THE ESSENTIALS OF EFFECTIVE GESTURE

JOSEPH A. MOSHER

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FOR STUDENTS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

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PREFACE

It is generally admitted that good gestures help to vitalize, illuminate, and emphasize verbal expression. And if students of the art of speech-making can be led to understand the underlying principles of gesture, and the reasons for its expressiveness, a notable improvement of their style of delivery can be effected. In our instruction and our textbooks dealing with this subject there has been a tendency to inform the student, *ex cathedra*, that he should use such and such a gesture on this and that passage. In thus performing the function of trainers only, we get more or less mechanical results on the passages in question, but we do not give the insight which enables the student to apply the gestures to similar or analogous ideas wherever expressed. To tell him, for example, that "thousands of acres" may be indicated by a broad sweep of the hand is surely less beneficial than to lead him to understand that the passage of the hand through space conveys to the audience the idea of extent. Speaking generally, it is not so much by teaching specific gestures as by pointing out the significance of various positions and lines of movement,

and by helping the student to comprehend why these movements aid his words in conveying certain ideas, that we can get the most valuable and lasting results.

Partly because of the ill effects of dogmatic methods or occult and metaphysical systems, a feeling has become widespread that gesture is a product of instinct and cannot be profitably taught. For this attitude I can see hardly more reason than for the view that singing, painting, and other arts are natural instincts and cannot be taught. People often have a gift for one of these arts; they have personality to express in their performances, and poor instruction may hinder their progress. Yet none will deny the desirability of study in these fields. Nor is the case different with respect to gesture. Even if it were true that there are as many effective styles of gesture as there are speakers, there are, nevertheless, in gesture as in other arts certain technical features and general principles which the student should master as a basis for his own particular mode of expression.

This is particularly desirable in the case of manual gestures, which are so frequently neglected or misused, but which may be employed to great advantage. Facial expression, when a speaker is in earnest, is usually instinctive, and obvious in its meaning; a smile, a frown, a sneer accompanying a welcome, a threat, a sarcastic remark are natural manifestations. But the

most effective manual gestures are not always products of instinct. The chief aims of this little book are, therefore: to discuss the technic of gesture; to indicate the signification of the various positions and forms of the hand; and to determine the reasons for their expressiveness.

I wish here to acknowledge my indebtedness to my former students at the College of the City of New York for many practical suggestions; also to Mr. A. M. Bacon's "Manual of Gesture," which, by its admirable pioneer work in systematizing the subject, has lightened my task at many points. For helpful encouragement, and generous assistance in reading the proof-sheets, I wish to thank my wife, Anna W. Mosher, and my colleagues at the College of the City of New York, Professors Erastus Palmer, and D. W. Redmond.

J. A. M.

College of the City of New York,
March, 1916.

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THE ESSENTIALS OF EFFECTIVE GESTURE

FOR STUDENTS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

The Essentials of Effective Gesture

PART I

THE NATURE AND TECHNIC OF GESTURE

The Use of Gesture

People who speak in public generally make motions of some sort. Sometimes these motions are mere spasmodic jerks or flaps of the hand, as if the speaker desired instinctively to express himself visibly, but had no idea what movements to make. In other cases the speaker has converted that instinct into a single definite gesture, such as the clenched fist or the index finger, which is used to accompany (it cannot be said to express) ideas as varied as lofty mountains and stale doughnuts. Some speakers constantly wave their hands wildly and

by a wave of the hand, picturing the striking of a man with the clenched fist, suggesting the joining of two armies by bringing the hands near together, — these are typical examples of literal gestures.

The term *figurative* we apply to gestures when they express mental or emotional states or actions which are analogous to physical states or actions. For instance, a lofty ambition is suggested by an ascending movement of the hand because it bears an obvious analogy to physical elevation; moral depravity is indicated by a descending movement for a similar reason. To illustrate the figurative gesture by a specific sentence, suppose a speaker wished to express the thought, "The member from Ohio defeated the bill at its first reading." A fitting gesture on this passage would be a descending front movement with the palm down. Why does that gesture mean anything to the audience? Is there between the defeating of a bill and the downward movement of the inverted hand some mysterious relationship which the speaker feels and the audience instantly solves? Not at all. The expressiveness of the gesture depends upon two facts: first, that a defeated bill is figuratively overcome,

put down; and secondly, that the gesture represents a putting down in the physical sense. Again, to express such an idea as, "The North and the South were rent by civil feud," we bring the hands near together and then fling them apart. Now, obviously, between such a movement of the hands and political or social dissension there is absolutely no actual relationship. But the gesture does portray an analogous physical separation or tearing apart, and thus derives a significance with reference to the passage under discussion. In fact, the gesture expresses to the eye the same analogy that the figurative word "rent" conveys to the ear. As a final example let us take the sentence, "At this assertion the tensity of the audience became extreme." How can this emotional state be expressed by the hands? As before, by a gesture representing an analogous physical state, — in this case, the clenched fist.

In such analogies as those just presented lies the expressiveness of practically all those gestures which really suggest mental or emotional content. If the analogies be well chosen and the gestures well executed, the audience will instantly interpret the movements in the mental

or emotional sense stated or implied in the accompanying words, without being conscious of the basic physical factor involved. After studying the sections on the special significance of the various positions and forms of the hand, the student should be able not only to give expression to physical states and actions, but also to perceive analogies instantly in the interpretation of the mental and emotional.

Having made this fundamental classification of all gestures as literal or figurative, based upon the nature of the matter expressed, we may consider a second classification of gestures, based upon the purposes for which they are employed, as follows: those used solely to emphasize; those used to describe; those used to locate or distinguish; those used to represent a physical action or posture; those used to express a mental or emotional attitude. It is to be noted that these classes are not altogether mutually exclusive; for example, an emphatic gesture may be expressive of a mental attitude, or a locative gesture may express an emotional state. Moreover, combinations of gestures belonging to two or more classes are often employed; to illustrate: while the hand is making a descriptive gesture, the face may be

expressing the mental or emotional response to the object depicted.

The purely emphatic gestures are those which by a vigorous movement of the hand, accompanied with fitting posture and facial expression, serve to supplement verbal stress by an expression of physical earnestness. As a rule those gestures which are used solely for emphasis are made with a downward stroke, since this is more expressive of force than the upward or lateral movements. For moderate emphasis the hand is stopped in the middle plane; for stronger emphasis the stroke terminates in the low plane. The length and vigor of the stroke determine the amount of stress. It should be noted that here, as elsewhere, a gesture should never be overdone; a movement which is too rapid, too forceful, or too far-reaching is sure to attract attention to itself and appear absurd. In making gestures it is always well to create the impression of reserve power.

The descriptive gestures are those used to help the audience visualize persons, scenes, or objects. The most important qualities which can be expressed by this class are extent, size, height, depth, form, and general character of action.

Although the hands play the most important part in this group of gestures, the action of the eyes is noteworthy. They should not look at the hand, but should be directed now toward the object projected by the hand, now toward the audience. In thus glancing back and forth between the scene and the audience, the speaker carries and holds the mental vision of his listeners to the imaginary picture.

The locative and distinguishing gestures are those used, as the name implies, to fix the position of anything or to single out a particular item. Either the supine hand or, if greater distinctness be desired, the index finger may be used. The speaker when locating objects should always consider the viewpoint, use good judgment in determining the relative position of objects in a scene, and be sure to retain the original location in making succeeding references to the same object. In making locative gestures, as in the case of descriptive gestures, the speaker may let the eyes follow the direction of the hand but should never look at the hand itself.

Gestures representing a physical action or posture are those which reproduce in a more or less realistic manner actual movements or

positions of the body, head, or limbs. These gestures range from such slight movements as raising the finger to the lips or the hand to the ear, to such elaborate ones as kneeling or starting back with the hands thrust forward. In actual impersonation the gestures will, of course, be absolutely realistic, but in all cases where the speaker maintains his own identity a suggestion, an approximation which stops short of the completed action, is preferable. It is very easy to appear absurd when gripping the heart, starting back violently from an imaginary ghost, or kneeling in simulated fervor of appeal. The student should always keep in mind the distinction between the actor and the speaker whose own identity must not be lost in that of the various characters about whom he speaks.

Gestures expressive of mental or emotional attitudes are those which by means of the face, body, or limbs help to convey the impression of such states as surprise, disapproval, indifference, determination, disgust, earnestness, doubt, anger, devotion, joy, despair, sorrow, pity, and fear.

The Parts of a Manual Gesture

The great majority[1] of gestures with the hands consist of three parts, which may be termed the preparation, the stroke, and the relaxation.

The preparation brings the hand to a point where the most significant movement, *i.e.*, the stroke, is to begin. In other words, it is an anticipatory action and should be deliberately completed just before the speaker reaches the word or passage which he desires to supplement by the stroke. Faulty gesture is frequently due to the fact that the preparation is too long delayed and made with a jerk.

The preparation should start with the shoulder as the center of motion. Almost immediately the arm begins to bend at the elbow, and then the wrist takes up the movement, so that shortly after the preparation is begun the three centers of motion are working simultaneously to bring the hand into position for the stroke. The aim of this progressive series is to give the movement flexibility, and to keep the arm fairly close to the body in order

[1] In a few cases the stroke operates directly from the position of rest.

that the preparation may be wholly unobtrusive.

The height of the preparatory movement will usually depend upon the plane of the stroke, whether high, middle, or low. Ordinarily the hand will be raised slightly above the plane chosen. In some gestures terminating in the low plane, however, such as the emphatic assertive gesture, the hand is raised to the level of, or above, the head.

An excellent device for increasing the emphatic effect of the stroke consists in sustaining the hand at the climax of the preparatory movement through several words leading up to the emphasized expression. The preparation should be begun early enough to allow a sustentation of appreciable length before the stroke. The attention of the audience is thereby intensified, owing to the clearly marked anticipation of the emphatic passage. This device should be used only occasionally, for like any other special method of attracting attention, it becomes ineffective when frequently repeated.

The Stroke. The most important part of a gesture is the stroke, which carries the hand through the significant word or passage. The stroke unbends the arm, using the centers of

motion in the same order as in the preparation, — shoulder, elbow, wrist. In addition the hand by opening with vitality at the end of the stroke furnishes what may be termed the eloquent instant of the gesture. The stroke should synchronize with the word or words which the speaker desires to supplement with visible expression, and the hand should reach the terminal point exactly with the voice. In some cases the stroke operates on a single word, as, "The machine *shot* across the line"; in other cases the stroke moves through several words, as, "For *weeks and weeks the caravan crawled slowly over the desert.*" The nature of the thought will determine the rate at which the hand should move, and the speaker should never fail to take advantage of the superiority of visible expression over words in depicting rapidity and slowness of action, whether physical or mental. It is of especial importance to note that in order to get the proper effect of the gesture the hand should always be sustained for an instant at the end of the stroke before being relaxed. If the speaker wishes to hold the attention of the audience to an especially significant thought, he may indefinitely prolong this sustentation.

Occasionally in speaking words, phrases, or clauses in a series, such as, "The church, the state, the home are threatened," special distinctness or emphasis may be given by repeating the final part of the stroke, *i.e.*, the wrist impulse, on each member of the series after the first. If greater emphasis is desired, the entire stroke may be repeated, and in this case the effect is increased by raising the hand slightly higher on each succeeding repetition. This device, like other striking means, should be sparingly used if its forcefulness is to be retained. As soon as any gesture, particularly a prominent one, is overworked, it becomes commonplace.

The Relaxation. The term *relaxation* is used to designate the dropping of the hand to the side. When the stroke has been made and sustained through the passage which it is intended to express, the hand should not be held longer, as if the speaker did not know what to do with it, but should be dropped directly to the side. If, however, two or more gestures are to be made in rapid succession, the hand should be sustained at the end of each stroke till the following gesture in order to avoid hurried, unnecessary, and ill-appearing dropping and

raising of the arm.[1] When the hand is dropped, it must not fall like a dead weight, nor be dragged to the side; the muscles of the arm and hand should be gently relaxed.

Essential Characteristics of Gesture

Certain general characteristics in the making of gestures are essential to their pleasing and convincing effect. These qualities may be summed up under six heads: ease or spontaneity, unobtrusiveness, vitality, confidence, fitness, and accuracy.

Ease or spontaneity in gesture is the absence of cramped, stiff movements or positions. This absence of stiffness is largely a matter of flexibility of the joints, particularly of the wrist joint. Ability to let the hand and fingers relax is of the utmost importance. Oftentimes self-consciousness results in awkwardness of gesture, but a reasonable amount of practice in simply executing the various gestures in rapid succession with the supine and the prone hand will secure ease, even before self-consciousness is entirely overcome.

Unobtrusiveness. It may appear paradoxical,

[1] This matter is illustrated and discussed at greater length later under the heading, "Gestures in Series."

but it is a fact that gestures should rather be felt than seen. It is obvious, however, that gesture is not an end, but a means to clarifying, visualizing, or emphasizing the thought or feeling for the audience. Any gesture, therefore, which attracts attention to itself will defeat its own purpose. To make his gestures unobtrusive the speaker should, first, never appear to be conscious of his own movements. This he may accomplish largely by never looking at his hands or arms. Second, he should avoid all broad flourish, and all merely pretty, curved motions; directness and simplicity are essential. Third, he should keep the elbow fairly close to the body, especially when making the preparation, and never reach to the full extent of the arm at the end of the stroke. Reserve power is, as suggested in an earlier section, invaluable.

Vitality. Every gesture should have life, spirit. Languid, half-hearted movements are better not made. Even the simplest little wave of indifference should give the impression of latent power. This does not mean that all gestures should be pounded out, but that the speaker should, in every movement, give indication of purpose and earnestness.

Confidence. Closely associated with vitality is confidence. In fact, confidence in gestures usually results in vitality; timidity in wavering, unconvincing movements. The speaker should always try to anticipate the termination of his stroke, and move to it with certainty. The hand should never wander about and drop without reaching a definite position.

Fitness. Every gesture should be calculated to fit the thought expressed. A gesture which is high when no idea of elevation is concerned, a gesture which is small when great expanse is the topic, a gesture which is slowly executed when rapid action is spoken of, — all these lack fitness. The speaker should make the visible expression harmonize with and supplement the verbal expression. That is, he should "suit the action to the word; the word to the action."

Accuracy. Every gesture should be correctly timed. This phase was touched upon in the discussion of the three parts of a gesture, but it is of such importance as to warrant further consideration. The chief aim in timing a gesture is to get the stroke properly placed on the word or group of words which it is intended to express. Moreover, this must be done deliberately, *i.e.*, without unduly hurrying the

preparation. There will be some variation, of course, but it may be stated that as a rule one or two words should be allowed for the preparatory movement. If the stroke is to begin on the first word of a sentence, the preparation should anticipate it. The stroke, which follows, may be made on one word or several words, and it may be sustained after the actual motion is stopped, so as to include a part of the sentence vitally related to the word or words taking the motion. The following sentences will make this point clearer, and should be of help in studying the examples later on. "The horseman *sprang sideways.*" Here the gesture (m o s)[1] is prepared on "horseman," stroked on "sprang," and may be sustained on "sideways," which is a vital part of the picture. "The troops *toiled slowly up the trail.*" Here the gesture (h o s) prepares on "The troops," and the stroke moves slowly to the end of the sentence. Again, "He *dismissed these appeals with scorn.*" In this case the gesture (m o p) prepares on "He," strokes on "dismissed," and is sustained throughout the remainder of the sentence to get the effect of the prone hand on "scorn." The final phase of accuracy re-

[1] See tables of abbreviations, pp. 27, 29.

quires that the relaxation be prompt to follow as soon as the sustentation ceases to have any significance.

Frequency of Gesture

It is impossible to determine the number of gestures desirable for any given unit of speech matter. The nature of the topic, the way in which the subject is treated, the temperament of the speaker, and the nature of the audience are all factors which must govern the frequency of gesture in any given case. A few general observations may, however, be noted. First, it is unwise to keep the hands and arms continually in the air, since this mode of expression makes practically all gestures inconsequential, and tends to weary the audience. Secondly, the speaker should not fail to make gestures when he feels that the gestures will add clearness or impressiveness to his verbal expression. To this end he must consider where in his speech the possibilities of gesture, as set forth in Part III of the text, may be used to best advantage, and not try to furnish every sentence with a gesture. Nor should the speaker, as a rule, succumb to the temptation to multiply effects in single sentences. Take, for example, such a

sentence as, "Alone on that distant height he solved a problem which had puzzled generations." This not unusual type of sentence permits of at least three distinct gestures. "Alone" might take a middle-front supine (or index finger); "on that distant height," a high-lateral supine; and "which had puzzled generations," a middle-lateral supine. But it would be better usually to give visible expression to only one phase of the thought — that which for the speaker's purpose is deemed most significant. Similarly, to make his purely emphatic gestures most effective, he should confine them to those statements which he wishes to stand out particularly. For in gesture, as in verbal expression, where everything is made equally important, nothing is especially emphasized.

Gestures in Series

Occasionally on such passages as that cited in the preceding paragraph the speaker may desire to give visible expression to two or more concepts in juxtaposition. In such cases the hand should move directly from the termination of one stroke to the execution of the following gesture with no return to the side until the

completion of the series. As a rule, it is unwise to drop the hand to the side and bring it up again immediately for another gesture. Economy of motion, and consequent unobtrusiveness, is achieved rather by sustaining the hand at the end of a stroke when another gesture is to follow at once. For example, in the sentence "This tendency alone is responsible for the entire trouble and it must be stamped out," the front stroke is made on "This tendency alone"; the hand is sustained, until the sweep to lateral on "the entire trouble"; then is sustained until dropped to the low position on "stamped out"; then is relaxed to the side.

The operation of gestures in a series sometimes calls for the use of both hands. This happens most commonly when comparison, contrast, or opposite direction is involved; for example, "*The South* as well as *the North* was in a tense state of mind." In order to avoid a stiff, artificial effect in such a case it is generally advisable not to make a complete gesture first with one hand and then with the other, but to make the preparation with both hands simultaneously; stroke with one and sustain till the completion of the opposite stroke; then drop both hands at the same time.

Facial Expression

Up to this point, only incidental reference has been made to one of the most important phases of gesture: facial expression. This phase is of the greatest significance because there is no one element of gesture which furnishes as unmistakable and effective an indication of the speaker's thought and feeling as does the expression of the mouth and eyes. The firm-set mouth and flashing eye speak more clearly than a torrent of words; the smile is as good as, or better than, a sentence in indicating good humor; the sneering lip, the upraised brow, or the scowl need no verbal commentary. And so one might continue to list these expressions, but they are too well known to warrant it.

What I wish to emphasize is the great desirability of using facial expression either alone or in conjunction with manual gestures to display the attitude of the speaker. He should not try to keep the face immobile throughout an address. That style of delivery usually tends to bore the audience and leave it cold. If a speaker has occasion to say, for example, "My opponent's entire case is a fabric of lies

and misrepresentations," he should not let the hand alone express his condemnation. He should let the features do their part, just as he would if he were constrained to call a man a liar in the privacy of his study or office. Of course, facial expression, like other forms of gesture, ought not to be overdone, "for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

But the majority of speakers tend to express too little with the face rather than too much. And yet there are constant opportunities to add to the effectiveness of public address by this means. It may be the faint smile which shows pleasure in depicting a beautiful scene; the straightened mouth line which indicates a determined attitude of mind; the wide-eyed suggestion of wonder or interrogation; the pursed-up lips of contempt; or the blazing eyes of indignation. In short, it may be any one of a score of facial expressions which one uses in everyday affairs, and which should likewise be employed on the platform to give vitality, reality, and convincingness to the speaker's message.

Positions of the Speaker

Normal Position. The speaker should stand erect, with the chest square to the audience. For the sake of ease and poise one foot should be advanced three or four inches and turned slightly outward so that the heel points approximately toward the instep of the back foot. In unimpassioned speech the weight should rest mainly on the back foot. In especially intense or emphatic passages the weight will be thrown upon the forward foot, since this position brings the speaker into closer relation with his listeners and expresses a greater degree of vital enthusiasm.

Shifting the Position. In reversing the position of the feet, one should be lifted slightly and moved directly forward or backward so that they may occupy the same relative position as before. A step which is too high or too long, which swings out of a direct line or requires a shuffling adjustment tends to attract attention and is, therefore, objectionable.

When the speaker wishes to make a shift of several steps to the right or left oblique, he should take decided, not shuffling, steps, and by starting with the foot on the side of the

new position avoid an awkward crossing of the feet. In order to do this it may sometimes be necessary first to shift the weight. This marked change of position is ordinarily made when one is starting a new topic or phase of a topic, but it should not be unduly accentuated by occurring during a pause in the speaking. The change should be made as the new topic opens.

Position of the Arms and Hands at Rest. When not engaged in gesture, the arms and hands should rest at the sides. Folding the arms, clasping the hands, putting them into the pockets, or placing them upon the hips, while not altogether objectionable in an informal address as an occasional variation from the normal position, should be generally avoided. Such positions tend to call attention to themselves, to distract from the thought of the discourse. The proper position may at first seem uncomfortable or awkward to some speakers, but that notion is due either to imagination or habits of incorrectness, and should not be permitted to interfere with the acquiring of the position which is generally recognized as most graceful and dignified.

PART II

POSITIONS AND FORMS OF THE HAND WITH THEIR GENERAL SIGNIFICANCE

Positions of the Hand

The positions of the hand may be indicated with reference to six distinct planes of gesture, each having a fairly definite significance.

The high plane gestures are those in which the stroke terminates above the shoulder line. They express, in general, physical, mental, or emotional elevation.

The low plane gestures terminate at or below the waist line. They indicate lowness in a physical, mental, or emotional sense.

The middle plane gestures are those terminating approximately on a level with the speaker's chest. They are used in connection with all references to material objects on a level with the speaker, broadly understood, and with

all mental or emotional concepts which do not involve elevation or lowness. This is the plane most frequently employed.

The front plane gestures are those which terminate directly before the speaker. They express unity, direct personal address, present or future time, slight extent of space or time, forward motion, and strong affirmation.

The oblique plane gestures usually sweep through the corresponding front plane and terminate anywhere from twenty to seventy degrees to the side. They indicate limited numbers, general address, moderate distance in space or time, moderate extent of space or time, and unemphatic negation.

The lateral plane gestures ordinarily sweep through the corresponding front or oblique planes and terminate at or behind the side. They express large numbers, extensive address, great distance in space or time, great extent of space or time, completeness, and emphatic negation.

Every stroke terminates at an intersection of one of the first three planes with one of the last three. That is, there are three high positions of the hand: front, oblique, lateral; and three corresponding middle and low positions.

This combination of planes permits of a double signification in the case of most gestures. To illustrate: the high-lateral position suggests not only elevation but great extent, distance, or numbers; the low-front indicates not only lowness but also unity, nearness, or slight extent of time or space.

For convenience in discussion, names derived from the planes are given to all the hand positions, and are here tabulated with the abbreviations used in the illustrative sentences later.

TABLE OF HAND-POSITIONS

Middle-front, m f	High-front, h f
Middle-oblique, m o	High-oblique, h o
Middle-lateral, m l	High-lateral, h l
Low-front, l f	
Low-oblique, l o	
Low-lateral, l l	

All of these gestures may be made with either hand or with both hands together. In this connection it is to be noted that the left hand should be employed occasionally for the sake of variety, even if its use is not particularly required by the circumstances.

Forms of the Hand

There are also several distinct forms of the hand commonly used in speaking, each having its general field of expression.

The supine hand, which is most frequently employed, is the hand with the palm upward, fingers lightly curved, and thumb slightly separated from the fingers. It may be very satisfactorily described as the hand which you would offer for a friendly "shake." The general field of expression of the supine is openness, candor, permission, affirmation, ordinary reference, and most phases of address, such as appeal, welcome, etc.

The prone hand has the palm turned downward; it may be described as the supine hand inverted, with the fingers straightened out. The prone hand expresses, in general, covering, secrecy, deceit, suppression, prohibition, and disapproval.

The index-finger employs the extended first finger, the others being curled inward, and the hand edgewise or prone. It is used most frequently to point out, itemize, count, accuse, threaten, call attention, or emphasize.

The clenched hand has the fingers gripped,

with the thumb always outside. It expresses forcefulness, determination, anger, defiance, gripping, seizing, and extreme intensity.

The vertical hand has the palm turned outward at about forty-five degrees to the wrist, with the fingers and thumb separated. It indicates chiefly halting, surprise, repulsion, and abhorrence.

Both hands may be used together in any form in any position. The double-hand gestures express inclusiveness, unreservedness, vastness, bounteousness, intensity, and several special features discussed later, such as comparing, contrasting, separating, and joining.

TABLE OF HAND-FORMS

Supine, s	Clenched, c
Prone, p	Vertical, v
Index, i	Both hands, b h

Any one of the hand-forms may be used in any of the positions previously discussed. The varied signification of the positions and forms indicate the multifold possibilities of expression with the hands. These possibilities will be more definitely set forth in the following analysis of the scope of gestures.

PART III

THE SCOPE OF GESTURES ANALYZED AND EXEMPLIFIED

To exhaust either by examples or by textual discussion the entire list of specific physical, mental, and emotional states and actions in their varying degrees of extent or intensity would be as unnecessary as impossible. The following sections attempt to present and illustrate the scope of the various gestures in such a way that the student should be able to apply the principles of the classifications to such cases as are not specifically noted in this treatise.

The italics of the examples are intended to indicate the words carrying the stroke, with its sustentation, as discussed under the heading of "Accuracy" (pp. 16, 18). The first letter of the abbreviation always indicates whether the gesture is high, middle, or low; the second letter, whether it is front, oblique, or lateral; the third letter designates the hand-form, —

supine, prone, vertical, index finger, or clenched. In a few cases b h (both hands) is prefixed.

I. The Supine Hand

A. *The Middle Plane*

The ideas which may be best expressed by the middle-plane supine gestures are those which do not involve either elevation or depression, and do not require one of the other hand-forms, such as the prone. The scope of this class may be indicated by the following groups.

1. Extent of space, location in space, duration of time, location in time, unity and numbers, analogous mental or emotional extent.

If a person stood near a plot of ground and wished to indicate to a companion the size of it, he would move his hand through an arc corresponding to the size of the plot. This would be a literal gesture, the movement of the hand actually measuring the extent of space. Removed from the presence of the object, the speaker's sweeping gesture accompanying a mention of breadth aids in conveying the idea because the passage of the hand through space is, as just indicated, literally associated with extent or distance. Owing to similarity

of the concepts, large numbers and duration or remoteness of time are suggested by the same movement. In accordance with the fundamental analogy already pointed out, any idea of extent involving the intellect or emotions is similarly expressed. The farther the hand moves toward its lateral limit the greater is the extent suggested. Obviously, then, if the hand is stopped in the oblique the extent of time, space, and number indicated is comparatively less. And if the hand is stopped in the front, we have by contrast, that is, by absence of sweep, and nearness of the hand to the audience, unity instead of numbers, limitation instead of breadth of extent, nearness in time or space location, and an analogous restriction of mental or emotional expansion.

Extent of Space[1]

The narrowness of the street was an objection.
(m f s)

A space of three blocks was roped off.
(m o s)

Thousands of acres have been devastated.
(m l s)

[1] Note that extent and numbers are always relatively great or small; twenty dollars, miles or years may be made to appear great or small, depending upon the size of the sweep.

Location in Space

On this very spot the treaty was signed.
(m f s)

The village lay *some twenty miles to the right.*
(m o s)

His influence was felt *even in far-off India.*
(m l s)

Duration of Time

The subscription books are open *only four days.*
(m f s)

A score of years have passed since his death.
(m o s)

These principles have the sanction *of centuries.*
(m l s)

Location in Time

To-day is your last opportunity.
(m f s)

Ten years ago his theory was scorned by the scientists.
(m o s)

The significance of this discovery *lies in its remoteness.*
(m l s)

Unity and Numbers

One real diplomat could settle the dispute.
(m f s)

A few delegates entered the chamber.
(m o s)

They asked an appropriation *of ten thousand dollars.*
(m l s)

Analogous Mental or Emotional Extent

He showed *but a slight interest* in the proposition.
(m f s)

The speaker was accorded *a fairly cordial welcome.*
(m o s)

His mind was *of enormous scope.*
(m l s)

2. Presenting, itemizing, addressing, describing, indicating, denying.

Presenting

The expressiveness of the middle plane supine gestures in presentation lies in their actual resemblance to the movement in offering a material object. If a single object, person, fact, thought, or emotion is to be offered, affirmed, proposed, suggested, or in any other way put before the audience, the middle front supine should be used. To indicate numbers or extent in connection with presentation the oblique or lateral may be employed as the case requires.

I propose this measure in good faith.
(m f s)

We submit these cases for your careful consideration.
(m o s)

The whole matter is thus at your disposal.
(m l s)

Itemizing

This common feature in speech includes various series in analysis, classification, number, comparison, and contrast. It is closely allied in its nature to presentation but its expression calls for a series of movements either repeated in the same plane or, if greater distinctness is desired, progressing from front to oblique to lateral.

Ten — twenty — thirty minutes passed.
(m f s repeated)

Men, women, even children, are petitioning.
(m f s, m o s, m l s)

In one case *you have a surplus; in the other a deficit.*
(m f s, m o s)[1]

Direct Address

In asking, appealing, demanding, welcoming, and the like we instinctively reach out toward the audience for the purpose of gaining, holding, or intensifying the attention. The vertical plane of the gesture is determined by the size of the audience. For addressing one person or a small group the front plane is used; to include

[1] The use of both hands would be appropriate in cases of this kind; see pages 54–57.

larger groups the hand should be swept to the oblique or lateral as the case requires.

Will you, sir, kindly prove your assertion?
(m f s)

Only you few survivors can appreciate those
(m o s)
early struggles.

This great assembly must voice a unanimous
(m l s)[1]
protest.

Describing

The verbal picture of an object, scene or action is often made more clear or impressive by movements which suggest size, form, or character. For example, in stating that "The rider dashed across the open space" a rapid stroke from front to oblique at "dashed" adds greatly to the vividness of the picture. All objects, scenes, or actions on a level with the speaker should be expressed with the middle plane gestures unless they are of very limited extent and are depicted as being at the speaker's very feet. In other words a sense of perspective should always be observed in using descriptive gestures.

[1] The use of both hands would be appropriate in cases of this kind; see pages 54–57.

It may be well to note here that innumerable special motions of the hands can be used for descriptive purposes. Typical examples of these are as follows: moving the hands up and down, palms facing, to suggest parallelism; moving the supine hand in a short curve to show concavity; moving the prone hand in a short curve to indicate convexity; touching the tips of the thumb and first finger to depict something exceedingly small. These illustrations merely suggest the possibilities of which the speaker may take advantage to stimulate the imagination of his audience. He should avoid attempting to be too literal in making descriptive gestures; the public speaker is not the actor, and a hint of size, shape, or motion goes a long way.

The runner *dashed forward.*
(m f s)
The machine *glided easily* over the knoll.
(f to o curve)
The great curving shore was lined with cottages.
(l sweep)

Indicating

In contrast to the descriptive gesture the gesture of indication aims chiefly to point out

and, therefore, moves directly toward the object to be located instead of sweeping to a termination. The position given to the object in the imaginary scene will determine whether the front, oblique, or lateral should be used. Generally speaking, the lateral gesture gives the impression of greatest distance since it carries the hand farthest from the audience. It is to be observed that the location given to any feature in a scene should be maintained in case of subsequent references throughout the presentation, unless the point of view is statedly changed.

Here he stood, unable to move a step.
(m f s)
An old fort was visible *a little to the right.*
(m o s)
From the very outskirts of the crowd a shout
(m l s)
arose.

Denying

There is a tendency to brush aside any object which is distasteful or false. Denial and negation are closely akin to expressions of distaste or disbelief and are, therefore, fittingly represented by a sweep to the oblique. If more vigorous negation is desired, the lateral may be

used, for the more extended the motion, the more suggestive is it of intensity of feeling.

It is *not of any importance.*
(m o s)
He can *never regain their confidence.*
(m l s)

B. *The Low Plane*

In considering the following discussion it is of the utmost importance to remember that in the low and high planes, as well as in the middle plane, the front gestures indicate unity, nearness in time and space, slight extent of time and space; the oblique gestures express plurality, moderate distance in time and space, moderate extent of time and space, general reference; and the lateral gestures suggest great numbers, great distance in time and space, great extent of time or space. It is possible, therefore, to indicate by the low gestures not only lowness, but also in many cases the number, time, or extent involved in the concept. The student should note that throughout the text the gestures used with the illustrative sentences bring out the double significance of the intersecting planes.

The low plane supine gestures express whatever is low physically, mentally, or emotionally and does not require one of the other hand-forms, such as the prone; they also express forcefulness. The scope of this class may be indicated by the following groups.

1. References to persons, places, or objects below the speaker's viewpoint, physical weakness and submission in all degrees.

Low Position

Far below him stood the officer.
(1 f s)

The crevice was *about half a mile broad.*
(1 e s)

From this point he looked *down the vast slopes of the mountain.*
(1 l s)

Weakness and Submission

The wounded man *sank to the ground.*
(1 i s)

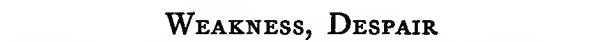
The strikers *yielded their weapons* after the first volley.
(1 e s)

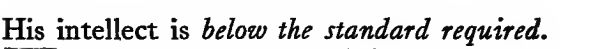
The whole regiment *lay supine in the trenches.*
(1 l s)

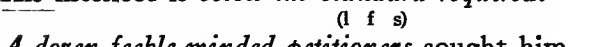
2. In accordance with the fundamental analogy based on the literal gesture, whatever is

considered mentally or emotionally low may be best expressed by the downward movement of the hand. In this category are included weakness and despair, yielding and humility, degeneracy and evil.

Weakness, Despair

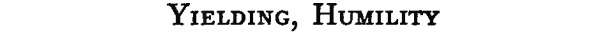

His intellect is *below the standard required.* (l f s)

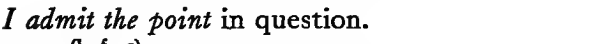

A dozen feeble-minded petitioners sought him. (l o s)


Government officials seemed *absolutely hopeless.* (l l s)

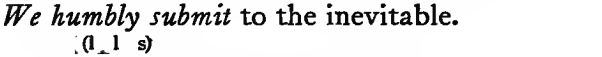
Yielding, Humility


I admit the point in question. (l f s)

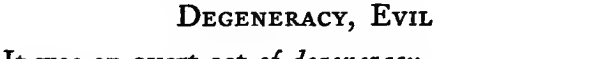

The defense *yields on the points* objected to. (l o s)


We humbly submit to the inevitable. (l l s)

Degeneracy, Evil


It was an overt act *of degeneracy.* (l f s)


Such immoral exhibitions tend to corrupt the community. (l o s)


His support consisted *largely of convicts and outlaws.* (l l s)

3. Forcefulness. Although additional emphasis may be given to a verbal expression by an appropriate gesture in any plane, the descending movement best conveys the idea of forcefulness. This fact is due to the suggestion of weight and power contained in the downward stroke of the hand. It drives in the thought as a hammer stroke drives in a nail. Even though numbers or extent be involved in the statement expressed, it is advisable to make the purely emphatic gesture in the front plane, since that is most direct. The stroke must be vigorous.

You *cannot* overcome the force of public
(l f s)
opinion.

C. *The High Plane*

Attention is once more directed to the fact that the high plane gestures, just as the middle and low, should terminate in the front, oblique, or lateral according to the number, extent, location, or motion involved in the matter expressed. Furthermore, it is to be noted that in making gestures in the high plane a slight downward wrist movement should terminate the stroke unless the speaker is indicating a rising from a lower to a higher altitude.

Frequently, speakers make only the upward, preparatory part of the gesture, omitting entirely the wrist stroke, which should be used in practically all cases to give point and emphasis to the gesture. Moreover, the high plane gestures should not be terminated directly above the speaker's head, but carried somewhat forward or sidewise as the case may require. This method gives all the gestures an appearance of ease, and is particularly desirable in referring to material things since it allows for viewpoint and perspective; a mountain or tower rising directly above the speaker's head is a bit paradoxical.

As a descending movement conveys the idea of all that is low, so the ascending movement suggests that which is high, physically, mentally, or emotionally. This includes whatever is lofty, fanciful, victorious, joyful, noble, sublime, and sacred, since these and similar conceptions are universally associated with elevation. The following groups indicate the various types of expression requiring the high supine gestures.

1. References to persons, places, or objects above the speaker's viewpoint, and physical superiority.

HIGH POSITION

One little cloud *floated* above us.
(h f s)

The hillside was dotted with people in holiday garb.
(h o s)

The vast range of peaks glittered in the sun.
(h l s)

PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY

Like a gladiator *he towered above his opponent.*
(h f s)

With Divine aid *they had the might of thousands.*
(h l s)

2. Idealism, achievement, ambition, victory, joy, justice, truth, wisdom, righteousness, honor, sacredness, sublimity, and kindred conceptions express a superior state of mind or an exalted emotional attitude. The analogy to physical elevation is obvious.

IDEALISM, ACHIEVEMENT, AMBITION

Throughout a long career he aimed toward *the highest standard* of efficiency.
(h f s)

These *would be proud achievements* even for a man with greater opportunities.
(h o s)

A too soaring ambition blighted his chances for
(h l s)
success.

Victory, Joy

A shout *of victory* went up.
(h f s)
A great tumult of joy greeted his escape.
(h l s)

Justice, Truth, Wisdom

Justice alone was the secret of his success.
(h f s)
He not only preached truth; he *followed the*
(h o s)
paths of truth.
Amid the ragings of partisans and jingoists he
followed the star of wisdom.
(h f s)

Righteousness, Honor, Sacredness, Sublimity

Even if bigoted, *these men were righteous.*
(h o s)
He was persecuted *for the honor* of his country.
(h f s)
Such sacred feelings were all too rare.
(h o s)
The sentiment of national wrath deepened,
vast and sublime.
(h l s)

II. The Prone Hand

At this point the speaker should observe carefully that the general meaning of the position of the hand in the planes remains the same whatever form the hand may assume. The variation from the most common form, *i.e.*, the supine, to the prone, vertical, or any other merely gives an added significance. To illustrate let us take such a sentence as, "The great plain *was covered with snow.*" This is best expressed by a middle-lateral-prone. The middle-lateral position indicates, as usual, the speaker's level and great extent, but the prone form adds the suggestion of covering.

In order now to determine the complete significance of the prone hand we must examine its actual physical use. What do we do with the prone hand? Two things, chiefly: first, we employ it to cover an object such as a coin on a table; second, to hold or push anything down such as the contents of an overflowing waste-paper basket. The prone hand is, therefore, readily associated with the acts of covering and suppression. When it is used in connection with an idea or an emotion involving covering or suppression in a figurative sense,

the analogy to the physical accounts for the expressiveness of the gesture. Suppose, for example, we wish to intensify the statement, "*He was disgusted* with their flippant remarks." The mental reaction toward anything disgusting is that of suppression; and the form of the hand used in suppressing material objects is the prone. Therefore the prone hand admirably depicts the attitude involved in an expression of disgust. This is similarly true of various other matters, included in the following groups.

1. Covering or superposition of any object, suppressing, flatness, prostration.

He covered the blue-print with a piece of paper.
(m f p)

We looked down *upon a rubbish-strewn park.*
(l o p)

Clouds had suddenly *overspread the whole sky.*
(h l p)

The sailor *pushed* the snarling animal under the water.
(l f p)

From the valley the plateau *looked perfectly flat.*
(h o p)

The regiment lay prostrate under the raking fire.
(l l p)

2. Secrecy, deception, scorn, obscurity, gloom, confusion and similar conceptions represent covering in a figurative sense.

This plan *must be kept secret.*
(m f p)
These are *deceptive means.*
(m o p)
I scorn to reply to his charges.
(m l p)
A lofty obscurity characterized his work.
(h o p)
A feeling *of gloom settled over the nation.*
(m l p)
Doubt and confusion at once prevailed.
(m o p)

3. Silence, peacefulness, smoothness, restraint, condemnation, disgust, destruction, intense negation, and the like represent suppression in a figurative sense.

The speaker *was silent.*
(m f p)
Only a *few states had been made peaceful.*
(m o p)
The differences of jarring factions *had been smoothed out.* (m o p)
My opponent *should restrain his anger.*
(m f p)
They felt the bitterness *of condemnation.*
(l o p)
Their hypocrisy provokes *widespread disgust.*
(l l p)
May destruction fall upon them.
(l o p)
It is *absolutely untrue.*
(l l p)

III. The Vertical Hand

The vertical form of the hand is used chiefly in the middle and high planes, since it assumes the prone form when used in the low plane. It is the form actually employed in pushing away or warding off something undesirable. It becomes in speaking, therefore, the hand-form which expresses such an action. On the basis of the analogy the vertical form indicates the repulsion of, or aversion to, anything mentally or emotionally undesirable or abhorrent; it suggests also figurative protection against a sudden revelation, a surprise. The scope of the vertical gestures may be summed up as follows:

1. Pushing, repelling, defending, halting.

The embarrassed man *was pushed* to the center
(m f v)
of the stage.

The militia *drove the invaders* back across the
(m o v)
order.

The two men *defended the whole shrinking crowd.*
(m l v)

The policeman *halted the rushing stream* of
(h f v)
traffic.

2. Repulsion, rejection, aversion, prohibition, surprise, and horror are analogous emotional or mental states.

The subject *was repulsive* to him.
(m f v)

He was repeatedly obliged *to reject such offers.*
(m o v)

They were all averse to our plans for conciliation.
(m l v)

I advise *the absolute prohibition* of the traffic.
(m l v)

Heaven forbid such a visitation!
(h o v)

What! *It can't possibly be true!*
(h f v)

They were absolutely horrified at the news.
(m l v)

IV. The Index-finger

The index-finger is the form every one uses to point out distinctly an object or person. For this purpose it is more effective than the supine because it more unmistakably centers upon its object to the exclusion of everything surrounding; just as a pointer is preferable to a pancake turner for blackboard use. In speaking, therefore, the index-finger is the best possible hand-form for pointing out, isolating, or directing particular attention to a physical

object. Should the speaker wish to get a similar isolating, particularizing, distinguishing, or attention-centering effect in connection with itemizing, classifying, warning, or drawing attention, he should likewise employ the index-finger. The chief uses may be indicated as follows:

1. Pointing, accusing, threatening, cautioning, calling attention.

On that distant mountain he sought refuge.
(h l i)

There stood the leaders of the revolt.
(m o i)

I shall discipline the officer who uses his gun.
(h f i)

Have a care how you arouse the war spirit.
(h f i)

Now note especially what happened.
(h f i)

2. Itemizing, counting, analyzing, emphasizing, when more striking effect is desired than the supine hand produces.

Our *industry*, our *commerce*, our *credit*, our
(m f i) (m o i) (m o i)
honor are involved.
(h o i)

One, two, three strokes of the bell — then
(m f i repeated)
silence.

I have shown the *political*, *social*, and *industrial*,
(m f i) (m o i) (m l i)
effects.

We *wish*, we *seek*, we *demand* a hearing.
(m f i) (m o i) (l f i)

V. The Clenched Hand

The clenched hand is the one actually used to strike a blow, and it is universally recognized as a sign of physical force. Obviously, then, if the speaker wishes to indicate an extreme degree of physical power in connection with a reference to striking, threatening, or compelling, he will employ the clenched hand as a literal representation. And owing to the close analogy between physical force and mental or emotional power, the clenched hand is also a telling figurative gesture for suggesting any forceful attitude. The two following sentences will give the reader a typical concrete illustration of the clenched hand as a literal and as a figurative gesture. "He struck his opponent a terrible blow in the face." "The senator struck the liquor traffic a terrible blow." In both cases a middle-front-clenched is vividly and equally expressive.

A less important but noteworthy field of

expression for the clenched hand is that of seizing, gripping, crushing, in both the literal and figurative sense. The scope of this hand-form may be stated as follows.

1. Striking, threatening, defying, challenging, anger, all of these with more intensity than is expressed by the supine or the index; also seizing, gripping, crushing, literally or figuratively.

He struck his opponent.
(m f c)

You men will advance another step *at your peril.* (m o c)

I defy the whole system.
(m l c)

I challenge you to prove it.
(m f c)

They are a set *of cheats and robbers.*
(m o c)

He clung doggedly to his scheme.
(m f c)

His aim was *to crush the small competitor.*
(m f c)

He crushed the abusive letter in his hand.
(m f c)

2. Extreme emphasis, extreme determination. These are almost invariably indicated by the low-front.

The message *must* go to-day.
(l f c)
He will be *compelled* to resign.
(l f c)
I will *not* retract.
(l f c)
He has pronounced *finally* in this matter.
(l f c)

VI. Both Hands

The possibilities of visible expression are further increased by the double-hand gestures. The use of both hands, following the principles already laid down, is applicable to a great many expressions indicated for one hand. In general, the speaker's degree of intensity will determine his use of one or both hands where either may be employed with propriety. In the subjoined cases the double-hand gestures are especially advantageous.

1. To give a more impressive suggestion of great numbers, extent, or completeness, on the ground that the greater the distance traversed by the motion, the greater is the suggestion of numbers, space, or inclusiveness.

Millions of dollars have been sunk in the enter-
(b b m l s)
prise.

This enormous tract has simply been exploited.
(b h m l s)

The sky *was completely overcast.*
(b h h l p)

The whole state is in the grip of a political machine.
(b h m l c)

I *wash my hands of the whole affair.*
(b h l l p)

2. To give more intensity to various expressions involving emotion, for ordinarily when strongly moved a person tends to give evidence of it by more unrestricted physical means. In welcoming a long-absent friend, for example, both hands are extended; in agony the fingers of both hands are clenched in the palms; in emotional appeal both hands reach out to implore the person addressed. The following sentences will suggest the range of this group.

I *detest* such insinuations.
(b h l f p)

He implored the forgiveness of the Almighty.
(b h h o s)

Drive out the plotters who threaten your homes.
(b h m o v)

They *sank down in abject despair.*
(b h l l s)

If they want trouble *let them come on.*
(b h m o c)

3. To express special actions or states, such as opening, separating, joining, measuring, lifting, depositing, balancing, paralleling, comparing, and contrasting. These may be, of course, physical, mental, or emotional in content. Since much has already been said on the subject of analogy, it will be unnecessary to explain why the double-hand gesture is equally expressive of the physical and mental phases instanced above. The first case, taken at random, will be sufficient; the others follow similar analogies. In suggesting a physical opening the moving of the hands apart is the best literal representation of the action in question. Inasmuch as a mental opening bears an obvious resemblance to a physical one the same movement of the hands suggests the idea. The following sentences illustrate the special uses of the double-hand gestures in various positions and forms.

The crowd opened to allow our passage.
(b h m o s)

A new path of investigation *opened before him.*
(b h m o s)

The men separated at the cross-roads.
(b h m o s)

From that time *their plans diverged.*
(b h m o s)

The tables *were moved together.*
(b h m f s)

Their theories *merged into an idealistic scheme.*
(b h h f s)

From tip to tip *the bird was enormous.*
(b h m l s)

He *lifted the child to the bench.*
(b h l f s to m f s)

He *laid the burden of responsibility* on the community.
(b h l o s)

He thinks *the scales of justice are balanced.*
(b h h ∪ s)

The *paralleling of these roads* is an economic waste.
(b h m f s)

Look at these two plans *side by side.*
(b h m f s)

In one section, *poverty;* in the other, *luxury.*
(b h m o s)

PART IV

ACQUIRING FACILITY OF GESTURE

It would be expecting a great deal of students of this subject to direct them to stand before a mirror and go through endless repetitions of motions for acquiring facility. Most students have neither time nor inclination for such uninteresting exercises. For this reason and others they are of doubtful practical worth. An occasional running through of the various positions with the different forms of the hand to gain certainty of execution is advisable. Furthermore, by drilling thoughtfully on the illustrative sentences in Part III of this text, the student will not only improve his execution, but will also fix the underlying principles in his mind and tend to acquire an instinctive association of certain general concepts, such as unity, extent, suppression, repulsion, etc., with their proper means of visible expression. But the most profitable means of improving one's

visible expression is to use it in connection with actual speaking, either with memorized or extemporary addresses, in the classroom or before the public.

At first the speaker may be somewhat hesitant in following the principles advocated in this text, and he will undoubtedly fail occasionally to take advantage of the most appropriate position or hand-form for a given case. But it is to be emphasized that gesture is an art and not an exact science, and if he has thoroughly familiarized himself with the principles, such shortcomings are negligible. The important fact is that a determination to use visible expression and an earnest effort to put into practice the suggestions offered in the foregoing pages will result in increasing ease and effectiveness with each succeeding appearance before an audience.

Especially during the earlier stages of his training in public speaking it is desirable that the student give definite and thoughtful consideration to his gestures. For it is only by attentive application of the theory to actual delivery that he can reach the stage where expressive gesture becomes spontaneous. This end may be accomplished by employing the

gestures in extemporary speaking, but if the student has time and opportunity to practice memorized selections, he is likely to acquire accuracy and facility of gesture even sooner. Memorized selections drawn from various sources naturally call into play a broader scope of gesture than do the extemporary productions of the student himself. Moreover, the memorized selection affords a very desirable opportunity for preliminary study and analysis with respect to gesture.

The following is an excellent method of preparing a selection for delivery. After memorizing the piece and writing it out in manuscript, look it over carefully to ascertain where gestures may be used to aid in effective presentation, at the same time determining exactly the ideas which the gestures are to express, and underscoring the passages, with the appropriate gestures in abbreviation. The next step in preparation is to speak the selection, trying out the gestures chosen and making changes in the manuscript in case the actual delivery suggests improvements. Finally, deliver the speech, following scrupulously the corrected manuscript.

Any piece of prose or poetry, whether descriptive, narrative, expository, or argumenta-

tive, may be used for practice work. In order to illustrate the preliminary work on the manuscript I give herewith analyses of Patrick Henry's "Appeal to Arms," a description from Irving's "Westminster Abbey," a narrative extract from "David Copperfield," and Marmion's Defiance from Scott's "Marmion."

"An Appeal to Arms"

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the songs of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged (m o s) emphatic in a great and arduous struggle for (repeat) question liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and (m l s) entirety to provide for it.

unity and emphasis

I have but one lamp by which my
m f s
feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of

future time, past time

judging of the future but by the past.
m f s m l s
And judging by the past I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the

moderate extent

last ten years, to justify those hopes
m o s
with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

general question

Is it that insidious smile with
m o s
which our petition has been lately

rejection

received? Trust it not, sir; it will
m f v
prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which

covering and extent

cover our waters and darken our land.
m o p
Are fleets and armies necessary to

earnest appeal

a work of love and reconciliation?
b h m o s
Have we shown ourselves so unwilling

to be reconciled that force must be
repeat
called in to win back our love? Let
us not deceive ourselves, sir. These
are the implements of war and sub- suppression
l o p
jugation, — the last arguments to
which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen,
what means this martial array, if its
purpose be not to force us to submis-
sion? Can gentlemen assign any
other possible motive for it?

Has Great Britain any enemy in
this quarter of the world to call for
all this accumulation of navies and
armies? No, sir, she has none. intense negation
l l p
They are meant for us; they can be
meant for no other. They are sent
over to bind and rivet upon us those seizing
m f c
chains which the British Ministry
have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them?
Shall we try argument? Sir, we have
been trying that for the last ten
years. Have we anything new to general question
m o s
offer upon the subject? Nothing.

We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let

specific appeal

us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive
m f s

ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have

analysis

petitioned, we have remonstrated,
m f s m o s

we have supplicated; we have pros-
m l s

prostration

trated ourselves before the throne,
l f p

and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our

indifference

supplications have been disregarded;
m o s

suppression and contempt

and we have been spurned, with
l o p

contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

(l f c — extreme emphasis; h f s — Divine reference)

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

(m f s — emphatic distinction; m o s)

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, (weakness) (l o s)
and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? (seizing) (m f c)

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, (great numbers) (b h m l s)
armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any (extreme emphasis) (l f c)
force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, (Divine reference) (h f s)
who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; (emphatic analysis)
it is to the vigilant, the active, the (m f s) (repeated)

brave. Besides, sir, we have no
repeated
election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submis- suppression and lowness
l f p
sion and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The distant location
m l s
war is inevitable, — and let it come! extreme emphasis
l f c
I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is
repeated
vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! restraint
m f p
but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!

The next gale that sweeps from the intensity and direction
m l i
north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand emphatic question
we here idle? What is it that gentle-
b h m f s
men wish? What would they have?
b h m o s
Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as

to be purchased at the price of chains
Divine appeal — and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty
h f s
sublimity — God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me
h f s
extinction — liberty, or give me death!
l f s

DESCRIPTION FROM IRVING'S "WESTMINSTER ABBEY"

direction — I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of
l f s
steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the
direction — shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that
h f s
conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around are the sepulchers of various kings and queens. From this eminence the
location and extent — eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and
b h l o s
chambers below, crowded with tombs,

where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me (m o s) location
stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived with theatrical artifice to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne (m o s) to the sepulcher. (left) l o s location
Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, (h f s) elevation
the neglect and dishonor (l f s) to which it lowness
must soon arrive — how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgrace of the tomb, and be trampled upon (l o p) by the feet of the suppression

meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the

prostration illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth; and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is

analysis the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult, — all more or less outraged and dishonored.

Narrative Extract from "David Copperfield"

I was swept away, but not un- pushing
m o v
kindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I an- negation
m o s
swered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, location
m f s
in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist: another round his body: and several of the best men holding, at a little location
m o s
distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and

location — that the life of the solitary man upon (h f s)

the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on, — not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang, he

suggestive representation — was seen by all of us to wave it. (h o s) I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

location — Ham watched the sea, standing (m f s)

alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope, which was made fast round his body, he

forward impulse — dashed in after it, and in a moment (m f v)

was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, (direction) lost beneath the foam; then drawn (covering) again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before. (forward motion)

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on (inward motion) toward the ship, striving hard and (forward thrust) valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so (location) near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to (grasping)

it, — when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to

upward motion

leap up into it with a mighty bound,

h f s

sinking and covering

and the ship was gone!

m f p

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew

location death

him to my very feet — insensible

l f s

— dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his

nobility, silence and death

generous heart was stilled forever.

h o s l o p

Marmion's Defiance

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek
like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,

specific question

And — 'This to me!' he said,

m f s

'An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer, — direct address
m f s
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, — more emphatic address
m f i
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, —
Nay, never look upon your lord, — prohibition
m o p
And lay your hands upon your sword, —
I tell thee, thou'rt defied! — defiance
m f c
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near, — distance, nearness
m o s m f s
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!' — intense accusation
m f i
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — 'And darest thou then

direct question

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
m f s
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —

extreme emphasis

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
l f c repeated

summoning

Up drawbridge, grooms — what,
h o s
warder, ho!
repeated
Let the portcullis fall.' —
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —

direction and swiftness

And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway
m o s
sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

swiftness and smoothness

The steed along the drawbridge flies
m o p
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;

location

And when Lord Marmion reached his
m o s
band,

He halts, and turns with clenched
hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers. suggestive representation
h f c

The foregoing examples are intended only to serve as models of a method of analysis. While the gestures indicated in these examples provide for clear, vigorous, and purposeful interpretations, they are by no means inevitable, in the sense that they are the only gestures possible. The places for gesture, and in some cases the gestures on the passages chosen, might be changed to advantage, depending upon the aim and personality of the speaker. In fact, an excellent exercise for the student would be a revision of these analyses, or of a fellow-student's or his own analysis of any selection, and a comparison of results in actual delivery. To illustrate the possibilities in this respect, a variant analysis of the description from "Westminster Abbey" is herewith given.

Description from Irving's "Westminster Abbey"

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of

steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around are the sepulchers of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived with theatrical artifice to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human

location

h o s

location and extent

b h l o s

emphatic distinction

m f s

m o s

m l s

contrast

b h m o s

pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulcher. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive — how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgrace of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been

h o s — l o s — elevation, lowness

m o s — withdrawal

l f p — prostration

m o s — lightness, indifference

h f s — exaltation

broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth; and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument

specific emphasis

m f s

but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult, — all more or less outraged and dishonored.

inclusiveness and contempt

l l p

Conclusion

In conclusion I wish to repeat a statement made earlier in the discussion to the effect that gesture is an art and not an exact science. This does not mean that the subject is vague and past comprehension. It does not mean that one motion is as good as any other for expressing conceptions of all sorts. These are misconceptions which prevail all too widely with people who speak in public to-day, — misconceptions which this book aims to correct. What the statement does mean is that every

speaker, while abiding by the general principles, should feel free to express his own personality in matters of detail.

The rules governing the technic of the art are fairly well established and should be essentially adhered to. Likewise, the general significations of the planes and forms of the hand have been largely determined by effective results throughout long usage. But beyond that the writer on gesture can only suggest or advise. The frequency of gesture, the exact time limit or height of preparation, the exact angle of the stroke, the amount of vigor to be employed, the choice of one or both hands, the places where gesture may be used to best advantage, — all these and similar matters of detail are within the discretion of the speaker. Furthermore, it is to be observed that many passages may be equally well expressed in various ways, depending upon the purpose of the speaker or his particular interpretation in any given case.

My aim has been to set forth the technic of gesture, to indicate the chief positions and forms of the hand, and to suggest their scope with reference to types, classes, and degrees of expression, using specific passages only in an illus-

trative capacity. In general, reasons have been given for the principles advanced. Their acceptance or rejection may be submitted to the judgment of the reader. But the effectiveness of the gestures themselves should be tried out before the courts of final appeal — real audiences.

PART V

SELECTIONS FOR ANALYSIS AND DELIVERY

THE following selections are designed not merely to afford convenient matter for practice work, but, in general, to suggest to the student the wealth and variety of interesting speaking material which abounds in the familiar writings of standard authors. The selections herewith presented may be used entire or in part, and in this connection it may be stated that the student will often find it advantageous to give the audience a brief outline of the context when excerpts are employed.

NARRATIVE GROUP

RIP'S AWAKENING, FROM "RIP VAN WINKLE"

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a

bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain-breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain-ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woebegone party at nine-pins — the flagon. "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of

the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain-beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of

the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his

astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

Washington Irving.

THE CRAWLEY BUDGET, FROM "VANITY FAIR"

How the Crawleys got the money which was spent upon the entertainments with which they treated the polite world, was a mystery which gave rise to some conversation at the time, and probably added zest to these little festivities. Some persons averred that Sir Pitt Crawley gave his brother a handsome allowance: if he did, Becky's power over the Baronet must have been extraordinary indeed, and his character greatly changed in his advanced age. Other parties hinted that it was Becky's habit to levy contributions on all her husband's friends: going to this one with an account that there was an execution in the house; falling on her knees to that one, and declaring that the whole family must go to jail or commit suicide unless such and such a bill could be paid. Lord Southdown, it was said, had been induced to give many hundreds through these representations. Young Feltham, of the Dragoons, (and son of the firm of Tiler and Feltham, hatters and army accoutrement makers), and whom the Crawleys introduced into fashionable life, was also cited as one of Becky's victims in the pecu-

niary way. People declared that she got money from various simply disposed persons, under pretense of getting them confidential appointments under Government. Who knows what stories were or were not told of our dear and innocent friend? Certain it is, that if she had had all the money which she was said to have begged or borrowed or stolen, she might have capitalized and been honest for life, whereas, — but this is advancing matters.

The truth is, that by economy and good management — by a sparing use of ready money and by paying scarcely anybody, — people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means; and it is our belief that Becky's much-talked-of parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls. Stillbrook and Queen's Crawley supplied her with game and fruit in abundance. Lord Steyne's cellars were at her disposal, and that excellent nobleman's famous cooks presided over her little kitchen, or sent by my lord's order the rarest delicacies from their own. I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abuse

Becky, and I warn the public against believing one-tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay — if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure — why! what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be! Every man's hand would be against his neighbor in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilization would be done away with. We should be quarreling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns: and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline-petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-Quatorze gimcracks, and old china, park hacks, and splendid high-stepping carriage horses — all the delights of life, I say, — would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may

abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhanged — but do we wish to hang him therefore? No. We shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes — civilization advances; peace is kept; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

Moses and the Green Spectacles, from "The Vicar of Wakefield"

All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was stoutly defended. However, as I

weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We

all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

(*As the day drew to a close the Vicar became worried and expressed to his wife his uneasiness at the boy's non-appearance.*)

"Never mind my son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent,

under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Oliver Goldsmith.

The Storming of the Bastille, from "The Tale of Two Cities"

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was

thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to

arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-bye."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier — Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils — which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made

by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

Charles Dickens.

Silas Discovers the Loss of his Money, from "Silas Marner"

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be

pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once — only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark water seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven

where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table; didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him — looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage — and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, a cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got

into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night — footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach, which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and fixed his mind with struggling effort on the robber with hands, who could be reached by hands. His

thoughts glanced at all the neighbors who had made any remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground for suspicion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher, and otherwise disreputable: he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner, by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man — there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money: Marner did not want to punish him, but only to get back his gold which had gone from him, and left his soul like a forlorn traveller on an unknown desert. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village — the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass — would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. He ran swiftly till want of

breath compelled him to slacken his pace as he was entering the village at the turning close to the Rainbow.

George Eliot.

Jean Valjean and the Bishop, from "Les Misérables"

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

The bishop fixed a quiet eye on the man, as he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the newcomer what he wanted. The man leant both his hands on his stick, looked in turn at the two aged females and the old man, and, not waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice: "My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave, and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon, and to-day I have marched twelve leagues. This evening on coming into

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

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

The man advanced three paces, and ap-

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A priest!" the man continued. While speaking, he deposited his knapsack and stick in a corner, returned his passport to his pocket, and sat down. "You are humane, sir, and do

not feel contempt. A good priest is very good. Then you do not want me to pay?"

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

"Nineteen years."

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

The man went on, — "I have all my money still; in four days I have only spent twenty-five sous, which I earned by helping to unload carts at Grasse."

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

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

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

"This lamp gives a very bad light," the bishop continued. Madame Magloire under-

stood, and fetched from the chimney of monseigneur's bedroom the two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

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

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

"Is that true? you know my name?"

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

Victor Hugo.

DESCRIPTIVE GROUP

Tellson's Bank, from "A Tale of Two Cities"

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven! ——

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding

Tellson's. In this respect the House was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass, that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet-street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight. Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down

your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong-rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up-stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But indeed, at that time, putting to death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for all things, and why not Legislation's? Accordingly, the forger was put to Death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a

letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door, who made off with it, was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three-fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention — it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse — but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken so many lives, that, if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of, they would probably have excluded what little light the ground floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon

him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

Charles Dickens.

THE LISTS AT ASHBY, FROM "IVANHOE"

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two

horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tent were of the same color. Before each tent was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his

tent were pitched those of Reginald Front de Bœuf and Richard Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son, William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem . . . occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry

and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space betwixt these galleries and the lists gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodations which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich

liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the common-place emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honor was designed for the Queen of Beauty and Love. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Walter Scott.

Baltus Van Tassel's Homestead, from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"

His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are

so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among the alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered

housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were comfortably put to bed in a pie and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter

which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath, and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down by the first Dutch settlers, the low pro-

jecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use, and a great spinning-wheel at one end and a churn at the other showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian-corn and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a

great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

Washington Irving.

THE HOUSE OF USHER, FROM "THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER"

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition (for why should I not so term it?) served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy, a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity,

an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn, a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building

in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress, to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the ceilings around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the even blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy, while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this, I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on.

The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the wall. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Doone Glen, from "Lorna Doone"

I was up the very next morning before the October sunrise, and away through the wild and the woodland toward the Bagworthy

water, at the foot of the long cascade. The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain, and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped, and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land; while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond other gliding.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive; and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich, red, rose, according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming,

"God is here." Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower and bud and bird had a fluttering sense of them; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory; but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

Who maketh his sun to rise upon both the just and the unjust. And surely but for the saving clause, Doone Glen had been in darkness. Now, as I stood with scanty breath — for few men could have won that climb — at the top of the long defile, and the bottom of the mountain gorge, all of myself, and the pain of it, and the cark of my discontent fell away into wonder and rapture. For I cannot help seeing things now and then, slow-witted as I have a right to be; and because the sight comes so rarely, the sight dwells with me, like a picture.

The bar of rock, with the water-cleft breaking steeply through it, stood bold and bare, and dark in shadow, gray with red gullies down

it. But the sun was beginning to glisten over the comb of the eastern highland, and through an archway of the wood hung with old nests and ivy. The lines of many a leaning tree were thrown, from the cliffs of the foreland, down upon the sparkling grass, at the foot of the western crags. And through the dewy meadow's breast, fringed with shade, but touched on one side with the sun-smile, ran the crystal water, curving in its brightness, like diverted hope.

On either bank, the blades of grass, making their last autumn growth, pricked their spears and crisped their tuftings with the pearly purity. The tenderness of their green appeared under the glaucus mantle; while the gray suffusion, which is the blush of green life, spread its damask chastity. Even then my soul was lifted, worried though my mind was: who can see such large kind doings, and not be ashamed of selfish grief?

R. D. Blackmore.

Scene from Teufelsdroeckh's Tower, from "Sartor Resartus"

I look down into all that wasp-nest or beehive and witness their wax-laying and honey-

making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her doorsill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weather-cock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing joy and sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather; there, top-laden, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with food, with young rusticity, and other raw produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid pavement is a picture of the sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind

them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red-and-yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of to-day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow; and had not rather its ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that tissue of history, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more.

Ah, dear friend, it is true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his hunting-dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fer-

menting vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, — on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow:

comes no hammering from the Rabenstein? — their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. —All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; — crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel; — or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others; such work goes on under that smoke counterpane! — But I, my friend, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars.

Thomas Carlyle.

EXPOSITORY AND ARGUMENTATIVE GROUP

Hamlet's Advice to the Players

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue:

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

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make

the judicious grieve; the censure of the which must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, having neither 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 them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Shakespeare.

The True Conquerors

There is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with, than what is termed the "march of intellect"; and here I will confess that I think, so far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the

"pride, pomp, and circumstance of war" — banners flying — shouts rending the air — guns thundering — and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution — he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march — but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men, men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, in-

dustrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages; in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course — awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises, and resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

Brougham.

Vindication from Treason

It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State

prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct, in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted will view them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance — nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that those who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory —

my sentiments — my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day.

A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord — you who preside on that bench — when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and, perhaps, it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done; to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here — here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust;

here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me — even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No, I do not despair of my poor old country — her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up — to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world, to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution, this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal, I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted, loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty — having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every

other occasion in my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death — the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies — whose factions I have sought to still — whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim — whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom — the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal — a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

Meagher.

The Plea of Sergeant Buzfuz, in "Bardell vs. Pickwick"

The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell,

after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription — "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear — she had no distrust — she had no suspicion — all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow — "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor — Mr. Bardell was a man of his word — Mr. Bardell was no deceiver — Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation — in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to

remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days — three days, gentlemen — a being erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick — Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contem-

plation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked

his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors or commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression — "How would you like to have another father?"

Dickens.

Extract from Burke's Speech on "Conciliation"

But to clear up my ideas on this subject: a revenue from America transmitted hither — do not delude yourselves — you never can receive it; no, not a shilling. We have experience that from remote countries it is not to be expected. If, when you attempted to

extract revenue from Bengal, you were obliged to return in loan what you had taken in imposition, what can you expect from North America? For certainly, if ever there was a country qualified to produce wealth, it is India; or an institution fit for the transmission, it is the East India Company. America has none of these aptitudes. If America gives you taxable objects on which you lay your duties here, and gives you, at the same time, a surplus by a foreign sale of her commodities to pay the duties on these objects which you tax at home, she has performed her part to the British revenue. But with regard to her own internal establishments, she may, I doubt not she will, contribute in moderation. I say in moderation for she ought not to be permitted to exhaust herself. She ought to be reserved to a war, the weight of which, with the enemies that we are most likely to have, must be considerable in her quarter of the globe. There she may serve you, and serve you essentially.

For that service — for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire — my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which

grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonists always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, — they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith; wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship Freedom, they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have. The more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Deny them participation of freedom, and you break the sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the Empire.

Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your

army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us, — a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned have no substantial existence, are in truth everything and all in all.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests not by destroying, but by promoting

the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be.

Burke.

American Integrity

The typical American does not seek idleness but work. He wants to justify himself by proved capacity in useful effort. Under different conditions he still has the spirit of those who faced the wilderness, advanced the outposts of civilization, and settled a continent of matchless resources, where has been laid the basis for a wider diffusion of prosperity among a greater population than the world has ever known.

To whatever department of activity we may turn, after making all necessary allowances for ignorance, shiftlessness and vice, we still find throughout the country, dominant and persuasive, the note of energy and resistless ambition. The vitality of the people has not been sapped by prosperity. The increase of comfort has not impaired their virility. We are still a hardy people, equal to our task, and pressing forward vigorous and determined in every direction to enlarge the record of achievement.

It is easy, looking at phases of our life in an absolute way, for one who is pessimistically inclined to gather statistics which superficially considered are discouraging. Congestion in our great cities, the widened opportunity for the play of selfishness, and the increase of temptations following in the wake of prosperity, give rise to an appalling number and variety of private and public wrongs whose thousands of victims voice an undying appeal to humanity and patriotism.

But one would form a very inaccurate judgment of our moral condition by considering these wrongs alone. They must be considered in their relation to other phases of our life. We must not fail to take note of the increasing intensity of the desire to find remedies and the earnestness with which all forms of evil and oppression are attacked.

Considering the tremendous increase in the opportunities for wrong-doing, the seductive and refined temptations, and the materialistic appeals that are incident to our present mode of life, and the material comforts which invention and commerce have made possible, I believe that the manner in which the ethical development of the people has kept pace with

their progress in other directions may fairly be called extraordinary.

In saying this, I am not at all unmindful of how far short we come of an ideal state of society. On the contrary, existing evils are the more noticeable, because they stand out in strong contrast to the desires and aspirations of the people. We have had disclosures of shocking infidelity to trust and to public obligation, but more important than the evil disclosed was the attitude of the people toward it. Individuals' shortcomings are many, but the moral judgment of the community is keen and severe.

To-day the American people are more alive to the importance of impartial and honorable administration than ever before. They do not simply discuss it; they demand it. While in many communities administration is controlled in the selfish interest of a few to the detriment of the people, that which is more characteristic of our present political life is the determination that selfish abuse of governmental machinery shall stop.

Let there be no vague fears about the outcome. I place full confidence in the sobriety and integrity of motive of the American

people. I have profound belief in their ability to cure existing evils without disturbing their prosperity. I am convinced that we shall have more and more intelligent and unselfish representation of the people's interests: that political leadership will be tested more and more by the soundness of its counsel and the disinterestedness of its ambition.

I believe that with an increasing proportion of true representation, with increasing discriminating public discussion, with the patient application of sound judgment to the consideration of public measures, and with the inflexible determination to end abuses and to purify the administration of government of self-interest, we shall realize a greater prosperity and a wider diffusion of the blessing of free government than we have hitherto been able to enjoy.

Hughes.

POETRY GROUP

Cassius Incites Brutus, from "Julius Cæsar"

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tiréd Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world.
Like a colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; — conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Shakespeare.

Othello's Address to the Senators, from "Othello"

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

. . . . . .

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach.
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads
touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Shakespeare.

Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match't with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all, —
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle, —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;

There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we
are, —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Alfred Tennyson.

The Duel, from "Sohrab and Rustum"

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he, too, drew his sword; at once they
rushed
Together as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the East, one from the West; their
shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.

In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-piked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry; —

No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground.

And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind
fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began: —
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Roman would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would
move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."
And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied: —
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is
vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,

They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

Matthew Arnold.

Up at a Villa — Down in the City

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square:
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa ! stuck like the horn
of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the crea-
ture's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf
to pull !
— I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the
hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh, the city — the square with the
houses ! Why ?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's
something to take the eye !
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front
awry ;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saun-
ters, who hurries by ;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw
when the sun gets high ;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are
painted properly.

What of a villa ? Though winter be over in
March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have
withered well off the heights :

You've the brown ploughed land before, where
the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint
gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've sum-
mer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong
April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce
risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its
great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the
children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a foun-
tain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine
such foambows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance
and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty
gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round
her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene picture — the new play, piping hot!

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming), "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."
Noon strikes — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still — ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life.

Robert Browning.

My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolph's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolph" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolph chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,

Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
And there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;

Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, tho',
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

Robert Browning.

The Storm, from "Snow-Bound"

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-wind dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,

We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke

Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,

And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendant trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.

For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

Tommy

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats 'ere."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I: —
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mr. Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll
shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins," when
the troopship's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the
troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins," when the
troopship's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you
while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're
starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're
goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full
kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes," when the
drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums
begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes," when the
drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your
fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, fall be'ind";
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools,
an' fires, an' all;
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us
rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but
prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's
disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Chuck 'im out, the brute!"

But it's "Savior of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot.
Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy sees!

Rudyard Kipling.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave, an' some was not,
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im;
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed,
We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
  The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
  An' the Zulu *impi* dished us up in style;
But all we ever got from such as they
  Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
  But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

  Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;
  Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
  We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
  But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
  'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
  In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords;
When 'e's 'oppin' in and out among the bush
  With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
  Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more;
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree;
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you broke the British square!

Rudyard Kipling.

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THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects

Public Speaking Principles and Practice

By IRVAH LESTER WINTER

Assistant Professor of Public Speaking in Harvard University

Cloth, 8vo, New Edition, $2.00

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE

This book is designed to set forth the main principles of effective platform delivery, and to provide a large body of material for student practice. The work laid out may be used to form a separate course of study, or a course of training running parallel with a course in debating or other original speaking. It has been prepared with a view also to that large number who want to speak, or have to speak, but cannot have the advantage of a teacher. Much is therefore said in the way of caution, and untechnical language is used throughout.

The discussion of principles in Part One is intended as a help towards the student's understanding of his task, and also as a common basis of criticism in the relation between teacher and pupil. The preliminary fundamental work of Part Two, Technical Training, deals first with the right formation of tone, the development of voice as such, the securing of a fixed right vocal habit. Following comes the adapting of this improved voice to the varieties of use, or expressional effect, demanded of the public speaker. After this critical detailed drill, the student is to take the platform, and apply his acquired technique to continued discourse, receiving criticism after each entire piece of work.

The question as to what should be the plan and the content of Part Three, Platform Practice, has been determined simply by asking what are the distinctly varied conditions under which men most frequently speak. It is regarded as profitable for the student to practice, at least to some extent, in all the several kinds of speech here chosen. In thus cultivating versatility, he will greatly enlarge his power of expression, and will at length discover wherein lies his own special capability.

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