there's a bell!
It rings! rings! rings for Mass. I never go;
Leave me to sleep!
To sleep! I cannot sleep in flames like these

That o'er me creep.
I'm all on fire. It scorches me to death.
Bring water here!
Bring floods, and drown me in their cooling depths!
Yon devils jeer
And gibe upon me with a mocking laugh
And gnashing teeth;
Take off this net. These cords around my throat
Won't let me breathe.
No! No! have mercy! Do not chain me yet.
I crave an hour,
A minute to be free! What have I done,
That worms devour
My flesh and heart and brain? These scalding showers
Burn me to death.
These parching winds, these endless desert sands
Dry up my breath!
One drop of water for my burning tongue!
With thirst I sink.
Sweet water! heavenly streams! flow not so fast.
I cannot drink.

What spirit damned from out the shades of hell
Is lurking here?
Ha! ha! I know you well. 'Tis you who sold
Me gin and beer.
Dost want my soul? Was't not enough to take
My very life?
And help me starve the children—break the heart
Of my poor wife?
You are the man who on my ruin fed;
As vampire bat

That gluts itself on blood, so you on me
Grew rich and fat.
Help! help! I cannot breathe this stifling air,
These hellish fumes;
This biting adder gnaws my life away
And soul consumes!"

* * *

The midnight moon was shining in the sky,
Cold, clear, and pale;
The winds, without, like ghosts in pain, moaned forth
A long, weird wail.
A passing cloud a heavy shadow cast
Upon the bed.
He struggled, grasped the air, then upright stood;
And fell back, dead!

Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P.

Scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe

she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the Devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the Devil may be her judge.

Shy. In Antonio I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so snug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me a usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else,

it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.—*Shakespeare.*

Scene from King Henry VI., *Third Part.*

Enter RUTLAND, *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

Exit, forced off by Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No: if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease mine heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*
Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [*Dies.*
Rut. Plantaganet! I come, Plantaganet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congealed with this do make me wipe off both.
Shakespeare.

Twenty Golden Years Ago.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill!
Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
Strass and Gass around are grown still
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago.

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
After all the hours *do* slip away—

Come, here goes to burn another block!
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold;
And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
I had fire enough, when young and bold
Twenty golden years ago.

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
Floods of tears grow common with me now,
High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living *now?* I *was* alive
Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flaggonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
Left with nought to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
O! this is hard for *me* to bear,
Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better;—time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailor's bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!
Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long,
Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks; besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
O! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago!

Tick—tick, tick—tick!—not a sound save Time's,
And the windgust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thy aching brain!
Sleep!—no more the dupe of hope or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

J. C. Mangan.

Called and Chosen.*

Still runs the river past the broken wall
Where Claude and I were wont to sit of old,

* H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

Watching the limped water slide and fall
  Over the dam,—a sheet of molten gold:
What time the clouds, like fairies gayly dressed,
Built up their glorious castle in the west;

Our sketch-books idly open on our knees;
  The smell of wall-flowers filling all the air;
'Twas dreamy joy to watch whole argosies
  Of gorgeous dragon-flies make shipwreck there;
And bees go diving with their foolish heads
  Into intoxicating lily-beds.

"Sweet idleness!" said Claude; and then he drew
  His smiling lips into a graver line,
And looked out with his earnest eyes of blue
  To where the rosy river ran like wine:
"O purple-dragon flies! O golden bees!
To you belongs this life of summer ease,—

But not to me"—and then his face grew broad
  With purest purpose, and his eyes gave out
Great placid rays, as if the stars of God
  Within their azure heaven wheeled about;—
"Except a man deny himself," he said;
And then broke off and drooped his classic head.
Again: "The kingdom suffers violence,
  And naught save violence shall win the prize.
Dost comprehend, dear heart, the mystic sense?"
  I shivered, as with cold, and hid mine eyes;
And all the glorious skies and glowing stream,
Swept into shadow, like a broken dream.

That was five years ago. To-day, beside
The ruined wall, I sit alone and study
The same rich sunset clouds, the same swift tide,
Glassing the mill-dam with its ripples ruddy;
But on my lap, 'twixt folded hands, there lies
An open letter, traced 'neath foreign skies.

Dominican and priest, where Lacordaire's
First white-robed friars preached and prayed and read,
He that was Claude, now Father Saint Pierre,
Speaks from the written page as from the dead:
And, joyous as a lover at the tryst,
Sighs ardently to shed his blood for Christ.

O happy Claude! O happier Saint Pierre!
O happiest of all the souls that take
The cross of self denial up, and bear
It bravely to the end for Christ's sweet sake!
Sail on, gay dragon-flies! hum on, bright bees!
We envy not your life of honeyed ease.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The Condition of Ireland.

The war of centuries is at a close. The patronage and proscriptions of Ebrington have failed. The procrastination and economy of Russell have triumphed. Let a thanksgiving be proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Paul's. Let the Lords and Commons of England vote their gratitude to the vicious and victorious econ-

omist! Let the guns of London Tower proclaim the triumph which has cost, in the past, coffers of gold and torrents of blood, and, in this year masses of putrefaction to achieve. England! your great difficulty is at an end; your gallant and impetuous enemy is dead. Ireland, or rather the remains of Ireland are yours at last. Your red ensign floats, not from the Custom House, where you played the robber; not from Limerick wall, where you played the cut throat; but it flies from a thousand graveyards, where the titled niggards of your cabinet have won the battle which your soldiers could not terminate. Go; send your scourge steamer to the western coast to convey some memorial of your conquest; and in the halls where the flags and cannon you have captured from a world of foes are grouped together, there let a shroud, stripped from some privileged corpse, be for its proper price displayed. Stop not there; change your war crest; America has her eagle; let England have her vulture. What emblem more fit for the rapacious power whose statesmanship depopulates,and whose commerce is gorged with famine prices? That is her proper signal. But whatever the monarch journalists of Europe may say, Ireland, thank God, is not down yet.

She is on her knee; but her hand is clinched against the giant, and she has yet power to strike.

Last year from the Carpathian heights, we heard the cry of the Polish insurrectionists: "There is hope for Poland, while in Poland there is a life to lose." True it is, thousands upon thousands of our comrades have fallen: but thousands upon thousands still survive; and the fate of the dead shall quicken the purposes of the living. The stakes are too high for us to throw up the hand until the last card has been played; too high for

us to throw ourselves in despair upon the coffins of our starved and swindled partners. A peasant population, generous and heroic, a mechanic population, honest and industrious, is at stake.

They cannot, must not, be lost.—*T. F. Meagher.*

Gualberts's Victory.*

A mountain pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rocks on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide.
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualbert met his foe:
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that, swinging his jeweled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design,—so deadly was the look
Of mutual hate their olive faces took;
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath),
Neither would yield his enemy the path
"Back!" cried Gualberto. "Never!" yelled his foe.
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw
Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.
A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and years,

* H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass;
Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched.
Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
With brutal gore: and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hand contused.
But at the close, when Gualbert stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast;
And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualbert's sabre glitters at his throat.

"Now die, base wretch!" the victor fiercely cries,
His heart of hate outflashing from his eyes:
"Never again, by the all-righteous Lord!
Shalt thou, with life, escape this trusty sword,—
Revenge is sweet!" And upward glanced the steel.
But ere it fell,—dear Lord! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting in the town below,
Grave, ghostly voices chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground
Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
(The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound);
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,
Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
With pleading agony: "Gualberto! hark!
The chant—the hour—thou know'st the olden fashion,—
The monks below intone our Lord's Passion.

Oh! by this cross!"—and here he caught the hilt
Of Gualbert's sword,—"and by the Blood once spilt
Upon it for us both long years ago,
Forgive—forget—and spare a fallen foe!"

The face that bent above grew white and set
(Christ or the Demon?—in the balance hung):—
The lips were drawn,—the brow bedewed with sweat,—
But on the grass the harmless sword was flung:
And stooping down the hero, generous, wrung
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control
Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat;
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There in the cool, dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees
Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to speak:
"*Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For My sake
Thou didst forgive thine enemy; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin.*"

White flashed the angels' wings above his head,
Rare, subtile perfumes through the place were shed;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualbert the sinner into John the saint.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

William Shakespeare.

Tradition says that Shakespeare was ever gentle to those of the persecuted Faith of his fathers: and his plays show it.....His speech is "saturated with the Scriptures." How could he help it? Had he not in the schoolroom gazed every day on the painted story of the Cross, and read everywhere, in spite of Henry VIII's barbarity, the symbolism of the church which had filled the life of England before the Reformation with the beauty of God's word. Though the statues of the saints were broken, and their figures in the stained glass windows defaced, the church of the Holy Trinity, still pointed with its spire towards heaven. Even in Shakespeare's later time, all remembrance of the Sacramental Presence could not have faded out of Stratford. We can imagine Shakespeare walking in the gloaming towards this old church, with its Gothic windows and fretted battlements. The glow-worms waver near him as he comes through the avenue of green lime trees, near the beech- and yew-shaded graveyard. He has come by the shining Avon, from "the lonesome meadows beyond where the primroses stand in their golden banks among the clover, and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding its single drop of blood, closes its petals as the night comes down." He pauses in the nave of the church and there in the soft glow, cast by the last shaft of glory from the setting sun, he sees that vacant place where, his father has told him, the tabernacle had been. It is gone. Perchance an old woman, who had seen the Faith in its glory, lies prostrate, sobbing before the despoiled altar whence her God has been torn. And then he murmurs, with his own dying Queen Katharine:

"Spirits of peace, where are you? Are you all gone
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?"

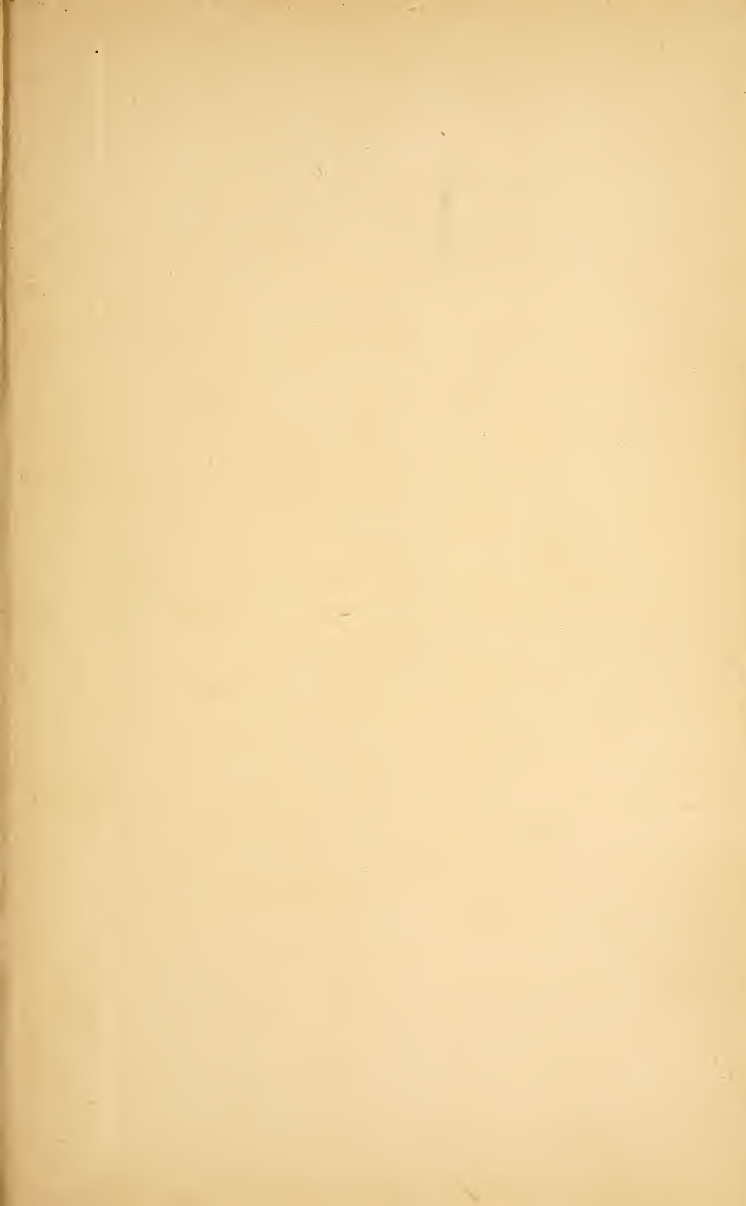
—And, folding his hands at his back, he passes back through that sweet-scented lane, whose blossoms shall fall on his own coffin ere long. His eyes are soft and hazel; his cheeks are not as ruddy as when he laid the cloth for his father and mother in earlier days; his forehead is dome-like; he wears his customary suit of scarlet and black. So he goes to New Place, for which he has so long worked, to the demure Judith who waits for him, to his little chubby cheeked grandchild, Bess Hall. The antlers in the entry, the silver tankards on the sideboard, of which his wife and Judith are so proud, show dimly in the failing night; he murmurs the new song he has lately made for his play of "Cymbeline."

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

A swan glides slowly to her nest among the reeds of the Avon. "The crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip," are now quite hid from the sight of the swallow that westward flies across the meadows. William Shakespeare, whom God gifted so gloriously, passes with the sadness of the gloaming in his soul.

"And the rest is silence."

Maurice F. Egan.



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