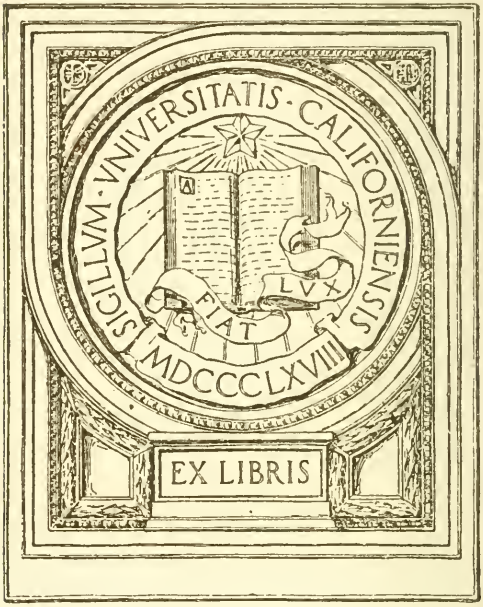

INTERPRETIVE READING

INTERPRETIVE READING

By

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"The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought—deep-freighted with truth and with beauty."

Theodore Parker.

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THE STUDENTS OF THE KANSAS
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PREFACE.

The creation of literature demands the united effort of mind and heart and will. The study of literature also demands the united effort of mind and heart and will. Analytic or critical study alone calls forth only mental effort. Creative study makes demands upon the emotions and the will. No literature has been truly studied or its beauty truly felt until it has been studied for interpretive or creative reading.

In the study for interpretation the mind must dwell longer on the thought, and in consequence must find deeper meaning in it. In the effort to interpret the thought, the thought in a flash seems to be the speaker's own, emotion is aroused, and a finer appreciation of the thought developed.

Interpretation demands not only understanding and emotion, but also will power. A noble interpretation of any great work of literature makes great demands upon the speaker's *will* power. The giving of uplifting thought to others develops the mind and heart and will.

The mind finds its expression through voice and body; hence these agents of expression should be trained to act in harmony with the mind.

All study of reading, when the realm of literature is entered, should lead to an intellectual and spiritual understanding of the selection studied. Like all art, reading should be sincere and natural.

This volume is designed as a text-book on reading and speaking, in colleges, normal schools, and secondary schools.

Rhetoric and this method of study for interpretation are so correlated that the illustrative material here used will doubtless be of service to teachers of English as well as to teachers of reading.

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PART I

INTERPRETIVE READING

The following steps in interpretive reading are based upon the principles of literary art. The steps are arranged in three groups: those that appeal to the *understanding* alone; those that appeal through the understanding to the *emotions;* and those that appeal through the understanding and the emotions to the *will.*

The first group includes the following steps:

Chapter I. Literary analysis.

Chapter II. Sequence of thought.

Chapter III. Clearness of enunciation.

Chapter IV. Forms of emphasis,—melody, inflection, slide, volume, force, pause.

DIVISION I

INTERPRETIVE READING THAT APPEALS TO THE UNDERSTANDING

Chapter I

Literary Analysis

The preparation for interpretive reading is study of the thought. Study a selection to determine its general theme, and the subdivisions of the theme. Then study the selec-

tion line by line to understand the meaning and force of the words. Read the selection aloud at least one hour a day. Hold the dominant thought in mind as you read. This gives *unity* to delivery. Dwell on the thought until you read with *animation*.

SELECTIONS

A CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and, so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew, "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough. . . . Out upon merry Christmas!

What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becom-

ing immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him——Yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding.

CHARLES DICKENS (adapted).

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. From what work is this selection taken?
2. What is the general theme, or dominant thought, of the selection?
3. How is the Christmas invitation introduced?
4. What do you find in this introduction that is the key-note to the character of Scrooge?
5. How does the environment accord with the character of Scrooge?
6. What part does the clerk play in the development of the story?
7. At what line does the dialogue in regard to Christmas begin?
8. Draw a contrast between Scrooge and his nephew.
9. What atmosphere does the nephew carry with him?
10. Notice the nephew's tribute to Christmas. What contrast do you discover? What lesson is indirectly taught?
11. Show how the nephew's Christmas humor was tested.
12. What is the conclusion of the Christmas invitation?

THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hammered on at a dull monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of

rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gaily from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window, and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. . . . The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed, like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison door. . . . Rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter —these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty, and restraint, they would have quadruple locked for ever.

CHARLES DICKENS (adapted).

DIVISION I

CHAPTER II

Sequence of Thought

Literature has sequence of thought when each consecutive sentence is the outgrowth of the preceding sentence.

Oral reading has sequence of thought when the reader holds the *connected thought in mind as he reads.*

Study each selection to understand the relation of sentence to sentence. Read aloud until the reading has continuity and smoothness. Lack of understanding of the thought is indicated by the constant and incorrect use of the falling inflection. This makes the reading broken and disconnected. To overcome broken and disconnected delivery, concentrate your mind on the *connected* thought, and read aloud.

SELECTIONS

LORD CHATHAM'S ELOQUENCE

His figure, when he first appeared in Parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sunk to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; and when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of the organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases, to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of

Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful; he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone, from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside, was perfectly at his command. It is by no means improbable that the pains which he took to improve his great personal advantages had, in some respects, a prejudicial operation, and tended to nourish in him that passion for theatrical effect which, as we have already remarked, was one of the most conspicuous blemishes in his character.

But it was not solely or principally to outward accomplishments that Pitt owed the vast influence which, during nearly thirty years, he exercised over the House of Commons. He was undoubtedly a great orator; and from the descriptions given by his contemporaries, and fragments of his speeches which still remain, it is not difficult to discover the nature and extent of his oratorical powers.

He was no speaker of set speeches. His few prepared discourses were complete failures. The elaborate panegyric which he pronounced on General Wolfe was regarded as the very worst of all his performances. "No man," says a critic who had often heard him, "ever knew so little of what he was going to say." Indeed his facility amounted to a vice. He was not the master, but the slave, of his own speech. So little self-command had he when once he felt the impulse, that he did not like to take part in a debate when his mind was full of an important secret of state. "I must sit still," he once said to Lord Shelburne on such an occasion; "for, when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out."

Yet he was not a great debater. That he should not have been so when first he entered the House of Commons is not strange. Scarcely any person has ever become so without long practice and many failures. It was by slow

degrees, as Burke said, that Charles Fox became the most brilliant and powerful debater that ever lived. Charles Fox himself attributed his own success to the resolution which he formed when very young, of speaking, well or ill, at least once every night. "During five whole sessions," he used to say, "I spoke every night but one; and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too." Indeed, with the exception of Mr. Stanley, whose knowledge of the science of parliamentary defense resembles an instinct, it would be difficult to name any eminent debater who has not made himself a master of his art at the expense of his audience.

But, as this art is one which even the ablest men have seldom acquired without long practice, so it is one which men of respectable abilities, with assiduous and intrepid practice, seldom fail to acquire. It is singular that, in such an art, Pitt, a man of great parts, of great fluency, of great boldness, a man whose whole life was passed in parliamentary conflict, a man who, during several years, was the leading minister of the crown in the House of Commons, should never have attained to high excellence. He spoke without premeditation; but his speech followed the course of his own thoughts, and not the course of the previous discussion. He could, indeed, treasure up in his memory some detached expression of an opponent, and make it the text for lively ridicule or solemn reprehension. Some of the most celebrated bursts of his eloquence were called forth by an unguarded word, a laugh, or a cheer. But this was the only sort of reply in which he appears to have excelled. He was, perhaps, the only great English orator who did not think it any advantage to have the last word, and who generally spoke by choice before his most formidable antagonists. His merit was almost entirely rhetorical. He did not succeed either in exposition or in

refutation; but his speeches abounded with lively illustrations, striking apothegms, well-told anecdotes, happy allusions, passionate appeals. His invective and sarcasm were terrific. Perhaps no English orator was ever so much feared.

But that which gave most effect to his declamation was the air of sincerity, of vehement feeling, of moral elevation, which belonged to all that he said. His style was not always in the purest taste. Several contemporary judges pronounced it too florid. Walpole, in the midst of the rapturous eulogy which he pronounces on one of Pitt's greatest orations, owns that some of the metaphors were too forced. Some of Pitt's quotations and classical stories are too trite for a clever school-boy. But these were niceties for which the audience cared little. The enthusiasm of the orator infected all who heard him; his ardor and his noble bearing put fire into the most frigid conceit, and gave dignity to the most puerile allusion.

T. B. Macaulay.

THE RHODORA*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,

* Used by special arrangement with and permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP*

Meantime, the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the states dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked; they then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armor, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market the fugitives fled onward toward the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the

* From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley. By permission of Harper & Brothers.

hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheld. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town, and to fortify the Palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river. The marquis of Havre—of whom no deeds of valor on that eventful day have been recorded—was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and oppressed by the weight of his armor, was drowned.

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the *Grande Place*. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hotel de Ville, and the tall, many storied, fantastically gabled, richly decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the mêlée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last, at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity, these means were now applied, and in a brief interval the City-hall and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire.

Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. In the City-hall many were consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the Town-house to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the *Grande Place* by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked, by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the *Canal au Sucre*, immediately behind the Town-house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster, Van der Meere, lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheld. Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

DIVISION I

Chapter III

Clearness of Enunciation

The exercises for enunciation are arranged in the following groups:

Group I. The elementary sounds.

Study the elementary sounds to train the ear to recognize shades of sound, and to train the organs of articulation to accuracy of position.

Drill in molding sounds, and in pronunciation.

Group II. Enunciation of initial and final consonant sounds.

Group III. Spacing of words.

Group IV. Enunciation of final words in sentences.

Group I

The Elementary Sounds

The elementary sounds of a language are divided into vowel sounds and consonant sounds.

The *vowel sounds* are unobstructed tones of the vocal cords, molded into distinctive character by the shape of the cavity or tube in which they resound. The vowel cavity or tube sometimes consists of the mouth and oro-pharynx, sometimes of the mouth alone. For all the vowel sounds except ä (ah), the soft palate pushes back into the pharynx, and closes the opening into the upper pharynx.

By the action of the tongue and soft palate, the size and shape of the vowel tube varies. This affects the size and shape of the posterior orifice of the mouth cavity, and in

turn affects the character of the tone resounded. The lips are also instrumental in giving to each vowel sound its individual character. It is therefore important that the lips be trained to accuracy of position.

The *consonant sounds* are the tones of the vocal cords, or else mere emissions of breath, molded into distinctive character by obstructions by the organs of articulation. The consonant sounds that have vocalization are sometimes called "subtonics," and sometimes "subvocals." The consonant sounds that are mere breathings are sometimes called "atonics" and sometimes "aspirates."

"A diphthong is the coalition or union of two vowel sounds pronounced in one syllable."

Diacritical Marks

Diacritical marks are the characters used to designate the various sounds of vowels and consonants.

Vowel marks.	Consonant marks.
— macron	— bar
˘ breve	¸ cedilla
.. diæresis	. semidiæresis
. semidiæresis	⊥ suspended bar
~ tilde	(brace
^ caret	~ tilde
÷ dotted bar	

The Elementary Sounds

Vowel Sounds

ā as in Māy	â as in câre = ê
ă as in măt	ä as in senăte
å as in åsk	a as in many = ĕ
ä as in ärm	ē as in bē = ĭ
a̧ as in a̧ll = ô	ĕ as in mĕt
ą as in whąt = ŏ	ê as in thêre = â

ẽ as in fẽrn = ĩ = ỹ
ę as in thęy = ą̄
ė̄ as in ė̄vent
ī as in īsle = ȳ
ĭ as in wĭn = y̆
ï as in machïne = ē
ĭ̄ as in bĭ̄rd = ẽ = ỹ
i̇ as in i̇dea
ō as in nōte
ŏ as in GŏD = ą̇
ọ as in dọ=ōō = ụ̄
ȯ as in sȯn = ŭ
ọ as in wọlf = o͝o = ụ
ô as in fôr = ą̈

õ as in wõrm = û
ōō as in lōōp = ọ̄ = ụ̄
o͝o as in lo͝ok = ọ = ụ
ō̇ as in ō̇bey
ū as in mūte = yōō
ŭ as in mŭll = ȯ
ụ̄ as in rụ̄de = ōō = ọ̄
ụ as in fụll = o͝o = ọ
ū̇ as in ū̇nite
û as in ûrn = õ
ȳ as in mȳ = ĭ
y̆ as in my̆th = ĭ
ỹ as in mỹrrh = ẽ = ĭ
ẏ as in hẏena

Diphthongs

oi or oy as in oil, toy
ou or ow as in out, owl

Consonant Sounds

b as in bin
c = { s as in reçeive / k as in ċome / z as in suffiẓe }
ch = { tsh as in c͡himney / sh as in c̣hamois / k as in ch̬ronic }
d as in do
f = { v as in of / f as in for }
g = { j as in ġem / g̅ as in g̅o / zh as in mirage }
gh = f as in laugh
h as in have
j = dzh as in joy
k as in kick
l as in loop
m as in moon
n = { as in no / ng as in baṉk / ny as in cañon }
p as in pray
ph = f as in phonic
q (u) = { k as in pique / kw as in quill }
r = { trilled r as in strong / glide r as in fern }
s = { z as in riṣe / s as in sing }
t as in tell

th = { th (aspirate) as in thin; t͟h (vocalized) as in t͟his }

x = { ks as in axe; gz as in ex̱ist; z as in Xerxes }

y as in you

v as in voice

w as in way

wh (hw) as in when

z = { z as in zone; zh as in azure }

Cognates

Cognates are pairs of consonant sounds, one subvocal and one aspirate, made with the organs of articulation in the same position for both.

Table of Cognates

Subvocals	Aspirates	Subvocals	Aspirates
b	p	j	c͟h
d	t	z	s
v	f	t͟h	th
g͟	k	zh	sh

Molding Elements

Mold with the *lips* the words in the following sentences:

1. Merry maidens make mirth.
2. Will to work and will to win.
3. Over the ocean old.
4. Arm, patriots, arm.

Mold with the *tongue* the sounds in the following syllables:

1. lō lä lōō lē
2. tō tä tā tē
3. dō dä dōō dē
4. rō rä rā rē

Group II

Enunciate with Vigor the Initial and Final Consonant Sounds of the Following Words:

Bring, brag, brogue, boy,
Call, cling, christen, cast,
Fling, frost, felt, frozen,
Govern, give, gagging,
Hall, ha, happy, haste,
Joke, jail, joist, just,
King, kaiser, kale, cake,
Long, look, lake, mull,
Morning, mamma, mist, lame,
North, sunny, noon, night,
Sing, bring, string, fling,
Pray, pull, papa, paper,
Quiet, quest, quill, quince,
Rest, roast, rill, rinse,
Stir, run, fur, burn,
Stove, sill, soft, last,
Tool, turn, test, wept,
This, that, those, then,
Thin, think, myth,
Vain, vault, varnish, vogue,
Waist, was, worth, word,
When, white, what, whine,
Xenophon, Xerxes,
Exist, exert, exalt,
Youth, young, yarrow, Yule,
Zone, zebra, zeal, zounds.

Group III

Avoid Running Words Together

Enunciate the words of the following sentences distinctly. Separate word from word, taking care that the final consonant sound of the one word shall not coalesce with the vowel sound of the following word.

EXERCISES

1. "At last, with creeping, crooked pace forth came
   An old, old man, with beard as white as snow."
2. "He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
   When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat."
3. "I must go seek some dewdrops here,
   And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."
4. "Come, now a roundel and a fairy song."

5. "That you have wronged me doth appear in this."
6. "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"
7. "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
   Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
   Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."
8. "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course?"
9. "Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows like harmony in music."
10. "Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
    Fostered alike by beauty and by fear."
11. "Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep."
12. "Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
    Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

Group IV

Enunciate Clearly the Final Word in Each Sentence

Practice reading "Hamlet's Advice to the Players."

SELECTIONS

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

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. Oh, 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'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 'twere, 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 off, 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 theater of others. Oh, 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 man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

DIVISION I

Chapter IV

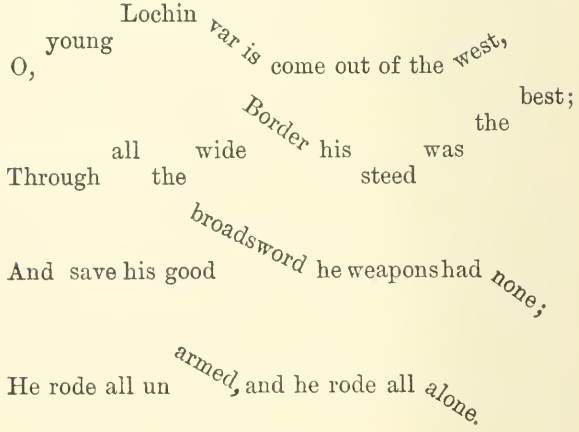
Forms of Emphasis

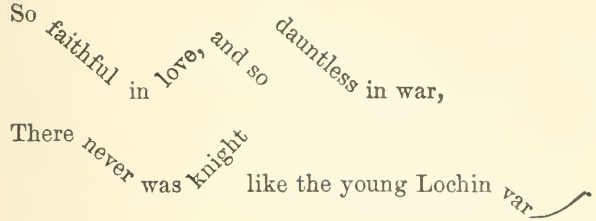
Emphasis is the prominence given to a word or group of words in order to make the meaning clear.

The forms of emphasis are *melody*, *inflection*, *slide*, *volume*, *force*, and *pause*. Any of these forms may be combined and re-enforced by gesture.

Melody

The emphasis of *melody* is the wavelike change of the pitch of the speaking voice due to the mental recognition of the relative importance of the words in sentences.





Notice the melody of the following lines as you read them aloud.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

INFLECTION

The emphasis of inflection is a mere bending of the voice from the main pitch up or down, thus: Shall you go?
I shall re main.

The rising inflection is also used in asking a direct question, and in the expression of joyousness and life.

The falling inflection is also used to express will, gravity, the completion of a thought, and to ask an indirect question.

Sometimes the rising and falling inflections are contrasted, to express antithesis. Sometimes the two are combined, giving a double bend to the voice, when they are

called circumflex. When the voice falls and rises, the inflection is called the falling circumflex. This expresses irony. When the voice rises and falls, the inflection is called the rising circumflex. This expresses sarcasm or insinuation.

Falling circumflex: Hath a dog money?

Rising circumflex: Oh, you do hear!

Notice the inflections in the following stanzas as you read them aloud:

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SLIDE.

The slide is a stronger form of emphasis than the inflection. It is used in stronger emotion. The voice leaves the main pitch and moves through a greater gamut of tone on the emphatic words; thus ——\ or ——/

When there is antithesis or contrast of thought, the emphasis is marked by contrasting slides.

Notice the slides in the following:

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME.

The emphasis of volume is largeness or fullness of tone added to the forms of emphasis already noticed. It is never used alone. It expresses magnitude, vastness, deep and noble emotion.

Hold the thought of the following in mind until the volume of voice comes naturally, not mechanically.

Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

LORD BYRON.

FORCE.

The emphasis of force is greater stress of voice on words or syllables. The emphasis of volume has breadth and vastness; the emphasis of force, *strength*, *will*, *directness*. It gives strength and decision to speech.

Study the thought of the following selection until you feel its fire and its force. Read it aloud repeatedly, endeavoring each time to speak to your audience, directly, earnestly, and with determination in your voice:

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;

. . . . . .

Hold hard the breath, and bind up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noble English:

. . . . . .

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England and Saint George!'

SHAKESPEARE.

Shylock [*Aside*]. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE PAUSE.*

The emphasis of pause is that lingering of the voice on an important word or words, or that pause before or after an important word, which is due to deep feeling. Mere mechanical pauses are the marks of the unskilled workman; pauses packed with thought and feeling are the marks of the artist.

As you read the following selection, think of the poet improvising at the organ, and imagine the music. Read slowly. Think ahead, and feel the beauty of the thought before you utter it.

* For emphasis of pause, read "The Ballad of Baby Belle," by T. B. Aldrich.

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;

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

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That 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 PROCTER.

DIVISION II

INTERPRETIVE READING THAT APPEALS TO THE EMOTIONS

The steps in Division I. deal with the study of the thought and the mechanics of delivery that will make the thought clear to the understanding of the listener.

The steps in Division II. appeal not only to the understanding, but to the *emotions* of the listener.

The steps in Division II. are as follows:

I. Word pictures.

II. Atmosphere.

III. Tone color.

IV. Rhythm. Movement.

V. Personation.

CHAPTER I

Word Pictures

First, concentrate the mind on the literature studied in order to see the word pictures vividly. Give the imagination full play, because you cannot make others see vividly what you do not yourself see.

By expression of voice and face and body, try to interpret to others the picture that you see.

In locating the parts of a picture, place them a little to the right or left rather than directly front. Apply the laws of perspective in the composition of gesture pictures.

In locating a distant object that would be about on a level with the eye, do not raise the arm above the level of the eye, as that would make the distant object seem colossal. When objects of a picture are near by, do not lower the arm too much, as that would make the objects seem diminutive. Keep the parts of a picture clearly defined. If the arm takes the same position to designate different parts of a picture, it produces confusion. All the parts of the picture will seem to be in a pile.

SELECTIONS

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES*

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half-way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile.

* From "The Marble Faun," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is in the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs; these are

the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another token of brute kindred,—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill —in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in fields and woods, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man. The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists, within that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MOONLIGHT ON THE ALHAMBRA *

The Mysterious Chambers

As I was rambling one day about the Moorish halls, my attention was, for the first time, attracted to a door in a remote gallery, communicating apparently with some part of the Alhambra which I had not yet explored. I attempted to open it, but it was locked. I knocked, but no one answered, and the sound seemed to reverberate through the empty chambers. Here then was a mystery. Here was the haunted wing of the castle. How was I to get at the dark secrets here shut up from the public eye? Should I come privately at night with lamp and sword, according to the prying custom of heroes of romance; or should I endeavor to draw the secret from Pepe the stuttering gardener; or the ingenuous Dolores, or the loquacious Mateo? Or should I go frankly and openly to Dame Antonia the chatelaine, and ask her all about it? I chose the latter course, as being the simplest though the least romantic; and found, somewhat to my disappointment, that there was no mystery in the case. I was welcome to explore the apartment, and there was the key.

. . . . . .

When I returned to my quarters, in the governor's apartment, every thing seemed tame and common-place after the poetic region I had left. The thought suggested itself: Why could I not change my quarters to these vacant chambers? that would indeed be living in the Alhambra, surrounded by its gardens and fountains, as in the time of the Moorish sovereigns. I proposed the change to Dame Antonia and her family, and it occasioned vast surprise. They

* Copied from Putnam's latest edition of "The Alhambra," as it was revised by Mr. Irving in 1851.

could not conceive any rational inducement for the choice of an apartment so forlorn, remote and solitary. . . . I was not to be diverted from my humor, however, and my will was law with these good people. So, calling in the assistance of a carpenter, and the ever officious Mateo Xemenes, the doors and windows were soon placed in a state of tolerable security, and the sleeping-room . . . prepared for my reception. Mateo kindly volunteered as a body-guard to sleep in my antechamber; but I did not think it worth while to put his valor to the proof.

With all the hardihood I had assumed and all the precautions I had taken, I must confess the first night passed in these quarters was inexpressibly dreary. I do not think it was so much the apprehension of dangers from without that affected me, as the character of the place itself, with all its strange associations: the deeds of violence committed there; the tragical ends of many of those who had once reigned there in splendor. . . .

The whole family escorted me to my chamber, and took leave of me as of one engaged on a perilous enterprise; and when I heard their retreating steps die away along the waste antechambers and echoing galleries; and turned the key of my door, I was reminded of those hobgoblin stories, where the hero is left to accomplish the adventure of an enchanted house.

. . . . . .

In the course of a few evenings a thorough change took place in the scene and its associations. The moon, which when I took possession of my new apartments was invisible, gradually gained each evening upon the darkness of the night, and at length rolled in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window, before wrapped in gloom, was gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees

were tipped with silver; the fountain sparkled in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose was faintly visible.

I now felt the poetic merit of the Arabic inscription on the walls: "How beauteous is this garden; where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven. What can compare with the vase of yon alabaster fountain filled with crystal water? nothing but the moon in her fulness, shining in the midst of an unclouded sky!"

On such heavenly nights I would sit for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered fortunes of those whose history was dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes, when all was quiet, and the clock from the distant cathedral of Granada struck the midnight hour, I have sallied out on another tour and wandered over the whole building; but how different from my first tour! . . .

Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and such a place? The temperature of a summer midnight in Andalusia is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; we feel a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, which render mere existence happiness. But when moonlight is added to all this, the effect is like enchantment. Under its plastic sway the Alhambra seems to regain its pristine glories. Every rent and chasm of time; every mouldering tint and weather-stain is gone; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, we tread the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale!

What a delight, at such a time, to ascend to the little airy pavilion of the queen's toilet, . . . which, like a bird-cage, overhangs the valley of the Darro, and gaze from its light arcades upon the moonlight prospect! To the right, the swelling mountains of the Sierra Nevada, robbed of

their ruggedness and softened into a fairy land, with their snowy summits gleaming like silver clouds against the deep blue sky. And then to lean over the parapet of the Tocador and gaze down upon Granada and the Albaycin spread out like a map below; all buried in deep repose; the white palaces and convents sleeping in the moonshine, and beyond all these the vapory Vega fading away like a dream-land in the distance.

Sometimes the faint click of castanets rises from the Alameda, where some gay Andalusians are dancing away the summer night. Sometimes the dubious tones of a guitar and the notes of an amorous voice, tell perchance the whereabout of some moon-struck lover serenading his lady's window.

Such is a faint picture of the moonlight nights I have passed loitering about the courts and halls and balconies of this most suggestive pile; "feeding my fancy with sugared suppositions," and enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate; so that it has been almost morning before I have retired to bed and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A CHRISTMAS AT BOB CRATCHIT'S

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

. . . . . .

. . perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and, on the threshold of the door, the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob"* a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour!"

*An English shilling.

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas-day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke, so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas-day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths,

lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah.

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress, next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of

half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

. . . . . .

Then Bob proposed:—"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

CHARLES DICKENS (adapted).

THE WITCH'S CAVERN*

A fire burned in the far recess of the cave; and over it was a small caldron; on a tall and thin column of iron stood a rude lamp; over that part of the wall, at the base of which burned the fire, hung in many rows, as if to dry, a profusion of herbs and weeds. A fox, couched before the fire, gazed upon the strangers with its bright and red eye —its hair bristling—and a low growl stealing from between its teeth; in the centre of the cave was an earthen statue, which had three heads of singular and fantastic cast. A low tripod stood before this.

. . . . . .

But it was not these appendages . . of the cave that thrilled the blood of those who gazed fearfully therein—it was the face of its inmate. Before the fire, with the light shining full upon her features, sat a woman of considerable

* Adapted from "The Last Days of Pompeii."

age. Her countenance betrayed the remains of a regular, but high and aquiline order of feature: with stony eyes turned upon them—with a look that met and fascinated theirs—they beheld in that fearful countenance the very image of a corpse!

Glaucus. It is a dead thing.

Ione. Nay—it stirs—it is a ghost!

Slave. Oh, away—away! It is the witch of Vesuvius!

Witch. Who are ye? And what do ye here?

Glaucus. We are storm-beaten wanderers from the neighboring city; we crave shelter and the comfort of your hearth.

Witch. Come to the fire if ye will! I never welcome living thing—save the owl, the fox, the toad, and the viper—so I cannot welcome ye; but come to the fire without welcome—why stand upon form?

Ione. We disturb you, I fear.

Witch. Tell me, are ye brother and sister?

Ione. No.

Witch. Are ye married?

Glaucus. Not so.

Witch. Ho, lovers! ha! ha! ha!

Glaucus. Why dost thou laugh, old crone?

Witch. Did I laugh?

Glaucus. She is in her dotage.

Witch. Thou liest.

Ione. Hush! Provoke her not, dear Glaucus.

Witch. I will tell thee why I laughed when I discovered ye were lovers. It was because it is a pleasure to the old and withered to look upon young hearts like yours—and to know the time will come when you will loathe each other—loathe—loathe—ha!—ha!—ha!—

Ione. The gods forbid. Yet, poor woman, thou knowest little of love, or thou wouldst know that it never changes.

Witch. Was I young once, think ye? And am I old, and hideous, and deathly now? Such as is the form, so is the heart.

Glaucus. Hast thou dwelt here long?

Witch. Ah, long!—yes.

Glaucus. It is but a drear abode.

Witch. Ha! thou mayst well say that—Hell is beneath us! And I will tell thee a secret—the dim things below are preparing wrath for ye above.

Glaucus. Thou utterest but evil words. In the future, I will brave the tempest rather than thy welcome.

Witch. Thou wilt do well. None should ever seek me, save the wretched!

Glaucus. And why the wretched?

Witch. I am the witch of the mountain; my trade is to give hope to the hopeless: for the crossed in love, I have philtres; for the avaricious, promises of treasure; for the happy and the good, I have only what life has—curses! Trouble me no more.

. . . . . .

As Glaucus now turned towards the witch, he perceived for the first time, just under her seat, the bright gaze and crested head of a large snake: whether it was that the vivid coloring of the Athenian's cloak, thrown over the shoulders of Ione, attracted the reptile's anger—its crest began to glow and rise, as if menacing and preparing itself to spring upon the Neapolitan;—Glaucus caught quickly at one of the half-burned logs upon the hearth—and, as if enraged at the action, the snake came forth from its shelter, and with a loud hiss raised itself on end, till its height nearly approached that of the Greek.

. . . . . .

Glaucus. Witch, command thy creature, or thou wilt see it dead!

Witch. It has been despoiled of its venom.

Ere the words had left her lips, the snake had sprung upon Glaucus; the agile Greek leaped lightly aside, and struck so fell a blow on the head of the snake, that it fell prostrate and writhing among the embers of the fire.

The hag sprung up, and stood confronting Glaucus with a face which would have befitted the fiercest of the Furies.

Witch. Thou hast had shelter under my roof, and warmth at my hearth; thou hast returned evil for good; thou hast smitten and slain the thing that loved me and was mine: now hear thy punishment. I curse thee! and thou art cursed! May thy love be blasted—may thy name be blackened—may the infernals mark thee—may thy heart wither and scorch—may thy last hour recall to thee the prophet voice of the Saga of Vesuvius!

. . . . . .

Long and loud rang the echoes of the cavern with the dread laugh of the saga.

The lovers gained the open air.

"Alas!" said Ione, "my soul feels the omen of evil. Preserve us, oh, ye gods!" LORD LYTTON.

BEAUTY *

A nobler want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of Beauty.

The ancient Greeks called the world, beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us delight *in and for themselves;* a pleasure arising from outline, color, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye

* Used by special arrangement with and permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which integrates every mass of objects, of what character soever, into a well-colored and shaded globe, so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they compose is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. Even the corpse has its own beauty. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them, as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of Beauty in a threefold manner.

1. First, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over

against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening, of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees became spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never

be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day, sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 't is mere tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October,—who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 't is only a mirage as you look from the windows of diligence.

2. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual, element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said Sallust. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades;—are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannas as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Henry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sat on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But,"

his biographer says, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side." In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

PART I

The door was thrown open wide. A man entered and stopped, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his shoulder, his stick in his hand, and a rough, bold, wearied, and violent expression in his eyes. The firelight fell on him; he was hideous; it was a sinister apparition.

The bishop fixed a quiet eye on the man, as he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the new-comer what he wanted. The man leant both his hands on his stick, looked in turn at the two aged females and the old man, and, not waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice,

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave, and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon, and to-day I have marched twelve leagues. This evening on coming into the town I went to the inn, but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the police office. I went to another inn, and

the landlord said to me, Be off. It was the same everywhere, and no one would have any dealings with me. I went to the prison, but the jailer would not take me in. I got into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off, as if it had been a man; it seemed to know who I was. I went into the fields to sleep in the star-light, but there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and as there was no God to prevent it from raining, I came back to the town to sleep in a doorway. I was lying down on a stone in the square, when a good woman pointed to your house and said, Go and knock there. What sort of a house is this? Do you keep an inn? I have money, 100 francs 15 sous, which I earned at the bagne by my nineteen years' toil. I will pay, for what do I care for that, as I have money! I am very tired and frightfully hungry; will you let me stay here?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will lay another knife and fork."

The man advanced three paces, and approached the lamp which was on the table. "Wait a minute," he continued, as if he had not comprehended, "that will not do. Did you not hear me say that I was a galley-slave, a convict, and have just come from the bagne?" He took from his pocket a large yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here is my passport, yellow, as you see, which turns me out wherever I go. Will you read it? I can read it, for I learned to do so at the bagne, where there is a school for those who like to attend it. This is what is written in my passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, native of'—but that does not concern you—'has remained nineteen years at the galleys. Five years for robbery with house-breaking, fourteen years for having tried to escape four times. The man is very dangerous.' All the world has turned me out, and are you willing to receive me? is this an inn? will you give me some food and a bed? have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove."

The bishop turned to the man. "Sit down and warm yourself, sir? We shall sup directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

The man understood this at once. The expression of his face, which had hitherto been gloomy and harsh, was marked with stupefaction, joy, doubt, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a lunatic.

"Is it true? what? You will let me stay, you will not drive me out, a convict? You call me *Sir*, you do not 'thou' me. 'Get out, dog'; that is what is always said to me; I really believed you would turn me out, and hence told you at once who I am! Oh what a worthy woman she was who sent me here! I shall have supper, a bed with mattress and sheets, like everybody else! For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed! You really mean that I am to stay. You are worthy people; besides, I have money and will pay handsomely. By the way, what is your name, Mr. Landlord? I will pay anything you please, for you are a worthy man. You keep an inn, do you not?"

"I am," said the bishop, "a priest living in this house."

"A priest!" the man continued. While speaking, he deposited his knapsack and stick in a corner, returned his passport to his pocket, and sat down. "You are humane, sir, and do not feel contempt. A good priest is very good. Then you do not want me to pay?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money. How long did you take in earning these 100 francs?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" the bishop gave a deep sigh.

The man went on,—"I have all my money still; in four days I have only spent 25 sous, which I earned by helping to unload carts at Grasse. As you are an abbé I will tell

you: we had a chaplain at the bagne, and one day I saw a bishop, monseigneur, as they call him. He is the curé over the curés; but, pardon me, you know that, placed as we are, we (convicts) know and explain such things badly, and for me in particular it is so far away in the past. He said mass in the middle of the bagne at an altar, and had a pointed gold thing on his head, which glistened in the bright sunshine; we were drawn up on three sides of a square, with guns and lighted matches facing us. He spoke, but was too far off, and we did not hear him. That is what a bishop is."

While he was speaking the bishop had gone to close the door, which had been left open. Madame Magloire came in, bringing a silver spoon and fork, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "lay them as near as you can to the fire;" and, turning to his guest, he said, "The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir."

Each time he said the word *Sir* with his gentle grave voice the man's face was illumined. *Sir* to a convict is the glass of water to the shipwrecked sailor of the Meduse. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," the bishop continued. Madame Magloire understood, and fetched from the chimney of monseigneur's bedroom the two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are good and do not despise me. You receive me as a friend, and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I come, and that I am an unfortunate fellow."

The bishop, who was seated by his side, gently touched his hand. "You need not have told me who you were;

this is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow; you are suffering, you are hungry and thirsty, and so be welcome. And do not thank me, or say that I am receiving you in my house, for no one is at home here excepting the man who has need of an asylum. I tell you, who are a passer-by, that you are more at home here than I am myself, and all there is here is yours. Why do I want to know your name? besides, before you told it to me you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in amazement.

"Is that true? you know my name?"

"Yes," the bishop answered, "you are my brother."

"You have suffered greatly?"

"Oh! the red jacket, the cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, labor, the set of men, the blows, the double chain for a nothing, a dungeon for a word, even when you are ill in bed, and the chain-gang. The very dogs are happier. Nineteen years! and now I am forty-six; and at present, the yellow passport!"

"Yes," said the bishop, "you have come from a place of sorrow. Listen to me; there will be more joy in heaven over the tearful face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of one hundred just men. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow-men you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindliness, gentleness, and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

. . . . . .

After bidding his sister good-night, Monseigneur Welcome took up one of the silver candlesticks, handed the other to his guest, and said,—

"I will lead you to your room, sir."

The bishop led his guest to the alcove, where a clean bed

was prepared for him; the man placed the branched candlestick on a small table.

"I trust you will pass a good night," said the bishop.

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé," the man said. He suddenly turned to the old gentleman, folded his arms, and fixing on him a savage glance, he exclaimed hoarsely,—

"What! you really lodge me so close to you as that?" He broke off and added with a laugh, in which there was something monstrous,—"Have you reflected fully? Who tells you that I have not committed a murder?"

The bishop answered, "That concerns God."

Then gravely moving his lips, he stretched out his right hand and blessed the man, who did not bow his head, and returned to his bedroom, without turning or looking behind him. When the alcove was occupied, a large serge curtain drawn right across the oratory concealed the altar. The bishop knelt down as he passed before this curtain, and offered up a short prayer; a moment after he was in his garden, walking, dreaming, contemplating, his soul and thoughts entirely occupied by those grand mysteries which God displays at night to eyes that remain open. Midnight was striking as the bishop returned from his garden to the room, and a few minutes later everybody was asleep in the small house.

. . . . . .

As two o'clock pealed from the cathedral bell, Jean Valjean awoke. He rose, hesitated for a moment and listened; all was silent in the house, and he went on tiptoe to the window, through which he peered. . . After taking this glance, he went boldly to the alcove, opened his knapsack, took out something which he laid on the bed, put his shoes in one of the pouches, placed the knapsack on his shoulders, put on his cap, the peak of which he pulled over his eyes, groped for his stick, which he had placed in the window-

nook, and then returned to the bed, and took up the object he had laid on it. It resembled a short iron bar, sharpened at one of its ends. It would have been difficult to distinguish in the darkness for what purpose this piece of iron had been fashioned; perhaps it was a lever, perhaps it was a club. By daylight it could have been seen that it was nothing but a miner's candlestick. The convicts at that day were sometimes employed in extracting rock from the lofty hills that surround Toulon, and it was not infrequent for them to have mining tools at their disposal. The miners' candlesticks are made of massive steel, and have a point at the lower end, by which they are dug into the rock. He took the bar in his right hand, and holding his breath and deadening his footsteps he walked toward the door of the adjoining room. On reaching this door he found it ajar—the bishop had not shut it.

. . .

Jean Valjean listened, but there was not a sound; he pushed the door with the tip of his finger lightly. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped, for he was close to the bed; he had reached it sooner than he anticipated. For nearly half an hour a heavy cloud had covered the sky, but at the moment when Jean Valjean stopped at the foot of the bed, this cloud was rent asunder as if expressly, and a moonbeam passing through the tall window suddenly illumined the bishop's pale face. The moon in the heavens, the hour, the silence, the moment, added something solemn and indescribable to this man's venerable repose, and cast a majestic and serene halo round his white hair and closed eyes, his face, in which all was hope and confidence, his aged head, and his infantine slumbers. There was almost a divinity in this unconsciously august man. Jean Valjean was standing in the

shadow with his crowbar in his hand, motionless and terrified by this luminous old man. He had never seen anything like this before, and such confidence horrified him. The moral world has no greater spectacle than this, a troubled restless conscience, which is on the point of committing a bad action, contemplating the sleep of a just man.

. . . . . .

All at once Jean Valjean put on his cap again, then walked rapidly along the bed, without looking at the bishop, and went straight to the cupboard. The first thing he saw was the plate-basket, which he seized. He hurried across the room, opened the window, seized his stick, put the silver in his pocket, threw away the basket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

Part II

The next morning at sunrise Monseigneur Welcome was walking about the garden, when Madame Magloire came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur, monseigneur!" she screamed, "does your grandeur know where the plate-basket is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"The Lord be praised," she continued; "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just picked up the basket in a flower-bed, and now handed it to Madame Magloire. "Here it is," he said.

"Well!" she said, "there is nothing in it; where is the plate?"

"Ah!" the bishop replied, "it is the plate that troubles your mind. Well, I do not know where that is."

"Good Lord! it is stolen, and that man who came last night is the robber."

. . . . . .

A strange and violent group appeared. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes, the fourth was Jean Valjean. A corporal, who apparently commanded the party, came in and walked up to the bishop with a military salute.

Monseigneur Welcome had advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! there you are," he said, looking at Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks too, which are also silver, and will fetch you 200 francs. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes, and looked at the bishop with an expression which no human language could render.

"Monseigneur," the corporal said, "what this man told us was true then? We met him, and as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate——"

"And he told you," the bishop interrupted with a smile, "that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here? That is a mistake."

"In that case," the corporal continued, "we can let him go?"

"Of course," the bishop answered.

The gendarmes loosed their hold of Jean Valjean, who tottered back.

"Is it true that I am at liberty?" he said, in an almost inarticulate voice, and as if speaking in his sleep.

"Yes, you are let go; don't you understand?" said a gendarme.

"My friend," the bishop continued, "before you go take your candlesticks."

He went to the mantel-piece, fetched the two candlesticks, and handed them to Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs; he took the candlesticks mechanically, and with wandering looks.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace."

Then turning to the gendarmes, he said,—"Gentlemen, you can retire."

They did so. The bishop walked up to Jean Valjean, and said in a low voice, "Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of having promised anything, stood silent. The bishop continued solemnly,—

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

VICTOR HUGO.

Adapted from "Les Misérables."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
  Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
  Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
  But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play
  Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

. . . . .

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DIVISION II

Chapter II

Atmosphere

The atmosphere of literature is the feeling or spirit that pervades it. Atmosphere in interpretive reading is the response of voice and face and body to the feeling aroused in the speaker by the literature. This response comes from repeated sympathetic study of the thought and sentiment. To read understandingly is not all. The heart must enter in. The reader should make others feel the power and beauty of the literature read as he feels it. This is the spiritual interpretation of literature.

Study a selection as in all previous steps. Memorize the lines. Let your thoughts dwell on the lines. Recite them over and over. Study again, give yourself out to those to whom you read. Live your thoughts. Have a beautiful message for others that may be helpful to them. *Feel* what you say.

SELECTIONS

THE RIDE FOR LIFE*

The night was clear, with a touch of frost in the air, yet with the feeling in it of approaching spring. A dim light fell over the forest from the half-moon and the stars, and seemed to fill up the little clearing in which the manse stood, with a weird and mysterious radiance. Far away

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in the forest the long-drawn howl of a wolf rose and fell, and in a moment sharp and clear came an answer from the bush just at hand. Mrs. Murray dreaded the wolves, but she was no coward and scorned to show fear.

"The wolves are out, Ranald," she said, carelessly, as Ranald came up with the pony.

"They are not many, I think," answered the boy as carelessly, "but—are you—do you think—perhaps I could just take the medicine—and you will come——"

"Nonsense, Ranald! bring up the pony. Do you think I have lived all this time in Indian Lands to be afraid of a wolf?"

"Indeed you are not afraid, I know that well!"

Ranald shrank from laying the crime of being afraid at the door of the minister's wife, whose fearlessness was proverbial in the community—"but maybe——" The truth was, Ranald would rather be alone if the wolves came out.

But Mrs. Murray was in the saddle, and the pony was impatient to be off.

"We will go by the Camerons' clearing, and then take their wood-track. It is a better road," said Ranald, after they had got through the big gate.

"Now, Ranald, you think I am afraid of the swamp, and by the Camerons' is much longer."

"Indeed, I hear them say that you are not afraid of the —of anything," said Ranald, quickly, "but this road is better for the horses."

"Come on, then, with your colt," and the pony darted away on her quick-springing gallop, followed by the colt going with a long, easy, loping stride. For a mile they kept side by side until they reached the Camerons' lane, when Ranald held in the colt and allowed the pony to lead. As they passed through the Camerons' yard the big black dogs, famous bear-hunters, came baying at them. The

pony regarded them with indifference, but the colt shied and plunged.

"Whoa, Liz!" Liz was Ranald's contraction for Lizette, the name the French horse-trainer and breeder, Jules La Rocque, gave to her mother, who in her day was queen of the ice at L'Original Christmas races.

"Be quate, Nigger, will you!" The dogs, who knew Ranald well, ceased their clamor, but not before the kitchen door opened and Don Cameron came out.

Don was about a year older than Ranald and was his friend and comrade.

"It's me, Don—and Mrs. Murray there."

Don gazed speechless.

"And what——?" he began.

"Father is not well. He is hurted, and Mrs. Murray is going to see him, and we must go."

Ranald hurried through his story, impatient to get on.

"But are you going up through the bush?" asked Don.

"Yes, what else, Don?" asked Mrs. Murray. "It is a good road, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is good enough," said Don, doubtfully, "But I heard——"

"We will come out at our own clearing at the back, you know," Ranald hurried to say, giving Don a kick. "Whist, man! She is set upon going." At that moment, away off toward the swamp, which they were avoiding, the long, heart-chilling cry of a mother wolf quavered on the still night air. In spite of herself Mrs. Murray shivered, and the boys looked at each other.

"There is only one," said Ranald in a low voice to Don, but they both knew that where the she-wolf is there is a pack not far off. "And we will be through the bush in five minutes."

"Come, Ranald! Come away, you can talk to Don any

time. Good-night, Don." And so saying she headed her pony toward the clearing and was off at a gallop, and Ranald, shaking his head at his friend, ejaculated:

"Man alive! what do you think of that?" and was off after the pony.

Together they entered the bush. The road was well beaten and the horses were keen to go, so that before many minutes were over they were half through the bush. Ranald's spirits rose, and he began to take some interest in his companion's observations upon the beauty of the lights and shadows falling across their path.

"Look at that very dark shadow from the spruce there, Ranald," she cried, pointing to a deep black turn in the road. For answer there came from behind them the long, mournful hunting-cry of the wolf. He was on their track. Immediately it was answered by a chorus of howls from the bush on the swamp-side, but still far away. There was no need of command; the pony sprang forward with a snort and the colt followed, and after a few minutes' running, passed her.

"Whow-oo-oo-oo-ow," rose the long cry of the pursuer summoning help, and drawing nearer.

"Wow-ee-wow," came the shorter, sharper answer from the swamp, but much nearer than before and more in front. They were trying to head off their prey.

Ranald tugged at his colt till he got him back with the pony.

"It is a good road," he said, quietly. "You can let the pony go. I will follow you." He swung in behind the pony, who was now running for dear life and snorting with terror at every jump.

"God preserve us!" said Ranald to himself. He had caught sight of a dark form as it darted through the gleam of light in front.

"What did you say, Ranald?" The voice was quiet and clear.

"It is a great pony to run whatever," said Ranald, ashamed of himself.

"Is she not?"

Ranald glanced over his shoulder. Down the road, running with silent, awful swiftness, he saw the long, low body of the leading wolf flashing through the bars of moonlight across the road, and the pack following hard.

"Let her go, Mrs. Murray," cried Ranald. "Whip her and never stop." But there was no need; the pony was wild with fear, and was doing her best running.

Ranald meantime was gradually holding in the colt, and the pony drew away rapidly. But as rapidly the wolves were closing in behind him. They were not more than a hundred yards away, and gaining every second. Ranald, remembering the suspicious nature of the brutes, loosened his coat and dropped it on the road; with a chorus of yelps they paused, then threw themselves upon it, and in another minute took up the chase.

But now the clearing was in sight. The pony was far ahead, and Ranald shook out his colt with a yell. He was none too soon, for the pursuing pack, now uttering short, shrill yelps, were close at the colt's heels. Lizette, fleet as the wind, could not shake them off. Closer and ever closer they came, snapping and snarling. Ranald could see them over his shoulder. A hundred yards more and he would reach his own back lane. The leader of the pack seemed to feel that his chances were slipping swiftly away. With a spurt he gained upon Lizette, reached the saddle-girths, gathered himself in two short jumps, and sprang for the colt's throat. Instinctively Ranald stood up in his stirrups, and, kicking his foot free, caught the wolf under the jaw. The brute fell with a howl under the

colt's feet, and next moment they were in the lane and safe.

The savage brutes, discouraged by their leader's fall, slowed down their fierce pursuit, and, hearing the deep bay of the Macdonalds' great deerhound, Bugle, up at the house, they paused, sniffed the air a few minutes, then turned and swiftly and silently slid into the dark shadows. Ranald, knowing that they would hardly dare enter the lane, checked the colt, and, wheeling, watched them disappear.

"I'll have some of your hides some day," he cried, shaking his fist after them. He hated to be made to run.

He had hardly set the colt's face homeward when he heard something tearing down the lane to meet them. The colt snorted, swerved, and then, dropping his ears, stood still. It was Bugle, and after him came Mrs. Murray on the pony.

"Oh, Ranald!" she panted, "thank God you are safe. I was afraid you—you——" Her voice broke in sobs. Her hood had fallen back from her white face, and her eyes were shining like two stars. She laid her hand on Ranald's arm, and her voice grew steady as she said, "Thank God, my boy, and thank you with all my heart. You risked your life for mine. You are a brave fellow! I can never forget this!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ranald, awkwardly. "You are better stuff than I am. You came back with Bugle. And I knew Liz could beat the pony whatever." Then they walked their horses quietly to the stable, and nothing more was said by either of them, but from that hour Ranald had a friend ready to offer life for him, though he did not know it then nor till years afterwards.

CHARLES GORDON.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE SUNRISE

From early childhood, even as hath been said,
From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad
In summer to tend herds: such was his task
Thenceforward till the later day of youth.
O then what soul was his, when, on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth

And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live: they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breath'd, he proffer'd no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SUNSET

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
With resting-place of mossy stone; and there
We sate reclined, admiring quietly
The frame and general aspect of the scene;
And each not seldom eager to make known
His own discoveries; or to favorite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
T' impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget
When these particular interests were effaced
From every mind! Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide;
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Pierced through their thin ethereal mould, ere we,
Who saw, of change were conscious, had become
Vivid as fire—clouds separately poised,
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,
The Priest, in holy transport, thus exclaim'd:—
"Eternal Spirit! Universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deign'd
To furnish; for this image of Thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local, transitory type
Of thy paternal splendors, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant cherubim;—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble creatures, here convened,
Presume to offer; we, who from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold

The faint reflections only of thy face,
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they are who in thy presence stand,
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty stream'd forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour—cleansed from mortal stain.
Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the law,
As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PSALM XXIV

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

A Psalm of David.

THE OPEN SKY

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it

is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blesssing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as

unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CLOUD BEAUTY

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light,—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly: now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather

believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Clouds close to us may be blue, but far off, golden,—a strange result, if the air is blue. And again, if blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red; and that Alp, or anything else that catches far-away light, why colored red, at dawn and sunset? No one knows, I believe. It is true that many substances, as opal, are blue, or green, by reflected light, yellow by transmitted; but air, if blue at all, is blue always by transmitted light. I hear of a wonderful solution of nettles, or other unlovely herb, which is green when shallow,—red when deep. Perhaps some day, as the motion of the heavenly bodies by help of an apple, their light by help of a nettle, may be explained to mankind.

But farther: these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

JOHN RUSKIN.

PIPPA PASSES

(*A large, mean, airy chamber. A girl, Pippa, from the silk-mills, springing out of bed.*)

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
—My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As prosperous ones are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,

And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa,—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven,—
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!

. . . . . .

And here I let time slip for naught!
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught
With a single splash from my ewer!
You that would mock the best pursuer,
Was my basin over-deep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits,
Wheeling and counterwheeling,
Reeling, broken beyond healing:
Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily . . .
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on,
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?

. . . . . .

Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
Of ocean, bud there,—fairies watch unroll

Such turban-flowers; I say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flame through that dusk green universe!
I am queen of thee, floweret!
And each fleshy blossom
Preserve I not (safer
Than leaves that embower it,
Or shells that embosom)
—From weevil and chafer?
Laugh through my pane then; solicit the bee;
Gibe him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
Love thy queen, worship me!

—Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
My morn, noon, eve and night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa, who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
But, this one day, I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!

. . . . . .

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

ENOCH ARDEN

As the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch, thinking, "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the Book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamored the good woman, "Hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave

A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.

And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years.
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

DIVISION II

Chapter III

Tone Color*

Tone color is the suiting of sound to sense.

Authors use alliteration and assonance to convey certain ideas to the mind. Tone here serves an important part in relation to thought. Certain tones are associated with certain ideas, thus giving added beauty to language and literature. Read aloud literature in which sound is suited to sense. In Mr. Lowell's "Appledore," for example, notice how the harsher consonant sounds are used to picture the rugged coast. Notice how these consonant sounds are repeated. Notice the use of liquids and the repetition of certain vowel sounds to suggest the sound of the ocean. The voice must interpret the *sound* or *music* element of literature.

SELECTIONS

APPLEDORE†

A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost;
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,
Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,

*See Lanier's "Science of English Verse."

†Used by special arrangement with and permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of James Russell Lowell.

The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black sea-weed lolls and wags;
Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore,—
Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,
These make Appledore.
These make Appledore by night:
Then there are monsters left and right;
Every rock is a different monster;
All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,
When you waked at night because you screamed,
There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never once stir),
If you look long, they seem to be moving
Just as plainly as can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading and shoving
Out into the awful sea,
Where you hear them snort and spout
With pauses between, as though they were listening,
Then tumult anon when the surf breaks glistening
In the blackness where they wallow about.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME*

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell,
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish fears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.

*By permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream,
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;

The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL.

DISCORD

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

JOHN MILTON.

CONCORD

The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy—Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Toward either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,—
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence,
To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream!
With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.

JOHN MILTON.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the Water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me thus once on a time;

And, moreover he tasked me to tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word, there first came one daughter,
And then came another, to second and third
The request of their brother, and to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store:
And 'twas in my vocation for their recreation
That so I should sing, because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well in the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains in the mountains,
Its rills and its gills,—through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps for awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake. And thence at departing,
Awaking and starting, it runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade, and through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling; now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in, till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent, it reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging, as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among; rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing, eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
Around and around with endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;

Confounding, astounding, dizzying, and deafening
The ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and flittering, and gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening, and quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,

. . . . . .

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE CULPRIT FAY

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
  Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve
  And call the fays to their revelry:
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
  "Midnight comes, and all is well!
  Hither, hither, wing your way;
  'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
  From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb-hammocks high,
  And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
  They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;

Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering rising stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'-clock
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlit glade:
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

. . . . . .

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's glittering vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on the ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue,
He drove his spurs of cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead.

They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing;
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground,
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

DIVISION II

CHAPTER IV

Rhythm, Movement*

Rhythm, in speech, is the more or less regular recurrence of accent or impulses of the voice. In music and in lyric poetry, these impulses occur at regular intervals; but in other forms of poetry and in prose, the rhythmic movement is less marked. Rhythm is one of the beauties of literature, and must be heard to be appreciated. Read aloud frequently. Bring out the music of the rhythm, but avoid sing-song reading. Modulate the voice so that it will interpret the music as well as the thought of literature.

The rate, or movement, of reading varies with the character of the literature. If solemn or grave, the movement is slow; if gay or exciting, the movement is rapid. The movement should vary as the thought or emotion varies.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
The cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.

* See Lanier's "Science of English Verse."

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

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

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, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

COME INTO THE GARDEN

1.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

2.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

3.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

4.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

5.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

6.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

7.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

8.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

10.

There has fallen a splendid tear,
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my love, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

11.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external

influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "The Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous were it not for the charms of culture: but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture: and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but

looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

LUCY

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
  The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LUCY

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:

This child I to myself will take:
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own."

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO A SKYLARK

I.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

. . . . . .

VII.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not;

. . . . . .

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

. . . . . .

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XIX.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures,
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

DIVISION II

Chapter V

Personation

Personation is the interpretation of character.

The study of personation should begin with *life study*. Study some person, noting his voice, manner of speech, gestures, vocabulary, habits of thought, etc. Try to represent or interpret this character for several minutes, preserving the character assumed until a class has time to analyze it. Study a character in literature. Study it from every point of view. Memorize the lines that the character speaks, imagine yourself the character, then act and speak as you think he would.

Interpretation of the great drama calls for creative power.

SELECTIONS

THE RIVALS

Act II., Scene I.

Captain Absolute. Now for a parental lecture.

(*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*)

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I

did not expect it, for I was going to write you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget her, though.—

Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why — what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you. But hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as

I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up nights to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy; no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please!—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog!—you play upon the meekness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you! [*Exit Sir Anthony.*

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands!

(*Enter Fag.*)

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master. Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[*Pushes him aside, and exit.*

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah, it shows the worst temper—the basest——

(*Enter Errand Boy.*)

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! Your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE RIVALS

ACT III, SCENE I

(*Enter Captain Absolute.*)

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the

very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very sincere. So, so—here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff.

[*Steps aside.*

(*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*)

Sir Anth.—No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more—never—never—never.

Abs. (*aside, coming forward.*) Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way!

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abs. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something. Languish! Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds! no!

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! What think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack!

Abs. That's she, indeed. Well done, old gentleman.

[*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck! O Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! The aunt, indeed! But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind. Now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. Why, sirrah! you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life! *I* have a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir: if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey! I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the

Promethean torch to you—come along. I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture—if you don't, egad, I will marry the girl myself!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT I. SCENE III.

(*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*)

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sud-

den, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

(*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*)

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take the change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT V. SCENE I.—THE FOREST.

(*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*)

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's sayings.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar text! But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

(*Enter William.*)

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other;

for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit*

. . . . .

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend

[*Exeunt*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SELECTIONS

HAMLET'S FIRST SOLILOQUY

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon '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! 't is 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!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she,—
O God! 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?

.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;—
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET

ACT I. SCENE IV.—THE PLATFORM.

(*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*)

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Ham. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

(*A flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off within.*)
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry is't;
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.
Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

(*Enter Ghost.*)

Ham. 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 comest 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. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands!

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct this.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Act IV. Scene III.

(*Enter Brutus and Cassius.*)

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement?

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge,
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not!

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him!

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius I did not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come.
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
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 enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus!
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH

ACT I, SCENE V.

(*Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*)

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect and it!

. . . . . .

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

(*Enter Macbeth.*)

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH

Act V. Scene I.—Lady Macbeth's Room in the Castle at Dunsinane.

(*Enter Gentlewoman and Physician.*)

Phys. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phys. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phys. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

(*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.*)

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Phys. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phys. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phys. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus

washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phys. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phys. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Phys. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Phys. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Phys. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Phys. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown;

look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Phys. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone; to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit.*

Phys. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phys. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ANTIGONE*

SCENE I.

(*Antigone, Ismene.*)

Antigone. O my dear sister, my best-loved Ismene!
Is there an evil, by the wrath of Jove
Reserved for Œdipus' unhappy race,
We have not felt already? Sorrow and shame,
And bitterness and anguish,—all that's sad,
All that's distressful, hath been ours; and now

* From "Antigone" of Maynard's English Classic Series by permission of publishers.

This dreadful edict from the tyrant comes
To double our misfortunes. Hast thou heard
What harsh commands he hath imposed on all?
Or art thou still to know what future ills
Our foes have yet in store to make us wretched?

Ismene. Since that unhappy day, Antigone!
When by each other's hand our brothers fell,
And Greece dismissed her armies, I have heard
Naught that could give joy or grief to me.

Ant. I thought thou wert a stranger to the tidings;
And therefore called thee forth, that here alone
I might impart them to thee.

Ism. O, what are they?
For something dreadful labors in thy breast.

Ant. Know, then, from Creon, our indulgent lord,
Our hapless brothers met a different fate;
To honor one, and one to infamy,
He hath consigned: with funeral rites he graced
The body of our dear Eteocles,
While Polynices' wretched carcass lies
Unburied, unlamented, left exposed
A feast for hungry vultures on the plain.
No pitying friend will dare to violate
The tyrant's harsh command, for public death
Awaits the offender: Creon comes himself
To tell us of it, such is our condition.
This is the crisis, this the hour, Ismene!
That must declare thee worthy of thy birth,
Or show thee mean, base, and degenerate.

Ism. What wouldst thou have me do? Defy his power?
Contemn the laws?

Ant. To act with me, or not:
Consider, and resolve.

Ism. What daring deed

Wouldst thou attempt? What is it? Speak!
Ant. To join
And take the body, my Ismene!
Ism. Ha!
And wouldst thou dare to bury it, when thus
We are forbidden?
Ant. Ay, to bury him:
He is my brother, and thine too, Ismene!
Therefore, consent or not, I have determined
I'll not disgrace my birth.
Ism. Hath not the king
Pronounced it death to all?
Ant. He hath no right,
No power to keep me from my own.
Ism. Alas!
Remember our unhappy father's fate;
His eyes torn out by his own fatal hand,
Oppressed with shame and infamy, he died:
Fruit of his crimes, a mother and a wife,
Dreadful alliance! self-devoted, fell;
And last, in one sad day, Eteocles
And Polynices, by each other slain.
Left as we are, deserted and forlorn,
What from our disobedience can we hope,
But misery and ruin? Poor, weak women,
Helpless, nor formed by nature to contend
With powerful man; we are his subjects too.
Therefore to this, and worse than this, my sister,
We must submit; for me, in humblest prayer
Will I address me to the infernal powers
For pardon of that crime, which, well they know,
Sprang from necessity, and then obey;
Since to attempt what we can never hope
To execute, is folly all, and madness.

Ant. Wert thou to proffer what I do not ask,—
Thy poor assistance, I would scorn it now.
Act as thou wilt; I'll bury him myself;
Let me perform but that, and death is welcome.
I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down
By my dear brother; loving and beloved,
We'll rest together: to the powers below
'Tis fit we pay obedience; longer there
We must remain, than we can breathe on earth;
There I shall dwell forever; thou, meantime,
What the gods hold most precious mayst despise.

Ism. I reverence the gods; but, in defiance
Of laws, and unassisted, to do this,
It were most dangerous.

Ant. That be thy excuse,
While I prepare the funeral pile.

Ism. Alas!
I tremble for thee.

Ant. Tremble for thyself,
And not for me.

Ism. Oh, do not tell thy purpose,
I beg thee, do not! I shall ne'er betray thee.

Ant. I'd have it known; and I shall hate thee more
For thy concealment, than if loud to all
Thou wouldst proclaim the deed.

Ism. Thou hast a heart
Too daring, and ill-suited to thy fate.

Ant. I know my duty, and I'll pay it there
Where 'twill be best accepted.

Ism. Couldst thou do it;
But 'tis not in thy power.

Ant. When I know that,
It will be time enough to quit my purpose.

Ism. It cannot be; 'tis folly to attempt it.

Ant. Go on, and I shall hate thee: our dead brother,
He too shall hate thee as his bitterest foe.
Go, leave me here to suffer for my rashness;
Whate'er befalls, it cannot be so dreadful
As not to die with honor.

Ism. Then farewell,
Since thou wilt have it so; and know, Ismene
Pities thy weakness, but admires thy virtue. [*Exeunt.*

SOPHOCLES.

NYDIA AND IONE*

(*A room in the house of Ione. Ione seated. Enter Nydia. Nydia delivers Glaucus's message of love.*)

Nydia. I may give these flowers to none but thee. . . This will, perhaps, explain why he who sent me chose so unworthy a messenger to Ione.

[*Gives to Ione a lettter from Glaucus.*

Ione. "Glaucus to Ione sends more than he dares to utter. For five days I have been banished from thy presence. Deign to see me, to listen to me, and after that exclude me if thou wilt. I meant not so soon to say I loved. But those words rush to my heart—they will have way. We met first at the shrine of Pallas; shall we not meet before a softer and a more ancient altar?

I send these flowers by one whom thou wilt receive for her own sake, if not for mine. She, like us, is a stranger. Less happy than we, she is blind and a slave. I ask permission to place her with thee. She is skilled in music, and is a very Chloris to the flowers. She thinks thou wilt love her: if thou dost not, send her back to me.

Let me be bold, Ione. Can it be that Arbaces hath wronged me to thee? I think it, for I left him with thee.

* Adapted from "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Since then, thou hast not admitted me. Believe nothing that he can say. Farewell. GLAUCUS."

Wilt thou sit while I write an answer to this letter?

What is thy name, fair girl?

Nydia. They call me Nydia.

Ione. Your country?

Nydia. The land of Olympus—Thessaly.

Ione. Thou shalt be to me a friend, as thou art already a countrywoman. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, stand not on these cold marbles. Now I can leave thee for an instant.

[*Exit Ione.*

(*Re-enter Ione.*)

Nydia. You have written to Glaucus?

Ione. I have.

Nydia. And will he thank the messenger who gives him thy letter? The lightest word of coldness from thee will sadden him—the lightest kindness rejoice. If it be the last, let me take thy answer back. I will return this evening.

Ione. Glaucus is amiable in thy eyes?

Nydia. Noble Ione, Glaucus has been that to me which neither fortune nor the gods have been—a *friend!*

Ione. Why should I blush to say that Glaucus is worthy of thy gratitude? Go, my Nydia—take to him thyself this letter—but return again. Nydia, I have no sister, wilt thou be one to me?

Nydia. One favor, fair Ione. They tell me thou art beautiful beyond the loveliness of earth. I cannot see. Wilt thou suffer me to pass my hand over thy face? That is my sole criterion of beauty. . . .

I know now that thou art beautiful, and I can picture thee to my darkness forever. LORD LYTTON.

DIVISION III

INTERPRETIVE READING OR SPEAKING THAT APPEALS TO THE WILL.

The steps in Division III. appeal not only to the understanding and the emotions, but also to the will of the audience. The purpose of oratory is to mold thought, and to persuade men to a course of action. An orator must exert his own will, and must move the wills of others.

The steps in this division are as follows:

I. Directness.

II. Vigor or strength.

III. Seriousness.

IV. Alliance with the audience.

V. Persuasion.

Chapter I

Directness

Take an easy, dignified position. Gain the attention of your audience by speaking directly *to* them, not *at* them, in natural conversational tones. Think of the audience as a *unit* rather than as individuals. This will overcome the tendency to pivot the head and body.

Speak extemporaneously when alone, and, when possible, before an audience. But do not speak unless you have something to say. Say what you have to say simply and directly.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE*

If I stood here to-night to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am to tell you the story of a negro, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven,—was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica.

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Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

. . . . .

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

. . . . .

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with

your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

EXTRACT FROM "REPLY TO HAYNE"*

MR. PRESIDENT, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

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It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now

known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—*Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DIVISION III

Chapter II

Vigor or Strength

Speeches of great force require strength of tone and vigor of action, but neither should be so overdone as to become "rant." Memorize great orations that illustrate vigor of thought.

Hold the thought of the oration in mind until you are aroused to intense earnestness. Then speak with conviction in your tones.

Practise speaking extemporaneously, using vigor of action.

SELECTIONS

OUR DUTY TO THE PHILIPPINES

I do not know why in the year 1899 this Republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here, and they could not be kept away. . . .

The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were intrusted to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch.

The American people will hold up the hands of their servants at home to whom they commit its execution, while Dewey and Otis and the brave men whom they command will have the support of the country in upholding our flag where it now floats, the symbol and assurance of liberty and justice. . . .

. . . . . .

There is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that. Even if unwilling to accept them ourselves, it would have been a weak evasion of manly duty to require Spain to transfer them to some other power or powers and thus shirk our own responsibility. Even if we had had, as we did not have, the power to compel such a transfer, it could not have been made without the most serious international complications.

Such a course could not be thought of. And yet had we refused to accept the cession of them we should have had no power over them, even for their own good. We could not discharge the responsibilities upon us until these islands became ours, either by conquest or treaty. There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines.

The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations, or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all, were too shameful to be considered. The treaty gave them to the United States. Could we have required less and done our duty?

Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without government and without power to protect life or property, or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent state? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own consciences or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God and man?

. . . . . .

The future of the Philippine Islands is now in the hands of the American people. Until the treaty was ratified or rejected the executive department of this Government could

only preserve the peace and protect life and property. That treaty now commits the free and enfranchised Filipinos to the guiding hand and the liberalizing influences, the generous sympathies, the uplifting education, not of their American masters, but of their American emancipators. . . .

. . . . . .

Until Congress shall direct otherwise, it will be the duty of the Executive to possess and hold the Philippines, giving to the people thereof peace and order and beneficent government, affording them every opportunity to prosecute their lawful pursuits, encouraging them in thrift and industry, making them feel and know that we are their friends, not their enemies; that their good is our aim; that their welfare is our welfare, but that neither their aspirations nor ours can be realized until our authority is acknowledged and unquestioned.

That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this Republic is my unshaken belief: that they will have a kindlier government under our guidance, and that they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own Government and in their own institutions.

No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the fiat:

> "Why read ye not the changeless truth,
> The free can conquer but to save?"

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety;

always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I can not bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart, but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of these tropical seas, a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON*

. . . . . .

Common sense was eminently a characteristic of Washington; so called, not because it is so very common a trait of character of public men, but because it is the final judgment on great practical questions to which the mind of the community is pretty sure eventually to arrive. Few qualities of character in those who influence the fortunes of nations are so conducive both to stability and progress. But it is a quality which takes no hold of the imagination; it in-

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spires no enthusiasm, it wins no favor; it is well if it can stand its ground against the plausible absurdities, the hollow pretences, the stupendous impostures of the day.

But, however these unobtrusive and austere virtues may be overlooked in the popular estimate, they belong unquestionably to the true type of sterling greatness, reflecting as far as it can be done within the narrow limits of humanity that deep repose and silent equilibrium of mental and moral power which governs the universe. To complain of the character of Washington that it is destitute of brilliant qualities, is to complain of a circle that it has no salient points and no sharp angles in its circumference; forgetting that it owes all its wonderful properties to the unbroken curve of which every point is equidistant from the centre. Instead, therefore, of being a mark of inferiority, this sublime adjustment of powers and virtues in the character of Washington is in reality its glory. It is this which chiefly puts him in harmony with more than human greatness. The higher we rise in the scale of being,—material, intellectual, and moral,—the more certainly we quit the region of the brilliant eccentricities and dazzling contrasts which belong to a vulgar greatness. Order and proportion characterize the primordial constitution of the terrestrial system; ineffable harmony rules the heavens.

All the great eternal forces act in solemn silence. The brawling torrent that dries up in summer deafens you with its roaring whirlpools in March; while the vast earth on which we dwell, with all its ocean, and all its continents and its thousand millions of inhabitants, revolves unheard upon its soft axle at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and rushes noiselessly on its orbit a million and a half miles a day. Two storm-clouds encamped upon opposite hills on a sultry summer's evening, at the expense of no more electricity, according to Mr. Faraday, than is evolved in the de-

composition of a single drop of water, will shake the surrounding atmosphere with their thunders, which, loudly as they rattle on the spot, will yet not be heard at the distance of twenty miles; while those tremendous and unutterable forces which ever issue from the throne of God, and drag the chariot wheels of Uranus and Neptune along the uttermost pathways of the solar system, pervade the illimitable universe in silence. . .

And did I say, my friends, that I was unable to furnish an entirely satisfactory answer to the question, in what the true excellence of the character of Washington consists? Let me recall the word as unjust to myself and unjust to you. The answer is plain and simple enough; it is this, that all the great qualities of disposition and action, which so eminently fitted him for the service of his fellow-men, were founded on the basis of a pure Christian morality, and derived their strength and energy from that vital source. He was great as he was good; and I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part in the design of Providence in raising him up to be the leader of the revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted and governments most ably and honorably administered, by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals, and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

EDWARD EVERETT.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic: and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of

Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot! Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. . . .

In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. . . . Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican and an Emperor—a Mohammedan—a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a Traitor and a Tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model and without a shadow.

Charles Phillips (adapted).

DIVISION III

Chapter III

Seriousness

All great orations are profoundly serious.

The occasion, the theme, and its treatment, are of moment. The orator should regard every such opportunity to move the hearts and minds of men as a critical hour in his life. Jocoseness and flippancy in such an hour would be strangely out of place. The orator and his oration must have a seriousness that will command the respectful attention of men. The true orator gives a message to the world.

Read great orations to know the best thought of the seers of the past and present. Memorize great passages from these orations and recite them frequently. Try to feel what the original speakers must have felt when they gave the orations. Familiarize yourself with the historic facts and events associated with the orations.

SELECTIONS

REMARKS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, NOV. 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that

war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXTRACT FROM "THE FAREWELL ADDRESS"

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though, in usefulness, unequal to my zeal.

If benefits have resulted to our country from these ser-

vices, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism,—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending to it the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordi-

nary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or references; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and di-

versifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly for one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet with being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DIVISION III

Chapter IV

Alliance with the Audience

In order to persuade an audience, an orator must form a sort of mental alliance with them, and secure the co-operation of their wills. Practise reciting passages from great orations, and as you do so, exert your mind to gain and hold the attention of your audience. Speak extemporaneously, with a sincere desire to give helpful or uplifting thoughts to your audience. Be in sympathy with them.

SELECTIONS

MARC ANTONY'S ORATION

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DIVISION III

Chapter V

Persuasion

The influence of oratory is transient that does not persuade men to think and act more nobly. Oratory should make a course of action clear to the minds of the audience. It should convince the intellect, influence the judgment, arouse the emotions, and persuade or move the wills of men.

Recite passages illustrating persuasion. Speak extemporaneously. Be full of resources. Speak with the eloquence born of deep feeling and strong conviction. Inspire with your own lofty idealism. Impress with your own resistless will. Attract with your personality. Have faith in yourself and in your message.

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded

and forced upon them? Measures, my lord, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence.

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us; supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy! —and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.*

You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we do know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms—*never, never, never!*

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and

inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "Which God and Nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us

from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of your country and mine to vindicate the national character.

LORD CHATHAM.

TRUE ELOQUENCE*

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions

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of logic, the high purpose of firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this is eloquence; or, rather, is something greater and higher than all eloquence. It is *action, noble, sublime, godlike action!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EXTRACT FROM FIRST BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ORATION*

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet: but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to wel-

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come and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain among this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

> "another morn,
> Risen on midnoon";

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise;

pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EXTRACT FROM SECOND BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ORATION.*

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And, if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, What character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime? and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his char-

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acter. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution, he is all, all our own! Washington is ours. That crowded and glorious life,

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng
> Ambitious to be seen, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come,"—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches

of enemies and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples;—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE BETTER PART*

On an important occasion in the life of the Master, when it fell to Him to pronounce judgment on two courses of action, these memorable words fell from His lips: "And Mary hath chosen the better part." This was the supreme test in the case of an individual. It is also the highest test in the case of a race or a nation. Let us apply this test to the American negro.

In the life of our Republic, when he has had the opportunity to choose, has it been the better or worse part? When in the childhood of this nation the negro was asked to submit to slavery or choose death and extinction, as did the aborigines, he chose the better part, that which perpetuated the race. When in 1776 the negro was asked to decide between British oppression and American independence, we find him choosing the better part, and Crispus Attucks, a negro, was the first to shed his blood on State Street, Boston, that the white American might enjoy liberty forever, though his race remained in slavery.

When in 1814, at New Orleans, the test of patriotism

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came again, we find the negro choosing the better part, and Gen. Andrew Jackson himself testifying that no heart was more loyal and no arm more strong and useful in defence of righteousness. When the long and memorable struggle came between Union and separation, when he knew that victory, on the one hand, meant freedom, and defeat on the other his continued enslavement, with a full knowledge of the portentous meaning of it all, when the suggestion and the temptation came to burn the home and massacre wife and children during the absence of the master in battle, and thus insure his liberty, we find him choosing the better part, and for four long years protecting and supporting the helpless, defenceless ones intrusted to his care.

When in 1863 the cause of the Union seemed to quiver in the balance, and there was doubt and distrust, the negro was asked to come to the rescue in arms, and the valor he displayed at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson and Fort Pillow testifies most eloquently again that the negro chose the better part. When a few months ago the safety and honor of the Republic were threatened by a foreign foe, when the wail and the anguish of the oppressed from a distant isle reached his ears, we find the negro forgetting his own wrongs, forgetting the laws and customs that discriminate against him in his own country, and again we find our black citizen choosing the better part.

If you would know how he deported himself in the field at Santiago, apply for an answer to Shafter and Roosevelt and Wheeler. Let them tell how the negro faced death and laid down his life in defence of honor and humanity; and when you have gotten the full story of the heroic conduct of the negro in the Spanish-American War, heard it from lips of Northern soldiers and Southern soldiers, from ex-abolitionist and ex-master, then decide within yourselves whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country

should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country?

In the midst of all the complaints of suffering in the camp and field, suffering from fever and hunger, where is the official or citizen that has ever heard a word of complaint from the lips of a black soldier? The only request that has come from the negro soldier has been that he might be permitted to replace the white soldier when heat and malaria began to decimate the ranks of the white regiment, and to occupy, at the same time, the post of greatest danger. This country has been most fortunate in her victories. She has twice measured arms with England and won. She has met the spirit of rebellion within her own borders and was victorious. She has met the proud Spaniard, and he lies prostrate at her feet. All this is well; it is magnificent.

But there remains one other victory for Americans to win, a victory as far-reaching and important as any that has occupied our army and navy. We have succeeded in every conflict except in the effort to conquer ourselves in the blotting out of racial prejudices. We can celebrate the era of peace in no more effectual way than by a firm resolve on the part of Northern men and Southern men, black men and white men, that the trenches which we together dug around Santiago shall be the eternal burial-place of all that which separates us in our business and civil relations. Let us be as generous in peace as we have been brave in battle. Until we thus conquer ourselves, I make no empty statement when I say that we shall have a cancer gnawing at the heart of the Republic that shall one day prove as dangerous as an attack from an army from without or within.

In this presence and on this auspicious occasion I want to present the deep gratitude of nearly ten millions of my people to our wise, patient, and brave Chief Executive for

the generous manner in which my race has been recognized during this conflict; a recognition that has done more to blot out sectional and racial lines than any event since the dawn of our freedom. I know how vain and impotent is all abstract talk on this subject. In your efforts to "rise on stepping-stones of your dead selves," we of the black race shall not leave you unaided. We shall make the task easier for you by acquiring property, habits of thrift, economy, intelligence and character, by each making himself of individual worth in his own community. We shall aid you in this as we did a few days ago at El Caney and Santiago, when we helped you to hasten the peace which we here celebrate. You know us. You are not afraid of us. When the crucial test comes you are not ashamed of us. We have never betrayed or deceived you. You know that as it has been so it will be, whether in war or in peace, whether in slavery or in freedom, we have always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

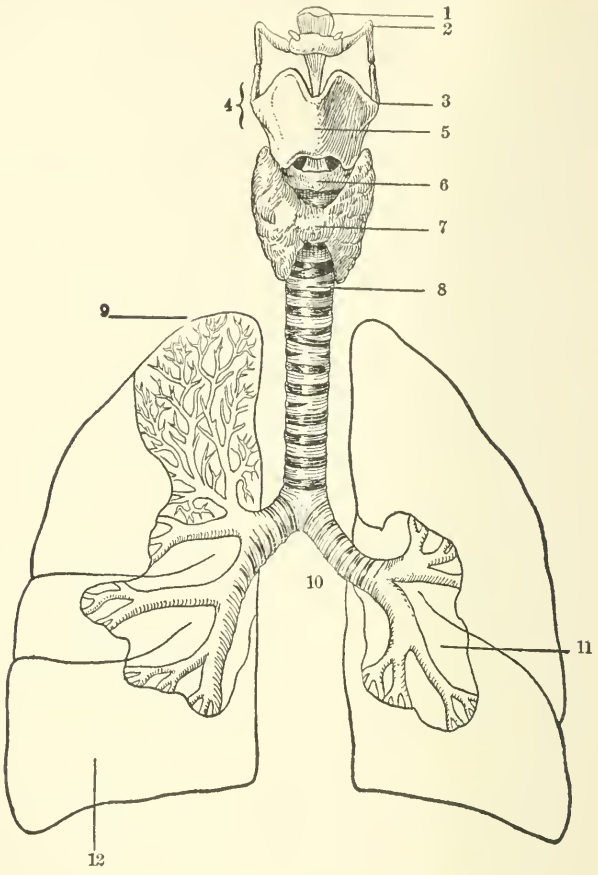

FIG. 1.—The Larynx, Trachea, and Lungs.

1. Epiglottis.
2. Hyoid bone.
3. Superior horn of thyroid cartilage.
4. The larynx.
5. Thyroid cartilage.
6. Cricoid cartilage.
7. Thyroid gland.
8. Trachea.
9. Bronchial tubes.
10. Left bronchus.
11. Two lobes of left lung.
12. Right lobe of lung.

Adapted from Mr. Oskar Guttmann's "Gymnastics of the Voice." By permission of the publisher, Mr. Edgar S. Werner.

PART II

BREATHING

DIVISION I

THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS

The organs of respiration are the trachea, bronchial tubes, and lungs. They, with the muscles that act upon the lungs, are the motor power of the voice.

The *trachea*, or windpipe, extends from the larynx downward, dividing into the right bronchus and the left bronchus. The bronchial tubes are ramifications of each bronchus, and terminate in the air-cells of the lungs. The trachea and bronchial tubes and their twigs consist of rings of cartilage connected by fibres of elastic tissue. These rings finally disappear in the bronchial twigs. The air passages are all lined with mucous membrane, from which flows a substance like white of egg, called mucus. This keeps the air moist and catches particles of dust. The mucus moves in a steady current upward, by the action of the cilia. The *cilia* are numerous hairlike projections in the trachea, each one having the power of bending back and forth, making a quick movement toward the larynx, and a slower return movement.

The bronchial tubes end in tiny pouches or air-cells, somewhat resembling soap-bubbles. Each cell connects through an opening with a division of the bronchial tubes. The walls of these cells are thin and highly elastic. In

the walls of the cells is a delicate network of small blood-vessels called capillaries. Here purification of the blood takes place, the blood giving up waste matter, and in return receiving oxygen from the air.

Respiration

Respiration consists of two acts,—inspiration and expiration.

Inspiration

In inspiration the principal active forces are the diaphragm and intercostal muscles. The secondary forces are the abdominal muscles.

The *diaphragm* is the transverse muscle that separates the thorax from the abdomen. It consists of two parts, the larger one arising from the ensiform cartilage of the sternum, and the ends of the lower ribs on either side. These fibres converge, and unite in a central tendon. The inferior muscle springs from the vertebræ of the loins by two processes attached to the lumbar vertebræ. These fibres also converge, and ultimately unite with the central tendon, forming one muscle. When relaxed, the diaphragm curves upward. When its fibres contract, the diaphragm is pulled down, or flattened somewhat. In moving down, it presses upon the muscles of the abdomen, causing the abdomen to protrude.

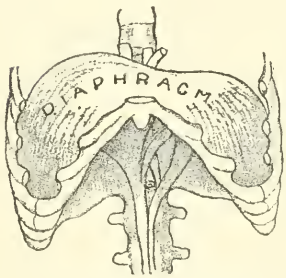

Fig. 2.—Upper View of Diaphragm.

The intercostal muscles are the muscles of the chest that directly or indirectly connect the upper ten pairs of ribs

with the sternum. These muscles elevate the ribs and sternum. The movement of the diaphragm and chest muscles thus increases the capacity of the chest. The air already in the chest expands to fill the larger space. When expanded, it exerts less pressure than before, and the denser air outside rushes in. It presses on the inside of the elastic lung cells, expands the lungs, and they fill the larger chest cavity.

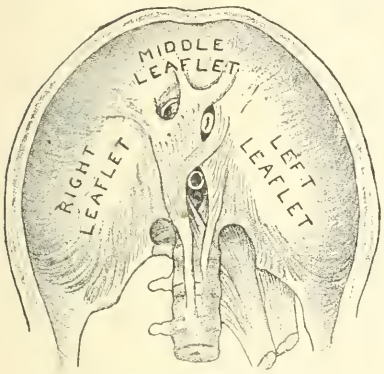

FIG. 3.—Lower View of Diaphragm.

Inspiration requires effort because of the resistance of the muscles and organs of the abdomen.

EXPIRATION.

At the close of inspiration there is a rebound of the elastic walls of the air-cells of the lungs. As these cells contract, the air is forced upward through the bronchial tubes toward the larynx; the diaphragm relaxes and presses upward, the clavicle and sternum lower slightly, and the ribs are drawn downward and inward by the intercostal muscles. In this way the chest cavity decreases in size and air is forced from the lungs.

Breathing should be entirely through the *nose*. In the lower part of the nares (the cavities just back of the nostrils) are tiny capillaries that heat the air as it passes through. The hairs in the nostrils and the mucus of the nasal cavities catch the particles of dust in the air breathed and thus prevent the entrance of impurities into the lungs.

Correct breathing depends largely upon dress and habit. The clothing about the waist should be loose enough to allow perfect freedom of movement of the ribs. During

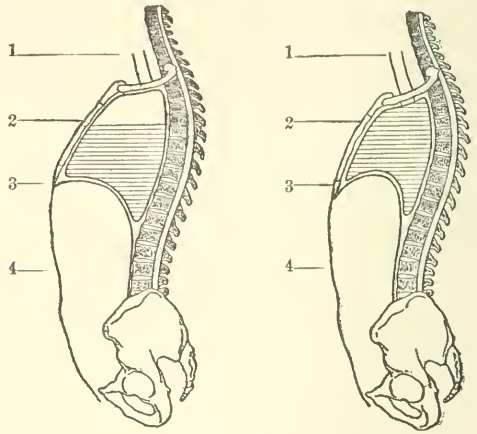

FIG. 4.

Inspiration.
1. Trachea.
2. Sternum.

Expiration.
3. Diaphragm.
4. Abdomen.

inspiration, the ribs should press outward like the staves of a barrel. The clothing about the throat should be loose enough to give room for the action of the trachea and larynx.

If the habit of deep breathing be formed, it will promote the health of the body and improve the quality of the voice.

DIVISION II

BREATHING EXERCISES

1. Upper chest breathing.

Take the weight on the balls of both feet. Touch the fingers lightly on either side of the sternum. Inhale slowly

and gently through the nostrils. Breathing should not be audible. Hold the breath during eight counts, then exhale. Repeat.

2. Middle chest breathing.

Place the palms of the hands at the sides against the ribs, with the fingers pointing directly front. Inhale quickly through the nostrils, letting the ribs push outward like the staves of a barrel. Hold the breath during eight counts, then exhale and repeat.

3. Lower chest breathing.

Place the thumbs on either side of the spine, a little above the belt line. Inhale very slowly and deeply through the nostrils. Hold the breath during sixteen counts. Exhale quickly. Repeat.

4. Apex breathing.

Inhale quickly and deeply through the nostrils. Hold the breath during sixteen counts. While holding the breath, move both arms up in front of the body, over and down back of the body twice. Exhale quickly. Repeat.

PART III

VOCAL CULTURE

The development of the singing voice and the speaking voice depends first of all upon control of the breath. This is gained by systematic practice of breathing exercises and vocal exercises. The first step in importance in vocalization is the placing of the tone so that the *overtones* of the vocal cords shall be re-enforced. This is accomplished by the co-operation of the mind. The one who would *place* tone forward must *think* the tone forward during every vocal exercise. The tone thus directed will resound in the nares and sinuses.

The mind and the vocal organs are so related that when the mind forms an ideal tone the voice approximates the ideal. Every student of vocal culture should think the tone he is about to give before he gives it, and as he gives it.

DIVISION I

THE VOCAL ORGANS

The organs of the voice are the larynx and the cavities of resonance.

Cartilages of the Larynx

The larynx is an expansion of the trachea. It consists of several cartilages and muscles.

At the top of the trachea, and seeming a part of it, is the *cricoid* cartilage, which is almost circular. It resembles a signet ring, the broad surface being at the back.

Above the *cricoid* cartilage is the *thyroid* cartilage, which forms the front and sides of the larynx. This consists of two lateral cartilaginous plates joined in front at an acute angle. These plates are widely apart behind. The posterior edge of each is continued in upper and lower horns on either side. The upper horns are connected with the hyoid bone. The lower horns are connected with the cricoid cartilage by means of a joint which allows one surface to move freely on the other.

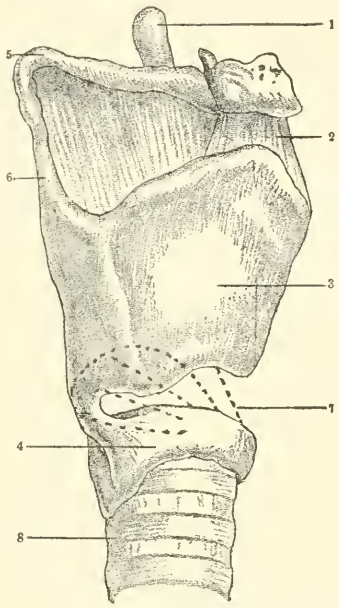

FIG. 5.—The Larynx.

1. Epiglottis.
2. Thyro-hyoid ligament.
3. Thyroid cartilage.
4. Cricoid cartilage.
5. Hyoid bone.
6. Superior horn of thyroid cartilage.
7. Crico-thyroid muscle.
8. Trachea.

There are two *arytenoid* cartilages. These are small triangular pyramids that rest upon the upper edge of the back part of the cricoid cartilage at the back of the larynx. Each cartilage articulates with the cricoid cartilage by means of a joint which allows freedom of motion.

The anterior angle of the base of each arytenoid cartilage unites with the posterior end of a vocal cord, and is one of

the most important means of changing the tension of the vocal cords.

The *cartilages* of *Santorini* are two small cartilages at the apex of each arytenoid cartilage.

The cartilages of Wrisberg are two small cartilages found in the folds of membrane between the apex of each arytenoid cartilage and the sides of the epiglottis.

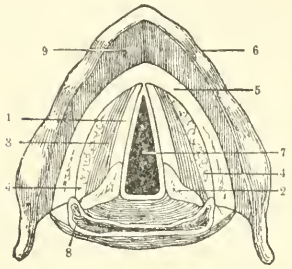

FIG. 6.—The Vocal Cords.

1. Vocal cord.
2. Arytenoid cartilage.
3. Thyro-arytenoid muscle.
4. Connective tissue.
5. Thyroid cartilage.
6. Hyoid bone.
7. Glottis.
8. Œsophagus.
9. Thyro-hyoid ligament.

The *epiglottis* is a leaf-shaped cartilage between the root of the tongue and the larynx. During respiration or vocalization the epiglottis is raised, but during the process of swallowing it closes tightly over the larynx.

The Muscles and the Ligaments of the Larynx.

The vocal cords are two ligaments in the membranous lips within the larynx. Near the edge of each lip, just within the covering of mucous membrane, is stretched a band of glistening white elastic fibres. These two bands are attached to the angle of the thyroid cartilage, in front, and to the anterior angles of the bases of the arytenoid cartilages at the back of the larynx.

The vocal cords of men are longer than the vocal cords of women. Those of men are a little over a half-inch in length; those of women, less than a half-inch.

The opening between the vocal cords is called the glottis.

Just above the vocal cords are little cavities called ventricles. Just above the ventricles are fleshy edges called

false vocal cords, or ventricular folds. The false vocal cords are the lower edges of membrane extending from the sides of the epiglottis in front to the arytenoid cartilages at the back.

The *thyro-hyoid* ligament connects the thyroid cartilage with the hyoid bone.

The *crico-thyroid* muscles extend from the front of the cricoid cartilage to the lower horns of the thyroid cartilage, and connect the cricoid and thyroid cartilages.

The *thyro-arytenoid* muscles lie next to the vocal cords, attached at one end to the thyroid cartilage, and at the other end to the arytenoid cartilages. They are attached to the vocal cords by tiny fibres, and in this way modify the action of the cords.

A mesh of muscles lies next to the thyro-arytenoid muscles, and connects them with the walls of the thyroid cartilage.

The *arytenoid* muscle lies at the back of the larynx, and joins the arytenoid cartilages. This indirectly modifies the tension of the vocal cords.

The *posterior crico-arytenoid* muscles run from the back or "signet" of the cricoid cartilage to the outer angle of the arytenoid cartilage.

The *lateral crico-arytenoid* muscles run from the outer angles of the arytenoid cartilages to the upper part of the cricoid cartilage.

The depressor of the epiglottis is attached to the epiglottis and arytenoid cartilages.

The Cavities of Resonance

The cavities of resonance are the trachea, the larynx, the pharynx, the mouth, the two nares, and the eight sinuses.

The *trachea* is the cavity of resonance for tones low in pitch. It extends from the larynx to the lungs.

The *ventricles*, or small cavities above the voice lips, are the cavities in which the vibrations of the cords are transmitted to the air. They modify the tone but little.

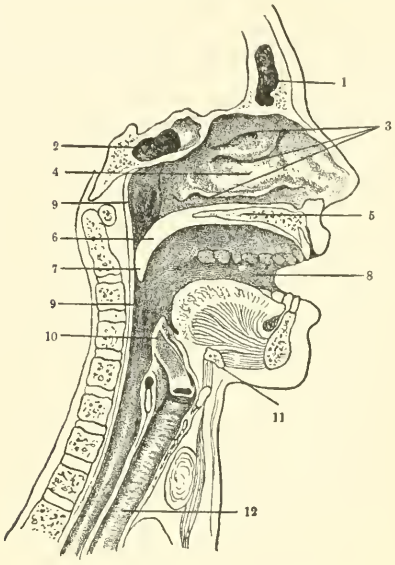

FIG. 7.—Cavities of Resonance.

1. Frontal sinus.
2. Sphenoidal sinus.
3. Upper, middle, and lower meatus of one of the nares.
4. Turbinated bone.*
5. Hard palate.
6. Soft palate.
7. Uvula.
8. Mouth.
9. Pharynx.
10. Epiglottis.
11. Hyoid bone.
12. Trachea.

The *pharynx* is the cavity extending from the larynx to the nares. Its sides and posterior surface are covered with highly elastic muscles, and these in turn are covered with mucous membrane. By contracting and expanding, the muscles vary the size and shape of this cavity, and so modify the tone. For beautiful tone, these muscles should be relaxed. The pharynx serves principally to direct or project tone.

The *mouth* is the resonant cavity that varies most in size and shape during the production and molding of tone. This is due to the mobility of the tongue and soft palate. The tongue is composed of muscles running in every direction, and it is capable of almost infinite variety of position.

* Turbinated processes of the ethmoid bone.

It is attached at its root to the hyoid bone, and for the greater part of its length it is attached below to the lower jaw. The *palate*, or covering of the mouth cavity, consists of two parts,—the hard or bony palate, and the soft palate or *velum*. The soft palate is very elastic. Sometimes it is perfectly relaxed, as in breathing, and shuts the pharynx off from the mouth. In tone production and speech the soft palate rises and presses back against the pharynx, thus closing the opening into the upper pharynx. In the head tones, the soft palate pushes up into the upper pharynx.

The parts of the soft palate important in the voice work are the *uvula*, or pendent portion, and the muscular bands at the sides called the *pillars* of *fauces*. These help to form the transient cavities that mold tone.

The nasal cavities extend from the base of the cranium to the roof of the mouth. The anterior portions, opening at the face, are called *nostrils*. The posterior portions, opening at the back into the pharynx, are called *nares*. The two nares are separated by a thin partition, called the *septum*. In each of the nares the convolutions of the ethmoid bone produce three fissures, known as the upper, middle, and lower *meatus*. These fissures resound or re-enforce the tones high in pitch. It has been discovered that the overtones of the vocal cords are re-enforced in the *nares* and sinuses.

Each of the nares communicates with four small cavities, called *sinuses*—the frontal above in the forehead, the sphenoidal behind, and the maxillary and ethmoidal on either side. When tone is held a moment in the nares, it will resound in the sinuses also. In this way tone is further re-enforced, and the voice becomes more resonant.

DIVISION II

THE PRODUCTION OF TONE

In respiration the membranous lips of the larynx are relaxed, but in vocalization they approach each other. Their approach obstructs the outward passage of air, and the cords are set to vibrating. These vibrations are transmitted to the air passing through, and cause tone. When this tone is re-enforced by the chambers of resonance, it becomes voice; and when it is still further modified by the organs of articulation, it becomes speech.

When the vocal cords vibrate, they vibrate as does any cord,—as a whole, and in parts. The vibration of a cord *as a whole* is called a *fundamental* tone. At the same time that a cord vibrates as a whole, it vibrates in *parts* that have a certain mathematical relation, as halves, quarters, etc.; or thirds, ninths, etc. These vibrations of parts are called *overtones*. The overtones are higher in pitch than the fundamental tone, and all in perfect accord with it. It is the presence of overtones in the human voice that gives it a rich, musical quality. Without the re-enforcement of the overtones, the voice would be thin and harsh.

DIVISION III

STEPS AND EXERCISES IN VOCAL CULTURE

1. Placing of tone in the two nares.
   a. Directions,—
      Sing a tone *mentally*. Then imagine it coming up and out of the center of the face, and falling

in curves in front of the face, as spray from a fountain. Then *sing* the tone aloud.

Speak a tone mentally, then aloud.

Always *think* the tone during vocalization.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to place tone in the nares, so that the overtones may be re-enforced.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Hum *mng* softly and musically. Vary the pitch.

(2) Speak lō lä lā lē.

(3) Recite the following.

"With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow."

—*Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell.*

2. Pervasiveness of tone. Resonance in the nares and sinuses.

a. Directions,—

Think mng as before, and imagine it spreading through the face, coming out through every part of the face, and filling the air with delicate resonant tone. Then *hum mng*. Hold the tone as long as possible. Do not force it. Let it seem to make itself. As the tone is thus held, the tones already re-enforced in the nares are re-enforced in the *sinuses*, and become more musical.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to perfect the resonant quality of the voice, and so increase its carrying power.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Take a long breath. Hum *mng*, and sustain the tone until it grows very musical, and until its vibrations are felt throughout the face.

(2) Recite the following:

"With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home."

3. Support of tone by the diaphragm and the abdominal, dorsal, and intercostal muscles.

a. Directions,—

Take a deep full breath. Support of tone is based upon the control of the breath. Relax the muscles of the throat by yawning. There should be no effort of the throat muscles. All effort should be confined to the muscles that control the breath. Sing a tone that sounds full, steady, firm, and sweet. Then speak a tone in like manner. Think of the tone as passing over through the front of the face, and forward in a steady stream.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to secure freedom and support of tone.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Practice the breathing exercises.

(2) Sing lō lō lō lō in a full, firm, and sweet tone.

(3) Recite the following:

"Around thee and above deep is the air and dark."

4. Smoothness of tone.

a. Directions,—

Sing *mentally* a musical tone so continuous, fine, steady, and sweet as to seem *spun out*. Take a long breath, then sing or speak aloud, keeping the tone steady, continuous, and smooth. Let the tone seem spun out and elastic.

b. The object,—

The object of this exercise is to secure control of the breath and the muscles of the throat, so that tone shall be both *smooth* and resonant.

c. The exercises,—

(1) The breathing exercises.

(2) Take a long breath, and sing the syllable *lo* repeatedly as long as possible.

(3) Recite the following:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise."

5. Flexibility of tone.

a. Directions,—

Think a *descending* singing scale. Sing that scale. *Think* a descending *speaking* scale. Speak that scale. Be careful to preserve the true relation of tones in the singing scales and the speaking scales.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to make the voice flexible.

c. The exercises,—

First sing, then speak the descending scales. Later use the ascending as well as the descending scales. Use the following syllables: tō, tă, tā, tē, or lō, lă, lū, lē.

6. Volume of tone.

a. Directions,—

Think of something grand or vast, or of an immense space to be filled. Breathe deeply. Then let every muscle of the trunk enter into the effort of song or speech. The imagination should be kindled in order that the tone may gain largeness of expression.

This step differs from support of tone only in degree. Volume of tone is support of tone enlarged. Volume of tone should have fullness, depth, and power. It depends upon the physique and upon the mind. The mind must first conceive the great tone, and the muscles of the respiratory and vocal organs produce it.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to increase the power of the singing voice and of the speaking voice.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Practice breathing exercises.

(2) Recite the following:

"And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called ye forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever."

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

7. Force of tone.

a. Directions,—

Sing mentally a strong, direct, forceful tone. Sing that tone aloud. Think a speaking tone that would command. Speak that tone directly, strongly, forcefully, right out. Let the tone ex-

press determination or will. Speak *to*, not *at*, an audience.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to secure directness and strength of tone.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Practice the breathing exercises.

(2) Sing in a full tone lō lō lō lō.

(3) Count slowly and with great vigor from 1 to 10.

8. Tone color.

a. Directions,—

Hold in mind a joyous thought. Express that thought through tone alone. Hold in mind a sorrowful thought. Express that thought through tone alone, using only a syllable, as ah, or oh, or lo. In the same way express surprise, fear, warning, distrust, horror, content, vastness, distance, harshness, lullaby tones, cold, warmth, calm, fury, etc.

Recite passages of literature, suiting sound to sense. The shading of the voice should be very delicate and very exact.

b. The object,—

The object of this step is to suit sound to sense, or to give expression to the voice.

c. The exercises,—

(1) Speak the syllable lo or oh, expressing many different shades of thought or feeling.

(2) Recite the following, and suit the sound to the sense:

"How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,

Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love hath spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

—*P. B. Shelley.*

* "A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost.

. . . . . .

Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black sea-weed lolls and wags;"

—*J. R. Lowell.*

DIVISION IV

THE ORGANS OF ARTICULATION

The organs of articulation are the lips, teeth, tongue, and hard and soft palate.

Clearness of enunciation depends upon the strength and precision of position of these organs in forming the elementary sounds.

Every exercise in reading or speaking should be, indirectly, an exercise in enunciation.

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PART IV

GESTURE

The cultivated body, as an agent of expression, is an invaluable means of conveying thought. Action should never call attention to itself. The body should be so trained that no one will think of the gestures of the speaker while listening to a discourse. There should be such harmony between mind and body that gesture will illuminate and reenforce thought.

Gesture may be defined as a motion of the head, trunk, or limbs to express thought or feeling, or to enforce an argument or command.

The agents in producing gesture are the muscular system and the nervous system.

The peculiar function of the muscles is the power of contraction. They contract whenever stimulated, and are therefore the motor power of the different parts of the body. The cerebrum is the originator of nervous force. All emotion originates here. The thought or feeling thus originated is reflected in the sympathetic nervous system, which in turn affects the spinal cord, and through its nerves the spinal cord now stimulates the muscles. These, contracting, cause action of the body, or *gesture*.

To cultivate expression of the body the muscles must be trained to flexibility, firmness, steadiness, and harmony of movement. When the body is so trained and aroused,

there will be muscular response, or gesture. Back of every true, every artistic gesture, must be thought.

The exercises of Part Fourth are arranged in the following groups: Division I, Relaxing Exercises; Division II, Poising Exercises; Division III, Principles of Gesture; Division IV, Responsive Gesture Exercises.

DIVISION I

RELAXING EXERCISES

The object of this set of exercises is to free the muscles of the body so that it will be perfectly flexible.

1. Exercises for the limbs.
   a. The arms and hands.
      (1) Relaxation of the arms, front.
         (*a*) Description,—

            Take the weight on the balls of both feet. With hands prone (palms downward) and relaxed, raise the arms to the horizontal position, front. Relax the arms, letting them fall lightly and rapidly to the sides. Repeat.

         (*b*) The counts,—

            Weight on balls of the feet,
            Arms horizontal, front,
            Relax arms,
            Arms horizontal, front,
            Relax arms.

      (2) Relaxation of arms at the sides.
         (*a*) Description,—

            With hands prone and relaxed, raise the arms to a horizontal position at the sides. Relax the arms. Repeat.

(*b*) The counts,—

Arms horizontal at sides,

Relax arms. Repeat.

(3) Relaxation of the arms by pivoting at the ankles.

(*a*) Description,—

Pivot the body at the ankles, first to the right, then left, right, left, front. Move so rapidly that the arms are thrown outward.

(*b*) The counts,—

Pivot right,

Pivot left,

Pivot right,

Pivot left,

Pivot front.

(4) Vibration of the hands.

(*a*) Description,—

Raise the *forearms* to a horizontal position front, the elbows being just below the belt line, the forearms parallel to the floor, and the hands supine (palms upward). By energy from the upper arm, make the hands vibrate. The hand should be open and relaxed during this exercise.

(*b*) The counts,—

Forearms horizontal, 2, 3, 4,

Vibrate hands, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

(5) Relaxation of the wrists.

(*a*) Description,—

Keep the forearms in the position of the previous exercise. Turn the palms downward. By energy from the forearms, shake the hands rapidly up and down during eight counts, shaking the hands twice to each count.

(*b*) The counts,—

Forearms horizontal, 2, 3, 4,

Up and down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

(6) Rotary movement of the hands.

(*a*) Description,—

Keep the forearms in the same position as in the previous exercise. Swing the forearms in an outward rotary movement during eight counts, then in an inward rotary movement during eight counts, causing an outward and inward rotary movement of the hands.

(*b*) The counts,—

Out, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

In, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

(7) Relaxation of the fingers.

(*a*) Description,—

Keep the forearms in the same position as in the previous exercise. Turn the hands edgewise (small finger parallel to the floor). Give the arms a short, rapid movement up and down four times, relaxing the fingers.

(*b*) The counts,—

Hands edgewise, 2, 3, 4,

Snap fingers, 1—2—3—4.

b. The legs and feet.

(1) Relaxation of the legs.

(*a*) Description,—

Take the weight on the right foot and swing the left foot forward and backward twice. Bring the left foot to the side of the other and transfer the weight to the left foot. Swing the right foot forward and backward twice.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,

Left foot forward,

Backward,

Forward,
Backward,
Weight on left foot, 2, 3, **4,**
Right foot forward,
Backward,
Forward,
Backward,
Position at side.

(2) Rotary swing of the legs.

(*a*) Description,—

Take the weight on the right foot. Swing the left leg in a circle, first in front of the body to the right, during the counts 1, 2, 3, 4, then return to the left during the counts 1, 2, 3, 4, then back of the body to the right during the counts 1, 2, 3, 4, then return to the left during the counts 1, 2, 3, 4, in the line of the circle, keeping the foot free from the floor during the entire movement. Glide the left foot to the left of the right foot during counts 1, 2, and transfer the weight to it during the counts 3, 4. Repeat for the right side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Weight on right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Swing left foot, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, **4,**
Glide left foot, 2
Transition, 4,
Swing right foot, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, **4,**
Glide right foot, 2,
Transition, 4.

(3) Relaxation of the feet.

(*a*) Description,—

The weight is already on the right foot. Advance the left foot at the angle of 45°. Raise the toe of the foot, then lower it until the toe lightly

touches the floor. Do this four times. Then repeat the exercise for the right foot.

(*b*) The counts,—

Advance left foot,
Left foot up, down,
Up, down,
Up, down,
Up, down,
Weight on left foot, 2, 3, 4,
Advance right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right foot up, down,
Up, down,
Up, down,
Up, down,

2. Exercises for the trunk.

(1) Relaxation of the upper half of the trunk.

(*a*) Description,—

Take the weight on the balls of both feet. Relax the upper half of the trunk forward. Take an erect position. Relax backward. Take an erect position. Relax to the right. Take an erect position. Relax to the left. Take an erect position.

(*b*) The counts,—

Weight on balls of feet, 2, 3, 4,

Front,	Right,
Erect,	Erect,
Back,	Left,
Erect,	Erect.

(2) Rotary movement of the upper half of the trunk.

(*a*) Description,—

The weight is already on the balls of the feet. Relax the upper half of the trunk toward the front, bending in front just below the sternum.

Then move the body in a circle to the right, back, left, front, and return. During this movement the center of the chest should lead, and the trunk, head, and arms should be relaxed.

(*b*) The counts,—

Front, 2, 3, 4.	Left, 2, 3, 4.	Right, 2, 3, 4.
Right, 2, 3, 4.	Front, 2, 3, 4.	Front, 2, 3, 4.
Back, 2, 3, 4.	Left, 2, 3, 4.	Position, 2, 3, 4.
	Back, 2, 3, 4.	

(3) Relaxation of the chest.

(*a*) Description,—

Lower the chest as far as possible, then raise it as far as possible, relaxing the shoulders during both movements. Repeat the exercise.

(*b*) The counts,—

Depress chest, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Depress chest, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4.

3. The head.

(1) Rotary movement of the head.

(*a*) Description,—

Relax the head to the front. Move the head in a circle to the right, back, left, front, and return. This movement should be steady and smooth, and the muscles of the neck should be relaxed.

(*b*) The counts,—

Head front, 2, 3, 4,	Left,	2, 3, 4,
Right, 2, 3, 4,	Back,	2, 3, 4,
Back, 2, 3, 4,	Right,	2, 3, 4,
Left, 2, 3, 4,	Front,	2, 3, 4,
Front, 2, 3, 4,	Position,	2, 3, 4.

DIVISION II

POISING EXERCISES

The object of these exercises is to strengthen the muscles of the feet, ankles, and legs, and the muscles of the trunk, so that in sitting, standing, or walking the body may be well poised or balanced.

1. Backward poise of the hips.

(*a*) Description,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. Push the right hip far out at the right. Let the head respond until it takes the slant of the right hip. Continue pushing in a curved line backward, then to the left, pushing the hip far out to the left. Let the head respond to the line of the left hip. Bring the body to an erect position by raising the chest. Then repeat the backward movement, returning to the first position at the right, the hip being pushed far out. Then raise the chest, taking the natural, erect position over the right foot. During the movement left, transfer the weight from the right foot to the left foot at the close of counts 1, 2, 3, 4.

This exercise is intended to bring the body into normal poise and to overcome the tendency to push the hips and abdomen forward.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot,	2, 3, 4,	Raise chest,	2, 3, 4,
Right hip,	2, 3, 4,	Backward,	2, 3, 4,
Backward,	2, 3, 4,	Right,	2, 3, 4,
Left,	2, 3, 4,	Raise chest,	2, 3, 4.

2. The standing positions.

(*a*) Description,—

For ordinary address, reading, oratory, or debate there are three main positions—the normal position, the advanced position, and the retired position.

The Normal Position

Place the feet side by side, with the heels slightly apart, and the toes pointing outward, making an angle of about 60°. Place the weight entirely on the ball of one foot, and let the leg that bears the weight slant outward. The other foot should lightly touch the floor, and the knee should be relaxed. Raise the chest, push upward with the crown of the head, and relax the arms at the sides.

Fig. 8.—Normal Position.

This position is used frequently in calm, unimpassioned discourse.

Advanced Position

Fig. 9.—Advanced Position.

Advance one foot, and place the weight on the ball of that foot. Place the heel of the retired foot back of the heel of the advanced foot, a slight distance apart. The toes should point outward, making an angle of about 90°. Raise the chest, push upward with the crown of the head, and relax the arms at the sides.

This position is used in direct address, earnestness, or sympathy.

Retired Position

Transfer the weight to the retired foot. The retired foot will pivot slightly during this transfer, making with the toes of the other foot an angle of about 70°. Raise the chest, push upward with the crown of the head, and relax the arms at the sides.

Fig. 10. — Retired Position.

This position expresses repose, or reflection, or will, or determination.

General Directions for Standing

The weight of the body should be on one foot. The hip of the leg that bears the weight should be curved outward a little, and the line the head takes should be in harmony with the slant of the limbs. When the response of the head is perfect, a double curve is thus formed. The body should be erect over the strong foot, the chest high, the head easily poised, with the chin drawn in slightly. The hips and abdomen should be well back, and the shoulders and arms relaxed.

(*b*) The counts,—

Transfer weight to left foot 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Relax chest, 2, 3, 4,
Transition to right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Relax chest, 2, 3, 4,
Advance left foot (45°), 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,

Relax chest, 2, 3, 4,
Advance right foot (45°), 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Relax chest, 2, 3, 4,
Backward to left foot, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Relax chest, 2, 3, 4,
Glide right foot back, 2, 3, 4,
Transition to right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Raise chest, 2, 3, 4,
Relax chest, 2, 3, 4.

3. Oblique transition and bow.

(*a*) Description,—

The weight is already on the right foot. Advance the left foot at the angle of about 45°, and make the transition obliquely forward and backward, bowing the body slightly in the backward movement. Then make the transition again to the left foot. Advance the right foot at 45°, and make the transition backward and forward as before, returning to an erect position over the right foot at the close.

(*b*) The counts,—

Advance left foot, 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Backward and bow, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect (over left foot), 2, 3, 4,
Advance right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Backward, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect (over right foot), 2, 3, 4.

4. Oblique transition and kneeling.

(*a*) Description,—

Advance the left foot. Move the body forward

to the left foot during counts 1, 2, 3, 4, and during the next counts 1, 2, 3, 4, slowly kneel, bending the left knee, and touching the *right* knee to the floor. Kneel during four counts. Rise slowly over the left foot. Advance right foot. Move the body forward and kneel on the *left* knee. Rise slowly over the right foot.

(*b*) The counts,—

Advance left foot, 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Kneel, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Rise, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Advance right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Forward, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Kneel, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Rise, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

5. Exercise for walking.

(*a*) Description,—

The weight is already on the right foot. As walking is but a series of transitions, all that has been learned from transition exercises should be applied here. Imagine each foot to swing forward in its own line, not disturbing the poise of the head or shoulders. Swing the left foot forward about twice the length of the foot, the foot being turned slightly outward—30° from the direct line in front—and touch the ball of the foot to the floor at the first count. Then transfer the weight to the left foot. Swing the right leg forward, and touch the ball of the right foot to the floor. Then transfer the weight to the right foot.

Take ten steps forward, counting four to each step.

This exercise should be practised until the walk of the individual is easy, graceful, and dignified.

(*b*) The counts,—

Weight on right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Left, 2, 3, 4,
Right, 2, 3, 4,
Left, 2, 3, 4,
Right, 2, 3, 4, etc.

6. Poising of the head.

(*a*) Description,—

There are three movements in this exercise:

First Movement

Poise the head from the erect position toward the right chest, letting the right cheek lead. This is the attitude of affection. Move the head backward in the same line toward the back of the left shoulder, the cheek being turned upward. This is the attitude of adoration. Take the erect position, the attitude of life, and repeat this poising exercise for the opposite side.

Second Movement

Push the head back at the crown toward the right shoulder, letting the crown of the head lead. This is the attitude of defiance or will. Poise the head forward in the same line to the left chest, until the chin almost touches the chest. This is the attitude of mentality. It may express reflection or sorrow. Poise the head to an erect position, and repeat the exercise for the opposite side.

Third Movement

Poise the head backward toward the right shoulder, letting the chin lead. This is the attitude of pertness or dis-

dain. Poise the head toward the right chest until the cheek nearly touches the chest, and the shoulder rises in response. This is the attitude of timidity or shyness. Poise the head to the erect position and repeat the exercise for the opposite side.

(*b*) The counts,—

First movement,
Right chest, 2, 3, 4,
Back, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect, 2, 3, 4,
Left chest, 2, 3, 4,
Back, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect, 2, 3, 4.

Second movement,
Back (right), 2, 3, 4,
Left chest, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect, 2, 3, 4,
Back (left), 2, 3, 4,
Right chest, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect, 2, 3, 4.

Third movement,
Back (right), 2, 3, 4,
Right chest, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Erect, 2, 3, 4,
Back (left), 2, 3, 4,
Left chest, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

DIVISION III

PRINCIPLES OF GESTURE

The meaning of gestures of the arm is modified by the following:

1. By the part that leads,
2. By the line in which the arm moves,

3. By the angle of the arm,
4. By the altitude of the arm,
5. By the rate of movement,
6. By the degree of force of the movement,
7. By the position of the hand,
8. By the response of the body.

1. The Part that Leads

The middle of the forearm should lead in the arm movements. The hand *should never lead* except in the personation of the awkward and grotesque. In movements of the trunk the chest should lead.

In all free-arm gestures the arm should be straight, but relaxed, and not bent at the elbow. In colloquial gestures the arm may be bent at the elbow.

2. The Line in which the Arm Moves

All free-arm gestures are arcs of circles. The lines in which the arm moves in gesture are the ascending and descending curved lines, the outward and inward curved lines, and the spiral line.

The ascending gestures are expressive of elevation of thought, feeling, or position. The descending gestures are expressive of emphasis, determination, will, or something lowly in thought, feeling, or position.

The outward gestures are expressive of sympathy, magnanimity, growth, or expanse.

The inward gestures are expressive of limitation. They are more personal and subjective.

The spiral gestures are expressive of winding ascent, as the flight of a bird, the rising of smoke, the coil of a serpent.

3. The Angle of the Arm

Gestures are modified by the *angle* of the arm, or the relation that the arm sustains to the line directly front from the shoulder bone. Gestures made directly front of the shoulder bone, or at 0°, are most direct and personal. Those made half-way between that point and the side, or

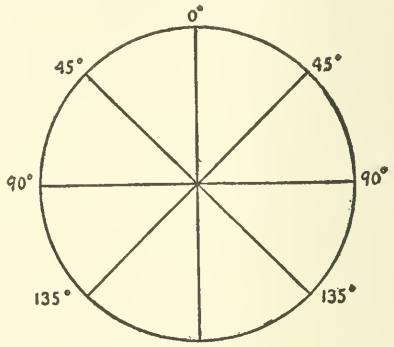

Fig. 11.—Angle of Gesture.

at 45°, are more general and less direct. Those made at the side, or at 90°, are impersonal and are suggestive of greatness or extent. The oblique backward gestures, or those at 135°, express allusion to the past.

4. The Altitude of the Arm

In earnest public speech the altitude of gestures of the arm constantly varies, from the lowest plane the hand can move in at the side to the highest point the hand can reach when the arm is uplifted. Gestures in the lowest plane are expressive of contempt, lowliness, or address to an inferior. Gestures made in the plane of the belt are largely colloquial, those made in the plane of the shoulder have more dignity, but when gestures rise in bold curves above

the plane of the head they express exaltation of thought or feeling, power or force.

5. The Rate of Movement

A very slow outward movement may suggest distance, or a receding object, or expanse, or calm, or delicacy. A rapid outward movement may suggest a short duration of time, rapidity of action, intensity of excitement, or a short distance. A slow outward movement may suggest length of time, calmness, gravity, or distance.

The slow movements are grave and stately; the rapid movements are vivacious, vital, or emphatic.

6. The Degree of Force of the Movement

Any gesture may be made emphatic by giving the *ictus*, or gesture proper, with force. A gesture may also be made emphatic by vibration of the hand, by an impulse of the wrist, by wider gamut, by being arrested and sustained, and by repeating it. Gestures that are indicative or descriptive of quiet scenes or experiences should be given gently.

7. The Position of the Hand

(*a*) Hand supine (palm upward). Fig. 12.

This position expresses giving, receiving, asking, sustaining, communicating.

Fig. 12.—Hand Supine.

Fig. 13.—Hand Prone.

(*b*) Hand prone (palm downward). Fig. 13.

This position expresses covering, protection, prohibition, depression, force.

FIG. 14.—Hand Vertical.

(*c*) Hand vertical (palm outward, fingers upward). Fig. 14.

This position expresses repulsion, revelation, or taking of an oath.

(*d*) Hand clinched (fingers pressed into the palm, thumb pressed over the second joint of the first finger to the second finger). Fig. 15.

FIG. 15.—Hand Clinched.

This position expresses will, threat, force.

(*e*) Hand in unemphatic index position (first finger straight, other fingers pressed against the palm, thumb pressed against the side of the second finger). Fig. 16.

FIG. 16.—Unemphatic Index Position.

This position expresses unemphatic limitation, definition, or pointing out.

(*f*) Hand in emphatic index position (first finger straight, other fingers pressed against the palm, the thumb pressed over the second joint of the second finger). Fig. 17.

FIG. 17.—Emphatic Index Position.

This position expresses emphatic limitation, or definition, or pointing out.

FIG. 18.—Hand Averted.

(*g*) Hand averted (hand slanting, palm away from the body). Fig. 18.

This position expresses aversion.

(*h*) Hand partly closed (hand relaxed, thumb attracted toward the fingers). Fig. 19.

FIG. 19.—Hand Partly Closed.

This position expresses sympathy, affection, gentleness.

(*i*) Hand distended (fingers separate, distended, thumb strongly opposed to first finger). Fig. 20.

FIG. 20.—Hand Distended.

This position expresses vehemence.

(*j*) Hand gently closed (fingers pressed lightly against the palm, thumb straight, pressed gently against the first finger). Fig. 21.

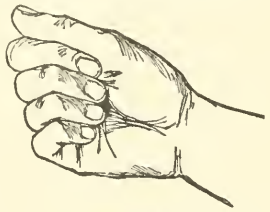

FIG. 21.—Hand Gently Closed.

This position expresses power, or repose, or authority.

(*k*) Hand edgewise (palm of hand at right angle with the floor, fourth finger parallel to the floor, hand straight, thumb free).

FIG. 22.—Hands Clasped.

This position expresses declaration or definition.

(*l*) Hands clasped (palms nearly parallel, fingers interlacing). Fig. 22.

FIG. 23.—Hands Folded.

This position expresses deep emotion, prayer, or supplication.

(*m*) Hands folded (fingers of right

hand placed between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, thumbs crossed). Fig. 23.

This position expresses entreaty, or prayer, or rest.

8. The Response of the Body

In the response of the body, nothing is more important than the response of the chest. The chest rises high in vitality or life; it leans toward an object of vital attraction; it sinks low and is opposed to an object of repulsion or fear; it rises and broadens in will, disdain, or defiance; it sinks low in sorrow, remorse, or discouragement; it contracts in physical or mental distress.

Next in importance in the response of the body is the response of the *head*. In the ascending arm movements the head is usually attracted to the arm; in the descending arm movements the head is usually opposed until it reaches the erect position. The head pivots freely in the expression of life; it bends toward the object in affection or tenderness; it pushes strongly back at the crown in disdain; it turns upward in prayer or adoration; it sinks on the chest in sorrow, reflection, dejection, or despair; it turns toward the shoulder in pride or indifference; it turns from the object in aversion, repulsion, or distrust; it bows low before an object of scrutiny.

The *face* also responds to thought. It lights up with intelligence, or becomes blank through stupidity. The lower lid is raised in animation or amusement; the upper lid is lowered in affection or sorrow; the eyes open wide in will or terror; the brows lower and draw together in mentality, perplexity, or rage.

The *nostrils* are important in facial expression. They dilate in strong emotion; they contract in pain. The nose becomes pinched in suffering.

The *mouth*, as well as the *jaw*, reveals character. The

thought which finds expression in the gesture of the arm finds expression in the muscles of the mouth also. The lips slightly part in the center in animation or life; the upper lip lowers in the center in kindliness, tenderness, or amusement; the lips close firmly in will, determination, energy; the lips push out in sulkiness; they part in terror; they become pursed in mentality; they open vacantly and the jaw relaxes in stupidity.

The *feet* vary in position as the thought varies. In *animation*, the weight is placed on the ball of one foot, or the balls of both feet. In *suspense* or *excitement*, the weight is placed on the toes of the advanced foot, with the heel of the free foot behind the instep of the strong foot, with the toes of the free foot lightly touching the floor, and the knees straight. In *intensity of interest*, the weight is placed on the toes of the advanced foot, with the knee of the advanced leg slightly bent and the feet some distance apart. In *repose* or *reflection*, the weight is placed on the heel of the foot that is back, with the knee of the strong leg straight and the free leg bent or relaxed. In *defiance* or *haughtiness* or *scorn* or *will*, the weight is placed on the heel of the foot that is back, with the free leg well advanced and the knee of each leg straight. In *prostration* or *recoil*, the weight is placed on the heel of the foot that is back, with the feet far apart, and the body sunk low upon the strong leg, and the free leg straight. In *deference to a superior*, the heels are near together, toes point outward, and weight on toes of both feet. In *servility*, the feet are nearly parallel and close together, with the weight on the toes of both feet, and knees slightly bent. In *insolence*, the weight is on the heels of both feet, the feet far apart, and the toes pointing outward. In *vulgarity*, the weight is placed on the balls of both feet, which are far apart, the toes pointing outward.

DIVISION IV

RESPONSIVE GESTURE EXERCISES *

The following exercises are applications of the preceding principles. At first these exercises should be practised for precision, steadiness, and smoothness of movement. Then they should be practised to secure different kinds of response. This should be followed by original work and analysis of gestures.

Descriptive gestures are either *indicative* or *imitative.* They are indicative when they point out, locate, or picture. They are *imitative* or *sympathetic* when they act out what is being described. Imitative gestures are usually inartistic. They are permissible only when they are the result of strong emotion. In such a case, they add vividness and life to the description. Imitative gestures should not be confused with *personation.*

1. Gestures of salutation, affirmation or assertion, and cheering.

(*a*) Description,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. Raise the right arm, at the angle of 0°, to the head, the hand being supine and relaxed in the upward movement. As the hand approaches the head, the fingers should droop toward the head, the index finger leading, as though designating self. This is a gesture of *salutation.* Move the arm downward in the same curve, maintaining a curve of the arm from the shoulder to the finger tips, until the arm is relaxed at the side. This downward movement is the gesture of *affirmation.* When given with

* For musical accompaniment use "Narcissus," by Ethelbert Nevin.

emphasis, it is *forcible demand*. It can be made emphatic by a strong movement from the wrist. Repeat the upward and downward movements. Swing the right arm from the right side across the front of the body, in a curved line, up above and over and beyond the head, and then give the arm two rotary swings above the head, as in a cheer. At the close of the second swing, move the arm out at the angle of 45° and lower to the side.

Repeat the "cheer" movement.

Then repeat the whole exercise for the left side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up (salutation), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (affirmation), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Over (cheer), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Over, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Glide left, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Over, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Over, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

2. Gestures of direct entreaty, assertion, or affirmation.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With

hands supine, arms relaxed, and forearms leading, raise the arms directly in front to the plane of the head. On count 3 give a slight impulse to the hands, to strengthen the expression of *entreaty.* Lower the arms slowly to the sides on the counts down, 2, 3, 4. The downward movement expresses *assertion* or affirmation. In the downward movements the wrists should curve downward.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4.

3. Gestures expressive of command to be silent, or calm, prohibition, or destruction.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With hand prone and relaxed, and forearm leading, raise the right arm at 0° to the plane of the shoulder. Move the prone hand slowly outward in this plane to about 45°, then lower gently to the side. The outward impulse of the hand expresses a *command to be silent.* Move the arm upward again at 0°. At the last count 2, give a short, rapid, emphatic stroke downward to the sides.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up, 2, 3, 4,
Out (silence), 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2,
Down (to sides. Prohibition or destruction). 4.
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,

Left arm up, 2, 3, 4,
Out, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2,
Down, 4.

4. Double gestures of command to be silent, calm or diffusion, prohibition or destruction, and benediction.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With hands prone and forearms leading, raise the arms at 0° to a point directly in front of the chest. At the count 4, move the arms slowly outward to about 45°, as in the preceding exercise. This gesture expresses a command to be silent. Then lower to the sides. Raise both arms, with hands prone, at 0°, to the level of the head, then lower emphatically to the sides. This gesture expresses destruction. With hands prone, raise both arms at 0° to the plane of the head, open the palms as though they were floating on air. This is the gesture of benediction. Sustain a moment, then lower to the sides.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up, 2, 3, 4,
Out, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2,
Down (to sides), 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

5. Gestures of sacred deprecation, solemn pledge, revelation, or repulsion.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With hand prone, move the arm directly up in front at 0° until it reaches the level of the head. At the last count 3, raise the hand to a vertical position with the palm facing front. This is the gesture of sacred deprecation, etc. Sustain the position during four counts, then move the arm slowly down to the side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

6. Gestures of listening and playful warning, or threat.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With hand edgewise and relaxed, move the arm upward at 45° toward the cheek until the hand is in front of the cheek, palm toward cheek, hand partly closed, with the index finger leading. This is the gesture of listening.

With the hand still in the same position, move the arm directly down at 45° to about the level of the belt, giving two impulses to the wrist on the counts 1 and 3, letting the face and body respond as though giving a playful warning or threat. Then slowly lower the arm to the side and repeat the movement.

(*b*) The counts,—
Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (to belt line), 2, 3, 4,
Down (to side), 2, 3, 4,
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (to belt line), 2, 3, 4,
Down (to side), 2, 3, 4.

7. Gesture of parallelism or comparison.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of both feet. With hands edgewise, move both arms upward at 0° to about the shoulder level, giving a downward impulse of the wrists for emphasis at the close of the ascent. Then repeat this emphatic stroke—the gesture of comparison. Turn the hands to a prone position, and slowly lower them to the sides.

(*b*) The counts,—
Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up, 2, 3, 4,
Impulse, 2,
Impulse, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4.

8. The gesture of supplication or sublimity.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With the hand supine and relaxed, raise the arm at an angle of 45° to a point high above the head. At the close of this upward movement, the hand should be opened as though about to receive something. The thought of supplication or prayer or sacred ascription should be held in mind until face and form

respond, and there is unity throughout the body. Move the arm slowly down to the side, without turning the arm. Repeat for the left side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

9 The double gesture of supplication.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With hands supine and relaxed, raise both arms at 45° to their greatest height. Sustain the hands during four counts, then lower the arms to the sides.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Hold, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

10. Descriptive gestures of rising and falling, and upward designation.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot.

With the hand prone and relaxed, raise the arm at the angle of 45° to its greatest height, letting the whole body respond to the upward movement. At the close of the ascent the arm and head should approach each other, and the hand and fingers be relaxed. Move the arm in the same line down to the side.

In the downward movement the fingers should not be lifted. The hand should remain in its drooping position until the wrist is depressed and lowers the hand. Then the hand should be spread open and seem to float downward on the air. Raise and lower the arm again. At the close of the second upward movement raise the hand, letting the first finger and thumb be straight, and the other fingers relaxed. This is the gesture of upward designation. Repeat for left side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

11. Descriptive gestures of the rising of something vast and the falling of something vast.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With the hands prone and relaxed, raise both arms at 45°

to their greatest height. Lower the arms slowly to the sides. Repeat the upward and downward movements.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

12. Double gestures expressive of elevation of thought or feeling, magnitude, vastness, parallel repulsion, entreaty, successive repulsion, and dejection.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With hands prone and relaxed, raise the arms at 0° to their full height above the head. With hands supine, move the arms downward at 90° to the sides —a gesture of magnitude. With hands supine, return to a point directly over the head. At this point the wrists should curve inward and the fingers bend outward, forming the curves of an oriental urn.

Turn the palms outward, so that the hands will be prone in the next movement. Lower both arms at 90° to the sides—a gesture of magnitude coupled with separation. Raise them again to a point directly over the head. At this place the backs of the wrists should curve toward each other and the fingers bend outward.

Turn the palms toward the front, push strongly forward and downward—the gesture of parallel repulsion. Raise the arms again to 0°, high over the head. Then move the arms in succession from that height to the right shoulder level—the gesture of successive repulsion. Droop the hands and move

the arms up in front of the head, during counts 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4. At the second count 3 fold the hands—the gesture of entreaty. Unfold the hands, then move the arms in succession from that height to the left shoulder level. Return to the position of entreaty. Unfold the hands.

Turn the palms downward and lower the arms at 0° to the sides. In this last downward movement the face and body should express dejection.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,
Both arms up (0°), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (90°, magnitude), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up (90°, vast uplifting), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (90°, vast falling—depth), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up (90°, vast rising), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (0°, double repulsion), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up (0°), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, right (45°, successive repulsion), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up (0°, entreaty), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down, left (45°, successive repulsion), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Up (0°), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Down (0°, dejection), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

13. Gestures of direct address, or challenge, or question; extension of time or place; appellation; declaration; mystery or limitation; rejection; negation or denial; designation or description.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With the hand supine, raise the arm directly

front (0°), almost to the level of the shoulder. This expresses *direct address, challenge,* or *question.*

With hand still supine, move the arm outward horizontally to 90°. This expresses extension of time and place, or *inclusive address.*

At 90°, turn the palm so that the hand will be edgewise and the palm toward the body in the return movement. Move the arm steadily back to the opposite side of the chest, letting the hand, with the index finger leading, approach the chest. This is the gesture of *appellation.*

With hand still edgewise and the back of the forearm leading, move the arm outward horizontally to 45°. This is the gesture of *declaration.* Return to the position at the opposite side of the chest, with palm toward the chest. This is the gesture of *mystery* or *limitation.*

Turn the palm outward and move the arm outward to 90°. During this outward movement the head should move in the opposite direction from the arm. This outward arm movement is the gesture of *rejection.* With the hand in the same position, move the arm back to position over the chest.

Turn the palm downward and move the arm outward to 90°. During this movement the head should move in the opposite direction. This is the gesture of *negation or denial.*

With the hand still prone, move the arm back to the chest. With hand prone and index finger straight, move the arm out horizontally to 45°, letting the head move in response in the same direction. This is the gesture of designation or description.

At 45°, lower the arm to the side.

Repeat these gesture exercises for the left side.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,

Right arm up (hand supine, 0°. Direct address), 2, 3, 4,

Out (hand supine, 90°. Extension or general address), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hand edgewise, palm inward. Appellation), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out (hand edgewise, back of hand outward, 45°. Declaration), 2, 3, 4,

Return (hand edgewise), 2, 3, 4,

Arm out (hand edgewise, palm outward, 90°. Rejection), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hand edgewise), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out (hand prone, 90°. Negation or denial), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hand prone), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out (hand prone, 45°. Designation), 2, 3, 4,

Down, 2, 3, 4,

Left foot, 2,

Transition, 4,

Left arm, 2, 3, 4,

Out, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out, 2, 3, 4,

Return, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arm out, 2, 3, 4,

Down, 2, 3, 4.

14. Double gestures of direct and emphatic presentation and universality; separation combined with the idea of vastness; expansive covering, calm, or diffusion.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the balls of the feet. With hands supine, raise the arms at 0° almost to the level of the shoulders. This is the gesture of *direct* and *emphatic presentation*. With the hands still in the supine position, move the arms outward horizontally to 90°. This is the gesture of *general address*, or universality. Turn the palms inward. Return to a position at arm's length directly in front of the chest. Do not change the position of the hands, except to let them follow the leading of the forearms. Move the arms outward to 90°. This is also a gesture of extent. Return to position directly in front of the chest. Turn the palms outward, and move the arms out horizontally to 90°. This is the gesture of *separation* and implies vastness. Return to front position.

Turn the palms downward, and move the arms outward to 90°. This is the gesture of *expanse*, or extensive *covering*, calm, or diffusion.

Lower the arms from 90° to the sides.

(*b*) The counts,—

Both feet, 2, 3, 4,

Both arms up (hands supine. 0° Presentation), 2, 3, 4,

Arms out (hands supine. 90° Universality), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hands edgewise, palms inward. 0° Limitation), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arms out (hands edgewise, palms inward. 90° Extent), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hands edgewise, palms inward), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arms out (hands edgewise, palms outward. 90° Separation), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Return (hands edgewise, palms outward), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Arms out (hands prone. 90° Calm or diffusion), 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4,

Down (hands prone, 90°), 2, 3, 4.

15. Emphatic gestures expressing a command to go and a command to come.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. With the hand prone, move the arm in a bold curve from the side, up and over in the plane of the shoulder, outward from the body. This should be a gesture of force, and should be accompanied with response of the body. This is the gesture of command to go. The head should be turned toward the object addressed, and the gesture be made in the direction of the means of exit.

From the last position, describe a downward curve toward the body. This gesture expresses the command to come. The glance should still be toward the object addressed.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,

Right arm out (command to go), 2,

Return (command to come), 4,

Glide left foot, 2,

Transition, 4,

Left arm out (command to go), 2,

Return (command to come), 4.

16. Gestures of invitation to go and invitation to come.

(*a*) Directions,—

Take the weight on the ball of the right foot. Swing the arm gently in a downward arc from the side outward. This is the invitation to go. At the close of this gesture, swing the arm up and over in an upward arc, the hand, with the index finger prominent, moving toward the face. This is an invitation to come.

(*b*) The counts,—

Right foot, 2, 3, 4,
Right arm out (under), 2,
Right arm return (over), 4,
Glide left foot, 2,
Transition, 4,
Left arm out (under), 2,
Left arm return (over), 4.

OUTLINE OF COURSES OF STUDY

ELOCUTION.

First Week—

Physiology.—The respiratory and vocal organs.
Lecture.—The interpretation of literature.
Reading.—Literary analysis.

Second Week—

Breathing.—Exercises for upper and middle chest breathing.
Vocal Culture.—Placing tone.
Reading.—Literary analysis.
Gesture.—Relaxing exercises.

Third Week—

Breathing.—Exercises for lower chest and apexes of the lungs.
Vocal Culture.—Placing tone. Pervasiveness of tone.
Reading.—Sequence of thought.
Gesture.—Relaxing exercises.

Fourth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Support of tone.
Reading.—Clearness—the elementary sounds.
Gesture.—Backward poise of the hips and standing positions.

FIFTH WEEK—

Recital from standard literature.
Lessons in criticism.

SIXTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Smoothness.
Reading.—Clearness. Drill in molding elementary sounds.
Drill in vigor of enunciation.
Drill in spacing of words.
Drill in enunciation of final words in sentences.
Study of "Hamlet to the Players."
Gesture—Oblique transition and bow. Oblique transition and kneeling.

SEVENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review four steps.
Reading.—Forms of emphasis.
Definition of emphasis.
Emphasis of melody.
Emphasis of inflection.
Emphasis of slide.
Gesture.—Preparatory exercise for walking.
Poising of the head.

EIGHTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review first four steps.
Reading.—Forms of emphasis.
Emphasis of volume.
Emphasis of force.
Emphasis of pause.
Gesture.—Review.

NINTH WEEK—

Reviews and written tests three days.
Tennyson recitals two days.

TENTH WEEK—

Tennyson recitals.
Criticism of rendering.

ELEVENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Flexibility.
Reading.—Word pictures.
Gesture.—Principles.

TWELFTH WEEK—

Breathing—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Volume. Force.
Reading.—Atmosphere.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 1 to 5.

THIRTEENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Tone color.
Reading.—Tone color.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 6 to 11.

FOURTEENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review volume, force and tone color.
Reading.—Rhythm. Movement.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 12 to 16.

FIFTEENTH WEEK—

Recital from standard literature to illustrate word pictures and atmosphere in delivery.
Criticism.

Sixteenth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review first four steps.
Reading.—Rhythm. Movement.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 1 to 8.

Seventeenth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review last four steps.
Reading.—Personation.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 9 to 16.

Eighteenth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review eight steps.
Reading.—Personation.
Gesture.—Review responsive exercises.

Nineteenth Week—

Recital of selections from Shakespeare's dramas.

Twentieth Week—

Reviews and examinations.

INTERPRETATION OF THE DRAMA.

First Week—

Physiology.—The respiratory and vocal organs.
Vocal Culture.—Placing tone. Pervasiveness.
Reading.—"The Rivals," Act II., Scene I. Selection of play to be interpreted by the class at the close of the term.

Second Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Placing tone. Pervasiveness.
Reading.—"The Rivals," Act III., Scene I.

Gesture.—Principles.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—The plot of "As You Like It."
Rehearsal of the term play.

THIRD WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Support of tone. Smoothness.
Reading.—"As You Like It," Act I., Scene III.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 1 to 5.
Lecture.—The history of the drama.

FOURTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review first four steps.
Reading.—"As You Like It," Act V., Scene I.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 6 to 11.
Lecture.—The structure of the drama.
Rehearsal of term play.

FIFTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Review four steps.
Reading.—Hamlet's first soliloquy.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 12 to 16.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—The plot of "Hamlet."
Rehearsal of the term play.

SIXTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Flexibility.
Reading.—Hamlet's first soliloquy.
Gesture.—Review of responsive exercises.
Lecture.—The structure of the scenes of the drama.

Seventh Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Flexibility.

Reading.—"Hamlet," Act I., Scene IV.

Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation from life. Analysis of the personation.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—The structure of "Hamlet."

Eighth Week—

Rehearsals of the term play.

Ninth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Volume.

Reading.—"Hamlet," Act I., Scene IV.

Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation from life.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Informal discussion of the term play.

Tenth Week—

Reviews and examinations.

Eleventh Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Volume.

Reading.—"Julius Cæsar," Act IV., Scene III.

Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation from life.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—The plot of "Julius Cæsar."

Twelfth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Direction of tone.

Reading.—"Macbeth," Act I., Scene V.

Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation of Shakespeare's characters. Analysis of the personation.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—The plot of "Macbeth."
Rehearsal of the term play, with stage business.

THIRTEENTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Force.
Reading.—"Macbeth," Act V., Scene I.
Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation of Shakespeare's characters.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—The characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

FOURTEENTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Tone color.
Reading.—"Macbeth," Act V., Scene I.
Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation of Shakespeare's characters.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—The structure of "Macbeth."

FIFTEENTH WEEK—
Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Tone color.
Reading.—Antigone.
Gesture.—Pantomime. Personation of Shakespeare's characters.
Lecture.—Antigone.
Rehearsal of the term play, with stage business.

SIXTEENTH WEEK—
Vocal Culture.—Review.
Presentation of "Julius Cæsar," Act IV., Scene III., by groups of students.
Stage business.

Seventeenth Week—

Presentation of "Macbeth," Act I., Scene V., by groups of students.

Stage business.

Eighteenth Week—

Presentation of "Macbeth," Act V., Scene I., by groups of students.

Stage business.

Nineteenth Week—

Extemporaneous Speaking on the following subjects:

The History of the Ancient Classical Drama.

History of the English Drama.

Structure of the English Drama. The Structure of Scenes of the Drama.

Essentials of Dramatic Interpretation.

Character Studies from the Term Play.

Twentieth Week—

Presentation of the term play.

Books.

Giles: Human Life in Shakespeare.

Snider, Denton J.: The Shakespearian Drama.

Coleridge, Samuel T.: Shakespeare and the Dramatists.

Moulton, Richard G.: Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.

Moulton, Richard G.: The Ancient Classical Drama.

Freytag, Gustav: Technique of the Drama.

Golden, W. E.: History of the English Drama.

Dowden, Edward: Shakespeare.

Schlegel, A. W. von: Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.

Jameson, Mrs.: Characteristics of Women.

Mabie, Hamilton W.: Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.
Shakespeariana. Vol. I. Portraits of Shakespeare.
Hudson: Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Character.
Warner: English History in Shakespeare's Plays.

ORATORY.

First Week—

Physiology.—The respiratory and vocal organs.
Reading.—Directness. "Toussaint L'Ouverture."

Second Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Lecture.—Structure of the oration.
Reading.—Vigor or strength.
Gesture.—Principles.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of either the Earl of Chatham or William Pitt.

Third Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Placing tone. Pervasiveness.
Reading.—Seriousness.
Gesture.—Responsive exercises 1 to 5.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Charles James Fox or Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Fourth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.
Vocal Culture.—Support of tone.
Reading.—Alliance with the audience.
Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Edmund Burke.

Fifth Week—

Recitation of memorized oratorical selections of the text-book. Criticism by teacher. Commendation and suggestion.

Sixth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Smoothness of tone.

Reading.—Persuasion.

Gesture.—Responsive exercises 12 to 16.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Henry Grattan or Daniel O'Connell.

Seventh Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Smoothness of tone.

Reading.—Persuasion.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Lord Erskine or John Bright.

Eighth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Flexibility.

Reading.—Volume.

Gesture.—Review responsive exercises.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Lord Beaconsfield or William Ewart Gladstone.

Ninth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Volume.

Reading.—Volume.

Gesture.—Review principles of gesture.

Tenth Week—

Debate.

ELEVENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Force of tone.

Reading.—Direction of voice.

Gesture.—Original work—gestures of emphasis.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Give biography of Samuel Adams, or James Otis, or Fisher Ames.

TWELFTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Tone color.

Reading.—Vigor or strength.

Gesture.—Original work in connection with delivery of orations. Accompanying gesture, suggestive gesture, arrested gesture.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Give biography of Patrick Henry or Alexander Hamilton.

THIRTEENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Tone color.

Reading.—Seriousness.

Gesture.—Original work. Paragraph and climax in gesture.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of John C. Calhoun or Daniel Webster.

FOURTEENTH WEEK—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Volume. Tone color.

Reading.—Alliance with the audience.

Gesture.—Original work. Appeal, invective, challenge, accusation, etc.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Henry Clay, or Rufus Choate, or Robert Y. Hayne.

Fifteenth Week—

Recital of extracts from great orations. Criticism.

Sixteenth Week—

Breathing—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Volume. Tone color.

Reading.—Persuasion.

Gesture.—Descriptive pantomime from dictation.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give the biography of Edward Everett or Wendell Phillips.

Seventeenth Week—

Breathing.—Four exercises.

Vocal Culture.—Review and explanation of steps in voice work.

Reading.—Volume.

Gesture.—Descriptive pantomime from dictation.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—Read one oration and give biography of Charles Sumner, or Henry Ward Beecher, or Phillips Brooks, or Henry W. Grady.

Eighteenth Week—

Extemporaneous Speaking. — The essentials of oratory. After-dinner speeches.

Nineteenth Week—

Recital of orations written and memorized during the term.

Twentieth Week—

Reviews and examinations.

Books.

The World's Great Orations.

Adams, Charles Kendall (editor): Representative British Orations.

Johnston, Alexander (editor): American Orations.

Hardwicke, Henry: History of Oratory and Orators.
Sears, Lorenzo: The History of Oratory.
Holyoake, George J.: Public Speaking and Debate.
Genung, J. F.: Rhetoric.
Mead, W. E.: Elementary Composition and Rhetoric.
Baker, George P.: The Principles of Argumentation.
Lives of the orators in histories of American and English literature. Lives of the American orators in The American Statesmen Series.