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ELOCUTIONIST,

A NEW GUIDE TO PUBLIC SPEAKING,

COMPRISING THE RULES AND ART OF TRUE ORATORY

WITH A CHOICE COLLECTION OF ELEGANT EXAMPLES IN PROSE AND VERSE

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INTRODUCTION.

We have Hand and Text-books on Oratory in great profusion; but, who can point to a single one of them which is not so artificial in its system as to be of little practical value in developing the art and practice of public speaking?

The errors of most teachers are grounded upon the mischievous supposition that each speaker is but a type of some other speaker—must make the same gestures, give the same tone, etc.; whereas, it is a fact that no two speakers are alike by nature, and, therefore, ought not to be amenable to systems or habits foreign to their own individualisation.

In these pages we have embodied a system, which, while it instructs the student in all the components of composition, and in all those rules of declamation that have a general application, yet leaves to each individual the exercise of his own judgment and feeling—the control of his own volition and action—the utterance of his own conceptions: in our opinion the only correct path to individual advancement in true oratory.

The numerous examples given are, most of them, new to works of this kind; while their selection, each to
illustrate some distinct sentiment or emotion, will convey to the reader or student a clear idea of the various passions which enter into and make up the great sum of human utterance. In this feature, alone, the originality of our work is marked; and we believe it will prove one of the best aids yet offered to those seeking for an insight into the art of Public Speaking.

While we do not presume that this little work is superior to all others in manner and matter, we yet believe that no work now accessible to the student and reader contains either a better or more available system, or matter of greater newness and interest.
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I.

PRINCIPLES OF TRUE ENUNCIATION.

Elocution means utterance, delivery, or pronunciation. It is a branch of oratory, of greater power and importance than is generally imagined: so much so, indeed, that Eloquence takes its name from it. It was much studied by Quintilian; but, before his day, so greatly was it neglected by the Roman orators that he remarked that he had met with many men who were famous for eloquence, but not a single one who understood eloquence.

What stress was laid upon elocution by the Greek orators appears from the remarkable observation of Demosthenes. Being asked what was the first chief thing in oratory, he replied, enunciation; being asked again what was the second, he answered, enunciation; and again what was the third, enunciation; intimating by these replies that the whole art, spirit, and power of oratory consisted in this.

In relating this story about Demosthenes, Cicero says, that the repeated answer was actio (action). This shows us that by enunciation and actio the Latins meant the same thing: and that by each they understood the right and just management of the voice, looks, and gesture, in speaking. And hence, they whose business it is to speak publicly on the stage, are by us called actors.

Cicero, and after him Quintilian, divided oratory into five parts:—1. Invention: by which we provide ourselves with suitable and sufficient matter for a discourse. 2. Disposition or arrangement: by which they meant the division of their subject into parts and sentences, according to the most natural order: and consequently, the proper distribution and
arrangement of their ideas. 3. *Elocution*: by which they always meant what we call *diction*: which consists in suiting our words to our ideas, and the style to the subject. 4. *Memory*: or the faculty of clearly discerning and remembering our ideas, and of calling to mind the fittest words by which to express them. 5. *Enunciation*: or the art of managing the voice and gesture in speaking.

By *enunciation*, the ancients understood both *elocution* and *action*; and comprehended in it the right management of the voice, looks, and gesture, both in reading and in speaking. The great object of a good *enunciation* is to make the ideas *seem* to come from the heart: they will, then, not fail to excite the attention and the affections of our hearers. If the speaker can not at least appear in earnest—appear to feel what he utters, he can not impress others. The true orator makes others *feel* like himself, and sympathize with himself.

The several faults in *enunciation* are these:

I. When the voice is too loud: a thing very disagreeable to the hearer, and extremely inconvenient to the speaker. Disagreeable to the hearer it ever must be; if he be a person of good taste, as he will always look upon it as the effect either of *ignorance* or of *affectation*. Some will attribute it to *ignorance*, and suppose the speaker to have been educated in a school which made a *specialité* of propriety of speech. Others will impute it to *affectation*, or a *design* to work upon their passions—an inference which would be sure to defeat such design; for if you would effectually move the passions, you must carefully *conceal your intention of so doing*. It is a false oratory which seeks to persuade or affect by mere vehemence of voice: a practice which *Quintilian* calls—not only clamoring, but furious bellowing—not vehemence, but downright violence.

An overstrained voice is, moreover, very inconvenient to the speaker, as well as distasteful to judicious hearers. Every man's voice should just fill the place where he speaks; but, if it exceed its natural key, it will be neither sweet, nor soft, nor agreeable, as he will be unable to give every word its proper and distinguishing sound.

II. An additional fault in *enunciation* is when the *voice* is too low: a thing not so inconvenient to the speaker but as
disagreeable to the hearer as the other extreme. To the
generality of hearers, indeed, a voice too low is much more
displeasing than one too loud, especially to those who have a
difficulty in hearing, and to those who are pleased with a lively
and pathetic address, as most persons are. It is always offen-
sive to an audience to observe any thing in a reader or a
speaker that looks like indolence or inattention. The hearer
will never be affected while he sees the speaker indifferent, or
inefficient—as a very low voice would seem to imply.

The art of regulating the voice consists in a great measure
in dextrously avoiding these two extremes. You may take
this as a general rule: carefully preserve the key, that is, the
command of your voice, and, at the same time, adapt the ele-
vation and strength of it to the condition and number of per-
sons you address, and to the nature of the place in which you
speak. It would be quite as ridiculous in a General, address-
ing an army, to speak in a low and languid voice, as in a
person who reads a chapter in a family, to speak in a loud
and impassioned tone.

III. A further fault in enunciation is a thick, rapid, and
mumbling voice. When a person mumbles or clips his words,
and hurries on with no anxiety to be heard distinctly, or to
give his words their full sound, or his hearers the full sense of
them, we may consider it owing to a defect in the organs of
speech, or to a too great flutter of the animal spirits: more
frequently, however, to a bad habit uncorrected.

Demosithenes, the greatest orator Greece produced, had,
nevertheless, three natural impediments in pronunciation, all
of which he overcame by invincible labor and perseverance.
One was a weakness of voice, which he cured by frequently
declaming on the sea-shore, amidst the noise of the waves.
Another was a shortness of breath, which he corrected by re-
peating his orations as he walked up a hill. The other fault
was a thick, mumbling way of speaking, of which he broke
himself by declaiming with pebbles in his mouth.

IV. Another fault in enunciation is rapid speech.

Scarce y any fault is more common than this, especially
among those who imagine that they can read well, and who
have no fear of coming to a stand-still by the unexpected ap-
pearance of any hard or unusual word. The great disadvantage
of this manner of enunciation is, that the hearer loses more than the half of what he hears, and would gladly remember, but can not. A speaker should always have regard to the memory as well as to the understanding of his hearers.

V. It is also a fault to speak too slowly. Some persons read or speak in a heavy, droning, sleepy way, and, through mere carelessness, make pauses at improper places. To any one of the slightest taste, this is most disagreeable. Too slow an enunciation is usually met with in persons advanced in years [in whom it may be excusable], and in those who naturally speak so in ordinary conversation. It is an error which should be corrected in the young person before the habit becomes fixed.

VI. An irregular or uneven voice is a great fault in reading or in speaking: that is, when the voice rises and falls by fits and starts, or when it is elevated or depressed unnaturally or unseasonably, without regard to sense or stops; or when it begins a sentence in a high tone, and concludes it in a low one, or the reverse of this; or when it begins and concludes in the same key.

VII. Another fault in enunciation is a flat, dull, uniform tone of voice, without emphasis or cadence, or any regard to the sense or subject of what is read; a habit into which children who have been accustomed to read their lessons by way of task, are very apt to fall, and retain as they grow up. A just enunciation is a good commentary; no one, therefore, ought to read any thing in public before he has carefully read it over to himself once or twice in private.

VIII. But the greatest and most common fault is reading or speaking in a peculiar tone. No habit is more easily contracted than this: none more difficult to overcome. Some have a womanish, squeaking tone; some a singing or caunting tone. Others affect a high, swelling, theatrical tone: ambitious of being accounted fine orators, they lay too much emphasis on every sentence, and thus transgress the rules of true oratory. Others again affect an awful and striking tone, attended with solemn grimace, as if they would move you with every word, whether the weight of the subject bear them out or not. Persons of a gloomy or melancholy cast of mind are most apt to fall into this mistake.
Says Sheridan Knowles:—"In the infant just beginning to articulate, you will observe every inflexion that is recognized in the most accurate treatise on elocution—you will observe, further, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen men—men of education, erudition—ask them to read a piece of animated composition; you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen that can raise or depress his voice, inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires. What has become of the inflexions, the cadences, and the modulation of the infant? They have not been exercised—they have been neglected—they have never been put into the hand of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use—they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused; and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing."

**HOW TO AVOID SUCH FAULTS.**

For this purpose the following rules may be of service:

If you would avoid reading or speaking in too loud or too low a voice, consider whether your voice be naturally too low or too loud, and correct it accordingly in your ordinary conversation; by this means you will be better able to correct it in reading or in speaking. If it be too low, talk with those who are deaf; if too loud, with those whose voices are low. Begin what you have to say with an even, moderate voice, so that you may have the command of it, to raise it or to drop it, as the subject may require.

To cure a thick, hasty, confused, and mumbling voice, accustom yourself, both in speaking and in reading, to pronounce every word distinctly and clearly. Observe with what deliberation some read and converse, and how full a sound they give to every word: imitate such persons.

To overcome the habit of reading or speaking too fast, attend diligently to the sense, weight, and propriety of every sentence you utter, and of every emphatical word in it. This will not only be an advantage to yourself, but also a double one to your hearers, as it will at once give them time to do the same, and will excite their attention when they see that your own is fixed. A solemn pause after a weighty thought is
often striking. A well-timed stop gives as much grace to speech as it does to music. Imagine that you are reading to persons of slow and unready conceptions [powers of understanding]; and measure not your hearers' apprehension by your own. Be very deliberate in uttering your words and sentences, that their sense may not be lost. The ease and advantage that will arise both to the reader and the hearer by a free, full, and deliberate enunciation, is hardly to be overestimated.

To cure an uneven, desultory voice, take care that you do not begin your sentences either in too high or too low a key, as that will necessarily lead you to an unnatural and improper variation of it. Pay particular attention to the nature and the number of your stops, and the length of your sentences, and keep your mind intent on the sense, the subject and the spirit of your author.

The same directions equally apply for the avoidance of a monotony [uniformity of tone] in enunciation; for if your mind be but attentive to the sense of your subject you will naturally manage and modulate your voice according to the nature and importance of it.

Lastly. To avoid all kinds of unnatural and disagreeable tones, the only rule is to endeavor to speak with the same ease and freedom as you would on the same subject in private conversation. If we are deeply affected with the subject we read or talk of, the voice will naturally vary according to the passion excited; but, if we vary it unnaturally only to seem affected, or with a design to affect others, it then becomes a peculiar tone, and is offensive.

Attend then to your subject, and deliver it just in the manner you would if you were talking of it. This is the great, the general, and the most important rule of all; and, if carefully observed, it will correct almost every fault of a bad enunciation, and will give you an easy, becoming, and graceful delivery, agreeable to all the rules of a right elocution.

"Let the tone and sound of your voice in reading," says Dr. Watts, "be the same as it is in speaking; and do not affect to change that natural and easy sound, wherewith you speak, for a strange, new, and awkward tone, as some do when they begin to read; which would almost persuade our
ears that the speaker and the reader were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary."

SPECIAL RULES AND OBSERVANCES.

Having thus shown what a good enunciation is, and how to attain it in a general sense, let us advert to specific requisites, whose observance is imperative as the basis of all true elocution, and without which knowledge there can be no permanent success in oratory.

A good enunciation in reading is the art of managing and governing the voice so as to express the full sense and spirit of your author in that just and graceful manner, which will not only instruct, but also affect the hearers, and will not only raise in them the same ideas that he intended to convey, but also the same passions that he really felt. This is the great end of reading to others, and this end can only be attained by a proper and just enunciation.

Hence we may learn in what a good enunciation in speaking consists; which is nothing but a natural, easy, and graceful variation of the voice, suitable to the nature and importance of the sentiments we deliver.

For the attainment of this good, the observance of the following rules is necessary:

Pay particular attention to your Pau ses, Emphasis and Cadence.

I. To your Pau ses.

With respect to these, you will, in a great measure, in reading, be directed by the stops.

The common stops are these:—The Comma [,], Semicolon [:], Colon [:], Full Stop [ . ], Note of Interrogation [?], and Note of Exclamation or Admiration [!].

These stops serve two purposes: 1. To distinguish the sense of the author. 2. To direct the enunciation of the reader.

Do not take breath (if it can be avoided) till you come to a full stop A distinct pause, however, is to be made at every stop, according to its proper duration.

A comma requires us to stop while we may count one to ourselves; a semicolon, two; a colon, three; and a full stop, four.
When the sentences are very long, you may take breath at a colon, or semicolon; and sometimes at a comma, but never where there is no stop at all. And that you may be under no necessity of taking breath before you come to a proper pause, it will be advisable to look forward to the close of the sentence, and measure the length of it with your eye before you begin it, so that, if it be long, you may take in a sufficient supply of breath to carry you to the end of it. Or if in extempor speaking, make use of such brevity in your sentences as will offer frequent pauses.

To get rid of the habit of taking breath too often in reading or extempor speaking, accustom yourself to read long sentences, such, for instance, as the first sixteen lines of Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” or passages from Longfellow’s “Evangeline.” After some weighty and important sentiment it will be proper to make a longer pause than ordinary; especially toward the close or application of a discourse or sermon, where the subject usually becomes more serious and affecting, these long pauses are proper, as they at once compose and affect the mind, and give it time to think. It will also be of great assistance to the speaker’s voice, and will give his enunciation the advantage of variety, which is at all times pleasing to the hearers.

After all that can be said relative to the pauses indicated by punctuation, we may observe that the pauses, as well as the variations of the voice, must be chiefly regulated by a careful attention to the sense and the importance of the subject—grave and gay, serious or cheerful, earnest or jocular, as the case may be.

II. The next thing to be regarded is Emphasis.

When we pronounce any particular syllable in a word with superior energy, it is called Accent; when we thus pronounce any particular word in a sentence, it is called Emphasis; and the word so pronounced, is called the emphatical word. The emphatical words (for there are often more than one) in a sentence, are those which carry a weight or importance in themselves, or those on which the sense of the rest depend. These must always be distinguished by a fuller and stronger sound of voice, wherever they are found, whether in the beginning, the middle, or the end of a sentence.
Here it may not be amiss briefly to observe two or three things:

A. Some sentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical; for instance, that pathetic expostulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel:

"Why will ye die?"

In this short sentence every word is emphatical, and, on whichever word you lay the emphasis, it strikes out a different sense, and opens a new subject of moving expostulation.

B. Some sentences are equivocal, as well as some words; that is, they contain in them more senses than one; and which is the sense intended can only be known by observing on what word the emphasis is laid. For instance, Shall you ride to town to-day? This question is capable of being taken in four different senses, according to the different words on which you lay the emphasis. If it be laid on the word "you," the answer may be: No; but I intend to send my servant in my stead. If the emphasis be laid on the word "ride," the proper answer might be: No; I intend to walk. If you place the emphasis on the word "town," it is a different question, and the answer may be: No; for I design to ride into the country. And if the emphasis be laid upon the word "to day," the sense is still something different from all these, and the proper answer may be: No; but I shall, to-morrow. Of such importance is a right emphasis in order to determine the proper sense of what we utter.

C. We may also observe that the voice must express, as nearly as possible, the very sense or idea designed to be conveyed by the emphatical word: by a strong, rough, and violent, or by a soft, smooth, and tender, sound.

Thus the different passions of the mind are to be expressed by a different sound or tone of voice. Love, by a soft, smooth, and languishing voice; Anger, by a strong, vehement, and elevated voice; Joy, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice; Sorrow, by a low, flexible, and interrupted voice; Fear, by a dejected, tremulous, and hesitating voice; Courage, has a full bold, and loud voice; and Perplexity, a grave, steady, and earnest one. In Exordiums (openings or beginnings of speeches, discourses, etc.) the voice should be low; in Narrations, distinct; in Reasoning, slow; in Persuasion, strong. It
should thunder in Anger; soften in Sorrow; tremble in Fear; melt in Love.*

D. The variation of the emphasis must not only distinguish the various passions described, but also the several forms and figures of speech in which they are expressed; for instance:

In a Prosopopoeia, or Personification, we must change the voice as the person introduced would. "Prosopopoeia" is, when an absent or a dead person is introduced speaking or spoken to; or when life, speech, action, or feeling, is attributed to an inanimate or irrational being; thus:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top."

In an Antithesis, one contrary must be pronounced louder than the other. "Antithesis" compares things contrary or different, so as to render them more remarkable by the contrast. It influences words and sentences, thus:

"He is gone from painful labor to pleasant rest."

In a Climax, the voice should always rise with it. "Climax" or "Gradation" is a beautiful kind of repetition, in which the expression ending the first member of a sentence begins the second; that ending the second, the third; and so on, till the completion of the sentence. There is much strength and beauty in this figure, when the several steps rise naturally, and are closely connected, thus:

"There is no enjoyment of property without government; no government without a magistrate; no magistrate without obedience; and no obedience where every one acts as he pleases."

In Dialogues the voice should alter with the parts, each personification perfectly and characteristically marked in tone, manner, enunciation, etc.

In Repetitions, it should be loudest in the second place. Words of quality and distinction, or of praise or blame, must be pronounced with a strong emphasis.

Hence it follows—that no emphasis at all is better than a wrong or misplaced one, as the former only perplexes, while the latter always misleads the mind of the hearer.

III. The next thing to be observed is Cadence.

This is the reverse of Emphasis. Emphasis is raising the

* See page 24 et sequitur for full catalogue of these different passions with their peculiar expressions.
voice, Cadence is dropping it. When rightly managed it is very musical. Cadence generally takes place at the end of a sentence, unless it close with an emphatical word.

The whole of the words within a parenthesis should be pronounced in cadence, with the exception of cases of interrogation and exclamation—that is, with a low voice, and quicker than ordinary. But all apostrophes and prosopopoeias must be pronounced with emphasis.

"Apostrophe" is that figure, by which the speaker suddenly breaks through the chain of his discourse, and in a feeling manner, addresses the living or the dead, or even inanimate nature, as if it were endowed with sense and reason, thus:

"Hear, O heaven! and give ear, O earth! for the Lord hath spoken."

COMPLEMENTARY RULES.

If you wish to acquire a just enunciation in reading, you must not only take in the full sense, but also enter into the spirit of your author, as you can never convey the force and fullness of his ideas to another until you feel them yourself. No one can read with benefit an author whom he does not perfectly understand and appreciate.

"The great rule," says Bishop Burnet in his 'Pastoral Care,' "which the masters of rhetoric so much press, can never enough be remembered: that to make a man speak well and pronounce with a right emphasis, he ought thoroughly to understand all that he says, be fully persuaded of it, and bring himself to have those affections which he desires to infuse into others. He that is inwardly persuaded of the truth of what he says, and that hath a concern about it in his mind, will pronounce with a natural vehemence, that is far more lovely than all the strains that art can lead him to. An orator must endeavor to feel what he says, and then he will speak so as to make others feel it."

This is a very general and important rule, and, as the Bishop says, can not be too well remembered; and hence it is that so few are able to read the poets well and impressively. How rarely do we hear a poem well delivered!

Another important rule to be observed in elocution is, Study Nature: that is, study the most easy and natural way of
expressing yourself, both as to the tone of voice and manner of speech. This is best learned by observations on common conversation, where all is free, natural, and easy—where we are only intent on making ourselves understood, and conveying our ideas in a strong, plain and lively manner, by the most natural language, enunciation, and action. And the nearer our enunciation in public comes to the freedom and ease of that which we use in common discourse (provided we keep up the dignity of the subject, and preserve a propriety of expression), the more just, natural, and agreeable will it generally be.

Above all things, then, aim to be natural; avoid affectation; never use art, if you have not the art to conceal it, for, whatever does not appear natural, never can be agreeable, much less persuasive.

Endeavor to keep your mind collected and composed. Guard against that flutter and timidity of spirit which is the common failing of a "first appearance." By careful attention this will soon wear off; but the best way to give the mind a proper degree of assurance and self-command on such occasions is—to be entire master of your subject, while the thorough conviction that you are delivering to your audience nothing but what is well worth their hearing, will give you a considerable degree of courage. Endeavor to be wholly engaged in your subject; when the mind is intent upon and warmed with its subject of discourse it will soon forget that awful deference which it previously paid the audience—a deference so apt to confuse and disconcert the mind. If the aspect of any one of your hearers discomposes you, keep your eyes from him, and endeavor to show yourself calm and composed. Get neither irritated nor disconcerted at any unpleasant circumstances, and your composure will bear you through triumphantly. We have seen so many good speakers disconcerted by the tone, demeanor or words of some adversary that we may safely say he only is a true orator who can command his temper and his nerves. Without this command, all art is wasted, for at any moment the speaker may be "flustered" or confused, when, instead of triumph, comes mortification.

Therefore, be invincible in temper, confident in utterance, deliberate in manner; and if your subject-matter be good, you cannot fail to please and impress.
II.

THE ART OF ORATORY.

We have thus far confined our remarks to the rules of enunciation, or tone utterance. But there is in action a second or auxiliary principle of elocution which no orator can neglect to understand and apply if he would fully succeed as such. Indeed, from what has been quoted from Cicero, action would seem to be a leading or first principle of success in the forum; but, while we shall not underrate we must not overrate it. Good matter first; good delivery next; artful efforts third. All combined make the good speaker; and, as we are aiming at such result, we need not question the relative merit of words, enunciation and action, but consider them all as parts of one system.

Recurring, then, to what has already been said, we may assume that the art of Public Speaking may be resolved into four constituents, viz.: 1st, Intelligibility; 2d, Correctness; 3d, Impressiveness; 4th, Passion or Oratoricality.

1st. Intelligibility demands clear and correct articulation, accentuation, and logical pausing, combined with sufficient energy of voice to make oneself distinctly heard.

2d. Correctness requires, in addition to the above, purity and delicacy of pronunciation, accurate emphatization, and a modest, simple, decorous demeanor.

3d. Impressiveness employs all the above, and adds thereto rhetorical pausing, modulation of voice, expression of feature, especially of the eye, and variety of manner.

4th. Oratoricality intensifies all the impressive forms of delivery, incorporates all that is correct and capable of adding to the intelligibility of a thought; but requires, besides, a versatile power of adapting the manner to the kind of thought expressed, quickness of eye, rapid intuitive conceptuality, true and lively feeling, and a complete mastery of voice, countenance, mimic, and gesture; but all must be governed and adjusted by taste and judgment.

The first three constituents have been discussed in the previous pages, very fully, and, we trust, satisfactorily. The usual works on elocution leave so much to be inferred, or, they so generally are grounded upon the supposition that each pupil
is familiar with all the rules of grammar and rhetoric, that all the true elementary and substantial principles of oratory are passed over, or are but incidentally considered. Not to presume the reader of these pages to be ignorant of grammar and rhetoric, we yet have given so much of these studies as is necessary to illuminate and impress our subject; and in the pages following shall consider the 4th constituent of Elocution, viz.: Passion, in such a manner as to interpret its expression to the easy comprehension and adaptation of students, young as well as advanced.

SHERIDAN, in his well-known work on the "Art of Speaking," enumerates seventy-five passions, humors, vices, virtues, or feelings, which he regards as exemplificative of all the chief changes of gesture which oratory demands. We believe that a more rigid analysis of passion might enable us to reduce the number of its type-forms; but what we might gain in philosophical precision we might lose in practical utility. It is better to over-instruct than to under-instruct in such matters. Yet we seriously advise our students not to be imitators, but thinkers, and to try in all cases so to be their own interpreters of the action best calculated to express their feeling as to adopt or reject the special hints here submitted. As a general thing, however, these hints will be found very suggestive, and though they may not be rigidly followed, they will furnish valuable aid to a true, pure and impressive delivery. In the extracts which follow of choice specimens of oratory and composition the numerical references to this chapter will be found a very useful feature.

15. Grief.  34. Reproving.  53. Curiosity.  72. Distraction
1. **Tranquility**, or quietness, makes the countenance bland, composed, quiescent, imparts repose to the body, and sheds inertness into every muscle. When these external manifestations are unaccompanied by thought, it is named Apathy. There may be a gentle play of pleasing thought visible; when, however, this heightens into clear perceptibility, it becomes—

2. **Cheerfulness**, and adds a smile and slow to the features, and gives a slight activity to the frame.

3. **Mirth** opens the mouth, crisps the nostrils, twinkles the eyes, dimples the cheeks, shakes the sides, and flushes the features; it slides into laughter.

4. **Ravillery**, a kind of merry satire, sometimes compounded of Cheerfulness, Mirth, and Reproving (which see), sometimes spiced with Malice (which see). It draws up the lips, makes the voice lively and sonorous, and the features keen.

5. **Buffoonery** is mirthful archness; tricky gravity; sly, humorous seriousness. It extravaganzas Mirth, and mingleth it with Teaching (which see).

6. **Joy**, or gladness, rises from but little more than cheerfulness to the highest exaltation of the feelings. The glowing, pleasant smile; the quick-glancing, clear, brisk eye; the active, lively, energetic action which indicates its lower stages, may transform themselves into enthusiastic ardor, transport, shown by clapping the hands, jumping semi-deliriously, and straining the eye violently, as if the mind were in search of verification of its right to be glad.

7. **Delight** is moderate joy, continuously felt.

8. **Gravity**, or seriousness, is the consequence of thoughtful concern and attention. The eyebrows are lowered, the lips closed, the body motionless, or slow, the voice monotonous and carefully enounced.

9. **Inquiry** into a difficult subject resembles Gravity—the head stoops and the eyes are fixed. But into a topic of which one is master, it is lively and loud in tone. Gravity and Inquiry are exemplified in Hamlet's soliloquy on **Suicide**.

10. **Attention** is, in general, gravely respectful, humble, silent, placid; the eyes are occasionally cast down, and then lifted up, almost with the look of inquiry, to the person addressing us.

11. **Modesty** combines Submissiveness, if not Reverence,
with Attention. The body should be slightly bent forward, the eyes downcast, the voice low, melodious, and placid; the words few, clearly expressed, and drawn forth, as if it were, reluctantly.

13. Perplexity is a compound of Anxiety, Gravity, and Care. Sometimes Fear mingles its influences. The action is abrupt and changeable, the tone varies, and the sentences are often left unfinished.

"Nay, good lieutenant—alas! gentlemen—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant—sir; Montano—
Help, masters! Here's a kindly watch, indeed,
Who's that?—who rings the bell? Diabolo—Ho!
The town will rise."—Othello.

13. Vexation is more vivid than Perplexity: it complains, laments, and laments; sometimes it weeps, clasps the hands in agony, and displays general excitability and suffering.

14. Pity is a compound of Love and Grief (which see) The painful feelings are sympathetic, and hence are less vivid and intense; their expression is therefore softened into a somewhat saddened affectionateness.

Modesty, Attention, Perplexity, Pity, Vexation, Joy, and Love, all are combined in Othello's Speech to the Senate on his Marriage.

15. Grief is pain or distress of mind, occasioned by misfortune, loss, injury, or other cause of suffering. Sometimes it is dull, torpid, vacuous; again it is sad, oppressed, and pain-stricken; then it is violent, causing the hair to be torn, the garments to be rent. Screaming, stamping, hurrying about distractedly, and distortion of the whole frame and features characterize it at other times.

16. Melancholy is fixed grief; habitual depression of spirits the stupor of woe. The lips are pale, eyes dull and half shut, the body unnerved and languid, the words, often interspersed with tears, are slow, drawling, carelessly expressed, and few.

17. Despair, hopeless grief, remediless woe, distraction of soul on account of guilt.

" Gnashing his teeth, tearing his hair,
And ever weeping, wailing there;
While shrieks and groans reverberate around "

18. Fear, the anticipation of future evil or misfortune, is compounded of anxiety, perplexity, and care. The face is pale, the breathing short, quick, stertorous, the heart palpitates.
the limbs tremble, the voice is spasmodically affected, the eye stare, and the frame shrinks.

"A shadow in a giant's shape,
Terror its name, pursues him ever;
In vain he struggles to escape."

19. *Shame* arises from a sense of our having outraged our selves ridiculous or despicable to others. It covers the countenance with blushing; averts the face from the spectators, hangs the head, inclines the eyes earthward, wrinkles the forehead, occasionally renders the person speechless, and always impedes the power of utterance; a constrained appearance of case is put on, which only tends still more to show how bitterly the individual winces under the censorious glances which he supposes must be constantly aimed at him.

In the tragedy of "Jane Shore," many examples of this passion may be found.

20. *Remorse* is a self-consciousness of guilt which dries and shrivels up the heart, till it becomes a loathsome plague-spot, and the man feels himself a "jarring and dissonant thing" amid the harmony of nature. In its external expression, it makes the countenance dejected, and overspreads the features with anxiety, corrugates the eyebrows, beats the breast with the right hand, and the teeth are gnashed with anguish. The whole frame is racked and agitated, and the voice is slow, guttural, and interrupted by sighs. Should sorrow, hightened into contrition, succeed this fearful passion, the eyes are doubtfully and timidly raised on high to sue for mercy, but a strong sense of demerit almost instantly casts them to the ground. Then the "big round tears begin to roll," the knees are bent, or the body is thrown flat upon the earth, the most humble suppliant posture is assumed, and with a mingling of sighs, groans, and tears, the tones of deprecation are poured forth with trembling, hesitation, and apprehension. Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse" will amply exemplify this.

21. *Courage* is the contempt of danger. It nerves the whole frame, erects the head, inflates the lungs, widens the nostrils, and imparts gracefulness and nobility to the mien. The voice is clear, sonorous, and unhesitating; the countenance is open, and the right hand is occasionally thrust out as "L. defiance of threatened danger."
"Now imitate the action of the tiger:  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.  
Send fierce and dreadful aspect to the eye;  
Set the teeth close, and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every function  
To its full height."—Shakespeare.

22. Boasting is the affectation of courage, and, like all affectation, betrays itself by overdoing what it attempts. The voice is loud and overweening. The whole demeanor is characterized by blustering and braggadocio. The eyebrows are knit, the eyes stare, the features are reddened with exertion, and the mouth is pursed. The arms are now set akimbo, and again the right fist is brandished in a fiercely menacing manner; the strides are long and rapid, the feet being put down heavily, and the right foot occasionally stamped with fury. "Captain Bobadil's method of destroying an army" will give an illustration.

23. Pride is an overgreat feeling of our own importance. It assumes a lofty look. The body is held erect and stiff; the step is measured, stately, and imposing. The lips protrude, but are contracted. The eyes are open and the eyebrows arched. The words are uttered in a pompous, bombastic and formal manner, especial emphasis being laid on the first personal pronoun.

24. Obstnacy is a combination of Pride, Anger, and Malice (which see). It is an unyielding determination to do or not to do a thing—to stick resolutely to one's own purpose, be it right or wrong. It imparts a dogged sullenness or a surly snappiness to the manner.

25. Authority opens the countenance, but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity.—See Gravity.

26. Commanding requires an air a little more peremptory, with a look a little more severe or stern. The hand is held out, and moved toward the person to whom the order is given with the palm upward, and the head nod toward him.

27. Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the head backward, and pushes the hand from one, with the palm downward, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down, immovable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

28. Affirming is shown in gesture by uplifting the right hand, with the palm open and slightly turned toward the
person addressed. The eyes are sometimes raised upward to the skies, and the hand is occasionally laid upon the heart. If with an oath, the person looks appealingly to heaven; the voice is firm, the frame collected and well-knit.

29. Denying speaks in the same tone as the former; for a negation is but an affirmation that a thing is not. The manner is, however different; for the hand is spread out as if resisting something pressing upon one, and the face is averted from the person to whom we deny any thing, or to whom we deny that any thing affecting him or others injuriously has been committed.

30. Difference is a mixture of denying and refusing, with a slight infusion of anger, and manifests itself in a sharp, abrupt tone, and a little hauteur in the air. When it increases in vehemence, all these manifestations are heightened, and it becomes Quarreling.

31. Agreeing, when done with frankness and good-will, gives the face an open, joyous look, and imparts cordiality to the whole appearance; and when it succeeds a disagreement, it becomes reconciliation, and is warm and glowing. When it signifies mere assent in opinion, it very slightly moves the countenance with Admiration. A familiar instance of the two foregoing mental dispositions will be found in the "Quarrel Scene" of "Douglas."

32. Exhorting differs in the intensity of its expression, according to the party who is supposed to speak in a hortative manner. Its general external manifestations are a spirited look, a bright eye, strong inspirations of air, inflated nostrils, a courageous bearing, a rapid and vehement utterance, all betokening the inward enthusiasm with which the mind is filled. "Richmond encouraging his soldiers" is an example in point.

"Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise! fellow-men, our country yet remains;
By this dread name we wave the sword on high,
Ands swear with her to live; for her to die."

33. Judging requires a grave, sedate, serious, and reserved air. The countenance must be open, ingenuous, and candid, displaying deep attention. The voice must be solemn, slow clear and emphatic—accompanied by few gestures and the greatest appearance of impartiality.

34. Reproving imparts a stern roughness and slightly scornful
tone to the voice, and gives to the body the general signs of displeasure and averion. The countenance is severe—the hand held out almost menacingly.

35. Acquitting is the act of releasing from any accusation or suspicion of guilt. This mood of mind expresses itself in a calm, kindly tone; its manner is bland, affable, and benignant; the countenance is open and pleasant; the right hand is gently waved to the party addressed, as if dismissing him.

36. Condemning is the pronouncing of a person to be blame-worthy, censurable, or meriting punishment, and displays itself in a stern manner, slightly tinted with compassion. Austerity of countenance, mingled with sympathy, and an appearance of painful regret, should be expressed; the voice not just so harsh as if expressing displeasure. If, however, the fault be heinous, and the detestation and abhorrence be strongly felt, the voice should be harsh and slightly husky, while the face assumes a sternly forbidding aspect. The hand should be held forth, the palm downward, in the direction of the party presumed to be guilty.

37. Teaching, explaining, or illustrating—the most usual mode of address in an exordium—requires an open, pleasant countenance; a steady eye—the eyebrow, however, somewhat overshadowing it; and a gentle vertical motion of the right hand—sometimes with the fore-finger laid open in the palm of the other, sometimes pointing in one or other direction, as the case demands. The manner firm, grave, authoritative, and commanding; the form closely knit and drawn up; the voice clear, slow, and carefully emphasized, and accurately intonated—varying according to the subject, and free both from pedantry and petulant dogmatism.

38. Pardoning is the absolving of an individual from the punishment of guilt, and differs from acquitting in this: that in the former case the person is really guilty, while in the latter the guilt is only suppositional, and by the acquittal he is rendered free even from suspicion; hence there is a greater harshness of tone and manner, and a greater infusion of displeasure into the voice and gesture than in acquitting.

39. Arguing is the producing of reasons or considerations why a thing should be believed or disbelieved. It may either be done solus, as in a demonstrative sermon or lecture, or it
may be in debate. In whichever way, however, arguing is manifested, its great design is persuasion; hence there is a necessity of adapting the style of argumentation employed to the parties on whose minds conviction is to be wrought; and in each case the gestural manifestations will differ. Generally, however, it may be remarked that, in arguing, a calm, attentive, and decided appearance—a steady, clear, unhesitating and emphatic utterance, with moderate gesticulation with the hands, make the greatest impression on an ordinary audience.

40. Dismissing—the sending away of a person from one's presence, or the discharging of a subject from the mind—implies authority in the person so discharging another party, and hence an air of condescension is necessarily to be expressed if the dismissal or leave be approbatively given, or anger if displeasure be the cause of the discharge. In the first case, a kind tone and look, and a gentle inclination of the head toward the person, is assumed, and the right hand is waved permissively to the party; in the latter case, a mixture of displeasure, aversion, and wounded pride is felt; the mien is haughty; the voice loud in tone and vehement in utterance; the hand is thrown out violently in the direction of the offending person; and the face is half averted.

41. Refusing is the act of not granting an application or request. If this be accompanied with a feeling of displeasure, the external manifestations are similar to the state of mind referred to immediately above. If it be done unwillingly, from want of power, there is a reluctance manifested; the words are slowly and regretfully expressed; the head is shaken somewhat sorrowfully; the hands are stretched forth to the person; and the whole frame betokens an anxiety to befriend, if possible, the applicant.

42. Granting is the act of bestowing without compensation or reward, generally in answer to a request, or the conceding of some point of form or opinion, without any convincing reason being asked or given. As it thus presupposes a sort of friendliness co-existing in the parties, it is usually expressed by a hearty, kindly, and affectionate look and tone, with some of those acts which betoken sincerity; e.g., the hand laid on the left breast, or extended approbatively to the person. When, however, it is given reservedly, there is a cold, haughty
formality assumed, and a general stiffness and uneasiness displays itself in the voice and manner.

43. **Dependence** is the state of being in subjection to another, and is evinced by a mixture of humility and modesty.

44. **Veneration** is a combination of esteem and admiration for the great, the good, the wise, the holy. In its lowest exercise, it is hero-worship, loyalty, and the prime element in partisanship; and in its highest modes of manifestation, it becomes the worship and adoration of the one Supreme. In uninformed minds, it expends itself in idolatry and superstition. Its general tone and manner is that of dependence, inferiority, and gratitude. It imparts meekness and submissiveness to the deportment, lowers the head, declines the eyebrows, half shuts the eyes, spreads serenity over the countenance, and closes the mouth. Sometimes, however, the head is slightly elevated, the eyes reverentially opened, and the hands imploringly raised to a level with the chest; the voice low, equable, timid, diffident, anxious, and somewhat hesitating; while in the ascription of praise or thanks, a degree of cheerfulness may be imparted to the tone. Adam and Eve's Morning Prayer (Milton's "Paradise Lost," book v., line 153), pronounced when the scarce-risen sun,

"With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to earth his dewy ray;"

is a most sublime and soul-elevating specimen of this sentiment or feeling of the mind, verbally expressed. To it—being too lengthy for extract—we would direct our readers. We may speak in terms of equal praise of Coleridge's magnificent "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni."

45. **Hope** is that passion of the mind which contemplates enjoyment as future and attainable.

"Still it whispers promised pleasure,
And bids the lovely scenes at distance—hail!"

It bends the body forward, raises the head, brightens the eye, and makes it eager and wistful—spreads a glow of joy over the countenance—inclines the mouth to dimple into smiles—spreads the arms—and opens the hands as if to clasp the object of its longing aspirations. The voice is joyous, yet unequal—eager, yet anxious—full of anticipation, yet unnerved by doubt.
46. **Desire** is that internal act or emotion of the mind toward an object which appears worthy of being sought, and possessed of some pleasure-giving quality, on account of which we wish to obtain it, which, by influencing the will, induces us to attempt to acquire it. It is less confident in the attainment of its object, and, consequently, more eager and ardent, than Hope. It is expressed by the bending forward of the body, and the outstretching of the arm, as if to grasp the wished-for pleasure; the mouth is half open, the nostrils inflated, the eyeballs stretched, the eyebrows corrugated to the middle of the forehead, the eyelids expanded, and the whole demeanor characterized by wistfulness—the voice is cheerful and gay, though supplicating.

47. **Love** is Desire moderated by Veneration and Respect, or, as it is defined by Shakespeare:

> “It is to be all made of sighs and tears—
> It is to be all made of faith and service—
> It is to be all made of phantastic—
> All made of passion, and all made of wishes—
> All adoration, duty, and obedience—
> All humbleness—all patience and impatience—
> All purity—all trial—all observance.”

No passion is more difficult to describe, for none exhibits itself in such a variety of phases. In general, however, its external expression may be thus described:—When successful, it crisps the mouth with smiles—makes the eyes look languishingly and doatingly. The wistfulness and ardor of Desire are slightly subdued by Admiration and Esteem. The tone is soft, persuasive, tender, and winning—sometimes rising even to rapture. The hands are occasionally pressed to the bosom, then suddenly outstretched toward the beloved object. The forehead is placid, and the eyebrows are arched. Unsuccessful love frequently runs into other passions, as Melancholy, Jealousy, Revenge, or Despair.

48. **Respect** is only a lesser degree of Veneration (which see).

49. **Giving**—See Granting.

50. **Wonder** is, to a certain extent, a silent passion—it agitates the mind so suddenly and violently as for a time to suspend the action of its powers, and among others, the faculty of speech. When, however, the tongue is freed from the paralysis which impeded its exercise, it becomes exordious with exclamatory phrases. When it is a simple passion, it
opens the eyes wide and staringly—either raises them to the skies, or rivets them on the object—spreads the hands outward and upward; the body becomes rigid, and the mouth gapes slightly. It combines with other passions, and forms Fear, Amazement, Horror, Perplexity, etc.

51. **Admiration** is a complex passion, partaking of the nature of Wonder and Esteem. The flow of speech is copious, ready, and figurative; the tone elevated and rapturous. The eyebrow is raised; the eye widened gradually, and fixed pleasingly on the object. The hands are held out about the height of the breast, in the direction of the object. The face is glowing, expressive, and animated.

52. **Gratitude** is a feeling of thankfulness which springs up in the heart toward any one who has bestowed kindness upon us, and seems to us to be a compound of Love, Admiration, and Respect. The mien should be submissive and respectful; the tone of voice should be sincere and hearty; the right hand laid upon the left breast, to express the reality of the emotion which is felt.

53. **Curiosity** gives a keen, pert inquisitiveness to the countenance—sharpness to the eye; opens the mouth; extends the neck; inclines the body forward; and frequently imparts volatility to the tongue, and extravagance to the gesture. It is compounded of Inquiry, Admiration, Desire, Perplexity, and often Envy.

54. **Persuasion.** How admirably true to Nature are the lines in which Anacreon gives the following order to the painter who is to create on the canvas the ideal of his mistress:

"Paint her lips like Persuasion's, Provoking a kiss."

This implies the flattering attractiveness which this passion calls into the countenance. The tone is kind, soft, winning, insinuating, and emphatic. Every effort which can work upon the feelings is exerted by it. For a fine specimen of Persuasion's effort see Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," Act II, Scene I.

55. **Tempting** is, of course, only a dishonest application of the above, and is expressed much after the same fashion—only heightening the flattery, and imparting greater cunning to the manner.
56. Promising is an act of the benevolent affections, and consequently displays a degree of good-will, suavity, and kindness. The tone of voice is gentle and pleasing; the face weeps, and expressive of benevolence. The head nods ascent; the hands are held out toward the party addressed; and the hand may be laid upon the breast in token of sincerity.

57. Affectation is the attempted assumption of what is not natural to us—the imitation of some quality, property, etc., which does not really inhere in, or belong to ourselves. It displays itself in many different forms, and in each receives a distinct name. The affectation of learning is pedantry; of virtue, prudery; of honesty, hypocrisy; of piety, canting, etc. In each of these cases the external expression of the passion differs, although the thing remains the same; indeed, the best general direction which could be given for the accurate delineation of Affectation, would be to gently overdo and caricature the real feeling. The pedant has a general air of stiff and unwieldy pomposity, which seems to say,

"I am Sir Oracle.

Let no dog bark when I do ope my mouth."

The words are delivered with a superabundance of emphasis, a stateliness, formality, and dogmatism which are perfectly ridiculous, when the manner and the matter are contrasted. The prude has a thousand airs, grimaces, would-be winning glances, and attractive gestures; she attitudinizes, peers, pouts, weeps hysterically, and sometimes faints; is pettish, languid, sentimental, nervous, vaporish, etc.

"A would-be lady of ten thousand graces,

Who monkeylicies herself by her grimaces."

The religious hypocrite—the Simon Stylites—has a countenance as morose and melancholy as if the heavens were clad in sackcloth, and the earth covered with a funeral pall. The hands are clasped as if in silent prayer; the sad, sin-sorrowed eyes glance fearfully upward; the head is shaken ruefully; the deep, rumbling groans come slowly and laboredly from the afflicted heart; and sighs are usually mingled with Gospel-interlarded speech. He appears to be at infinite pains to make his dull eyes gleam with fervent-seeming fire, and terribly grieved by the doings of every one less outwardly and pharisaically holy than himself. The reader's memory will
easily supply examples, either from the rich fields of our literature, or from the actual personages which are to be met with, too frequently, in the walks of common life.

58. Sloth manifests itself by stretching out the arms, gaping the mouth, twitching the upper lip, heavy eyes, listless attitudes, the hanging of the head, yawning, nodding, stupidity of stare, general inertitude of manner, and inclination to sleep.

59. Intoxication is so frequently seen as to require little description; as the nature of the party differs, so do its manifestations. In almost all cases, however, the eye is dull, sunken, and watery; the face idiotic, sleepy-like, and unnerved; the manner is either sheepish and lumpish, or full of braggadocio and maudlin heroism; the under jaw is unhinged; pronunciation huddled and indistinct; the gabble nonsensical and disjointed; egotism is in the ascendant, even when the discomfited self rolls in the mud or reels along his undirected course, with a mind helpless and ungovernable, and a body loutish, tottering, and incapable of supporting its own weight.

60. Anger is a passion usually excited by injury, real or imaginary, committed either on ourselves or others, and commonly accompanied with a desire to inflict an injury in return. It differs in the degree of its intensity and violence, from simple displeasure to rage and delirium. The eyebrows are knit, the forehead wrinkled and cloudy, the eye fierce, staring, and inflamed, the nostrils wide-stretched, the breathing labored, the breast heaving, the face red and bloated, the temple veins swelled like cordage, the mouth open, with the lips drawn up so as to show the teeth; the hand is outstretched, the foot violently stamped, the head is strained, and nods menacingly, and violent excitement is visible in the whole demeanor.

61. Pecovishness is a modification of Anger; it is impatient, nervous, petulant, and splenetic; venting its fretfulness upon any object which may lie in its way; it is full of agitation, and the mind is like a wind-tossed sea—"to one thing constant never;" it is fidgety and gloomy, full of disdainful glances, scornful language, and pettish indignation. The eyes dart from one object to another, unsettledly—looking at nothing with a broad, distinct gaze, but with eyes aslant and gloomy brow; the hands are twitched, and the feet are occasionally, though suddenly, shifted from their position.
62. *Malevolence* differs from Anger in being settled, deliberate, and determined. It is no sudden outburst of passion; but a cool, cautious adaptation of means to the attainment of an end—the infliction of pain, whether deserved or not; it is a wanton and gloating delight felt at beholding others miserable. Hence it is that Beatrice, in SHELLEY's "Cenci," says—

"I fear that wicked laughter round his eye,
Which wrinkles up the skin, even to the hair."

It causes the eyes to flash fitfully, stretches and strains the muscles of the face, sets the lips firmly round the teeth, with the mouth open; the hand is firmly and fiercely clinched; the whole frame is stiffened into distortion, and the voice is low, harsh, grating, rushing in fierce torrents of vocables from the heaving breast; and the whole demeanor is flushed with insatiable, though forcibly subdued, fury.

63. *Envy* is a feeling of repining and regret at the superiority of another, or of discontent at his success, prosperity, or elevation, commonly accompanied with an itching desire to place some obstacle in his way, to depreciate his excellences, or otherwise to counterbalance his supposed greater advantages by some injury or act of malevolence. It is disappointed emulation, soured and turned to bitterness. SHAKESPEARE, with that master's touch for which he is so justly famous, has painted to the life a full-length portrait of an envious man, in the scene between Cæsar and Antony, beginning:

*Cæsar.*—"Let me have men about me that are fat
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
"Julius Cæsar."

64. *Cruelty* is a compound of Anger, Envy, and Malevolence (which see).

65. *Complaining* is the expression of uneasiness or pain, grief, reprehension, and accusation. It therefore embraces a wide field of passion, running from Peevishness to loud and furious invective. The outward gestures will, therefore, vary in proportion as the inward excitement is less or greater. Generally, however, the following series of external signs exhibit themselves:—the countenance is distorted, the body contracted, the head bent toward the breast, the upper lip is drawn together, the mouth is open, the teeth chatter or are
gnashed, the eyes open and close alternately, as if now wasted and out-worn and again brightened by a ray of hope, the voice is unequal, tremulous, and broken. When the feeling is violently manifested, it becomes paroxysmal; the hands are clenched, the arms fiercely thrown out, the voice fitful, screaming, and strained, sometimes ending in a swoon, or in death. We subjoin the following as an illustration:

"Have I not—
Hear me my mother Earth, behold it, Heaven—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, and heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away,
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the soul of those whom I survey?
From mighty wrongs to petty perjury
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deals round to happy fools its speechless obloquy."

Byron's "Childe Harold."

66. Fatigue may result either from severe bodily labor or extreme mental exhaustion, and is externally expressed by a general air of languor, lassitude, and debility. The shoulders droop, the arms dangle enfeebly, the legs are moved with great difficulty, as if a weight were attached to them—the eyes are dull, heavy, and half shut—the mouth hangs open, and is stretched in frequent yawns—the features are expressionless and dejected—the voice is weak, drawling, and inarticulate—and the whole frame seems as if ready to sink under the burden of its own weight.

67. Aversion is the expression of Hatred and Fear (which see).

68. Commendation is the expression of approval; it imparts, therefore, a mildness to the aspect, or gentle lovingness, which makes the countenance pleasing. The eyes are bright, the mouth smiling, the hand stretched out friendly. The voice is encouraging and kind. In addresses to soldiery, or to a successful party, these gestures are combined with pride and courage, and the whole manifestations are heightened.

69. Jealousy wrinkles the forehead, corrugates the eyebrows,
and half covers the eye, which gleams with a fierce, fiery glare from beneath the knit brows upon the object; the nostrils are stretched open, and the inspirations are frequent and full; the cheeks are indented with lines, the corners of the mouth are drawn down, the lips are pale; and anger, despair, anguish, and detestation are vividly depicted in the visage. But all furious passions are intermittent, so that anon the light of hope brightens the eye, the tides of love begin to circle round the heart and to beautify the countenance, the mouth breathes itself in smiles, and the mind seeks to hug the idea of security with sedulous fondness. Then, again, the gloom falls upon the soul, suspicion's poison-shafts rankle in the heart, and darkness falls upon the eye; rage surges in the bosom, and lashes about in fury; pity knocks at the soul, but vengeance denies it admittance; the breast heaves, the pulse quickens, the forehead becomes corded, the eye bloodshot, the face red and fierce. Thus a contentious war of passions is continually taking place, with man's heart for the battle-ground. Victory now seems to declare itself in favor of the social affections, and then retracts her word to award the conquest to the worst passions of the depraved soul. Othello, and Isabella in the "Fatal Marriage," etc., are familiar instances.

70. Dotage is the almost constant concomitant of old age; talkative, fond, doting, boastful memories of the past, delight in detailing the transactions which he has witnessed, or in which he bore a part. The eyes and cheeks are hollow, the voice tremulous and broken, the eyes dim, hearing defective, and defect of teeth (making his garrulous narratives almost unintelligible,) the body stoops, the legs totter, the breathing is laborious and difficult, coughing is frequent, intermingled with sighs, groans, and interjectional clauses.

71. Folly gives a light, giddy, unsettled, and incoherent appearance to the gestures and speech. The eyes wander, the absurd gabble is continuous in its stream, although destitute of all continuity of subject or meaning.

72. Distraction gives a wild, glaring strangeness to the countenance. The eyes roll wildly, the teeth are set, the mouth is changing in expression, at one time the lips are down tight upon the teeth, again they are relaxed into a curious and unmeaning smile, there is a singular incongruousness
between the different portions of the face, the expressions are continually varying, and the face thus resembles a lake in which a view is shadowed, but the shadow is distorted and disjointed by the ruffling of the waves in a storm.

73. Sickness induces feebleness and weakness in the whole frame, and emaciation in the countenance. The cheeks are thin and pallid, the lower jaw unhinged, the eyes are sunken, lusterless, and without expression, and a general uneasiness seems to sit upon the features. The head hangs heavily upon the breast, as if a burden too weighty to be borne, the voice is weak and tremulous, occasionally a sigh or a groan is emitted, the hand is unsteady and nerveless, the knees shake, and the motion is not so much walking as tottering, and every action bespeaks enervation, languor, dejection, and debility. Sometimes the mind is fretful, and the speech full of murmurings and complaints.

74. Fainting is a temporary stoppage of the action of some of the vital functions. Strength and color fly from the face, the cheek grows wan, the heart cold and actionless, the nerves relax, the body falls prostrate, and life, for a moment, seems to have forsaken the tenement of clay, in whose pulses it formerly beat; the body becomes pliant, and "moves merely as it is moved;" if unsupported, the head and extremities hang powerless and inactive, and if the deliquium continues long, death frequently ensues.

75. Death. This is the last scene "in life's eventful tragedy," and is too awful, as well as too multiform, for description; for it will be found that Blair is perfectly correct when he says of men that—

"Their ends are various as the roads they take
In journeying through life."

Julius Cæsar died adjusting his robe, that he might fall gracefully and dignifiedly. Shakspeare makes Macbeth rejoice to die "with harness on his back." And the witty Merc'tio makes his exit from this life with a "grave" bon mot.
III.

THE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF AN ORATION.

To the successful composition of a speech or oration the author must bring to bear not only his best powers of thought and invention, but he must present his ideas in that consistent order to make the best impression. This order has become so well understood by rhetoricians as to come under regularly prescribed rules—a knowledge of which is quite necessary for success in speech-making, extempore, from notes, or from the manuscript.

To make a good speech on any subject requires much previous thought, and the unwritten speech may therefore justly be said to be composed in the mind, and would be subject to the same rules and arrangement as a written one.

In the effective delivery of a speech—as we already have shown—much depends on the tone of the voice, its elevation, its depression, the rapid or the protracted utterance, the emotions depicted on the countenance, the expression of the eyes, the position of the body, the action of the arms; these, and a variety of other minute but impressive points of delivery, all help to unfold the inward feelings of the speaker, and to impress those feelings on the hearer. Yet these are not all the requisites, for before them comes the subject matter and the art of its composition, to which we now direct especial attention.

The Rules of Composition may be stated as applying, first to words and phrases, and secondly to sentences, without reference to their grammatical construction.

As applied to single words and phrases, they may be taken as referring to three things: First, as to Purity; second, as to Propriety; third as to Precision.

By Purity is meant the selection of such words and with such constructions as belong to the idiom of the language, avoiding the use of obsolete, far-fetched, or ungrammatical words and phrases from other languages.

By Propriety we mean: First, “words fitly chosen;” that is, the employment of such words as usage and experience have sanctioned as being best adapted to express the ideas, in opposition to words ill-chosen, not adapted to the subject, or not fully
expressive of the sense the author intends. Second, the avoidance of all unintelligible and loose expressions, ambiguous or equivocal words, the injudicious use of technical words or terms of art, and the exercise of great care not to use the same word too frequently in one sentence, and certainly not in more senses than one.

By Precision is meant the use of such words and terms as shall convey to our mind the exact idea in the mind of the writer, as faithfully as a picture by the sun, leaving out nothing that is there, but leaving out all that is not there.

It is rather difficult, especially for the young or inexperienced writer, to be precise, yet it is very important, because the mind can not clearly and distinctly view more than one object at one and the same time.

This difficulty may arise from one or more of three things: 1st. The words used to express an idea may not do so, but some other idea, which only in some way resembles it. 2d. The words chosen may express the idea, but not fully and completely. 3d. The words employed may express the idea, but with some other idea appended thereto.

Many words are said to be synonymous; but they frequently differ in important particulars, and possess many nice shades of distinction; hence, the more we attend to the meaning of words, the more precisely and forcibly we shall write.

The Rules of Composition, as applied to sentences, will come under five divisions: 1st, as to Length; 2d, as to Clearness; 3d, as to Unity; 4th, as to Strength; and 5th, as to what are generally termed, Figures of Speech.

As to the Length of sentences we may note three things, and draw three Rules: First, As long sentences require much attention to perceive the connection of the several parts, and both writer and reader may mutually misunderstand each other, we draw this conclusion—that sentences should not be very long. Second, As short sentences are apt to break in upon the sense, and weaken the connection, or otherwise interrupt the flow of continuous thought, we draw the conclusion—that sentences should not be very short. Third, As all subjects can not be treated alike, and a long continuance of any set form of expression leads to monotony and stiffness, not forgetting the advantage of variety, we draw the conclusion—
That a long and short sentence may occasionally be mingled with considerable advantage.

The Clearness of a sentence will very much depend on the order in which the words are arranged; and as some words in a sentence are more nearly related together than others, it has been held a good rule—That, in a sentence, the words or members most nearly related should be placed as near to each other as possible, that their mutual relation may clearly appear.

The term Unity implies oneness, and some one object must always reign predominant in every sentence, for its very nature implies that one proposition is expressed; and though the sentence may consist of parts, yet those parts must be so closely bound together, as to impress on the mind the one object, and not a variety. Hence, as in every sentence there is some one governing word, and as every change in the governing word is a departure from unity, we draw these three conclusions: 1st. That the person, the object, or the scene, during the course of the sentence, should be incumbered as little as possible. 2d. Never crowd too many things into one sentence, especially those which have little or no connection with the governing nouns. 3d. To avoid the insertion of sentences within sentences, or, as they are usually termed, parenthetical sentences; because they break in upon the unity of the sentence.

By the Strength of a sentence is meant such a disposition and management of the several words and members of the sentence as shall bring out the sense to the best advantage, and give every word its due force. We may enumerate seven ways by which a sentence may be weakened, and seven rules by which the weakness may be overcome.

First, A sentence may be weakened by the use of expletives, circumlocutions, tautologies, and the introduction of unnecessary circumstances, or of words which do not add some importance to its meaning. Hence, prune out all redundant words.

Second, The connecting words, or prepositions, may be wrongly placed, and as they are at times very important, being, as it were, the hinges upon which the whole meaning of the sentence turns, great attention should be exercised in the placing of all connecting words.

Third, As in every sentence some word or words are more important than others, because the meaning principally rests
upon them, the principal word or words should be so placed as to make the greatest impression.

Fourth, When the first part of a sentence impresses us strongly, if the remaining part be not stronger, or at least equally as strong, we naturally feel disappointed; and so, also, we feel if the last part of a sentence be not so long as the first. Hence, a weaker assertion or proposition should never come after a stronger one; and when a sentence consists of two members, the longest should generally be placed last.

Fifth, it is found that the mind always inclines to rest somewhat on the last word of a sentence, to weigh its import; hence, when a sentence ends with a little word, such as of, from, or some other unimportant word, there is created in the mind a craving or desire, as if it were wanting something on which it could repose; therefore, never conclude a sentence with an adverb, preposition, or any other unimportant word, if it can possibly be avoided.

Sixth, In comparing or contrasting one thing with another, it has been found that when the same terms are not used, the mind becomes distracted, because new terms naturally introduce other ideas, or the mind feels disappointed if there be not some connection or correspondence in the words used with the ideas to be expressed; hence, be careful in expressing an idea to use words having some resemblance or correspondence to the idea; and, also, to use the same terms, when we would (either to show resemblance or opposition) compare or contrast one idea with another.

Seventh, The sentence may in every other respect be perfect, yet if it is deficient in what is called the harmony of expression, its force or power will be, if not lost, considerably abated; because sound, though inferior to sense, is nevertheless, in speaking, the representative of sense. We would not, of course, sacrifice sense to sound; but if the words selected sound harsh, disagreeable, unnatural to the subject, be wanting in smoothly flowing ease, or if the sentence close abruptly, the mind revolts at the connection, and seeks to escape; therefore, be careful in a sentence to attend to the sound, the harmony and easy flow of the words in their arrangement, order, and disposition; and that the cadence or close of a sentence be neither unpleasant nor abrupt.
By a **Figure of Speech**, is meant the turning or transferring of words belonging to certain objects to express certain other objects.

It is, of course, a departure from simplicity, but the intention is to give strength and variety to the impression; as when we say the *spring of life* to express *youthfulness*, or the *winter of life* to express *old age*, we borrow the words spring and winter from the seasons of the year, and apply or transfer them to express different periods of life.

By Figures of Speech language is rendered more copious, the means for expressing our ideas greatly multiplied, at the same time our understanding greatly assisted, and when judiciously employed, as one said of the "words of the wise," they "are as apples of gold in pictures of silver."

When the figure simply refers to the turning of a word, it is called a *Trope*, from the Greek, signifying *to turn*; but when the figure applies to the turning of an idea, it is, by way of pre-eminence, said to be a figure.

The Figures of Speech may be considered rather numerous; but we will first consider the seven which are sometimes called the principal ones.

A **Metaphor**, ** Allegory**, ** Metonymy**, ** Synecdoche**, ** Hyperbole**, ** Irony** and ** Catachresis**.

A **Metaphor** is a word borrowed from the Greek, and signifies a change in the original use or application of a word, as when David says:

"The Lord is my *Shepherd*, I shall not want."

The term "Shepherd" is turned from its original use, and applied to God, as the One who will take care of and provide for David as a shepherd would take care of and provide for his sheep.

An **Allegory** may be considered as the continuation of a metaphor throughout a sentence or discourse. Its use is, to convey our meaning under disguised terms when it would not be so well or effectual to speak plainly.

The parables of Scripture may be considered as Allegories. The longest and most beautiful Allegory in the English language, is Bunyan's well known "Pilgrim's Progress," which, if for no other reason than as an Allegory, deserves close attention, and is next to the Holy Scriptures in the purity of its Saxon idiom.
Care is requisite in the use of Metaphors, but much more so in Allegorics, as the danger of inconsistency is greater; take the following as an instance:

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

Here the poet begins the Allegory with stings and arrows and ends it with a sea; besides taking arms against the sea.

Metonymy is a word derived from the Greek, and signifies a change of name. It is a figure in which one name is used or changed for another, because of some mutual resemblance or near relationship existing between them, whereby the ideas belonging to the one are readily excited or brought to mind on the mention of the other name.

"They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them."

This is said to be placing the cause for the effect; the meaning is, they have the books written by Moses and the Prophets, let them read them.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee."

Here the idea excited is, that Peter had no money; money being made from silver and gold.

The effect is sometimes put for the cause, as—

"Ye will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Here gray hairs are substituted for old age—the cause of gray hairs.

The sign is sometimes substituted for the thing, as—

"The scepter shall not depart from Judah," etc.

That is, Royal Authority; scepter being the sign there used to imply royal authority.

The thing containing is sometimes put for the contained.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'Tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.

Here purse, the container, is substituted for money; the idea being, that Money is but of small account when set against the value of a good name.

Synecdoche is also borrowed from the Greek, and signifies to take with. This figure of Speech is that in which the part is taken as representing the whole, or the whole for a part. It
is sometimes called the Figure of Comprehension. The beauty of this figure consists in marking that part which is most impressive; as, "twenty sail" sail, the most impressive part, being used for ships. So, also, "the ship's hands are on board," that is, the sailors.

Hyperbole, a Greek word, signifying to throw over or beyond, is a figure to imply that which goes beyond the bounds of truth, for the purpose of enlarging or lessening, and so making things appear better or worse than they really are. It is sometimes called exaggeration, and should be used very sparingly for two reasons:—1st. Because it may be carried too far, and so produce the opposite of the intended effect. 2d. It is not clear that any departure from truth can be justified.

We may instance:—His speed outstripped the wind; he darted as quick as the lightning; white as the snow; the best that was ever seen, etc., etc.

Shakspeare makes Cassius say to Caesar, to excite him against Pompey:

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

And the scout in Ossian exhibits his own fear while giving an hyperbolical description of the enemy's chief:

"I saw their chief, tall as a rock of ice; his spear, the blasted fir; his shield, the rising moon; he sat on the shore, like a cloud of mist on the hill."

Irony, from the Greek, eironoeia, to dissemble, is a figure in which the words are taken to mean directly contrary to their usual sense, but not with a purpose to deceive, as the tone of voice and other circumstances sufficiently indicate what is intended.

Vice and folly are frequently more effectually reproved by this figure than by any other mode of reasoning. Satire and sarcasm are nearly allied to irony, and the occasion rare indeed that would justify their use. They are the edge tools of discourse, and can only be played with by those knowing how to use them with discretion.

Here is an instance, from Scripture:

"And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."—1 Kings xxi. 27.
Catachresis, compounded of two Greek words signifying against use, is a figure in which the words are wrested too far from their native signification; or the name of one thing is borrowed to express another, which either has no proper name, or the borrowed name is more surprising and acceptable by its boldness and novelty.

"Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ,
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy."

"Her voice is but the shadow of a sound."

"--- Down thither, prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds."

Other minor figures of speech, as Emphasis, Climax, Apostrophe, Cadence, etc., already have been referred to—See pages 18, 19, 20. There are others, as for instance: Amplification, Circumlocution, Transition, Comparison, Imagination, Personification, etc., which need not be dilated upon. Refer for their definition to Webster or Worcester.

It now remains to give the component elements of an oration as a perfected work.

A true oration may be said to consist of six parts, viz:

The Exordium, Narration, Proposition, Confirmation, Refutation, and Peroration. This is their natural order; but when the case requires any variation, the orator can make it; it is then said to be artificial.

In the Exordium or beginning the orator gives some intimation of his subject, and solicits the favor of attention; to obtain which he ought to be both clear and modest, avoiding all that is trifling, tedious, and prolix.

Narration is a brief recital of facts, or of the whole case from first to last. Note three things:

1st. It should be plain and perspicuous, that it may be understood. 2d. Probable and consistent, that it may be believed. 3d. Short and pleasing, that it may be attended to without weariness.

Proposition gives the true state of the case, showing how far we agree or disagree with our adversary. Here the several heads under which we design to speak are enumerated, which should never, if possible, exceed three or four. This part is
called the Partition, and the beauty of the Partition consists in being full, distinct, plain, short, and certain.

Confirmation is the strengthening of a cause by all the proofs and arguments drawn from invention. The strongest proofs are to begin and end this part, and the weakest to be placed between them. If your reasoning here both moves and informs, it is said to be Amplification.

Refutation, or, as it is sometimes called, Confutation, is that part in which the opponent's arguments and objections are answered, or shown to be absurd, false, trifling, ridiculous, inconsistent, etc.

Peroration, or Conclusion, is a brief and vehement summing up of the principal arguments, to excite the passions, and, according to the nature of the subject, gain the assent or dissent of the audience.

As a beautiful embodiment of this idea of the constituents of a perfect oration, let us take Paul's oration before King Agrippa: in Acts xxvi, commencing at the words, "I think," in verse 2, and ending at the word "patiently," in verse 3, and you have—

1ST. THE EXORDIUM:

"I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently."

From the words, "My manner of," in verse 4, to the words "accused of the Jews," end of verse 7, and you have—

2D. THE NARRATION:

"My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews: which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews."

In verse 8, "Why should it, etc.," you find—

3D. THE PROPOSITION:

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

From the words, "I verily thought," verse 9, to the words, "works meet for repentance," end of verse 20, and you have—
4TH. THE CONFLAGRATION:

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme: and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O King, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand up on thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou must see, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee: delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judaea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance."

From the words, "For these causes," in verse 21, to the words, "and to the Gentiles," end of verse 25 and you have—

5TH. THE REFUTATION:

"For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I contined unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

From the words, "I am not mad," in verse 24, to the words, "except these bonds," verse 29, and you have—

6TH. THE PERORATION.

"And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."

"But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest."

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

"And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."
WE shall here introduce the student and reader to some of the choicest specimens of pure composition, in prose and verse, which our language offers—such, indeed, as, with very few exceptions, are to be found in no other work. They have been chosen first for their newness and originality; and, second, to illustrate the rules embodied in this work. By committing the exercises to memory, and then referring to and applying the rules, the student attains the whole Art of Oratory with ease and certainty.

TRANSITION.—Anon.

(Exercise in Enunciation.)

[The student who succeeds in delivering this poem perfectly, articulating each syllable distinctly, has accomplished a good lesson. The frequent recurrence of the s, and the beautiful alliteration of such lines

"The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,"

offer an excellent study, wherein to apply all the rules laid down in the first pages of this work.]

When leaves grow sere all things take somber hue;
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,
In silent flocks the bluc-birds southward fly.

The forests' cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!
The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the somber hiiii,
The naked woodbine climbs the window sill,
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.
The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.
The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo flail,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees,
And, as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze,
Lo! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the Spring winds their soft eyes open flew;
Safely they sleep the churlish Winter through.

Though all life’s portals are indiced with woe,
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,
Feel! Nature’s breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up! dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,
Serenely tender, bends to catch thy glance,
Within thy tears sibylic sunbeams dance!

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land,
The fall is but the folding of His hand,
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree
Will throb again; and then the torpid bee
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant blue-birds backward fly,
And all loved things that vanish or that die
Return to us in some sweet By-and-By!

Note.—For proper pronunciation of words, where doubt exists, always consult your Webster or Worcester. As a general thing, in poetry, the accent is indicated by the measure or rhythm of the poem, to which the voice at once assimilates. But, frequent reference to the lexicon is the safest guide, for incorrect pronunciation is inexcusable in any public speaker.


(Exercise in Orotundity of Tone.)

[To speak with fullness and roundness of tone requires great care. Not only precision in the pronunciation of syllables is requisite, but that decision which embodies the idea of strength and dignity. In this fine poem by one of our favorite poets, we have a fine example of a clear Saxon diction united with depth of feeling.]

Of all my Father’s herds and flocks,
I love the Ox—the large-eyed Ox!
I think no Christian man could wrong
The Ox—so patient, calm, and strong!
How huge his strength! and yet, with flowers
A child can lead this Ox of ours;
And yoke his ponderous neck, with cords
Made only of the gentlest words.
By fruitful Nile the Ox was Lord;
By Jordan’s stream his blood has poured;
In every age—with every clan—
He loves, he serves, he dies for—Man!
And, through the long, long years of God,
Since laboring Adam delved the sod,
I hear no human voice that mocks
The hue which God hath given His Ox!
While burdening toils bow down his back,
Who asks if he be white or black?
And when his generous blood is shed,
Who shall deny its common red?

"Ye shall not muzzle"—God hath sworn—
"The Ox that treadeth out the corn!
I think no Christian law ordains
That Ox or Man should toil in chains.
So, haply, for an Ox, I pray,
That kneels and toils for us, this day:
A huge, calm, patient, large-eyed Ox,
Black-skinned, among our herds and flocks.

So long, O righteous Lord! so long
Bowed down, and yet so brave and strong—
I think no Christian, just and true,
Can spurn this poor Ox for his hue!
I know not why he shall not toil,
Black-skinned, upon our broad, free soil!
I know not why his great, free strength
May not be God’s best gift at length:
That strength which, in the limbs of slaves,
Like Egypt’s, only piles up graves!
But in the hands of freemen now
May build up States by ax and plow!
And rear up souls, as purely white
As angels, clothed with heavenly light;
And yield forth life-blood, richly red
As patriots’ hearts have ever shed.

God help us! we are vailed within—
Or white or black—with shrouds of skin;
And, at the last, we all shall crave
Small difference in the breadth of grave
But—when the grass grows, green and calm,
And smells above our dust, like balm—
I think our rest will sweeter be,
If over us the Ox be free!

Note.—Avoid, in reading poetry, to emphasize or lay stress upon the article the; it should always be read "short." Of this extract from Pope:

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man’s erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
Is pride: the never-failing vice of fools;"

Walker says: "An injudicious reader of verse would be very apt to lay stress upon the article the in the third line; but a good reader would infallibly neglect the stress on this word and transfer it to the words what and weak."

Speak this poem slowly, giving clear emphasis to the words capitalized. Use but little action. Its entire effect lies in the vigor and fullness of its tone-delivery.

FALSTAFF'S SOLILOQUY. ON HONOR.

(Exercise in Pauation and Inflection)

[This soliloquy affords a fine exercise in vocal inflection and the power of pauses. Let the student rehearse it many times, giving particular attention to bring out the full meaning of Falstaff. It is remarkable how much actual difference in sense a slight stress laid upon a word will sometimes make—how differently a correct use of pauses affects the hearer. The student, by trying several inflections for the same sentence, will at once perceive the uses of the various pauses to bring out the sense.]

Owe Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it; therefore I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.


(Exercise in Pure Pathos)

[In this exercise the student will be called upon to study tone—that it be graduated to the pitch of tenderness or pathos—low, but full and round. He must speak slowly; the action must be distinct—the right arm extended]
as if in exhortation and blessing. It is full of beautiful lines for expression of action. The first stanza has four positions in it, viz.:

"Peace!" Let it be uttered with raised hand, a half-alarmed expression of the eye, and a solemn voice.

"Let the long procession come!" A wave of the hand, as if to beckon or the imaginary procession—the body retreating a step or two as if making way or it to pass.

"For Hark!" A sudden exclamation, in a louder tone, the attitude that of Wonder [50]. "The mournful, muffled drum" is spoken as if that was what the speaker heard.

"And see! the awful Car!" is a line offering a climax to the expression wrought by the previous expectant attitude, the right arm extended as if pointing to the car, the left arm half extended, but drawn back, the palm of the hand presented, as if the sight was painful or repelling.

The whole poem is one requiring great depth of feeling and subdued action to render it with effect.

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum—
The trumpet’s wail afar—
And see! the awful Car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow;
And go, thou sacred Car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing Cities wait
To honor, all they can,
The dust of that good Man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain:
The Just, the Wise, the Brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late Commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears, indignant, fall;
But leave your muskets on the wall:
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plow!

So, sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose:
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home,

* These numbers refer to the seventy-five passions, as characterized on pages 24—40: Wonder being number fifty.
The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!
And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year!
For many a year, and many an age,
While history on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul!

THE CALL AND RESPONSE.—Mrs. Metta V. Victor.

(Exercise in Ardent Emotion.)

[This stirring composition presents an unusually fine study. Its main idea is one of deep feeling, which each line assists to develop. It progresses, from line to line, in fervor and intensity, until the climax is attained. Besides offering a good lesson in enunciation and pausation, it is, in its vigor and emotion, an embodiment of many of the passions catalogued under Sheridan's list. The numbers introduced refer to the passion as indicated and interpreted in that Summary. See pages 24—40.

The tone should be loud; the bearing marked with resolution and pride; the action by gesture not too frequent but decided and peremptory. In uttering the first line of each stanza let it be spoken:

Hark! . . . the beating of the drum! . . . the dots implying seconds of time in the pause to be made.]

Hark, the beating of the drum! 26
I come, I come, I come! 31
How it stirs my heart's wild blood! 21
Over field, over flood,
Over hill, over hollow,
I will follow, follow, follow, 25
Where it calls—
Aye, through storms of cannon-balls
Hark, the beating of the drum! 26
Come, come, my comrades, come! 32
'Tis the music for the times!
How its rapid measures rhyme 45
With our pulses, which are leaping
To avenge our country, weeping—
With our pulses, which are throbbing
To avenge our women, sobbing
For the slain.
Sweet are wounds, fatigue and pain
For our country's gain. 47
Hark, the beating of the drum! 26
Be other music dumb!
What care I for gay guitar? 51
Who hear the roar of war?
Away with flute and viol! 29
'Tis my country's hour of trial.
Even the organ's solemn psalm,
Floating up through arches calm——
All these, away, away! 32
Only cowards stop and stay. 40
When they hear the deep drums rolling
War's alarms!
When they hear their country calling
Men to arms!

Hark, the beating of the drum! 26
I come, I come, I come! 31
Farewell, sweet! and one more kiss——
And for your comfort, this:——
You shall be a hero's bride,
Or his mourner, worst betide!
Now my eager soul already
On the march is moving steady,
All alert to meet the blows 50
Of those basest foes——
Children, who would bring dishonor
Ruin and disgrace upon her——
Their own mother!
From one sea to the other
Sound, sound the strange alarm——
Arm, comrades, ARM!

Hark, the beating of the drum! 26
We come, we come, we come! 26
Where the fierce exulting fife 51
Shall sweep the breath of life
From the lips of those who perish in the strife——
Where the haughty bugles blow
Defiance to the foe——
Where, through all the roar and riot,
And the lulls of deadly quiet,
Still the drum beats, firm and free
As the heart of Liberty!——
Over field, over flood, 31
Through seas of fire and blood,
Over hill, over hollow,
We will follow, follow, follow
Where it calls——
Aye, through storms of cannon-balls!
THE BAYONET CHARGE.—Nathan D. Urner.

(Exercise in Expression.)

[The student will here find a production demanding peculiar care in its interpretation; for let it be understood, all good pieces of composition require to be interpreted. The words of the author do not always convey his full meaning. There is so much in emphasis, tone and action that the same composition in the mouths of different speakers sometimes is so varied in its significance as to impress the hearer like different productions. Any person who has heard Edwin Forrest’s “Hamlet” and Edwin Booth’s interpretation of that splendid masterpiece of human genius, will comprehend the necessity for a correct understanding of the poet’s full meaning.

In this poem the speaker is called upon to act and feel as if he were participating in the charge. The conflict of emotion, from the first still heart-beat implied in the lines:

“Not a sound... not a breath!...
All is still as death
As we stand on the steep,” etc.,

to the rush and frenzy of battle expressed in the tumultuous words:

“Huzza!... What a dust!...
How them down!... Cut and thrust!...
A T-i-g-a-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—...
Victory!... Victory!”...

is to be rendered even more by the speaker’s manner and expression than by his words. Try, then, to ascertain the full significance of each line; and in delivering it to use just such expression as would be expected of one who was telling his audience of an event in his own experience.

We have given to the pauses the additional aids of dots, each one of which implies a rest of a second of time. Between the 7th and last stanzas let there be a considerable pause; let the voice be dropped from the frenzied shout of “Victory! Victory!” to the tenderness and pathos of one speaking as if in a dream. The closing line is the perfection of cadence: “Hush!... Do not speak to me!”

We commend the exercise to all for its mingled variety in expression and beauty in impression.]

Not a sound, not a breath!...
All as still as death,

As we stand on the steep in our bayonets’ shine;...
All is tumult below—
Surging friend, surging foe;

But, not a hair’s breadth moves our adamant line—
Waiting so grimly.

The battle smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts

Round the hill where we stand, like a pall for the world
And a gleam now and then
Shows the billows of men,

In whose black, boiling surge we are soon to be hurled,
Redly and dimly...
There's the word! "Ready all!"
See the screeched points fall—
*The grim horizontal* so bright and so bare!
Then the other word—*Ha!*
We are moving!... *Huzzah!*
*We snuff* the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare,
Rushing to glory!

Down the hill... up the glen...
O'er the bodies of men...

Then on, with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!...
Why stumble so, Ned?...
No answer... he's dead!...

*And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,*
*Crimson and gory!*

On! on!... Do not think
Of the falling; but drink
*Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war!*
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!...

*Catch the Captain—he's hit!* *'Tis a scratch—nothing more!...*

*Forward forever!*... 

*Huzzah!* Here's a trench!
In and out of it!... *Wrench*

*From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of Fame!*...
*Charge! charge!* with a yell
Like the shriek of a shell—

*O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame!*...
Back again! *Never!*

The rampart! *'Tis crossed—...*
It is ours!... It is lost!...

No—another dash now and the glacis is won!
Huzzah!... What a dust!...

*Hew them down... Cut and thrust!*...
*A T-i-g-a-r!* brave lads, for the red work is done—
*Victory! Victory!*

There's a lull in the fight,
In the glad morning light,
I stand on the works, looking back there with pain,
Where the death-dew of war
Stains the daisy's white star,
And God's broken images eburn of the plain.

Hush!... Do not speak to me!
HISTORY OF A LIFE.—Proctor.
(Exercise in Contrasts or Modulation.)

[To change the voice from high to low, or from severe to pathetic intonation, is only acquired with much practice. In this exercise we present a good example for study. The letter h signifies high, l, low; the dots indicate the pauses not already expressed by the proper punctuation marks; the figures are indices of the passion supposed to be embodied, and refer to correspondingly numbered paragraphs in Sheridan's schedule, as given on page 24—40.]

28 Day dawned h—Within a curtained room, Filled to faintness with perfume, A lady lay . . at point of doom. l 8

28 Day closed l—a child had seen the light h 6 But . . for the baby fair and bright, She . . rested in undreaming night. l 15

28 Spring rose h—the lady's grave was green; l 14 And . near it, often-times, . was seen A gentle boy h with thoughtful mien. l

28 Years fled ;—He wore a manly face, And struggled . . in the world's rough race, And won—at last—a lofty place. h

28 And then h he died ! l Behold before ye Humanity's poor sum and story ; h 65 Life—Death—and all that is . . of Glory. l 16

THE BUGLE.—Tennyson.
(Exercise in Cadence.)

[One of the most charming compositions in the English language is Tennyson's "Bugle Song." Its exquisite flow of rhythm and its adaptation of sense to sound have rendered it quite celebrated among lyric compositions. The student will find it beautiful to read but quite difficult to speak. It therefore should be practiced upon, as the musical scholar would practice one of Donizetti's melodies—over and over again.

The cadence of each last line is one of the most admirable of such examples within our knowledge.]

The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits old in story; The long light shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying; Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, farther going; O sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on field, or hill, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE BELLS.—Edgar Allan Poe.

(Exercise in Harmony and Imitative Rhythm.)

[Beyond question, the following is one of the perfect specimens of musical rhythm in our literature. As a mere work of art it has challenged the admiration of critics, embodying, as it does, so many of the laws of harmony and rhythmical construction; and yet, as a poem, it is full of feeling, power, and that impulseiveness which ever distinguishes the work of genius.

The student’s attention will be arrested, at the start, by the iterations of rhythm and syllabic harmony of the measure. This will induce a sing-song declamation or reading, if care is not taken, at the outset, to guard against it, and to utter each line as distinctly as if it were disinterred from the verse.

Care must be taken to give to each syllable its due quality. Thus, in the line:

“To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells,”

there are fourteen full syllables, and each must be distinctly sounded, or the beautiful flow of the measure is injured.

The refrain:

“Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.”

It will be observed, is in imitation of the ringing of a bell in the steeple. It should therefore be uttered as slowly and precisely as the “swinging and the ringing of the bells.”

Each stanza has a different sentiment in its language. The student, or reader, will perceive this, and adapt his voice in its expression to the language or poetic feeling of the verse.

It is said that the severest test to offer a reader is this poem. We have heard it recited repeatedly by dramatic readers, but rarely have we heard it well rendered. To fail, therefore, in delivering or reading it is no cause for discouragement; but rather an inducement to try it again.]

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.
Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she floats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.
Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—
Of the bells.
THE ELOCUTIONIST.

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

BYRON.—Pollock.

(Exercise in Accentuation and Emphasis.)

[In this extract we embody a lesson on pausation, accent and emphasis. The pauses are marked by dots—each , representing a second of time. The accents are assisted by inflection marks, ’ which will direct the voice in its stress of utterance.

The only special rules regarding accentuation that here need be noted are—1st. That the tendency of our language is to lay the stress in disyllables on the first: and, in polysyllables, on the third last syllable, e.g., man’ly, sen’sible, climac’teric.

2d. Dissyllabic and trisyllabic nouns or adjectives accent on the first syllable, when used as verbs, take the stress on the last.

3d. Latin and Greek words generally retain their classic accent.

4th. Most words ending in aul, cal, ious, ia, iac, ial, ian, ic, ical, ious, sion, tion, cly, cly, ity, etc., take the accent on the preceding syllable.

5th. Compound words most frequently take the accent on the primitive, or root.

The emphasized words are italicized, but the intensity of the emphasis depends upon the kind and degree of feeling and passion intended to be expressed in any passage. When several successive words are italicized, the voice is not at once to bound into forceful utterance, but is gradually to increase through the whole.]

51 He touched . his harp, and nations . heard, entranc’ed.

   With Na’ture’s self

   He seemed an old acquaint’ance, free . to jest
   At will . with all her glo’rious ma’jesty.

50 He laid his hand . upon “ the o’cean’s mane,”
And played . fam’liar . with his hour’ly locks:
Stood . on Alps . . stood . on the Ap’ennines,
And with the thun’der . talked . as friend to friend;
And wove his gar’land of the light’ning’s wing—
In sport’ive twist, the light’ning’s fi’ery wing—
EXERCISES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

44 Which, as the footsteps of the dread'ful God
March'ing . upon the storm . in ven'gance, seemed ;
68 Then turned, and . with the grass'hopper, who sung
His e'vening song . beneath' his feet, con'versed'.
48 Suns', moons', and stars', and clouds', his sis'ters were ;
43 Rocks, moun'tains, me'teors, seas and winds and storms
His broth'ers—young' er broth'ers—whom he scarce
As e'qual . . . deem'd. [61] All pas'sions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gen'tle and severe',
All thoug'hts, all max'ims, sa'cred and profane',
All creeds, all sea'sons, Time, Eter'ni'y,
All that was ha'ted, all too that was dear,
All that was hope'd, all that was fea'red, by man,
He tossed about, as tem'pest-with'er'd leaves ;
Then, smil'ing, look'd . . . upon the wreck he made.
18 With ter'ror now . he froze the cow'er'ing blood,
14 And now . dissolv'ed the heart in ten'der ness ;
24 Yet would not trem'ble ; would not weep . . himself;
22 But back into his soul . . retir'ed, alo'ne.
Dark, sul'len, proud, ga'zing contempt'ously . . .
23 On hearts and pas'sions . . prostr'ate at his feet.
60 So . . . O'cean, from the plains . . his waves had late
To desola'tion sweep'd, retired . . in pride,
22 Exul'ting . . in the glo'ry of his might,
And seemed to mock the ru'in . . . he had wrought.

MACBETH AND THE DAGGER.

(Exercise in Intense Utterance.)

[This well known and oft-repeated passage is an excellent example of
dramatic action and personification. It is one of the best studies that can
be offered, but is rarely delivered well, even on the stage. Forrest rants
it; Jamison tears it; Booth subdues it to an insignificant event; Wallack
used to "mouth" it. The best Macbeth in the world is said to be Ira
Aldridge, the negro, who never has performed in this country owing to the
prejudice against a dark skin existing in "our best circles" who "patron-
ize" the drama.

What is requisite is to steer clear of the rant of Forrest and the tameness
of Booth—a happy medium, which shall express the feeling of a man about
to commit a deed against, which his soul revolts, while his "o'ervaulting
ambition" spurs him on. It is spoken not in a loud tone, as Forrest
uses; because, what man going to commit murder would rave the secret
out that others might hear it? The lines:

"Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,"]
show that its proper voice is one of subdued, awe-inspiring intensity. A husky, deeply intoned whisper, if the voice be one of strength in its low tones, is far more appropriate than loud declamation. The action is that of powerful yet subdued emotion—the emotions of Shame, 19, Remorse, 20, and Courage, 21, combined.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?... Come, let me clutch thee;....
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still....
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?... Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind,.... a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?....
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest....
I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before....
There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.... Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper;.... witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and w ither'd murder,..
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost....
Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.... Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go... and it is done. The bell invites me....
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee... to heaven... or to hell.

[A bell rings.}
HAMLET'S SOLiloQUy.

(Exercise in Pure Narrative and Argumentation.)

[This old stage piece we can not spare, as it affords a most valuable study in pure narrative, or "self-speech," combined with argumentative earnestness, 90, and emotional expression. We have not annotated it with pauseation dots, preferring to let the student exercise his own judgment to interpret the poet's meaning. We may add, in reference to that meaning, that it is one of the most pregnant passages in the whole range of Shakespeare's compositions, as the student will discover when he comes to study each word and to apprehend its full significance. Edwin Booth's delivery of this passage is one of the finest exhibitions of dramatic interpretation we ever beheld. It is by seeing and hearing such artists that we arrive at a true conception of what good oratory is.]

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
OLD THINGS.—Anon.

(Exercise in Desire or Appeal, 46.)

[As a lesson in appeal or subdued and reverential diction, this affords a good study. Its delivery may be earnest, fervent, yet not loud nor with much action.]

Give me the old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and as I launch my boat up on the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earthland!

Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne;" sweeter, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices; whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry play-fellows, from whom we have been parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house, upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And O! above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust, than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home!

LOOK UPWARD!—Anon.

(Exercise in Exhortation, 33.)

Look upward, for the heavens mirror our destiny. There is no such thing as a vacuum in nature. Nothing has been created, nothing destroyed, since God flashed light through the air, and saw that his work was good. The atmosphere is but a continuation of elements a little lighter than those constituting water. In these elements life is germinated, and we exist!
All creation is composed of continuous links, forming one great chain, a circle resting as a halo in the firmament. This circle was broken when Adam fell. Floating out, these severed, fractured ends rise and fall, wandering, seeking to touch, to cement. Still vibrating with this terrible blow, these broken, crumbling ends rise and fall, approach and recede as they seek to meet over the dark valley into which Adam fell. Life, once splendid, immortal emanation from God, now hangs like a rainbow over this valley, where the shadow never moves.

Down its precipitous sides grows no living, creeping vine, nor insect seeks a nook. No wind stirs tender grass, nor flower sheds its sweetness. Vale of impenetrable darkness, who dare descend into thy mystery? Who carry a thread to bridge this yawning chasm? Christ descended! Bending, looking with eager, earnest eyes, his followers saw him go down, until, lost from their sight, they cried, oh! give us faith, heavenly Father, to illumine this gloom.

As the atmosphere presses on the face of the great deep, linking its elements into its yielding bosom, as the light penetrates the air, and with musical motion plays around the great globe, the spirit of God links and holds us in creation.

Golden-scaled fishes sport beneath the surface of water, and with brilliant glances glide upon its gentle undulations, as, rainbowed, they catch the sunshine from above. Distinct in their elements, but united by indissoluble ties.

Are we weaker linked than the fishes? In God we live, move, and have our being. As the fishes in the water, we in the air pass one another. Its waves bear our words to each other. Our thoughts link us to God.

Oh! broken life-chain, floating out in infinity, pulsating, thronging with desire, lift high thy broken links, that the light of God's mercy may fall into the dark valley when we die.

I know an old man who once lost a beautiful daughter. Nightly he would go to the grave and weep, for his grief was without hope. I saw his tall figure emerge from a great wall of evergreens shielding this garden where we had laid away his dear one to rest in her dreamless sleep. His hair, silvery tinted by the moonlight, swayed in the night wind, then softly fell in the folds of his white robe. The odor of many flowers filled the air, and the quiet stars burning in the high dome, trembling in their glory, deepened the mysterious beauty of the night, counterparting the night which will know no waking until the sun of righteousness gilds it a morning.

Slowly and majestically the old man advanced. The grass yielded noiselessly beneath his feet, and the dew softened the rustle of his garments. But his sobs could not be stifled. Slowly his white head bent down upon his breast, and his tall figure sunk beside the marble, gleaming as if in mockery in the holy moonlight.
The rank grass swayed as the wind passed over. The flowers breathed over him their sweetness, and the moon bathed him in midnight glory. But he heeded them not.

He grieved without hope. He had lost irreparably his heart’s treasure. He believed not he could with faith fathom death’s mystery. He offered no prayer from death’s temple, where only prayer makes motion.

Oh, broken life-chain! lift high your torn links, that the light of God’s mercy may fall around the old man grieving hopelessly for his beautiful lost daughter.

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KING WILLIAM RUFUS.—Borham.

(Exercise in Serio-comic.)

[To burlesque well is a gift which few possess. It requires such a combination of imitative powers as makes it almost impossible for some persons to attain to excellence as humorists or comedians. Some men possess the talent to such a superabundant degree that it seriously mars their oratory at times when comedy is much out of place. Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, is an instance in point. Possessed of splendid powers as a logician, and eloquent to a rare degree, he yet has such an instinct of humor, such a love of the ludicrous, that even his finest efforts as a public speaker, legislator or lawyer are strangely infused with the “spirit of laughter” where the effect should be serious.

This is a defect; and though humor is a very desirable talent, it is one which should be so trained in its public exhibition as to be in perfect consonance with good taste and the demands of the occasion.

The example here quoted is one of burlesque rather than of humor, for it aims to produce its effects by surprises and contrasts—by mixing the serious with the humorous in a way to burlesque, or travestie a supposed serious affair. It is so notated by pauseation marks and passion references as to need no further directions for its delivery.]

Walter Tyrrel, the son of a — Norman Papa, 8
Has, somehow or other, a — Saxon Mamma: 12
Though humble, yet far above . . . mere vulgar loons,
He’s a . . . sort of a . . . sub . . . in the Rufus dragoons; 22
Has traveled, but comes home abruptly — the rather
That some unknown rascal . . . has murdered his father; 60
And scarce has he picked out and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierced . . . the old gentleman’s liver, 15
Than he finds—as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his sweetheart has bolted— with whom . . . is not known;
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court . . . with her character grown rather shady;
This gives him the “blues,” and impairs the delight 16
He’d have otherwise felt when they dubbed him a Knight,
For giving...a runaway stallion a check. 21
And preventing him breaking...King Rufus's neck. 51
Sir Walter has dressed himself up like a Ghost. 57
And frightens a soldier away from his post; 18
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears and pretends he's...a triar; 57
This gains him access to his sweetheart—Miss Faucit; 27
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet; 13
Where...oddly enough, [12] among some of her 'thing's,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's. 35
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground! 13
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second, sky-high,
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs 22
That his Majesty kicks him...politely...down stairs. 67

King Rufus is cross...when he comes to reflect,
That—as King—he's been treated with gross disrespect; 60
So...he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And...gives him a rather unholy commission; 36
'Twas—to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which...the chances are...Tyrrel may find and drink up. 39
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives, in his walks, this said cup on the altar. 29
As he feels very thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When...Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in...running like
winking; 50

He pauses...of course, and as she's thirsty too,
Says—very politely, "Miss, I after you!" 5
The young lady courtsies and as she's so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
There's not a drop left him "to wet t'other eye." 17
While the dose is so strong,...to his grief and surprise,
She merely says "Thankee, Sir Walter," and dies. 50

At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in, en passant, on the desperate lover. 28
Who has vowed, just five minutes before, to transfixed him
So he does—he just pulls out an arrow and sticks him. 63
From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows.
King William the Second falls flat on his nose. 7
And Sir Walter in this wise concluding his quarrel,
Walks down to the footlights, and draws this fine fine mora 3

—"Ladies and gentlemen—lead sober lives:—
Don't meddle with other folks' sweethearts or wives!—
When you go out a-sporting, just watch your cross-gun,
And—never shoot elderly people in fun!" 32
THE EYE.—"Jo Bows."

(Exercise in Humor.)

[The "Scientific Lectures" of Jo Bows, of the Cincinnati Times, are excellent examples of the half-humorous, half-satirical. In their delivery the speaker is called upon to assume a serious air, as if his words were all meant in earnest. The humor of such men as Artemus Ward, Doesticks, Josh Billings, etc., is so dependent on their orthography as to render the eye necessary to appreciate all their whimsicality and humor; it is better printed than spoken. The lectures of Dow, Jr., and Jo Bows are, on the contrary, well adapted for the platform, and will serve as good specimens of American humor.]

My Hearers—The eye is a very delicate subject to touch upon, as you can readily perceive by punching it with a walking stick, or switching it with a splint broom." Lindley Murray, who spells it with but one letter, says it is a personal pronoun, and personal subjects should always be treated with great delicacy.

The eye was held in such esteem by the ancients that they made it one of their deities, and "my eye!" was a favorite exclamation of profane Roman youths. Demosthenes placed great confidence in the power of the eye. Being asked one day how it was that he could command tumultuous assemblies so easily, he replied, with a wink, "it's all in my eye." It will thus be seen that this peculiar expression to the eye had a classic origin.

It has puzzled moderns a good deal to know who "Betty Martin" was, but the most rational conclusion is that she was a female oculist who astonished the ancient mariners by her successful manner of treating an inflammation in the eye of the wind; hence, sailors nowadays express their astonishment by exclaiming, "My eye and Betty Martin!"

The eye is of varied shape and color. It is most prominent with egotistical people who are continually talking about it. With them it is always what "I" did and what "I" said. It is a singular fact that blind people are never egotists; with them the I is always out of sight.

It is related that the various organs of sense once fell into a dispute as to which was of the most importance. The eyes and noses were taken to ascertain the sense of the meeting, and the ayes had it by one majority, there being two eyes to one nose.

It is a peculiarity of the eye that it can look a great variety of colors, no matter what its own individual color may be. Thus, a man can look blue through hazel eyes, dark through gray eyes, green through brown eyes, blank through bright eyes, or sharp through very dull eyes. Men who are "red eyed for any row," are those whose optics are oftenest black and blue.

No matter what color your eyes may be, my youthful hearers, be content. Because the "bully boy with the glass eye," is riding temporarily upon the topmost wave of popularity, don't
punch your eyes out to have glass ones inserted in their stead, Let it once become a general thing for boys to have glass eyes, and it would cease to be "bully."

Another thing, my hearers—don't get into the habit of taking "eye-openers." If you can’t get your eyes open in the morning, without your regular tod, prop them open over night; hire watchers to sit up with you and keep them open, or, my word for it, they'll be open so wide some of these days, that they will see snakes and all manner of crawling things.

Simple-minded people believe that false eyes, like false teeth, are mechanical contrivances, merely, intended to supply a deficiency in appearance; but, my youthful hearers, you will look into a great many false eyes that have sight and intelligence, before your hair is gray, and that you may never look out of false eyes, is the earnest hope and prayer of your susceptible but nearly impoverished speaker.

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AN ESSA ONTO MUSIK—Josh Billings.

[Exercise in the Broadly Ludicrous.]

[There is not, in this "Essay," any special point to be illustrated. It is inserted more as a specimen of a certain kind of humor very popular with an American audience, than for any characteristic of oratory which it illustrates. It is to be pronounced as nearly as possible as it is spelled. It will produce a laugh even if well read—which is about all that can be said of it.]

"Musik has charms tew sooth a savage.
Tew rend a rock, and bust a kabbage!"

So they tell me, but I should rather try a revolver on the sav age, a blast ov powder on the rock, and good sharp vinegar on the kabbage. I haint sarched history to diskiver who give the fust concert of musik. We are told that in those days "the stars sang together," but in these days you cant git stars to sing together. We often heard sed "that such a person has a good ear for musik!" I dont fellowship with this remark; awl a person wants tew understand musik with is a good soul; a "good ear" haint got enny more tew du with it than a good set of branes has to do with charity. Musikal crickets insist that if the gammut aint rite, the musik aint rite; that is all nonsenze; the gammut haint got any more tew du with a musik-hungry man than a nife and fork has with his dinner, if he is real hungru and kn eat with his fingers.

Musik want got up tew maik us wize, but better natured. How much opera musik dew you suppose it would talk t maik a man cry? Folks will tell you that such an "overture fria dubulo" (or some other furrin big named thing) "was most heavy only rendered," tha mite as well tell men that a pumpkin pie
was heavenly rendered. What do i care about the rendering if i dont git a piece ov the pie? Let some Prime Donner, Mezzer Sompecaner, or Bearytowm. Base, or sum sich larmin individual, cum into this village, and histe their flag, and hav a programmy ov singing as long as a sareh warrant, and as hard to spell out as a chines procklamashun ritten up side down, and tax seventy five cents for a preserved seat, and most everybody will go te hear it, becaus moste every body else duz, and will say every now and then, (out loud) “how bewiching! how delishus! how egstatick!” and nineteen out of evry twenty one ov them wouldnt kno if the performance was a burlesk on their grandmother.

Wouldnt it be fun tew cee one ov these opera singers undertake to rok a baby tu sleep? I guess there wud be two parts carried tu that song about that time. Suppose yu shud come home at nite, a weary boy, and la yure hed in mother’s lap, and she shud let out a opera ; good Lord! would not yu think yure mother was a lunatik, or ought to be one at onst, to save her karakter? “Korreckt taiste,” is another big word; ihe lurd folks uze ih whose finger nails wanted cleaning. Musik, after all, iz sumthing like vittles: the more cooking and seasoning, we uze, the more we have to have, till after a while we kan’ enjoy enny thing ov ih vittles but the pepper.

Opera dont have enny more loosening affect on me than caster ile would on a graven image. I set and gaze, and hark, and cee the whole aujence in hiregliphicks, and awl i kan do iz tu get mad that sich stuff is kalled music. But awl the reasoning in the wuld wont konvince menny people that tha dont understand a wurd ov it ; it iz the fashion tuw expire and have their souls desolve in lattin at the rate ov seventy-five cents, so it has got to be did, “sink or swim, survive or perish.” If enny body wants tu go and hear a man or wuman digorge musik, that has more kolik than melody into it, I suppose (under the con-stittushun) tha have jist the same rite as tha hav tu crusifih themselves any other wa, for sumbody els’s sins that they dont know the nature of.

SHERMAN’S REPLY TO HOOD.

(Exercise in Invective.)

[probably no man has wielded pen and sword with more effect than Major-General W. T. Sherman. His rhetoric, indeed, has become as notable as his deeds of arms, and justly so: for few men write with a keener significance or a more trenchant effect. The following specimen of his pen-contest with the rebel General Hood, replying to his charge of cruelty in removing non-combatants from Atlanta, will serve as a good illustration of his power in the use of words. It has been pronounced “a marvel of mixed argument, reproach, indignation and scorn.”]
In the name of common sense I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner—you who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into civil war—dark and cruel war; who dared and badgered us to battle; insulted our flag; seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of peaceful ordnance sergeants; seized and made prisoners of war the very garrison sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians long before any overt act was committed by the, to you, hateful Lincoln government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion in spite of themselves; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by thousands, burned their houses, and declared by an act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southerner among you.

If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a "brave people" at our back, or to remove them in time to a place of safety, among their own friends and people.

THE ACTOR.—Anon.

(Exercise in Imitative Declamation.)

[The speaker is here required to assume several characters—to act to the audience the parts which others are supposed to act, whose story he is telling. It is, therefore, a lesson requiring no inconsiderable oratorical tact in its reproduction, and therefore is a clever exercise to elucidate the powers for telling a story—an art which many attempt, but in which few excel. The late Dan Marble was reputed to be the best story-teller in the country. Even a trifling incident told with his inimitable expression of arms and face, as well as of tongue, would excite attention, or comman a laugh. Try, in this exercise, to relate the whole as if to a friend, acting out its several characters and incidents as near to the life as possible.]

Suppose us now at Mrs. Flourish's; chairs and sofas all crowded—tea and coffee quite finished, and the eyes and the ears of the visitants all expanded for the promised display—"Now, my dear Diggory," said the young gentleman's doting mamma, "make your best bow to the company, and let Doctor Tadpole hear you speak 'The Newcastle Apothecary;'; I always like Diggory to say summant haplicable." "Then suppose,
"I do remember an apothecary,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
A halligatar stuffed.
A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
His name was Bolus.
My poverty but not my will consents:
When taken,
To be well shaken.
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Calling aloud, What ho, apothecary!"

During this very extraordinary exhibition, the good old lady winked, nodded, and prompted, but all to no purpose. The fact was, Master Diggory's speeches were literally at his fingers' ends; as, being accustomed to work them into his head by scratching himself with a particular finger, the same maneuver was always to be performed at the recital; and the application of a wrong digit invariably introduced a wrong passage "Why, Diggory, my love," at length exclaimed his perturbed mamma, "you were sadly out, my dear; now do try again, chuck, and let the company hear Gimblet's silliligious about Toby." Master Flourish accordingly again hab'd and hem'd, and after the usual evolutions, thus broke out:

"Toby, or not Toby? that there's the question;
Whether—my name is Norval;
On the Grampian hills my father feeds his
Pigs—no, sheep—his flocks—flocks of
Pigeons—that flesh is heir to.
To die, to sleep—a horse! a horse!
My kingdom for a horse!
Ay, there’s the rub! For—for—for
Heaven soon granted what my sire denied, you moon!”

Here young hopeful concluded; most of the company expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, and even Doctor Tadpole was convinced that, in some cases, a single dose is one too many. “Master Flourish’s memory, madam,” quoth the doctor, “puts me in mind of an excellent story of a friend of mine, which is this: my old friend, Admiral—Admiral—bless my soul! Admiral—psshaw! I never can recollect his name, but that’s of no consequence; for he fought at the battle of—of—
dear me—the victory of, ahem—off the island—off that long island—you know, near the Red Sea—no, the other sea just by—under Lord—Lord, you all recollect who I mean very well. Lord—married the daughter of an old gentleman, who lived at—by the square there—the corner house, you remember—wore a brown wig, and used to sell—bless my soul!—how very remarkable that I should forget—used to sell those things that old ladies wear under their night-caps, you know. So you see, as I was telling you, this—psshaw! I mean that; no, that’s not it. Now just tell me where I was, will you? only mention the last word—Oh! recollect! So, then, General—General—ahem! said it was very extraordinary—very extraordinary indeed, and they were both good friends as long as they lived afterwards; and I never told the story to anybody, who didn’t say it was the most interesting narrative that they ever heard in the whole course of their lives.”

I will now introduce you to my old friend, Manager Varnish, of strolling notoriety, collecting a company of barn-door comedians to provincialize, alias to vagabondize over his stage of six deal boards, and sawdust in the boxes. Behold him at his morning levee, then, bursting with importance, and swelling like a shirt bleaching in a high wind. “Ahem! Timothy! This is my court of Apollo, my morning nuisance, my—why Timothy, I say,—oh, here you come, sir, crawling in like the half-price on a rainy evening—well, sir, who waits?—anybody wanting the manager?” “Oh, yes, lots of them, sir; there’s a one-armed man inquires if you want another hand; a wooden-legged man to play the Lame Lover; a real blackamoor for Othello; four Romes; two Hamlets; one Paul Pry; a Warwick; a Sir John Falstaff; a Gertrude; one Harlequin, three fools; and a French marquess, to come out in Richard.” “All waiting now, eh, Timothy!” “Yes, sir.” “Then tell the one-armed man to take to his heels, and the wooden-legged gentleman to hop the twig, and skip to another branch; Harlequin and the Romes may keep the fools company, and send me up the blackamoor and French gentleman, one at a time.”
The man of color having made his entree, after much grinning and gesticulation, thus addressed the astonished manager: "You Massa Jonkoman!—keep playhouse—show fine tragedy?" "Massa Jonkoman!—why, oh! that's the blackey-language for acting manager, I suppose! I am, sir, at your service. You wish to appear in Othello, I understand, and to do you justice, you will look the part, certainly." "Iss, massa, blackey all through, through, no come off when hug. Now me show how act, massa—Othello 'pech to him father-in-law." "What, with that cursed twang, fellow!—do you imagine that the noble Moor spoke after that fashion?—however, even let's have it." Upon which, Chingaree assumed what might be an elegant attitude among his native tribes, and thus commenced the famous oration to the Venetian senate:

"Most potent sir reverences,
My very good massa!—dat I take away
Old buckra man him daughter,
It all true—true—no lie was.
Den she marry—I make her my chumchum:
But all I do, 'cause I do no more was!"

The manager could listen no longer—"Well, sir, if the noble Moor did harangue in that fashion, he might well say, 'Rude am I in speech.'" "Oh, de more angel he, and you de blacker devil!" "You may be gone, fellow; for much as the public like novelty, they never could bear your abominable chum-chums; and the greatest favor you can do me, is to make your exit as fast as possible."

THE RAIN.—Anon.

(Exercise in Admiration and Gratulation.)

[To be delivered in a tone of thankfulness and praise, with ardor in the utterance and animation in the face. No action is necessary: the face, in its expression of gladness, must be the interpreter.]

How blessed, how beautiful is the rain! whether it falls gently from heaven, like the still, small voice of God, or comes dashing and dancing in wild glee down upon the thirsty earth, which drinks it gratefully, and pours out in return its beauty and abundance. There can not like a soul so sordid as to wish the heavens to pour down even gold, instead of the balmy, liquid blessings of the clouds. God forbid the exchange. The heavens shower better than coined gold upon the parched earth.

From the vast ewer of his never-failing bounty, the Father of mercies sends us fruit, and grain, and flowers, which will, all over the land, coin into the plenty that gives nourishment, and
life, and joy to millions. Such is the gold that best fills the purse of the country—gold glinting in butter-cups and roses, down in the valley meadows, and shimmering on all the hillsides. Out on these covetous mortals, who would have the heavens shed mint drops instead of rains and dew. Let such delve in the dirt and darkness of the mine; slaves to the ignoble Desire that refuses to accept the bounties of nature and nature's God, as better than any human coinage or device.

DISCOVERIES OF GALILEO.—Edward Everett.

(Exercise in Hope and Admiration.)

[In this exercise the pupil will find a use for his best powers of utterance, emphasis and action. It is not impassioned in its sentiment, but is of grave, sustained dignity, best represented by the passions of Hope and Admiration. The declaration involved in the third paragraph will be sensibly increased in impressiveness if the action is ready and graceful. The last paragraphs are those of adoration, requiring the tone of reverence mingled with praise.]

There are occasions in life, in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands', the work of their divine art'; like that, when Columbus', through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador'; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton'; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite', that he held the lightning in his grasp'; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo', thou art right'. "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it', but it moves, nevertheless'. Yes', the earth moves', and the planets move', and the mighty waters move', and the great sweeping tides of air move', and the empires of men move', and the world of thought moves', ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus', and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye'; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough'. Hang up that poor little spy-glass'; it has done its work'. Not
Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now; but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens:—like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted!—in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

POPULAR INDIFFERENCE DENOUNCED.—Anon.

(Exercise in Earnest Appeal.)

I maintain that the people are not only exempt from the charge of violence, but that there is a tendency to carry the feeling of indifference to public affairs to a dangerous extreme. From the peculiar structure and commercial spirit of modern society, and the facilities presented in our country for the acquisition of wealth, the eager pursuit of gain predominates over our concern for the affairs of the republic.

Wealth is the object of our idolatry, and even liberty is worshipped in the form of property. Although this spirit, by stimulating industry, is unquestionably excellent in itself, yet it is to be apprehended that, in a period of peace and tranquillity, it will become too strong for patriotism, and produce the greatest of national evils—POPULAR APATHY.

We have been frequently told that the farmer should attend to his plow, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the canvass for the presidency. A more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated.

If there is a spectacle, from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the fiery signs of the heavens to the eye of trembling superstition.

If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to raise them from their fatal lethargy.

Keep the people quiet! Peace!—PEACE! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep in the
very crisis of their highest concerns. "You make a solitude, and call it peace." Peace? It is death! Take away all interest from the people in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more.

If the people do not elect the President, the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country will. Make the people indifferent, and you throw a general paralysis over the body politic. Tell me not, of "popular violence." Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a President as a means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes.

There was a law at Athens which subjected all citizens to punishment who neglected to take sides in the political parties which divided the republic. It was founded in the deepest wisdom. The ambitious few inevitably will acquire the ascendency in the conduct of public affairs, if the patriotic many—the people—are not stimulated and roused to a proper activity and effort.

No nation on earth has ever exerted so extensive an influence on human affairs as this will certainly exercise, if we preserve our glorious system of government in its purity. The liberty of this country is a sacred depository—a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to us for the general benefit of mankind.

It is the world's last hope. Extinguish it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness. But once put out that fire, and I know not where is the Promethean heat which can that light resume.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.—Anon.

(Exercise in Imitative Recitation.)

[A capital thing is the following; in the way of a specimen of imitative vocalization, action and facial expression. It must be rendered slowly—precisely in the time supposed to be occupied by the mosquito's operation.]

Hum—hum—hum! shut your eyes, sir; the noise you hear is nothing but flies, sir; a whim—h-m! don't be scared, sir, go to sleep; your sheets were aired, sir. Mu-m—a h-y-m-n, it is I am singing, it's music in your ears is ringing; I won't sting you, sting you, s-t-i-n-g! I'd scorn to do so mean a thing. A h-y-m bug it is, not me, that bites. Take care! don't slap, I never fight. Slap! whang! Take care! you nearly hit me. 'Twasn't me, my friend, that bit you. There! again it's come to blows—you fool, I didn't touch your nose! What in the world's the use of slapping—your own face, when you should be napping? A-h-e-m-m! don't be alarmed, you really ought to be quite
charmed. Hum-m-m! don't play the boy, I merely sing you
lullaby. A wham, again—there, there. Now go to sleep.
Aha! you're going. Now for a feast, old chap; I go in. All
right! he's gone; I'll have my fill. Say, old sleepy, here's my
bill!

THE FENIAN'S CALL.—John Cooper Vail.
(Exercise in Popular Appeal.)
[Though in verse, this exercise should be spoken without special refer-
ence to its rhythm—letting the lines run together where the sense is con-
tinuous. The sentiment is one of patriotic enthusiasm, and its delivery
will demand a firm, loud diction, as if addressing a vast audience. Speak
slowly, distinctly, and with "well-rounded periods"—using such action
of body as will add force to the spirit or idea involved.]

Come, brothers, come! for our country is calling;
Peals the loud bugle and rattles the drum;
Loud voice of freedom the Saxon appalling;
Shoulder your rifles, and come, brothers, come!
Long have our hearts felt the heel of oppression,
Long have we suffered in sorrow and tears;
Pure love of Erin our only transgression;
Come, brothers, come! for the daylight appears.
Rouse, brothers, rouse! on land and on ocean,
Teach the proud Briton our cause can not fail;
Ireland's freedom our shrine and devotion;
Sound, brothers, sound! on the wings of the gale;
Soon will our flag float triumphant in glory,
The harp and the shamrock, the stripes and the stars,
Limerick valor and Fontenoy's story
Long have renowned us as heroes of Mars.
Think of Clontarf, when the war-note is pealing,
Think how we drove the wild Dane in the sea;
Ireland for Irish the truth is revealing;
None can be slaves who have sworn to be free;
Long have we felt bitter anguish and scorning,
Bound down like Sampson, deprived of his sight;
Rouse, brothers, rouse! for the daylight is dawning;
All are aware that our cause is the right.
Come, brothers, come! from the hilltop and valley,
Join in the ranks of the Fenian band;
Army more brave ne'er together did rally,
Fighting for freedom and dear native land;
Come, brothers, come! for our country is calling;
Peals the loud bugle and rattles the drum;
Liberty's voice is the Saxon appalling,
Shoulder your rifles, and come, brothers, come!
I'M MUSTERED OUT.—Anon.

(Exercise in Mock Grief.)

[To interpret this fully, assume the air of Winchell's "Used-up Man."—
one who has been severely afflicted in mind, body and estate. Speak slightly, giving particular emphasis to the climax which comes with the end of every verse.]

"The pride and pomp and circumstance
Of glorious war" at length are done;
The rebels have ceased their Devil's dance—
"Othello's occupation's gone;"
I twirl my thumbs and mope about—
Alas! alas! I'm mustered out.

I joined the service with the thought
I'd quit it with a warrior's name—
For this I suffered, struggled, fought,
All burning with ambition's flame.
My dreams of fame are o'er, I doubt,
For now, alas! I'm mustered out.

Farewell the bars! Farewell the stars!
The sparkling leaves, and eagles too!
I loved you all, ye gifts of Mars,
And bid you now a sad adieu.
I'm bound for home the quickest route—
I'm mustered out! I'm mustered out!

No more for me the grand array,
The drill, review, the dress parade—
The fever of the maddening fray—
The contest fierce of ball and blade.
The carbine's ring, the trooper's shout
I'll hear no more—I'm mustered out.

The tale, the song, the jocund roar
Will pass no more the camp-fire round;
Played out is "ante," and no more
Shall "Commissary's" draught abound.
Why couldn't General Lee hold out?
Confounded all! I'm mustered out.

No battle, now, but that of "life"—
(To fight the rebels I'd much prefer)—
Sweet Ida said she'd be my wife,
But now forbids me to think of her;
Where'er I speak she seems to pout—
My hopes are fled—I'm mustered out.
A HOT WEATHER CRY — Cincinnati Times.

(Exercise in Serio-Comic Pathos.)

[Hood’s well-known “Song of the Shirt” has afforded a tempting theme for parody and imitation. The following is full of droll humor, which, if brought out on a very hot day, will be sure to make “an impression” as a recitation. The demeanor must be serious—the more serious the greater the effect. While, like the preceding example, its grief is mock, the speaker must show no signs of its being a burlesque, but must accomplish his ludicrous effects on his audience by his very seriousness.]

With limbs so weary and sore,
And a face of lobster red,
A fellow sat in his lonely room,
Trying to hold up his head:—

Drip! Drip! Drip!
In agony awfully wet:
And many’s the oath that he let slip
As he sung The Song of the Sweat.

Drip! Drip! Drip!
While the sun rises in the east;
And drip! drip! drip!
Till it sets in the west at least!

It’s O! to be a fish,
Way up in the Arctic seas,
Where a fellow is not like a frying dish,
And it’s the greatest of pleasure to freeze.

Drip! Drip! Drip!
Till your eyes with water grow dim;
Drip! Drip! Drip!
Till in your own sweat you swim:

Sun and thirst and heat,
Heat and thirst and sun,
Till you drop off in an uneasy dream,
And streamlets over you run.

O! fellows, with sweethearts dear!
O! fellows, with good-looking kin!
It’s not your warm love that you’re wearing out,
But it’s your delicate skin;

Drip! Drip! Drip!
In agony awful wet,
Wishing at once, with a heart sincere,
Some chills as well as sweat.

But why do I talk of cold—
That fairy of Northern zone!
I love her beautiful icy form,
It’s so unlike my own;
It's so unlike my own
Because of the warmth I keep;
"O! Heavens! that cobbler's should be so dear,
And sweating be so cheap!"
Drip! Drip! Drip!
Until you nearly expire;
What's your reward? a feather-bed
And melting internal fire;
A hot room on the third floor,
Where muskets hum and bite—
When evening clouds the sun enshrouds,
They worry you through the night.

Sweat! Sweat! Sweat!
Through all the warm moonlight!
And sweat! sweat! sweat!
Till the sun comes again so bright!
And as from your bed you rise,
Your garments to you cling—
The sun shines through the window cracks,
And another day of misery bring.

O, but to breathe the air
Of the White Mountains sweet—
With a sherry cobbler to your lips,
And the cool earth beneath your feet!
For only one short month
To do as I used to do,
When near Mount Washington I roamed,
While the air so coolly blew.

O! but for one short month—
Of respite from business!
A little time and a little cash,
And my lucky stars I'd bless!
A little weeping don't ease my mind
As I don my garments wet;
My tears I stop, for every drop
Is naught but a drop of sweat.

With limbs so weary and sore,
With a face of lobster red,
A fellow sat in his lonely room,
Trying to hold up his head;
Drip! Drip! Drip!
In agony, and fully wet,
And many's the oath that he let slip—
As the water rolled o'er his mustached lip!
While he sung The Song of the Sweat!
THE PERMANENT NATURE OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

Henry Ward Beecher.

(Exercise in Pure Argument.)

[We here reproduce a portion of one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons as embodying all the elements of a good argument. By reading it closely, the student will discover how perfectly it conforms, in its development, to the idea of a perfectly formed discourse, as laid down in pages 48-50. It says down its proposition—after a brief exordium and a clear narration—in a manner so clear as to leave no doubt on any mind of its nature and importance. The confirmation follows as a necessary consequent of the proposition as stated. The refutation is clear, logical and decisive. The peroration commencing: "This, then, I repeat, is a struggle for Nationality," is also a summary of the conclusions deductible from the general tenor of the discourse, and is both convincing and impressive. The extract is not offered as an exercise for the memory, but as a subject for study by those who would obtain a clear idea of the composition (or structure) of a correct, logical and effective argument.]

This struggle is not new that is going on in our day. It is only an old sore breaking out again.

For the benefit of many young men who have not read minutely the history of the formation of our institutions, let me refer to some stages of the growth of this government, as illustrative of the present attitude of affairs.

The colonies, you know, were first formed upon royal charters. They were, as it regarded the Crown, dependent; as it regarded each other, they were independent. They were very jealous of this separate jurisdiction. But early in the colonial history, when the civil war broke out in Europe, the dangers of the Indians on one side, of the French on another side, and of the Dutch on another, led the colonists of New England to seek in unity strength. The first Union, the initial, primitive Union, which led finally to our Constitution and the national unity, was formed in New England in 1643. There is a great deal for consideration in this. I will read you one or two of the articles only:

"First. The colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven do agree and conclude that they will hereafter be called and known as the United Colonies of New England."

"Second. The said United Colonies, for themselves and their posterities, do jointly and severally hereby enter into a firm and perpetual league of friendship and amity, for offense and defense, mutual advice and succor upon all just occasions, for their mutual safety and general welfare."

It then goes on through twelve sections, providing for the details. And substantially the government that was constituted by this league and agreement was like our present National Government.
It is a little remarkable, too, that the first appearance in our history of a Fugitive Slave Law was in 1643, in New England, and under this primitive and pattern Union. For it is agreed, in the ninth section:

"If any servant shall run away from his master into any other of these confederated jurisdictions, that in such case, upon the certificate of one magistrate in the jurisdiction out of which the said servant fled, or upon other due proof, the said servant shall be delivered either to his master or to any other that pursues and brings such certificate or proof."

It was not the South that originated the Fugitive Slave Bill. It was the North. It was New England. That was then as really, though not as much, a slaveholding community, as the Southern States.

I shall have occasion to refer to this first Union again. It was the model, unquestionably, of the Confederation, and of the Constitutional Government subsequent to that.

The second Union that was formed in our history was that which the thirteen colonies entered into as a means of prosecuting their war for independence. The agreements were called "Articles of Confederation." They were not adopted until the 15th of November, 1777—a year and a half after the Declaration of Independence had been made; and they were not ratified by all the colonies till 1781. There is one feature in them to which I shall call your attention. It is the last Article:

"Every State shall abide by the determinations of the United States in Congress assembled, on all questions which by this Confederation are submitted to them. And the Articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual; nor shall any alteration at any time hereafter be made in any of them"—and so on.

You will observe that the first Union, in 1643, in New England, was a league that was to be perpetual. You will observe, also, that the Confederation in 1777 and 1781 was made to be perpetual. It was not a loose affiliation, which any part was at liberty to throw up when it became dissatisfied with it. All parts bound themselves to make it perpetual.

Then came the third Union. A convention was called for the formation of a Constitution and a new government. It convened on the 14th of May, 1787, in Philadelphia. The very first question which arose was as to whether the government should be a Confederation, and the old Articles should be amended and added to, or whether they should proceed to form a new National Government, in distinction from a mere Confederation of sovereign States. That question is not a modern question.

The first convention was called at Annapolis, and when the delegates came together they were, in discussing the propriety of proceeding to form a government, limited by the instructions
of the State legislatures. Immediately afterward, a second convention was called; and that convention assembled at Philadelphia, in 1787. There the first question raised by the delegates was, What are we going to do? Are we going to form a Confederation of States, or are we going to form a National Government of the people of the States? This was the question that came up for debate, and it was debated at length and largely. In order to bring it to an issue, Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, upon the suggestion of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, modified his first resolution so as to declare "that a National Government ought to be established, with supreme executive, legislative, and judiciary departments." Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, in behalf of the delegates from that State, and of a majority of those from New York, and some others, submitted a counter proposition, providing for such an amendment of the existing Articles of Confederation as would tend to obviate the difficulties which had been the principal subjects of complaint. To the question, "Shall we form a Confederation?" one party said "Yes." To the question, "Shall we form a National Government?" the other party said, "Yes." And by a decisive majority, after a prolonged debate, it was voted to form a National Government, and not a Confederacy of States.

Now, this question, which is discussed in our day, as though it had never been raised before, was raised when this government was established, and was settled; and the men who made the Constitution set out on purpose to make a national, perpetual government.

The term "United States" began to be employed at this time. It was the custom of the convention, whenever an article was fully adopted and determined upon, to place it in the hands of the committee of revision, to put it in the best literary form. That committee substituted the term "United States" for the word "National," because, as is supposed, they regarded it as meaning the same thing, at the same time that it was more satisfactory to those who favored the maintenance of a confederacy.

The Constitution was adopted by the convention on the 17th of September, 1787. The thirteen States subsequently called conventions to consider it. It was debated in every one most searchingly—particularly in Massachusetts, and New York, and Virginia. Its principles were discussed in Virginia even more thoroughly than in the convention itself.

The history of the world never saw a government so elaborately considered. The formation of our Constitution is one of the world's wonders. It stands alone in public annals. It was the result of the gradual growths and developments of society in America. It passed through three forms: First, there was the Union of New England; then there was a Confederation; and then there was a National Government. The Constitution
for the National Government was passed over to the people of the thirteen States. Delegates were appointed by these States to meet and decide upon its merits, by whom, after the utmost investigation, it was adopted. And no one thing was so much considered as the power of this government.

The two things that are placed beyond controversy by history, therefore, are, first, that the States were to retain their local sovereignty; that all things which affected the people of the States exclusively were to be managed by them; but, secondly, that upon those great interests which were common to all the States, a National Government was to be erected, which was to be perpetual, at the same time that it was to be in its own sphere supreme.

Now, in the light of these remarks, turn back and consider the steps of growth, and the results.

You will recollect that, in the Union formed in New England, which was the type and root of all the others, the condition was that it should be perpetual. In the Articles of the Confederation which was subsequently formed, it was declared that that should be perpetual. When the National Government, more elaborate, was formed, its Constitution was prefaced with the words, "We, the people of the United States." Some members of the convention were in favor of striking out this clause, strenuously urging that they should be a Confederation of the States; but it was carried overwhelmingly against them. And it read, when carried, not "We the Colonies," not "We the Thirteen States," but, "We the people of the United States"—what?—"in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

The Union before had been declared to be perpetual; but it was found that there were endless difficulties in the working of it, and that it was necessary, not to change it in that regard, or to take away from it, but to add to it, and make it more perfect as a Union that should be perpetual.

Now, it is not the States that decreed this for the people; it is the people that decreed it for the States. And this settles the question historically beyond all controversy.

But there is an additional fact—namely, that the Southern States, Virginia and South Carolina particularly, were those that were most eager for the National Government; whereas, the New England States, Connecticut particularly, were most jealous of National Government, and in favor of State Sovereignty. The north-eastern colonies, you know, had gone through a long battle against prerogative and monarchy, and had been trained to look with jealousy and suspicion upon the taking away of their State Rights; and they, owing to this fact,
went into the convention afraid of an absolute National Government, because it would deprive them of their local independence, and in favor of a Confederation—which was a different thing. But the Southern States had had no such training, and they were not for a Confederation, but for an absolute National Government. What has wrought the change in these two sections of the country? For now, New England and the whole North are united in the doctrine of National Government, while the South has wheeled about, and pleads Confederation in distinction from National Government. What has revolutionized their ideas? Liberty has grown in the North and slavery in the South; and this circumstance has changed them. That is the root of the whole matter.

This, then, I repeat, is a struggle for nationality. It is not new. It began with the very commencement of our laws and institutions. All the reasons for maintaining such a government as this which existed at the formation of our Union and Constitution have tenfold force now. The blessings which have arisen, and which are promised to national unity, are not less than our fathers sanguinely anticipated, but unspeakably more. It is remarkable to read the debates that took place in the constitutional convention, and in the State conventions subsequently. It may be said that the dangers which were most feared have never shown their heads at all, and that the dangers which have shown their heads and been most potent were scarcely at all suspected. While these men were wise, there evidently was a Providence that was wiser than they. Thousands of difficulties, against which they made vigilant provision, did not exist; and thousands of difficulties, which they made no provision for, and which they scarcely suspected, were the lurking dangers of our future history.

The blessings of national unity—who shall need to descant upon them? What other nation has, within the period of eighty years, risen from the condition of separated colonies, exhausted by war, bankrupt, on the eve of dissensions among themselves, with no fixed government, and with scarcely any thing but floating principles on which to form a government—what other nation has, within so short a period, risen from that condition to a dignity and strength such that nations three thousand miles distant are interested in humbling and dividing it?

It was told me in England, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, nor half a score times, "You are too strong, and we can not afford to have you united; for you will dominate and dictate policy to the world, if you go on in the way you have gone." And men there did not hesitate to say, "We hope the South will succeed, and break up that Union which threatens to overshadow all the nations of the globe, and read laws to them." My reply was, "Gentlemen, if we overshadow all the nations
of the globe, and read laws to them, they shall not be laws of a tyrant's hand, or of selfish greed; we will read a new evangel of liberty, and justice, and prosperity, and will stand as the elder brother of nations that are beginning to walk with their faces toward Zion." And I am proud of this nation, not on account of its warehouses, or ships, or farms, or arts, or literature; but because it is the representative of the latest and best developments of Christian ethics in civil polity. It is that which makes us great, influential, and the leader of nations in their pilgrimage toward universal liberty. And, with all these things before our minds, do we need to argue the question of the blessings of unity, or National Government?
V.

OBSERVATIONS OF GOOD AUTHORITIES.

Having given such examples as seem to cover the various moods and passions which find expression in oratory, we close our work with a few extracts from good authorities, which the student will do well to "read, mark and inwardly digest."

"Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that, as soon as one mounts a pulpit, or rises to address a public assembly, he is instantly to lay aside his natural voice, and to assume a new and studied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner."—BLAIR.

"It ought to be a first principle with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin under the common level of their voice than above it. The attention of an audience at the commencement of a lecture or oration makes the softest accents of a speaker audible, at the same time that it affords a happy occasion for introducing a variety of voice, without which every address must soon tire."—WALKER.

"Not half the pauses (a subject of the utmost importance) are found in printing, which are heard in the pronunciation of a good reader or speaker. If we would read or speak well, we must pause, upon an average, at every fifth or sixth word. Public reading, or speaking, requires pausing much oftener than reading and conversing in private; just as the parts of a picture, which is to be viewed at a distance, must be more distinctly and strongly marked than those of an object which are nearer to the eye, and understood at the first impression."—WALKER.

"A speaker will affect his audience according to the degree in which he is affected himself. There is a congenial sympathy, which darts like electrical spirit from heart to heart! It will strike others more or less forcibly, according to the impulse it receives from the speaker. He is the master-spring which puts them all in motion. But how can that man transfuse the very life of the passions into the soul of others, while he himself remains unmoved, or but moderately agitated. No; he must feel, in the most exquisite degree, every tender, every bold, every animated emotion! Then, and then only, will he be able to excite kindred feelings in the hearts of his audience. Many of our public addresses have a kind of freezing and benumbing influence, which is an antidote to animation. Their speeches
may be compared to a waxon image, which has form, proportion, and ornament, but is destitute of life and motion. But there is an inborn fire of the soul, the very vitals of eloquence. There is a wide-flaming enthusiasm in the strains of a masterly speaker, which will force its way into the hearts of all.”—HERRIES.

“There is no article, in which more frequent mistakes are committed, than in the important one of emphasis, both with regard to stress and tone. The chief reason of this general abuse of emphasis seems to be that children are taught to read sentences which they do not understand; and, as it is impossible to lay the emphasis aright, without perfectly comprehending the meaning of what one reads, they get a habit either of reading in a monotonous manner, or, if they attempt to distinguish one word from the rest, as the emphasis falls at random, the sense is usually perverted or changed into nonsense. The way to prevent this, is, to put no book into their hands, which is not suited to their slender capacities; and to take care that they never read any thing, the meaning of which they do not fully comprehend.”—SHERIDAN.

“In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule, and, indeed, the only rule possible to be given is, that the speaker study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he is to pronounce; for to lay the emphasis with exact propriety is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately, of what is fitted to strike the feelings of others. There is as great a difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by one who places the several emphases everywhere with taste and judgment, and by one who neglects or mistakes them, as there is between the same tune played by the most masterly hand, or by the most bungling performer.

“In all prepared discourses, it would be of great use, if they were read over or rehearsed in private, with this particular view, to search for the proper emphasis before they were pronounced in public; marking at the same time with a pen the emphatical words in every sentence, or at least in the most weighty and affecting parts of the discourse, and fixing them well in the memory. Were this attention more frequently bestowed—were this part of pronunciation studied with more exactness, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public speakers would find their care abundantly repaid by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience.”—BLAIR.
"'Speak the speech, I pray you,' says Shakespeare, '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 had spoke my lines.' By 'trippingly on the tongue,' the poet means the bounding from accent to accent, tripping along from word to word, without resting on syllables by the way. And by 'mouthing' is meant, dwelling upon syllables that have no accent, and ought, therefore, to be uttered as quickly as is consistent with distinct articulation; or prolonging the sounds of the accented syllables beyond their due proportion of time."
—Sheridan.

"How to divide a subject is a point of much importance, and one that has been much discussed. The masters of rhetoric give us valuable suggestions; but these amount to little unless we illustrate, and correct, and enlarge them by our own experience. It is always well for you while reading or hearing a speech or oration to analyze it into its constituent parts, and see clearly the members and their bearing on each other and on the main point. You will find that there is a comparative anatomy in the limbs of speeches as in nature, and that a few types constantly repeat themselves with variations."—Rev. Dr. Osgood.

"It is certain that the proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice can not be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing which he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show that the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm. If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervor, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture."—Addison.

"Earnestness, in short, shows a man to be really convinced as to the truth of what he utters—that he is anxious to convince"
his hearers—to impress their minds with right ideas, and to in-
struct them in what, at all events, he thinks to be the truth.
Earnestness keeps up the attention of the hearers, and hides a
multitude of defects in the speaker. It stimulates to thought
and action, rouses the energies and fires the soul. To the
speaker it gives confidence, which leads to greater clearness of
view, and to the hearers it gives determination and hope. For
the speaker it secures a hearing, and excites in the minds of the
hearers meditation and resolve. It is something that is con-
tagious, spreading from breast to breast till the whole assembly
becomes moved, as it were, by one impulse.”—The Public
Speaker.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occa-
sions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions ex-
cited, nothing is valuable in speech, further 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 can not
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 can not compass it. It must exist in the
man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, in-
tense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after
it—they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the
outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth
of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.—
Daniel Webster.

In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination
of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule
of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an
evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the
argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of ex-
teraneous matter; the other may exhaust attention, or weary by
monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to
err on is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty;
as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape, than
by the weariness of the desert.—William C. Preston.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Ideal; it is the
country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are breth-
ren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the digni-
ity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the
principles which alone can redeem the Peoples. Love enthusi-
asm—the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions
of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the
soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Re-
spect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the
truth that God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.—Joseph Mazzini.

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 any thing 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, can not but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made men well, they imitated humanity so abominably!—Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

"The man that possesses such a power over his countrymen, and who uses it for his country's good, is, in the highest sense of the word, a benefactor to his species, and one of the noblest of mortals. Tupper has well expressed the power of a successful orator and his hereafter rewards:

"And now a pause, a thrilling pause—they live but in thy words;
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising;
Thou art expanded into them—one faith, one hope, one spirit;
They breathe but in thy breath—their minds are passive unto thine;
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to thy purpose,
And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emotions;
Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."

—The Public Speaker.
DIME HUMOIOUS SPEAKER, No. 6.

How the money goes,
How the money goes,
Hunkli-do-vit's Fourth of July parade,
If you mean no, say no,
Jo Bows on lemon year,
Lay of the heaped-backed,
Lot Skinner's elegy,
Marinmstry,
Nothing to do,
Old Cush's umbrella,
Old Grimes's son,
"Paddle your own canoe;"
Parody on "Araby's daughter;"
Poetry run mad,
Right names,
Scientific cretures,
The sger,
The cockney,
The codfish,
The fate of Sergeant,
Thin,
The feather's quarrow,
The lazy American Wood chuck,
The harp of a thousand strings,
The last of the sarpius,
The march to Moscow,
1933.

DIME STANDARD SPEAKER, No. 7.

The world we live in,
The world we live in,
Women's claims,
Authors of our liberty,
The real conqueror,
The citizen's heritage,
Italy,
The mechanic,
Nature & Nature's God,
The modern good,
[son,
Dessay's address to the independence bell—1776
John Burns, Gettagburg,
No seat in Heaven,
Miss Prude's tea party,
The power of an idea,
The benefitence of the Suffrage,
Dream of the revelers,
How Cyrus laid the cable,
The prettiest hand,
Paradoxical,
Little Jerry, the Miller.
The neck,
The ladies' man,
Life,
The idler,
The unbelivever,
The two lives,
The true scholar,
Judges not infallible,
Fanaticism, [crime;
Instability of successfull Agriculture,
Ireland, [quer,
The people always con.
Music of labor,
France and Austria,
Wishing,
The blarney stone,
The student of Born,
A broken household,
A shot at the decanter,
The Bible,
The purse and the swor,
My country,
True moral courage,
What is war?
My Deborah Lee,
The race,
The pen and needle,
The modern parrian,
Immortality of the soul,
Occupation,
Heroism and daring,
A shot at the decanter.

DIME STUMP SPEAKER, No. 8.

Hon. J. Moses Stubbs
June on the situation.
Hans Schack, as editor on
woman's suffrage,
All for a nomination,
Old men,
The sea, the sea, the open,
Theatwr bangled spawner
Stay where you belong,
Life is what you make it,
Where's my money?
A speech from the cons;
A man's relation to soc'y
The limits to happiness,
Good-nature a blessing,
A sermon from the hand,
Tail-enders, [shellERP
The value of money,
A meteoric disposition,
Be sure you are right,
Be of good cheer,
Crabbed folks, [shrew;
Taming a masculine
Farmers, [country,
The true greatness of our
N. England & the Union
The unseen battle-field,
A plea for the republic,
America, [fallacy,
The right of succession
Life's sunset,
Human nature,
Lawyers,
Wrong of the Indians,
Appeal in behalf of Am.
Mineries of war, [liberry
A lay sermon,
A dream,
Astronomical,
The moon, [zona,
Duties of American cit-
The man,
Temptations of cities,
Broken resolutions,
Death, [question,
Races,
A fruitful discourse,
A Frenchman's dinner,
Unjust national acquin
The amateur coochman
The cold-water man,
Permanency of States,
Liberty of speech,
John Thompson's don't
House-cleaning,
It is not your business.

DIME JUVENILE SPEAKER, No. 9.

A boy's philosophy,
How's our row,
Six-year-old's protest,
The suicidal cat,
A valediction,
Popping corn,
The editor,
The same, in rhyme,
The fairy shoemaker,
What was learned,
Press on,
The horse,
The snake in the grass,
A tale of the tropics,
Hawley's speech,
The same, second extract,
The fither's child,
A Shakespearian scholar,
A maiden's psalm of life
A mixture,
A plea for skates,
Playing ball,
Why ah why,
Lay for something,
Lay of the heaped-backed,
The outside dog,
Wolf and lamb,
Lon la lore,
Frogs asking for a king
Sick Hom
Country and tow—misc.
Man and woman,
Honor,
The lotus-planter,
Little things,
A baby's solloquy,
Repentance,
A plea for eggs,
Humboing patriotism,
Night after Christmas
Short legs,
Shrimps on ammone
How the raven became
black,
A mother's work,
The same,
Who rules?
A sheep story,
A little correspondent,
One good turn deserves
My dream, [another
Rain,
It never use tobacco,
A mosaic,
The old bachelor,
Prayer to light,
Little Jim,
Angelina's Lament,
Johnny Shrimps on boats,
Mercy,
Choice of hours,
Poor Richard's sayings,
Who killed Tom Roper,
Nothing to do,
Honesty best policy,
Heaven,
Do for the fields,
Fashin on the brain,
On shanghai,
A smile,
Casablanca,
Homoeopathic soup,
Nose and eyes,
Malt,
A hundred years to
The madman and his
Little sermons, [razor,
Snuff on electricity,
The two crabies,
The ocean storm,
Do they little—do it well.
Little puss,
Base-ball, [fever,
Prescription for spring

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Intelligence basis of true cleanliness, The press,
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Charge of light brigade, No peace with oppression,
After the battle, A thanksgiving sermon, Woman's rights,
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Prof. on phrenology, Women's rights, Disunion.
Washington's name, Alone,
"2's sailor boy's syren, The rebellion of 1861,
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Union and its results, Murder will out,
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The statesman's labors, Early rising,
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Our country's glory, Gates of sleep,
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