

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE
SPOKEN WORD

DELBERT MOYER STALEY



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D.M. Staley
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PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SPOKEN WORD

BY

DELBERT MOYER STALEY

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Founder and President of The College of the Spoken Word;
Former Professor of Elocution at St. John's Eccle-
siastical Seminary, Boston, Mass., Novitiate
House, Tewkesbury, Mass., Former Coach
for the Komians Society, Brown Uni-
versity, and Educational Direc-
tor, Cambridge Y.M.C.A.
Cambridge, Mass.



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TO MY
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
STUDENTS
THIS
MY FIRST BOOK I
LOVINGLY DEDICATE

CONTENTS

PART I

Grammar of the Spoken Word

I. Inflection	13
II. Pitch	23
III. Pausation.....	28
IV. Pulsation	30
V. Colorization	31
VI. Rhythm	34

PART II

Technique of the Spoken Word

I. Memorizing.....	39
II. Manipulation versus Assimilation.....	40
III. Planes.....	42
IV. Music with Speech.....	44
V. Alliteration.....	46
VI. Emphasis.....	49
VII. Accentuation.....	51
VIII. Transition.....	52
IX. Phrasing.....	54
X. Antithesis.....	58
XI. Central Symbols.....	60
XII. Sustention.....	61
XIII. Relation.....	63
XIV. Pivotal Power.....	63
XV. Universal versus Personal.....	64
XVI. Plane Song.....	65

CONTENTS

XVII.	Unity.....	69
XVIII.	Bible and Hymn Reading.....	70
XIX.	Mood	75
XX.	Atmosphere	76

PART III

Forms of Poetry

I.	Didactic Poetry.....	81
II.	Pastoral Poetry.....	82
III.	Descriptive Poetry.....	83
IV.	Narrative Poetry.....	89
V.	Lyric Poetry.....	101
VI.	The Ode.....	105
VII.	The Sonnet.....	108
VIII.	The Ballad.....	109
IX.	The Apostrophe.....	111
X.	The Monologue.....	114
XI.	The Soliloquy.....	123
XII.	Epic Poetry.....	136
XIII.	Elegiac Poetry.....	139
XIV.	Dramatic Poetry.....	141
XV.	Satirical Poetry.....	142
XVI.	The Lampoon.....	144
XVII.	The Epitaph.....	144

PART IV

Figures of Speech

I.	Simile.....	150
II.	Metaphor.....	150
III.	Allegory.....	151
IV.	Metonymy.....	154
V.	Synecdoche.....	155
VI.	Personification.....	155

CONTENTS

VII.	Apostrophe.....	156
VIII.	Hyperbole.....	157
IX.	Interrogation.....	157
X.	Exclamation.....	158
XI.	Antithesis.....	159
XII.	Epigram.....	159
XIII.	Irony.....	159
XIV.	Climax.....	160
XV.	Anti-climax.....	161
XVI.	Euphemism.....	161
XVII.	Litotes.....	161
XVIII.	Alliteration.....	162
XIX.	Allusion.....	162
XX.	Vision.....	162

PART V

Prosody

I.	Iambic.....	166
II.	Trochaic.....	166
III.	Dactylic.....	167
IV.	Anapestic.....	167
V.	Amphibrachic.....	167
VI.	Mixed Verse.....	168
VII.	Spondee.....	168
VIII.	Blank Verse.....	168
IX.	Metrical Feet.....	169

PART VI

Mother Goose Melodies.....	173
Children's Selections.....	179
Advanced Readings for Class Use.....	198
Index.....	365

FOREWORD

THE request of over five thousand people who have been my students, has led me to issue the principles of my practical work upon the *Spoken Word*. This volume contains facts, some of which are new and some old to the public.

There may be some statements in this volume similar to those made in other books published, yet upon close examination you will find them vastly different from anything heretofore presented.

I have endeavored in as concise a manner as possible, to make clear the steps pertaining to delivery, and to present them with some understanding and differentiation together with the different forms of poetry.

I do not consider this volume perfect or in any way complete, as I am fully aware that I am dealing with an Art; and in the language of John J. Enneking, the great landscapist,—“Where art begins, language leaves off.” I, therefore, to use a phrase from Disraeli, have refrained from any exuberance of language, and instead of talking about the subject, I have tried to tell what the subject is. The reader will observe that the law: “Have something to say, say it, and stop,”—has to the best of my ability been adhered to in compiling this book.

To Miss Helen Colony Culver, for her untiring and faithful assistance in helping me to arrange this book and to prepare it for the press, also for her wise suggestions from time to time, I wish to express my heart-felt thanks.

FOREWORD

For the timely suggestions and helpful criticism, due appreciation is extended to Mrs. Mabel Athalane Hardy.

For the use of selections herein contained, I wish to express my profoundest gratitude and consideration for the most excellent courtesies extended by Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., for the selections "Toussaint L'Ouverture," by Wendell Phillips, "Rock Me to Sleep," by Elizabeth Akers Allen, and the poems by Sam Walter Foss; also the courtesy of the author, Mr. Charles Follen Adams for the poems from his book, entitled "Yawcob Strauss;" "The House by the Side of the Road" by Sam Walter Foss, from the book, "Dreams in Homespun;" P. J. Kennedy & Sons, for the privilege of using the selection "Rory O'More" by Samuel Lover; Small, Maynard & Co., for the use of the selections "Aunt Shaw's Pet Jug," and "The Stock in the Tie Up" by Holman F. Day; Houghton Mifflin & Co., "The Wreck of the Hesperus;" J. B. Lippincott & Co., for the poems "Sheridan's Ride," "The Closing Scene," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter;" and Rose Hartwick Thorpe for the privilege of using her poem "Drifted Out to Sea." "My Ships" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Extracts from speeches of Theodore Roosevelt.

I wish to express my thanks to Miss Minnie C. Clark for her kindness in reading and criticising the work.

INTRODUCTION

AFTER years of careful study and due consideration of the subject now presented, I can assure you that it is not the result of conceit, nor with the feeling of "knowing it all," that I attempt to present a subject which many have written upon and discussed not a little; but, it is with trepidation, that I submit for your consideration this book, "The Psychology of the Spoken Word." I mean by the Psychology of the Spoken Word—the process of the mind's activity in presenting different forms of literature to the general public; and in dealing with this subject, I find that it entails a rather unusual, broad, and lengthy discussion, by which I have been obliged to treat rather extensively the **GRAMMAR OF THE SPOKEN WORD** and the **FORMS OF POETRY**; and in order to carry out the fundamental principles which are sometimes sadly neglected, I have devoted a portion to **PROSODY** and to **FIGURES OF SPEECH**.

Again I find the old Biblical statement: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein," especially applicable here; for neither can you enter the kingdom of the Spoken Word, except you become "as a little child." And I therefore have devoted another portion to the matter of child poems and Mother Goose melodies. In the presentation of the **GRAMMAR OF THE SPOKEN WORD**, I invite your attention to the first step.

PART I

THE GRAMMAR OF THE SPOKEN WORD

I. *Inflection*

INFLECTION is the change of pitch from one definite pitch to another definite pitch with no apparent interval of pitch. It is upon every word, but is especially noticeable upon each successive *thought word*. What I mean by *thought word* is, that in each idea, there is one word, rarely two, which, when connected with successive individual *thought word* or words, forms the positive chain of the theme; while the other less important words are thrown in, in order to embellish the theme and to help direct the mind, and assist in making clear the story told. Therefore, the inflection falls upon this *thought word* in each successive idea, and when the mind is fully concentrated, and trained to respond truthfully in its activity, it will reveal the attitude of the speaker's mind towards his subject and his auditor. There are four kinds of inflection:—

A. *Long*. The long inflection is usually used in commands or intense speeches.

In order to differentiate what is meant by long and straight inflection, I would say that technically the only difference is in the gamut of pitch. In the long inflection the voice should travel over the length of an octave. Where the tone begins and where it leaves off, the musical ear will detect just how far the voice has traveled. Some

have gone so far as to record the melody of speech by long lines upon paper, after which they have attempted to transcribe them into music; but all such attempts failed, primarily because there is no instrument which will record these delicate graded tones. While the violin is capable of many delicate shadings, yet even that instrument fails in its attempt to reproduce the spoken word. Example:—

ANTONY'S SPEECH TO ROMAN CITIZENS

Shakespeare.

“Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them,
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honorable man;
 So are they all, all honorable men—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him with a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it comes back to me."

Length of Inflection:—

"On! ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!
 Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

"Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
 Turning to gold the grim walls,
 While louder and clearer and higher
 Rings the song of the waterfalls."

"Go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indefinable danger affrighted you—that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity!"

"Oh! thoughts ineffable! Oh! visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!"

And these are suns!—Vast, central, living fires,
 Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
 That wait as satellites upon their power,
 And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
 And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
 Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!—
 Worlds, in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount
 Of all-pervading love! What mind can know,
 What tongue can utter, all their multitudes,—
 Thus numberless in numberless abodes?

TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
 The world and they that dwell therein;
 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
 And established it upon the floods.

First Choir

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

Second Choir

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
 And hath not sworn deceitfully.

All

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
 And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
 This is the generation of them that seek after him,
 That seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.

All Without

Lift up your hands, O ye gates!
 And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
 And the King of Glory shall come in.

Choir Within

Who is the King of Glory?

Choir Without

The Lord strong and mighty;
The Lord mighty in battle.

Choir Without

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Choir Within

Who is this King of Glory?

All Without

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

B. *Straight*. The straight inflection is used in dignified, judicial, or business speeches.

The *Straight inflection* has comparatively little range. The gamut through which the tone travels in the *thought word* which reveals straight inflections, will be found to cover very few and sometimes no more than two notes, and although the change is very subtle in many straight inflections, yet the well tuned ear will be able to detect the pitch, at the start, and the gradation of the inflection. Examples:—

PORTIA'S SPEECH

From the *Merchant of Venice*.

“The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.”

“I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may carry the measure triumphantly through this house. But if they do, sir, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the military over the civil authority—a triumph over the powers of this house—a triumph over the constitution of the land—and I pray, sir, most devoutly, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.”

“Gentlemen of the Jury, the evidence to which you have so faithfully listened during this week, shows that this prisoner must be guilty either of manslaughter or

his freedom. I charge you to think well and carefully weigh the evidence you have in hand before making your report to the court."

"The vengeance which the French took of the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The soldiers dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland. From the depths of sweet retreats echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadows of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thought of man, and appall him with the majesty of God. The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration."

C. *Abrupt.* The short or abrupt inflection is used in petulant speeches, also in light or insipid conversation where no weighty matters are being discussed, usually over the afternoon tea-cups.

Abrupt inflection may or may not have the same length as is contained in a long inflection, tonically speaking; but the movement of the inflected sound is so increased that it seems to shorten it; hence the differentiation between long or short or abrupt inflection. Examples:—

Speed, Malise, SPEED!—The dun-deer's hide
 On fleeter foot was never tied;
 Speed, Malise, SPEED! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced;
 Bend 'gainst the steepy-hill thy breast—
 RUSH down like torrent from its crest!

Scott.

Unhand, me, gentlemen!
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
 I say away!—Go on; I'll follow thee!

Shakespeare.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
 One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearty throne
 To tyrannous hate!

Shakespeare.

Strike till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike for your altars and your fires!
 Strike for the green graves of your sires!
 God, and your native land!

Pierpont.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition!
 It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?

Shakespeare.

Have mercy, Heaven!—Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream!
 But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh!
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!

D. *Circumflex.* The circumflex inflection is used in undignified speeches, also in the mental attitude of prevarication.

Circumflex inflection is very readily understood because of the twisting of the tone from the time of its beginning to the close, and each will unconsciously realize that the inflections of the undignified or the prevaricating mind are continually twisting and turning until it is difficult to realize definitely what is meant by the speech. Examples:

ELDER FORD'S TWO CANDIDATES

S. W. Foss.

Now I don't want to brag at all; but this is my idee;
It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
I've got a brain for planning things, I've got an eye that's
peeled,
And the chap who gits ahead of me hez kep himself concealed.

I opened up my grocery-store down here two year ago,
An' thought if I should jine the church, I'd have a better
show;
For this is a religious place, an' I seen very well
The piouser a feller was, the more goods he would sell.

So I applied to jine the church, let no time run to waste.
"This is a sollum step," they said, "an' shouldn' be took
in haste."
"Go home an' pray about this thing. Go pray," says
Elder Ford,
"An' talk it over prayerfully an' deeply with the Lord."

I see they didn' want me then; but this is my idee;
It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
"I'll come and see ye later, sir," sez I to Elder Ford,
"W'en I've talked it over prayfully an' deeply with the
Lord."

So two weeks later I appeared before the church ag'in
An' asked politely as I could if they would let me in.
"I've talked it over with the Lord," said I, "for many
a day."
"An' what, pray tell," asked Elder Ford, "what did the
good Lord say?"

"I'm tryin' to git in," sez I, "to the church of Elder Ford,
An' they won't let me in at all." "Don't worry" sez the
Lord.

'You are not the only one,' sez he, 'they've laid upon the shelf.

'I've tried ten years without success to git in there myself.'"

"Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven. O, come in, equivocator."

Shakespeare.

"He will come straight. Look you lay home to him: Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your grace hath screened and stood between Much heat and him. I'll sponce me even here. Pray you, be round with him."

Shakespeare.

"Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master.

The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo,

Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot

Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.'"

Shakespeare.

"I couldn't help a-methinkin' to myself several times. It duz seem to me that there hain't a question a-comin' up before that Conference that is harder to tackle than this plasterin' and the conundrum that is up before us Jonesville wimmen how to raise 300 dollars out of nuthin', and to make peace in a meetin' house where anarky is now rainin' down.

But I only thought these thoughts to myself, fur I knew every woman there wuz peacible and law abidin' and there wazn't one of 'em but what would rather fall offen her barell then go agin the rules of the Methodist Meetin' House.

The second night of my arjuous labors on the meetin' ouse, Josiah began wild and eloquent about wimmen be-

in' on Conferences, and mountin' rostrums. And sez he,
"That is suthin' that we Methodist men can't stand."

Marietta Holley.

II. *Pitch*

Pitch is the melodic response of voice to mind from one central thought word or key to another central thought word or key; that is, every idea awakens a peculiar feeling of its own and the voice naturally will respond in different keys; as, for instance, in a degree of sorrow or melancholy, the voice will have a minor key; while in love, it will have a major key; also, in joy. In other words, every idea, if truthfully enjoyed and lived, will have a key of its own and the voice will respond in these various keys, thus revealing the grasp of the mind on each successive idea.

Pitch occurs between ideas, and it shows change of thought. Therefore, one cannot have inflection without change of pitch, but may have change of pitch with little or no inflection.

In Robert Louis Stevenson's "Where Go the Boats?" the reader will observe if he concentrates his thought definitely upon the first idea, "Dark brown is the river," that the voice will be concentrated in one definite place, according to the degree of understanding of what is meant by "Dark brown is the river." Then when the next idea presents itself, "Golden is the sand," the voice naturally becomes illuminated by this idea of brilliancy and the result is a change of key, and on in the next idea where it "Flows along forever," there is a sort of suspension of suggested continuity, and again the voice takes another key, and so on throughout the entire poem, which is quoted in full below, you will find this very apparent. As many students have found comfort in its interpretation, I take pleasure in submitting it for the general public.

“Dark brown is the river” of experience. “Golden sands” of comfort are thrown in, as we go along, and it “flows along forever” that is, the stream of experience, that seems to start to-day for us, has been going on from the beginning of time, and as time never had a beginning and will never have an end, so this stream “flows along forever.” “With trees on either hand,” these trees lending their protection for resting places from the heat of the sun during the day’s labor. “Green leaves a-floating,” these green leaves are the individual aspirations of every young man and woman in the world, and though they are green or new leaves, still, to each one they are “castles of the foam.” “Boats of mine a-boating;” they are indeed the great boats to us who are started out on this river of experience, and in the language of Robert Browning in his reference to youth, he says, “Mine be some transfigured flame which transcends them all.” Each feels that he or she in launching this boat upon this river of time will send it in climes and regions where no one else has dared to venture. In the last line of this verse comes the great question which so perplexes the youth:—“Where will all come home?” that is, where shall this great dream, “boats of mine,” come home; when shall I realize this great undertaking?

“On goes the river, and out past the mill;” this river continually goes on, and on, and on, until it comes to, and goes out past this mill of grinding. These many days and years which are spent in toil in the burning of the midnight oil and concentration upon the plans, have been steps which lead toward the realization of his dream or idea. Yet, each must do so much grinding in this world of experience; and unless those grindings come, the preparation for the launching and sending forward of their boats will be at fault, and only discouragement and sorrow will result.

“Away down the valley;” and many times in our struggle to accomplish these great ideals, each one goes down into the valley of discouragement. “Away down the hill;” of despair and then there comes the consolation in these few lines, “Away down the river a hundred miles or more,” “Other little children shall bring my boat ashore.” How wonderful it is to know that we are the other little children bringing to shore the boats that were launched by some loved one or dear friend, perhaps a hundred years before; and what a great satisfaction to know that we have a part in launching a boat which must be of use to bear a rich store of precious gems of knowledge, information and inspiration for those other little children who will bring the boat ashore.

UP HILL

Christina G. Rossetti.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

Mary Russell Mitford.

Mary Russell Mitford, the author, was born in 1786 in England; died 1855. The following is taken from the play of "Rienzi," (Cola di Rienzi, a Roman tribune, was born at Rome in 1313, and died in 1354,) and is founded upon a speech made by Rienzi in 1347, when he proposed, after the assassination of his brother by a Roman noble, a set of laws for the better government and protection of the common people of Rome.—

"I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name!

Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves.
 Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained
 Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome

That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! And we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king!

And once again,—

Hear me, ye walls that echo to the tread
 Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear
 The eternal city shall be free. Her sons
 Shall walk with princes ere to-morrow's dawn
 The tyrants—

Hark—the bell, the bell!

That to the city and the plain,
 Proclaim the glorious tale
 Of Rome reborn, and freedom.
 See the clouds are swept away, and the moon's boat of
 light
 Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars
 Look out on us, and smile—
 Hark! that great voice
 Hath broke our bondage. Look, without a stroke
 The capitol is won—the gates unfold—
 The keys are at our feet. Alberti, friend—
 How shall I pay the service? Citizens!
 First to possess the palace citadel—

The famous strength of Rome, then to sweep on,
 Triumphant through her streets.
 Oh, glorious wreck
 Of gods and cæsara! thou shalt reign again
 Queen of the world; and I,—come on, come on,
 My people!

III. Pausation

Pausation is the suspension of speech and continuity of thought. It is the process of the mind in the struggle for the birth of a new idea; and in proportion as the mind has recreated a new idea by the laws of association (memory), will the voice show spontaneously this mental change; and thus, one who has had some experience in life will be able to present the lines he is giving to his audience more truthfully. Therefore, the length and frequency of pauses show the intensity of thinking. It is the lifting of a hammer before the blow is struck. It is the groping in the unknown for the known. Pausation is the opportunity for the speaker to receive the new idea, and the auditor to understand or receive the spoken idea. One does not pause in order to think. The pausation is brought in only to allow the imagination to play upon the new or conceived successive idea, and to give it true color and setting.

In the following psalm, you will note the desire of the individual, if he is concentrating fully upon the successive ideas, such as:—"The Lord is My Shepherd" to pause after having made that one declaration! It seems as though the mind acts and reacts, and in its reaction doubles its force, thereby creating the new idea in its cessation of speech, "I shall not want." Then comes the next great idea of giving you the privilege in the command, "He maketh me to lie down." Then comes the pause, and the question immediately arises in your mind, where? and the

answer comes directly, "In green pastures." Then, again, in this pause comes the question of the idea that "He leadeth me," and the question then comes in the mind:—Where does He lead me? In what place will He lead me? The answer then immediately comes, which is born out of that pause, "beside the still waters." Then comes, "He restoreth my soul." Again comes the question of further leading each one:—"He leadeth me in paths." What kinds of paths? "of righteousness." Then comes the question—Why does He lead me in paths of righteousness, and the answer comes out of the silence, "for His name's sake." Then, the mind changes and gets more personal; "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death;" then comes the great answer of that great situation:—"I will fear no evil." Then comes another pause which creates interrogation; and this is answered, "for Thou art with me;" again, the mind questions through pause:—In what way is He with me? "Thy rod—and something else—Thy staff;" the mind then asks, what are they for and what will they do? And out of the silence comes:—"They comfort me;" and after the comfort comes, "Thou preparest the table before me." Then, in the Master's endeavor to show His preference or loyalty, and appreciation of the earnest speaker, "He places it in the presence of mine enemies." Then He bestows the great honor which is symbolical of His blessings upon them by "Anointing my head with oil." Again comes the significant pause in the mind, which should reveal a most marvelous transformation of the speaker, for "my cup runneth over." This pause previous to the birth of the new idea should create in the voice a joy akin to sorrow, following which he should be dominated by the most wonderful assurance that it is possible for man to conceive. In the declaration of not only "Surely goodness," but also "and

mercy will follow me all the days of my life:" and now comes the call for a decision in not only the mind of the speaker, but of every auditor within the scope of his voice:—"For I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

IV. Pulsation

Pulsation is the rhythmic footfall of the mind upon the central thought word of each successive idea; that is, in every idea there is a central word, which is the germ word; and which reveals more of the truth contained in that idea than any other word, and the mind naturally will grasp that central thought word; and in its successive concentrated efforts to seize the thought word, the voice naturally shows that word to be more important than the other words in that idea, thus forming links, which make the chain of the story.

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure, with a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain to those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain, and one boundless reach of sky."

Longfellow.

"Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eyes.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you."

Shakespeare.

"Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

Derzhavin.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Alfred Tennyson.

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

V. Colorization

Colorization reveals the soul of the symbol, as for instance, when we say a thing is black, there should be some color of darkness or blackness in the voice. When we say that we hate a man, there should be the element of hate in the voice; not as is spoken by the majority of people. They will come to you and say, “I hate you,” whereas they mean, “I love you.” One will say, “I am very happy” with tears rolling down his cheeks, which is an absolute falsehood. There is no way to reveal the absolute appreciation and understanding of an idea so well as through colorization. No one will be able to thoroughly appreciate, and follow a speaker unless that speaker has

colorization. While this is exceedingly important, it is no more so than all other steps in the Grammar of the Spoken Word. It is an identification of the speaker with the author's understanding and feelings.

HUSKS

Mrs. Wellington.

“Why is it, that Life has a depth and a fulness
A wealth and a richness, and beautiful sparkle for some
happy souls,
While others find only the husks?”

And truly for some,
Life's a strain of rich music,
An echo so joyous of notes glad and cheery
That they scarce ever dream of the thousands,
Who get but the husks.

Why is it that Love sheds its daintiest halo
And brightens life's prose,
To the sweetest of idyls
And floods us with joy-dreams,—
While thousands are finding but husks.

Then if we would make life
A beautiful picture all flashing and sparkling
'Mid radiance of sun-light
'Tis e'en but our choice to make gladness,
Or get but the husks.”

“Oh, somewhere, somewhere, God unknown, exist and be!
I am dying; I am all alone; I must have Thee.
God! God! my sense, my soul, my all dies in the cry.—
Saw'st thou the faint star flame and fall? Ah, it was I.”

Myers.

“Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 In the old likeness that I knew,
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
 As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.”

Mrs. Craik.

FROM OTHELLO

“Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 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 blest 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 more 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 unvarnish'd 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.”

Shakespeare.

SOMEWHERE

Bert Moyer.

Somewhere a hand hath worthy action done,—
 Somewhere within the gloom, a ray of light has run,
 Somewhere among the multitude was heaven's joy begun,
 Somewhere, aye, somewhere.

Somewhere 'mid chaos and despair, prayers were breathed;
 Somewhere an answer to a breaking heart bequeathed;
 Somewhere sin's sword was crushed,—its harm forever
 sheathed,
 Somewhere, aye, somewhere.

Somewhere in thy life, this somewhere's bound to be,
 Somewhere in thy life, the true light thou shalt see,
 Somewhere to thy understanding true joy will flee,—
 Somewhere, aye, somewhere.

Somewhere, a worthy deed will be for thy hand,
 Somewhere, sometime 'twill heal heart's severed band—
 Somewhere, thy sin will cease, for aye, at thy command
 SOMEWHERE, AYE, SOMEWHERE.

VI. *Rhythm*

Rhythm is the value shower. As each idea is weighted or freighted, thus it will move. As it has little or no thought or feeling, it will rattle on like an empty wagon or a shallow brook. Whereas, the idea weighted with thought and feeling, a part of one's very being, will roll forth into the realm of understanding as a freighted wagon upon the ground or a loaded vessel upon the high seas.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA

Alfred Tennyson.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet. Born 1809, in England. Balaklava is a small Greek fishing village with 700 inhabitants in the Crimea. During the "Crimean War" between France, England and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other, it was the scene of the famous cavalry charge described below, on the 25th of October, 1854. Who it was that "had blundered" will never be known. Lord Raglan, commander of the British Army, denied

that he gave the order. Lord Lucan, the cavalry commander, said that he received the order from Capt. Nolan of Lord Raglan's staff. Capt. Nolan was killed in the charge.—

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

PART II

TECHNIQUE OF THE SPOKEN WORD

I. Memorizing

THE continual interrogation of, "how can I memorize more readily?" confronts daily the teacher of the Spoken Word. First of all the selection must be read through for the purpose of finding out the correct pronunciation of each word, and its meaning; secondly, the story or poem should be read through at one sitting in order to get a clear concept of the story, its environment, and its setting.

There are several methods by which a selection may be memorized, one of the most prevalent and ineffective is to begin repeating over and over again; another method and not a bad one, is continually reading the selection until the student finds that it is entirely memorized. Better than either of these methods, I have found through my own experience and through the students that the following was most practicable.

If the matter with which you are dealing is some part of a Descriptive or Lyrical poem, endeavor to know what each idea means and how it leads into the next idea; also how it is associated with other ideas throughout the whole selection as one would acquaint one's self with the different points of interest in making a journey down a certain street or highway in order to reach some particular point of interest. As for instance, in traveling from the Trinity Place Station to the Public Library, one passes first on

the left, the new Toy theater, also a flower shop; on the right, The Copley Plaza Hotel, and again on the left, S. S. Pierce & Company's store, and directly in front of you towers your great idea, the central thought word in the first verse of your walk, The Public Library the point of interest.

II. *Manipulation versus Assimilation*

You will observe in the chapter on memorizing several methods in which to assimilate a character, one of which will bear repetition. My earnest advice through successive years of experience is to be, not to do the thing, and in order to be, it is necessary for you to live and become the very character you wish to impersonate.

We read the following definition in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,—*to be*, or to become similar or like, to absorb, or to be converted by the process of assimilation, that is, you must so concentrate upon an idea in its true situation until you actually reflect the character and atmosphere which you wish to portray, then there will be no possibility of confusion either on your part of assuming the character, or your auditor to understand what character in the play you are endeavoring to portray.

Do not allow yourself to yield to the cheap whims of a fickle public with the "try to please" plan, to read as is taught in some of our otherwise good institutions in ten of twenty lessons through the pitiless path of manipulation or imitation and putting down in your selection where you should raise your hand, weep, cry, etc., enumerated with a certain number of marks or signs which co-respond to the picture of some girl draped in a Grecian gown posed for the purpose, and who is endeavoring to "look the part." When the student endeavors to follow these cook-

book directions, the result to the thinking mind is not only disastrous, but disgusting. It brings disgrace and degradation upon one of the noblest arts that ought to ennoble. Beware, O, beware of manipulation and imitation!

In memorizing a narrative poem, the speaker whom the interpreter wishes to impersonate, should step out of the narration and apparently shake hands in the clash of meeting; and each of these characters in turn should be assimilated through the following process, that is, endeavor to think definitely just exactly what this character would look like if he were to walk before you upon the stage of life. By allowing this concept to so dominate you, you can pass about your room or house, and perform your commonplace duties, as cleaning the room, sweeping, dusting, drinking, etc.; and you will be making discoveries from minor to major things in this conceivable character. Then when the time arrives for you to suggest through impersonation these different characters, they will appear before you in their successive situations as though they were unconsciously performing their daily duties and meeting the battles of life; each will then be real persons, entities whom every auditor from the littlest to the white-rose decked-browed-person in the audience will be able to comprehend without the least difficulty; and when the student has reached this stage of perfection, one will see little or no nosing the interlocutor, but in the language of our constituency, "Why, your readings seem bits from every day life!"

III. Planes

There are several planes upon which a passage may be rendered. I will speak of four:

1. Commonplace.
2. Animal or Physical.
3. Intellectual.
4. Ideal.

1. Commonplace.

The commonplace is one which is familiar to all intellectual, or rather, thinking people. In fact, it is the plane upon which most people speak, not excepting the majority of Readers, Lecturers, Teachers, and Preachers. The Exhorter and the Political Speaker are exceptions. They, as a rule, step one step higher, and reach into another plane, although a very small degree higher. This commonplace plane, which is so objectionable to the listener, and has brought no little degradation upon the subject of the Spoken Word, is one in which the speaker merely pronounces the words from a book, giving them little or no color, no feeling, showing but slight appreciation; or repeats words which he has committed to memory, word for word, line for line, paragraph for paragraph, sometimes drifting into a mood, which will give him a sort of sing-song interpretation, and is exceedingly lulling and pacifying to the listeners, usually putting them to sleep.

2. Animal or Physical.

The animal or physical plane, in which men are using "sledge hammers to drive tacks" might be explained as the plane which touches the pocket-book or self. In this "much speaking" there is a tendency to self-emulation or self-aggrandizement, either of which is a very low plane.

When we hear the stump-speaking politician haranguing an audience upon some petty point, drifting away "in the intoxication of his own exuberance" of loudness and noise, one may sigh in the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Oh, for the poultice of silence, to heal the blows of sound." In some degree, this physical or animal force is one of the most valuable assets to the speaker, but without the guiding hand of intelligence and the up-lifting arms of soul, the man's speech will be wafted on the air to fade like the mists before the sunlight of Reason into the realm of forgetfulness and nothingness.

3. Intellectual.

As one ascends the great mountains, he finds the air becoming more rarefied; so, the ascent in the Art of the Spoken Word: as we rise to the intellectual plane, we come to a level which is most valuable and has everything to do with the truthfulness of that which we interpret. Nevertheless, if the individual concentrates fully and has an excellent appreciation of his idea and is able to dissect it and place each particular idea under the scalpel-knife of intellectual dissection and vivisection, it will fall inert and dead on the understanding. Therefore, the wholly intellectually interpreted passage has its use, and every poem or article of prose should be thus handled at the beginning; but not for the entertainment and instruction of the general public.

4. Ideal.

In observing the usual idealist, we find an individual too reticent, too retiring, and apparently too rarefied for the average audience and society with whom he is obliged to associate from time to time. It is a plane which leads Humanity into a realm or atmosphere which will eliminate all grosser experiences, in so far as they are personally concerned. For, dwelling in this ideal atmosphere, they do

not allow the lower conditions or things to touch them; they simply throw them off and hold fast to the hand which sustains and bears them up. This condition is most excellent for the individual who is able to forego all associations of the world, and remain shut off in some secluded spot, dwelling wholly in thoughts which uplift and sustain the ideal.

Therefore, to render a passage truthfully, one must absolutely forsake the commonplace plane; he must also be a good, healthy animal having sufficient physical force so as to show no signs of weakness; then his intellect must be well trained with definite, positive, and spontaneous convictions, and he must have a steadfast faith in God and his message, then his ideal suggestions will be full and free, lifting voice, face,—all into a truthful and harmonious rendering.

IV. *Music with Speech*

No one has ever found it possible to successfully blend any two arts; and occasionally we find a painter who through his weakness and lack of understanding, attempts to blend sculpture with painting. Many attempts have been made in this direction and all have seemed to be despicable failures. We may combine, but not blend.

It is unfortunate indeed, to hear a reader attempting to interpret some narrative in which he endeavors to suggest a song that was sung; and at the point of his representation the individual attempts through a poor, and untrained voice, or even a trained voice, to sing the song that was presumably sung by the character in the selection. Immediately the majority of the audience begin to criticise either the speech or the song, and justly so, for the speaker, in attempting to do any trickery or *yellowcuting* on this

plane, calls attention upon himself rather than to the subject where the auditors should be held.

Again other readers will move along by routine until they come to a precious spot which some artistic writer has suggested should be sung or attuned to an instrument, and at this stage in a selection, you will hear in the wings or back of the platform, a voice pipe up and sing the song—or a violin—or a piano; and sometimes both play the tune in the background, while the individual, very much out of tune, drags out the words as one might a cat by the tail.

Apropos of such so-called "interpretation" I was particularly interested, and not a little amused at the presentation of Edgar Allen Poe's poem, "The Bells." The young lady, although very graceful in her movements, proceeded not only to swing around, representing the different bells, but also tried to imitate them with her voice, thus representing great activity of bending, gesticulating, and sawing of the air. Before she had finished I felt like quoting again Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Oh, for the poultice of silence, to heal the blows of sound."

The matter of representing speech such as is illustrated from time to time in schools of expression and oratory, as in rendering old Ballads and when they reach the chorus, most of the leading teachers attempt that which is labelled by some, "representative expression" or "representative oratorical expression." This labelling system is a dangerous one, and while one may occasionally strike the keynote and give a fair suggestion of the thing to be presented, there remains nevertheless, an ever present ill taste in the intelligent mouth of the understanding listener. This form of speech is one that requires the most careful, concentrated understanding of the thing to be presented, and it can only be handled by "one who knows."

My advice to the novice would be to refrain from any

rushing in "where angels fear to tread." In rendering the poem entitled "The Bell Buoy," or "The Bugle Song" or Longfellow's "Clock on the Stairs," it would be well on the part of the untrained and ignorant individual to refrain from attempting to represent "The Bell Buoy," "The Bugle," or "The Old Clock."

THE BUGLE SONG

Alfred Tennyson.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

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

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

V. Alliteration

Every student or interpreter of literature should practice enough on alliteration so as to enable him to speak rapidly any passage or passages without running the vowels and the consonants together; for the one essential thing above

all others that the American Republic requires is understanding what is being said without too much of a struggle on the part of the listener. I submit the following examples:—

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled prickled peppers,
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled prickled peppers,
 Where is the peck of pickled prickled peppers that Peter
 Piper picked?

Browning.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Pointing tails and prickling whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

Browning.

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

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing.

Southey.

Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, thoroughly sifted a siftful of thistles:

A siftful of thistles Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, thoroughly sifted.

If Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, thoroughly sifted a siftful of thistles,

Where is the siftful of thistles Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted?

What noise annoys a noisy oyster? A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster.

Fresh fried fish freely flavored frizzling finely.

Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes shineth Susan:

She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

A cup of coffee in a copper pot.

Three gray geese in a green field grazing. Gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

She sells sea shells, sells she.

She stood in an arbor welcoming him in.

All he holds are old whole hold-alls.

A big black bootblack blacked Bertie Black's black boots with black-backed brush and blue black blacking.

The unceremoniousness of their communicability is wholly inexplicable.

Most hypocritically he managed his part in the counter-revolutionary movement.

Authoritatively and peremptorily he forbade all communication.

Such extraordinary untractableness manifested anything but disinterestedness.

The blind man bewailed the blast.

Who can say crackers, crime, cruelty, crucible?

I think it is my duty to do my duty, when it is my duty to do my duty.

Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear their hoary heads high in the air.

I never saw such a saw as this saw, saw six sleek slim saplings.

We wistfully watched wrathful waters wildly play.

Lamely limped the lonely lion along the lane.

I say that that, that that man said, is not that, that that man told him.

When a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round, round;
Where rolled the round roll, Robert Rowley rolled?

VI. *Emphasis*

Emphasis is the body or the mechanical part of interpretation, where the speaker wishes to make a certain

word or idea stand out clearly in the minds of his auditors, and is often accomplished at the expense of all speech form.

REPLY TO HAYNE

Daniel Webster.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every

true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

VII. *Accentuation*

We read in many books, page after page, chapter after chapter, upon the subject of Accentuation, but get little or no light. While it is a sort of will-of-the-wisp subject and was first treated nearly a century ago, it is, nevertheless, a positive step, worthy of profound respect and due consideration, from the teacher or student wishing to teach or interpret Literature. This step is very closely allied to the step named *colorization* in the *Grammar of the Spoken Word*; and as colorization is the soul-revealing step and has to do with giving the Symbol Life, this step deals primarily with each idea and serves to create a background for word-painting.

In order to master this step, it is positively necessary for the speaker to become conscious of the whole situation, and through his appreciation of, and living into this situation, he will be enabled to reflect the actual, which, in some degree, may seem ideal.

A BALLAD

Sidney Lanier.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 And he was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo him last,
 From under the trees they drew him last,
 'Twas on a tree they slew him—last,
 When out of the woods he came.

VIII. *Transition*

The great mistake made by most public speakers and interpreters of literature, is the failure to make a transition at the proper time and in the proper way. As it is essential that a transition should be made between each idea which deals wholly with the mental activities and is primarily mental; the next and the greater transition is the one made first, mentally, and then physically, between situations. In order to do this, it means that the mind should grasp the new situation so thoroughly as not only to stir the body by the new thrill caused by the new concept in the mind, as when it receives the new idea, but also, the new situation should stir the body to such an extent that it becomes a law of locomotion, and should cause the individual to actually step,—or even suggest any motion in order to convey the meaning implied by the thought movement.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

Lord Byron.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

And then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips,—“The foe! They come!
they come!”

You will observe in the above poem after the line “And all went merry as a marriage bell” there should be a transition of the whole body and upon the feet before the next line is begun,—“But hush, hark,” which carries through to

the end of the line. "Did ye not hear it?" Another transition arrives at this point in the reply to the other speakers, and so on throughout the entire poem.

RENOUNCEMENT

Meynell.

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
 And in the sweetest passage of a song.
 Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;

But it must never, never come in sight;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
 But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

IX. Phrasing

Phrasing is the separation and grouping of ideas so as to arrange them in successive steps or waves, showing continuity of thought. It is closely allied to pausing. Ideas come by irregular pulsations; no two ideas receive the same impetus, and in being recreated, if truthful, will never be presented with the same degree of intensity; but like the successive gust of wind playing upon the pine needles, in the forest, or the succeeding splash of waves upon the coast, each idea should spontaneously breathe forth after having been truly conceived. It is the systole and diastole of nature in all her forms of life.

The importance of grouping ideas so as to carry the thought and keep it sustained until the end of the phrase is reached, should receive the most careful attention and most thorough concentration, for in this matter of phrasing, the speaker usually meets his "Waterloo." The mere enumeration of ideas, as you might a series of white beans distributed upon a table, is nothing more nor less than a mechanical "modus operandi," and this mechanical process is the one thing among all others which has brought disgrace upon the noble profession of the Spoken Word.

The imitative method, promulgated in many of the older institutions, wherein the teacher reads the poem and phrases it, either good, bad or indifferently, after which the students do their best to imitate the teacher, is destructive; because when the students are set adrift with their diplomas, to go forth to procure for themselves a position in some private or high school, seminary, or college, and when they are brought face to face with some new line of Literature which they have never heard their teacher read, there comes to pass the most despicable thing that is possible for a person to perpetrate upon a child or an untrained mind:—the attempt to bluff or cover up ignorance with some pretty mimicry or affected gestures which will eventually turn all thinking minds into disgust and consequent degradation. In the following extract which I have separated by double dashes, you will note the successive new phrases:—

With wan,—fevered face—tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze,—he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders;—on its fair sails—whitening in the morning light;—on its restless waves,—rolling shoreward—to break—and die—beneath the noonday sun;—on the red clouds of evening,—arching low—to the horizon;—on the serene and shining pathway—of the stars.

Geo. W. Curtis.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

Henry W. Grady.

The widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its constitution; preserve its union; defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world, and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly test our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to man-kind. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish, the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall, star by star its glories may expire, stone by stone its column and its capitol may crumble, all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten, but, as long as human hearts shall anywhere plead for true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington.

Robert C. Winthrop.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Robert Browning.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

X. Antithesis

The arrangement of one idea in contrast to another, or the arrangement of the thought symbol in the idea to show either direct or implied opposition in the next thought symbol, is a step most important to people in every profession,—primarily the preacher, orator, lecturer, and lawyer. It is through the means of Antithesis that we are enabled to awaken the joy and sorrow, love and hate, comparable to the shadow and highlight in the painting, the loudness and delicacy in the musical realm, the minor and major chords, the outer sunlight and shadow, or the day and the night as represented in His universe. In the following selections we have excellent illustrations of this wonderful contrast:—

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

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

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Phillips.

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow-citizens as we like to be treated ourselves,—this is to be good American patriots.

F. Dole.

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

Pitt.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

Barry Cornwall.

Rise! sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky.
 Our horses are ready and steady. So, ho!
 I'm gone like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
 Hark! hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
 The horn! the horn!
 The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
 And over the stream at a mighty bound,
 And over the high lands and over the low,

O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go,
 Away: as a hawk flies full at his prey,
 So flieth the hunter,—away, away!
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
 When the red fox dies, and the day is done.
 Hark! hark! What sound on the wind is borne?
 'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn!
 The horn! the horn!
 The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn!

Sound, sound the horn! To the hunter good
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
 Oh! what delight can a mortal lack,
 When once he is firm on his horse's back,
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
 Hark! hark! Now home and dream till morn
 Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn.
 The horn! the horn!
 Oh! the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn.

XI. Central Symbols

The symbol in each successive idea which expresses the real thought of that idea should be brought out in such a manner as to have it breathe to the listener the breath of life for which it stands.

While there is one symbol in each idea expressing the body of it, there is one great symbol in each group of ideas which conveys the summing up of the several others; and in order to bring this out, the Pausation, Pulsation and Colorization must be thoroughly understood by the speaker in order to get the true interpretation.

MAN'S MORTALITY

Simon Wastell.

Like as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—
 E'en such is man:—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done,—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the purl'd dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan,—
 E'en such is man:—who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew ascended.
 The hour is short, the span is long,
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done.

XII. Sustention

Of all steps contained in the subject of the Spoken Word, there is none equal to the mastery of sustention for the purpose of bringing out the thought contained in the selections and to give it the professional and artistic finish; for instance, in reading the following extract, a portion from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* in Brutus' reply to Cassius' exclamation, Chastisement,—

What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

The voice will naturally start upon some pitch whether it be high, low, or intermediate, which is purely accidental, and the tone or rather the melody is continued until it reaches the line, "I'd rather be a dog," where it has for the first time a sort of stopping place and its first downfall, and then like the final wave which lashes the coast, it makes one final leap on the word "moon" and falls upon the word "Roman."

EXTRACT FROM PATRICK HENRY

Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

In the preceding extract the voice continues to climb in its melodic responsiveness until it reaches the word "Sir;" and thus in all literature, we find this wonderful *sustention* which if thoroughly understood and mastered, all sing-songy false-melodies, and choppy interpretations will be eliminated.

XIII. Relation

This subject is of great importance because of its final significance; it should be divided as follows:

1. Relation of idea. In the relation of ideas, they should be so thoroughly separated, yet delicately connected, as to keep a true melody in speech; for there is, or rather should be, a perfect melody running through all speech regardless of whether it be prose or poetry.

2. Relation of narration and participation. In narrating a story of any particular incident in which the speaker or narrator attempts to describe the act of another, he should keep his auditor's attention upon the thing described rather than to have it centered upon himself. When the speaker allows himself to participate in an act where he is describing what the person did, he is attempting an impossibility which will reflect discredit and no little condemnation upon him, from the intelligent observer. He may enter in so far as his imagination, voice and gesture are capable, so long as he does not attempt to be the thing which he is describing.

3. Relation of subject, speaker and auditor. This relation will be fully explained under the forms of delivery in the *Forms of Poetry*.

XIV. Pivotal Power

One of the great difficulties which lessens the power of the impersonator is his constant *nosing his interlocutor*. When a speaker in some definite situation talks to another, there is a typical relation which should always be adhered to; for you will find in the natural course of events in this life, that when one speaks to another, he usually concentrates his attention momentarily upon the one whom he is

addressing, and then naturally radiates or pivots from this person into or toward his audience. This gravitation toward, or radiation from, is constant, and a positive factor in the realm of good impersonation.

Take a series of speeches such as you will find in all good plays, and especially where there is excellent repartee; the shifting of the interrogated, caused by the interrogator, is very interesting and not a little amusing. Therefore, the impersonator must in his transition from character to character, (which should be complete from the tip of his toes to the crown of his head,) show by his interpretation the actual living character through his interpretative suggestion. Then he will awaken in the imagination of his hearers a truthful picture of the scene and characters which he is endeavoring to represent. Above all things avoid nosing your interlocutor. This is exceedingly amateurish and shows the crude work of the beginner.

XV. Universal Versus Personal

One has said, "An artist can never be great until he transcends his own personality," and no student will ever attain any great heights in the subject of the Spoken Word, until he or she is able to rise above the personal plane and get into the realm of Universality; for all interpretation, or writing, or music, or painting, or sculpture, which is done for the personal gratification and ends alone, dies with the individual; and when the artisan becomes the artist, he has touched the hem of the garment of Universality and through his humility he climbs to the feet of the God of Art. So when the speaker can rise through his intellectual pursuit to speak to the Universal mind or intelligence, not individuals, he will then be able to secure the response of all listeners;

XVI. Plane Song

Plane song or chanting is the link which unites speech and song. Back in the early ages at the time of Pope Gregory, he conceived the idea of placing the melody of speech upon, above, and below a single line with certain dots or characters, and after some time he added another line and still another, until it has finally grown from speech into music with a staff of five lines and four spaces.

This chanting, while utilized in many churches, as a mode of expression at different intervals of a regular church service, or ceremony, is most excellent practice to develop control of breath and good tone. It provides the three fundamental steps underlying all good speaking or singing, namely:—Passivity of throat and face; stability of chest, and activity of the diaphragm. The following poems will be found very useful for chanting purposes:—

SONG OF THE BROOK

Alfred Tennyson.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
 I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Francis Mahony.

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate, brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling, on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turret of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.

Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while, on tower and kiosk—o—
In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

THOSE EVENING BELLS

Thomas Moore.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Thomas Moore.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

XVII. Unity

The Teacher very often finds that the Student who has mastered the Grammar of the Spoken Word and the Technique, pushes out some words in his reading so that they seem to stand apart from the selections and there seems to be little or no connection when the word picture

is complete. Wrong delivery is sometimes brought about because of physiological conditions; or it may be the result of untrained organs; or it may be through mechanical training of olden days, which at the present time is not a little prevalent among students. I refer to the superfluous use of the pencil in underscoring certain words or making an upward or downward sign to signify a rise or fall of the voice.

All such mechanical propositions have worked and forever will work destruction upon all natural interpretation. There should be a perfect blending and grading up to the supreme peaks, as well as a gradual descent into the subordinate abysses; no jumping from peak to peak, or from valley to valley without the ascent and the descent, for such mental contortions create havoc not only in the mind of the speaker but in the Auditor's mind as well. When the individual has a Harmonious, Unified understanding, a well controlled mind, voice, and body, he must necessarily present the Forms of Literature in such a *harmonious* and *unified* manner that the listener, however ignorant, will unconsciously pay tribute to the *Artist* apart from the *Artisan*, the *Master*, from the *Mechanic*.

XVI. *Bible and Hymn Reading*

In order to read the Scripture, it will be found absolutely essential to master all the steps in the Grammar of the Spoken Word; and in order to make all Scripture or Hymn reading effective as in all other good reading, it will require an identification on the part of the reader; also an absolute belief and understanding in what he is endeavoring to interpret. The accomplishment of this is no easy task and it will require considerable concentration and prayer upon the particular passages which the individual may

wish to interpret. The Scripture, being the true foundation and example of all secular literature, it will be readily understood by the thinker that he must not only be familiar with the Grammar of the Spoken Word, but also the different forms of poetry and how they should be delivered.

While there should be the ideal suggestion in the voice and manner of the speaker, yet he should under no circumstances allow himself to drift into a tune or mood, for the one thing, above all others, which Scripture stands for, is to uplift and ennoble humanity. I take pleasure in submitting some portion of Scriptures; also a few hymns which have received the stamp of time's approval and the Litterateur's highest recognition.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm 91.

SECURITY OF THE GODLY

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord: He is my refuge and my fortress: my God: in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation:

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Psalm 121.

A SONG OF DEGREES

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm 19.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, A PSALM OF DAVID

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Hymns

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, from Thy riven side which
flowed,
Be of sin the double cure, save me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labor of my hands, can fulfil Thy law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever
flow,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save and Thou
alone.

Nothing in my hands I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to Thee for dress, helpless look to Thee for
grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly, wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyes shall
close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, see Thee on Thy judg-
ment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross, that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Tho' like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear, steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts, bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

XIX. Mood

How humiliating it is to be seated in an audience when the speaker ascends the rostrum, or the platform, and begins his discourse upon some interesting subject, hardly is your attention gained before he begins to drift into a sing-song tune. A nonchalant attitude seems to creep over you and for the moment, all thinking on your part has stopped; the speaker has ceased to think, and his pulse becomes regular because it has discontinued its Rhythmic action. There are no more flighty ascents into the realm of security and trust because the speaker's imaginative car has ceased to soar; no more depressions and chokings with sobs, because the speaker is no longer moved by the sorrowful suggestion of the writer, in short, the speaker has fallen into a lamentable mood.

What is a Mood? A Mood is a stagnant, or inactive condition of the mind, something akin to a muddy pool, in which no "color" but a muddy one can enter. It is personal, and the speaker who does not live into each successive idea, is drifting in his boat of selfishness on the sea of non-thought which will soon bring disaster to him.

There are various kinds of Moods, so numerous, that it would be impossible to enumerate them. However, we have—First, the Mood of Indifference, one of the most despicable that could ever pervade the human intelligence; Second, the Sad, or Self-Pitying Mood in which the individual whines his ideas, and each tune seems to say, "Nobody cares for me," or "Will somebody please pity me?"; Third, the Happy Mood where (no matter what the circumstances are, even though it may be the deepest sorrow or rushing into the presence of the Almighty) one would think that the speaker had been presented with a fortune and could not recover from its effect or that the sweetheart was expected on the next train. Fourth, the Sanctimonious Mood, akin to the sad, or morose kind. With these individuals, it would make no difference whether they are speaking of God or the Devil; there would be apparently as much reverence for one as the other, and the society of either would be equally entertaining; Fifth, the Patriotic Mood where the individual fearful lest the enemy storm his battlements, seems to be armed "cap-a-pie" and tragically rushes from one idea to another—even though the ideas presented may be the most delicate and refined—as though he were on the battlefield. Above all things, conquer your Moods, and in the language of the writer of old,—“Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.”

XX. *Atmosphere*

How delightful it is to be seated in an audience, and listen to a lecture, reading, or the interpretation of some old Classic Lore when the speaker seems to be the embodiment of joy; the epitome of sorrow; the enchantment of Love; the Adonis of Beauty; the American Eagle of Patriotism; the pudicity of Purity; the entity of Ideals and the sublimification of the Sublime. After having spent an hour in such society, one feels that he has found the "Elixir of Life"; for such a speaker builds for you a heavenly atmosphere in which myriads of starry ideals are couched in resplendent array; and one feels like repeating a line from the wonderful old Bard, Robert Browning, "How good to live and learn!"

GAFFER GRAY

Holcroft.

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?"—

" 'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,—Well-a-day!"

"Then line thy warm doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass!"

"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?—Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door."

"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,—Well-a-day!"

“The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.”

“He will fasten his locks
And threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want;—Well-a-day!”

“The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.”

“His fat beeves and his beer
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,—Well-a-day!”

“My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we’ll live!”

“The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,—Well-a-day!”

PART III

FORMS OF POETRY

I. Didactic Poetry

DIDACTIC poetry is that form of poetry which aims chiefly to give instruction, but all poetry of a meditative kind. The poetry of this sort in English is very abundant—Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pope's "Essay on Man," etc.

The moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thought and the judgment of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply thought. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power, as essential to the preservation of our government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism.

The old philosopher we read of, might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death, in the very places he mentioned) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are phenomena of color; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the

painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the Universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music; and that the sounds we daily listen to are but parts of a melody that reaches to the very center of God's illimitable spheres.

II. Pastoral Poetry

Pastoral poetry (from the Latin word pastor, a shepherd) is that form of poetry dealing with shepherd or rustic life. Some of the writers of pastoral poetry were Theocritus among the Greeks, and Virgil among the Latins.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

William Wordsworth.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 Oh, listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:—
I listened, motionless and still;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

III. Descriptive Poetry

Poetic literature is the record of human experience in rhythmic form. Descriptive poetry is that form of poetry which describes scenes or objects. It is ideal word painting. The descriptive poem should be rendered directly to the audience.

THE CLOSING SCENE

T. Buchanan Read.

Within the sober realms of the leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in the hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew twice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the hay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy East;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flower,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky, their giant branches tossed,
 And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted came,—
 Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame:
 Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang to the anthems of the free!
 The ocean-eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band;
 Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
 There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high; and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's pure shrine!
 Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God!

THE SEA

Barry Cornwall.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest,—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

THE VOYAGE

Alfred Tennyson.

We left behind the painted buoy,
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South;
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

O hundred shores of happy climes
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
At times a craven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit;
But we nor paused for fruit or flowers.

For one fair vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line;
But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;

We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn;
For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and thro' the counter gale?

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led;
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind or lame or sick or sound
We follow that which flies before:
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

IV. Narrative Poetry

Narrative poetry deals with events in which persons enter and speak. The thread of narration is carried directly to the audience, upon which are hung incidents. These incidents require impersonation and are kept within the frame, that is, upon the platform and have nothing to do with the audience—only indirectly. The impersonation or the speeches of the characters which come up in the story, should be held in direct relation to each successive interlocutor, and in no way, or at no time should the speech come directly to the audience. While the speaker impersonating the character comes through radiation to the audience, which it should naturally do, it is not, neither should it be, a direct talk to the audience. Thus, the speaker's audience is the one or more characters upon the platform.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

Thomas Campbell.

A chieftain to the Highland bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men—
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing—
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain;—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Henry W. Longfellow.

It was the schooner Hesperus that sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him
company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, her cheeks like the
dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds that ope in
the month of May.

The skipper, he stood beside the helm, his pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow the smoke
 now west, now south.
 Then up and spake an old sailor,—had sail'd the Spanish
 main,—
 “I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurri-
 cane.”

“Last night the Moon had a golden ring, and to-night no
 Moon we see!”
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scorn-
 ful laugh laugh'd he.
 Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the north-
 east;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows froth'd
 like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its
 strength;
 She shudder'd and paused, like a frighten'd steed, then
 leaped her cable's length.
 “Come hither! come hither! my little daughter, and do
 not tremble so;
 For I can weather the roughest gale, that ever wind did
 blow.”

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat against the
 stinging blast;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the
 mast.
 “O father! I hear the church-bells ring, O say, what may
 it be?”
 “Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” and he steer'd
 for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns, O say, what may it
 be?”
 “Some ship in distress, that cannot live in such an angry
 sea.”

“O father! I see a gleaming light, O say, what may it be?”
But the father answer'd never a word, a frozen corpse was
he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his face turn'd
to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow on his
fixed and glassy eyes.
Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and pray'd, that savèd
she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave on the
Lake of Galilee.

And fast thro' the midnight dark and drear, thro' the
whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept towards the reef
of Norman's woe.
And ever, the fitful gusts between, a sound came from the
land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks and
the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, she drifted
a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles from her
deck.
She struck where the white and fleecy waves look'd soft as
carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side like the horns of an
angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice, with the masts
went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank. Ho! ho! the
breakers roar'd!
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, a fisherman stood
aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair lash'd close to a drifting
mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, on the billows fall and rise.

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
 Roamed by the sea one summer day,
 Watching the great waves come and go,
 Prattling, as children will, you know,
 Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;
 Sometime hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
 An old boat cast upon the beach.
 Helter-skelter, with merry din,
 Over its sides they clambered in—
 Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
 Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
 Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep,
 Higher, higher, up the sands,
 Reaching out with their giant hands,
 Grasping the boat with boisterous glee,
 Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;
 Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
 Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by:
 And now, across the sunny sky,
 A black cloud stretches far away,
 And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on with flash and roar,
 While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
 The great waves, rolling from the West,
 Bring night and darkness on their breast,
 Still floats the boat through driving storm,
 Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, Seabird, lies
 In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies,
 Her captain paces restless now;
 A troubled look upon his brow,
 While all his nerves with terror thrill;
 The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
 And grasps his arm with eager hands;
 "A boat has just swept past," said he,
 "Bearing two children out to sea;
 'Tis dangerous now to put about,
 Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice;
 They must be saved!" the captain cries;
 "By every thought that's just and right,
 By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
 I'll peril vessel, life, and men,
 And God will not forsake me then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
 Each man responded to the call;
 And when at last through driving storm,
 They lifted up each little form,
 The captain started with a groan,
 "My God!" he cried, "they are my own."

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE

Fred Emerson Brooks.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,
 Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day
 To vent their opinions on matters and things
 On this side the Atlantic,
 In language pedantic.
 'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;
 "See ze Liberte Statue enlighten ze world!"

Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!
 Thus Bartholdi, he speak:
 Vive la France—Amerique!
 La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o' yer spakin' sae free!
 The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
 Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?
 Sin' 'tis Liberty Statye,
 I ken na why that ye
 Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal-eye:
 "Upon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
 A monstwosity, weally, too lawge to be seen!
 In pwoportion, I say,
 It's too lawge faw the Bay.
 So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
 "I dress-a monkey just like-a de image,
 I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a spunky—
 Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
 Lose-a me plendy moany!
 He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!

"My-a broder a feesherman; hear-a what he say:
 No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay.
 He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.
 When he ma-a de grab-a,
 Only catch-a de crab-a,
 De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the home rule!" said Pat: "and is *that* Libertee?
 She's the biggest owld woman that iver I see!
 Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
 But the truth is, Oi'm towld,
 That the sthone is too cowld.
 Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "That's no a 'shillalah,' ye scamp!
 Looaks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' is laamp,
 Searchin' haard fur a 'onest maan." "Faith, that is true,"
 Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
 Fur he's lookin' my way,
 And by the same favor don't recognize you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans; "vat is der matter;
 It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der vater;
 Unt she hat nodding on; unt der vintry vind plows,
 Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
 She vent to der cidy,
 Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-made clo's."

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
 You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
 Him allee some Chinaman velly big Joshee.
 Him Unclee Sam gal-ee;
 Catch um lain, no umblalee!
 Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'!
 He's cum back to de earf; somefin he's lookin' for.
 Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
 Jess you looken dat crown!
 Jess you looken dat gown!
 Lor' 'a massy, I knows I's gone nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
 And I reckon you strangers haint seen nuthing bigger.
 Wall, I haint much on boastin' but I'll go my pile.
 When you furreners cum
 You'll find her to hum!
 Dew I mean what I say? Wall, somewhat—I should
 smile!"

ARNOLD WINKELREID

James Montgomery.

"Make way for Liberty!"—he cried;
 Made way for Liberty, and died!
 In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,

A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung in the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found,
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrant's feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their home the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invaders' power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone;
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelreid;

There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood among the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side,
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry;
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for Liberty.

BUNKER HILL

George H. Calvert.

"Not yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
On came the foe, in even line:
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"

A sheet of flame! A roll of death!
 They fell by scores; we held our breath!
 Then nearer still they came;
 Another sheet of flame!
 And brave men fled who never fled before.
 Immortal fight!
 Foreshadowing flight
 Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reinforced.
 Mid louder roar of ship's artillery,
 And bursting bombs and whistling musketry
 And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
 All the new din of dreadful war,
 Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
 The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
 For freedom, manhood's birthrights claiming
 Onward once more they came:
 Another sheet of deathful flame!
 Another and another still;
 They broke, they fled:
 Again they sped
 Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
 Stormed with commander's rage.
 Into each emptied barge
 They crowd fresh men for a new charge
 Up that great hill.
 Again their gallant blood we spill;
 That volley was the last:
 Our powder failed.
 On three sides fast
 The foe pressed in; nor quailed
 A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
 They fought and gave death-dealing knocks,
 Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
 Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet,
 From Bunker Hill and Breed,
 Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,

Led off the remnant of those heroes true,
The foe too shattered to pursue,
 The ground they gained; but we
 The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
 Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
From that staunch, beaming hour
History took a fresh, higher start;
And when the speeding messenger, that bare
 The news that strengthened every heart,
 Met near the Delaware
 Riding to take command,
The leader, who had just been named,
 Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington
 With hand uplifted cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
"Our liberties are safe; the cause is won,"
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurned, in haste to lead such noble men.

V. *Lyric Poetry*

The usual definition of a lyric given in different dictionaries seems to coincide with this one statement at least; namely,—a poem which may be set to music, or a poem sung with the lyre accompaniment. Consequently the word lyric comes from the word lyre, suggesting music or musical rhythm. Therefore the poem must have primarily a rhythmic, musical pulsation. A lyric is the universal expression of the individual idea in rhythmic form. It is always written in the first person, and must be written about a universal thing. It is the individual expression of a concrete idea, that is, if we take for example Wordsworth's poem, "To the Cuckoo." Should the speaker

imagine a little bird perched upon a bough and speak to that one little bird, he would, at least, become somewhat patronizing; but when Wordsworth says, "Oh, blithe newcomer!" meaning the cuckoo, he refers to the cuckoo of the world, the universal bird, and therefore it awakens the imagination and makes you live with him into the appreciation of this wonderful bird which is singing its melody around the world. Therefore, the lyric is exceedingly imaginative, joyous, and spontaneous and should be rendered directly or indirectly to the audience.

THE SKYLARK

James Hogg.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place:
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
 Where, on thy dewy wing—
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar singing away!
 Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

LYRIC

David M. Moir.

Awake ere the morning dawn,—skylark, arise!
The last of the stars hath waxed dim in the skies;
The peak of the mountain is purpled in light,
And the grass with the night dew is diamonded white;
The young flowers at morning's call open their eyes—
Then up ere the break of day, skylark, arise!

Earth starts like a sluggard half roused from a dream;
Pale and ghost-like the mist floats away from the stream,
And the cataract hoarsely, that all the night long
Poured forth to the desolate darkness its song,
Now softens to music as brighten the skies—
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Arise from the clover, and up to the cloud,
Ere the sun leaves his chamber in majesty proud,
And, ere his light lowers to earth's meaner things,
Catch the stainless effulgence of heaven on thy wings,
While thy gaze as thou soarest and singest shall feast
On the innermost shrine of the uttermost east.

Up, up with a loud voice of singing! the bee
Will be out to the bloom, and the bird to the tree;
The trout to the pool, and the par to the rill,
The flock to the plain, and the deer to the hill;
Soon the marsh will resound to the plover's lone cries—
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Up, up with thy praise-breathing anthem! alone
The drowsyhead, man, on his bed slumbers prone;
The stars may go down, and the sun from the deep
Burst forth, still his hands they are folded in sleep,
Let the least in creation the greatest despise—
Then up to heaven's threshold, blithe skylark, arise!

TO THE CUCKOO

William Wordsworth.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green:
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for thee!

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred Tennyson.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

VI. The Ode

The Ode is the universal expression of the individual idea in rhythmic form, personally, that is, the greater part of the ode resembles in many respects the Lyric, is filled with the same spirit, except that there is always a personal touch of regret or sorrow which enters into an ode, and differentiates it from the lyric; illustration:—Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." The portion which changes the "Ode to the West Wind," and makes it primarily an ode rather than a lyric, is where the personal touch comes in the line:—"I fall upon the thorns of life; I bleed." This transforms the buoyant, happy thought into one of regret and thus changes its form.

The Ode should be delivered either directly or indirectly to the audience with the element of absolute spontaneity, regardless of any surroundings or conditions, allowing the mind to dwell wholly upon the thought and the atmosphere created by the poem, until the interpreter becomes a part of it.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; Hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the Zenith's height—
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need,
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

VII. *The Sonnet*

A sonnet is a short poem of fourteen lines, an octave and a sestet. The first eight lines give what is considered the body, and the remaining six lines, the soul, or the first eight lines might be considered the statement of proposition, and the remaining six lines the application. In some of Shakespeare's sonnets we find a deviation from the general proposition laid down by the poets, in which the proposition is made in the first twelve, and the application in the last two lines. The form is often compared with the sky-rocket—the last lines being the showering thoughts.

TO SCIENCE

Edgar Allen Poe.

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
 Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripener should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content
 And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Shakespeare.

That you were once unkind befriends me now
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

Shakespeare.

VIII. *The Ballad*

The Ballad is one of the oldest forms of poetry. It was originally recited with music, and in all probability each chorus was a dance. The Ballad had its origin with the Italian, and it was several hundred years before the Ballad was introduced into England. It is a cousin to narrative verse.

THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was wa'king all alane,
Between a water and a wa',
There I spy'd a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,
And sma' and limber was his thie,
Between his e'en there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften't to my knee.

"O wee wee man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there cam' a lady sheen.

Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green,
Though the King o' Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his Queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we cam' to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam' to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma';
But in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

IX. *The Apostrophe*

Apostrophe turns the mind away from animate to inanimate things, and the speaker talks to them as though they were animate; the dead as though living. For instance, the human being becomes discouraged with and disgusted at the ways and actions of his fellow-men, he turns to God's handiwork and creates in his own imagination, people out of trees, rocks, hills, valleys, and the great ocean; for in them and through them he finds a sympathy and a response which his fellow-men deny him. It is like the monologue, in some respects, and only differs in one way, that is, the monologue imagines the animate as an interlocutor and the apostrophe has the inanimate for its interlocutor. Therefore, in rendering the Apostrophe, it will be necessary to speak to this inanimate thing at some imagined particular place, and the speaker must for the time being, carry himself to this spot and speak to his inanimate friend oblivious of his surroundings. Some fine examples from the Bible:—King David, on hearing of the death of Absalom, exclaims: "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son!" Another apostrophe more extended, and equally beautiful, is the lament of David over the death of Jonathan. (2 Sam. 1: 21-27.)

THE OCEAN

Lord Byron.

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

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashed him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they,
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Classes itself in tempests: in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime;
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeyes thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS

James Sheridan Knowles.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome home again!

O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
 How do you look, for all your bared brows,
 More gorgeously majestic than kings
 Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine.

Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
 In mockery, because it is your boast
 To keep him free!

Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

The hour

Will soon be here. Oh, when will Liberty
 Once more be here? Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow;
 O'er the abyss his broad-expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up.

Instinctively

I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him. I could not shoot.
 'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away.

X. The Monologue

A monologue is a poem written to convey some person's relation of opinion to some other person or persons, and in delivering a monologue the interpreter should first know what kind of character is speaking. He must further know in what situation or environment the characters are placed. He must know something of the construction or rhythm of the poem with which he is dealing. He must also know all the poetical allusions, and although he may realize exactly the kind of character and age and nationality, yet, this must only be suggested. It is not necessary, neither is it truthful, to render a monologue in costume or make up unless he has all the other things, of which, to which, and about which, he speaks or refers to in his interpretation, and should he have all of the accessories, then it is no longer a monologue, but becomes a play. A

monologist is a man or woman giving you a "piece of his mind" and talk.

The unfortunate degradation in the art of the Spoken Word comes very often in the rendering of a monologue. For some lady will attempt to give a scene which possibly may transpire in a seat at a theatre, as is told in some of the cheaper and minor monologues. In such a case, the untutored reader will sometimes seat herself in a chair and put another chair in front of her to indicate one in which is seated a woman, who has difficulty in seeing what is going on upon the stage because of the dimensions of the woman's hat in front of her. The inconsistency of such a rendering shows gross ignorance and absolute non-concentration; for, if the woman in rendering is supposed to be the woman at the opera, she, of course, should have all of her opera paraphernalia; she should have a woman on a chair in front of her with a hat on, of the unusual dimensions; and there should be a show going on in front of her, and all of the necessary properties which would require the setting which she mentions, otherwise, there is no consistency, and it is far better to suggest all than to have a part and suggest the rest.

A person in attempting to render a Browning monologue will find it quite impossible and inconsistent to attempt in any degree to use any properties in the rendition. Of course, it is a temptation of the student who is lame in understanding, to find all the properties that it is possible for him to conjure, and lean upon them in the absence of the absolute.

The monologue, like the play, indicates that something has happened which leads up to the speech of some definite character. The monologue should be rendered definitely by a character solely to the other character or characters which are upon the platform with him or inside the pro-

scenium, but there should be nothing in the monologue to carry him out of that relation. Though he radiates to a part of the audience, yet he should have no cognizance of any person or persons in the audience, neither should he become familiar in any degree with any person or persons in the audience.

EVELYN HOPE

Robert Browning.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass;
 Little has yet been changed, I think:
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
 And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love:
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Thro' worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold,
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Edgar Allen Poe.

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
This much let me avow—
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

Yet if hope has flown away
 In a night, or in a day,
 In a vision, or in none,
 Is it therefore the less gone?
 All that we see or seem
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
 Of a surf-tormented shore,
 And I hold within my hand
 Grains of the golden sand—
 How few! yet how they creep
 Through my fingers to the deep,
 While I weep—while I weep!
 O God! can I not grasp
 Them with a tighter clasp?
 O God! can I not save
 One from the pitiless wave?
 Is all that we see or seem
 But a dream within a dream?

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Alfred Tennyson.

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies;—
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Robert Browning.

Let's contend no more, Love,
 Strive nor weep:
 All be as before, Love,
 —Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek.

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens,
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love,
 (Foolish me!)
 And so fall asleep, Love,
 Loved by thee.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN

J. G. Swinnerton.

Well, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to see the boys.
 I'm tired, an' more'n half deafened with the travel an'
 the noise;
 So I'll sit down by the chimbley, and rest my weary bones,
 And tell how I was treated by our 'ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan—
 Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man.
 I walked down from the depo'—Dan keeps a country seat—
 An' I thought to go home with him, an' rest my weary feet.

All the way I kep'a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be
 To go 'round the town together—my grown-up boy an'
 me—
 An' remember the old times, when my little "curly head"
 Used to cry out, "Good-night, papa!" from his little
 trundle-bed.

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want to see
 His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me.
 So when I seen his office, with a sign writ out in gold,
 I walked in 'ithout knocking,—but the old man was too
 bold.

Dan was settin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book.
 He knowed me in a second; but he give me *such* a look!
 He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain,
 An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Rob.
 Dan said he lived upon a hill—I think they call it Nob.

An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me down,
Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in
town?"

It was ruther late that evenin' when I found our Robert's
house;
There was music, lights and dancin' and a mighty big
carouse.

At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear to ear,
Sayin' "Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber git in here."

I said I was Rob's father; an', with another grin,
The nigger left me stan'in' and disappeared within,
Rob came out on the porch—he didn't order me away;
But said he hoped to see me at his *office* the next day.

Then I started fur the tavern, fur I knowed there, anyway,
They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to pay.
An' Rob an' Dan had left me about the streets to roam,
An' neither of 'em axed me if I'd money to git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say 'at it is not—
But we remember some things Rob an' Dan have quite
forgot.

We didn't quite expect this, when, twenty years ago,
We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob an' Dan a
show.

I didn't look fur Charley, but I happened just to meet
Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n, a-comin' down the street.
I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our youngest son
Would show he was ashamed o' me, as Rob an' Dan had
done.

But soon as Charley seen me, he, right afore 'em all,
Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as loud as he
could bawl.

Then he introduced me to his frien's, and sent 'em all away,
Tellin' 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed me about the
house,
About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs, an'
cows;
He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas ruther queer,
But he hadn't seen one uv 'em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs
high—
He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky.
An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is pretty
wide;"
An' so we slep' together, me an' Charley, side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics's Fair,
An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there.
He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to, pretty
soon,
He'd make us all a visit, an' "be richer than Muldoon."

An' so two days an' nights we passes, an', when I come
away,
Poor Charley said the time was short, an' begged me fur
to stay,
Then he took me in a buggy an' druv' me to the train,
An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come to
much;
He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such.
There was nothing on the farm he ever seemed to want to
do,
An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own,
An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone;
He's only a poor painter; Rob and Dan are rich as sin;
But Charley's worth the pair of 'em, with all their gold
thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling
babes—an' yet
It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set;
An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled
journey's past,
An' rich an' poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resurrection morn,
With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the
ripe corn,
When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence shall
have said,
The brightest crown that's shining there may be on
Charley's head.

XI. *The Soliloquy*

Soliloquy, closely related to monologue, is a man thinking aloud, and in so far as his consciousness is concerned, he should be, and ever is, to himself, alone, for the conscious presence of any person, imaginative or otherwise, makes it either a drama or a monologue. The soliloquy must be studied well, and the cause which brings about the soliloquy, in order to know exactly the kind of character and what state of mind the character is in, which causes him to thus express his thoughts aloud. It is the external rising in concrete form of activities of the sub-conscious mind. The soliloquy should be rendered wholly regardless of the audience, and many times carries the speaker back directly to the audience. So, as the man feels, he should be the passive vehicle through which his sub-conscious mind is speaking.

HAMLET

Shakespeare.

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

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month! or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules; within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good!—
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall,
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
 O vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a trull, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! Hum, I have heard
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

SCENE FROM "LEAH"

Augustin Daly.

Characters.

RUDOLF, the magistrate's son.

LEAH, a Jewish maiden.

Scene—*A village churchyard at night. Enter Leah, slowly, her hair streaming over her shoulders.*

Leah, a Jewess, with certain others of her race, strays into an Austrian village where she meets Rudolf, son of a peasant, who falls violently in love with her. He is afterward deceived into believing that Leah was an adventuress, and that she had accepted money to renounce her love for him. He then makes an offer of marriage to Madalene, to whom he was previously attached. The scene here presented introduces Leah just prior to the wedding.

LEAH.—(*solus*) What seek I here! I know not; yet I feel I have a mission to fulfil. I feel that the cords of my soul are stretched to their utmost effort. Already seven days! So long! As the dead lights were placed about the body of Abraham, as the friends sat nightly at his feet and watched, (*slowly sinking down*) so have I sat for seven days, and wept over the corpse of my love! (*with painful intensity*). What have I done? Am I not a child of man? Is not love the right of all—like the air, the light? And if I stretch my hands towards it, was it a crime? When I first saw him—first heard the sound of his voice, something wound itself around my heart. Then

first I knew why I was created, and for the first time was thankful for my life. (*laying her hand on her brow*) Collect thyself, mind, and think! What has happened? I saw him yesterday—no! eight days ago! He was full of love. "You'll come," said he. I came. I left my people. I tore the cords that bound me to my nation and came to him. He cast me forth into the night. And yet, my heart, you throb still. The earth still stands, the sun still shines, as if it had not gone down forever for me. (*low*) By his side stood a handsome maiden, and drew him away with caressing hands. It is her he loves, and to the Jewess he dares offer gold. (*starting up*) I will seek him! I will gaze on his face—(*church lit up, windows illuminated, organ heard soft*) that deceitful, beautiful face. I will ask him what I have done that—(*hides her head in her hands and weeps, organ swells louder and then subsides again to low music*). Perhaps he loves me still. Perhaps his soul, like mine, pines in nameless agony, and yearns for reconciliation. (*Music soft*) Why does my hate melt away at this soft voice with which Heaven calls to me. That grand music. (*listening*) I hear voices, it sounds like a nuptial benediction; perhaps it is a loving bridal pair. (*clasping her hands, and raising them on high*) Amen—amen! to that benediction, whoever you may be. (*Music stops*) I, poor desolate one, would like to see their happy faces—I must—this window. Yes, here I can see into the church. (*goes to window, looks in, screams and comes down—speaks very fast*) Do I dream? Kind Heaven, that prayer, that amen, you heard it not. I call it back. You did not hear my blessing. You were deaf. Did no blood-stained dagger drop down upon them? 'Tis he! Revenge! (*throws off her mantle, disclosing white robe beneath—bares her arm, and rushes to the little door, but halts*). No! Thou shalt judge! Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance. Thou alone canst send it. (*stands beside broken column, rests her left arm upon it, letting the other fall by her side.*)

(*Enter Rudolf from the little door of the church, with rose wreath in his hand.*)

RUDOLF.—I am at last alone. I cannot endure the joy and merriment around me. How like mockery sounded the pious words of the priest. As I gazed toward the church windows, I saw a face, heard a muffled cry; I thought it was her face, her voice.

LEAH.—(*coldly*) Did you think so?

RUD.—Leah! Is it you?

LEAH.—Yes.

RUD.—(*tenderly*) Leah—

LEAH.—(*with a gesture of contempt.*) Silence, perjured one! Can the tongue that lied still speak? The breath that called me wife now swear faith to another? Does it dare to mix with the pure air of heaven? Is this the man I worshipped? whose features I so fondly gazed upon? Ah! (*shuddering*) no!—no! The hand of heaven has crushed, beaten, and defaced them! The stamp of divinity no longer rests there! (*walking away.*)

RUD.—Leah! hear me!

LEAH.—(*turning fiercely.*) Ha! You call me back? I am pitiless now.

RUD.—You broke faith first. You took the money.

LEAH.—Money! What money?

RUD.—The money my father sent you.

LEAH.—Sent me money! For what?

RUD.—(*hesitating.*) To induce you to release me—to—

LEAH.—That I might release you. And you knew it? You permitted it.

RUD.—I staked my life that you would not take it.

LEAH.—And you believed I had taken it!

RUD.—How could I believe otherwise? I—

LEAH.—(*with rage*) And you believed I had taken it. Miserable Christian and you cast me off. Not a question was the Jewess worth. (*subdued, but vindictive.*) This, then, was thy work; this the eternity of love that you promised me. (*falls on her knees.*) Forgive me, Heaven, that I forget my nation to love this Christian. Let that love be lost in hate. Love is false, unjust—hate endless, eternal.

RUD.—Cease these gloomy words of vengeance. I have wronged you—I feel it without your reproaches. I have

sinned, but to sin is human, and it would be but human to forgive.

LEAH.—You would tempt me again? I do not know that voice.

RUD.—I will make good the evil I have done. Aye! an hundred fold.

LEAH.—(*bitterly*) Aye, crush the flower, grind it under foot, then make good the evil you have done. (*fiercely.*) No, no! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart!

RUD.—Hold, fierce woman, I will beseech no more! Do not tempt Heaven, let it be the judge between us! If I have sinned through love, see that you do not sin through hate.

LEAH.—Blasphemer! and you dare call on Heaven! What commandment have you not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely—you broke faith with me! Thou shalt not steal—you stole my heart. Thou shalt not kill—what of life have you left me?

RUD.—(*advancing toward her.*) Hold, hold! No more.

LEAH.—(*repelling him.*) The old man who died because I loved you; the woman who hungered because I followed you; the infant who died of thirst because of you; may they follow you in dreams, and be a drag upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you till, may it keep faith with you, as you kept faith with me! Cursed be the unborn fruit of thy marriage! May it wither as my young heart has withered; and should it ever see the light, may its brows be blackened by the mark of Cain, and may it vainly pant for nourishment on its dying mother's breast! (*snatching the wreath from his uplifted hand.*) Cursed, thrice cursed may you be evermore, and as my people on Mount Ebal spoke, so speak I thrice, Amen! Amen! Amen!

(*Rudolf, who has been standing, as if petrified, drops on his knees, as curtain falls.*)

MACBETH

Scene V.—Inverness. A room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

LADY M.—They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised to thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition: but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it,'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

ATT.—The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it.—

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

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

LADY M.— Give him tending;
He brings great news. (*Exit Attendant.*) The raven
himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blankets of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

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

MACBETH.— My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M.—And when goes hence?

MACBETH.—To-morrow, as he purposes.

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

MACBETH.— Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:—
 Leave all the rest to me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Matthew Arnold.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking,
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
 "Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried "ye stars, ye waters,
 On my heart your mighty charm renew;
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night air came the answer,—
 "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

“Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

“Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born voice! Long since, severely clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
 “Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
 Who finds himself loses his misery!”

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Elizabeth A. Allen.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears—
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
 Take them and give me my childhood again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay—
 Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
 Weary of sowing for others to reap;
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened your lullaby song,
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your breast in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

XII. Epic Poetry

The Epic is the recital of some great and heroic enterprise, having for its main theme some great hero. It is told in twenty-four cantos or books. There are three or four secular and two sacred epics. The secular are: Homer's "Iliad," and "Odyssey," in Greek, and Milton's "Paradise Lost," in English; and possibly Dante's "Divine Comedy." The sacred epics are the New and Old Testaments. Some others are Virgil's "Aeneid" in Latin; "Cid" in Spanish; "Nibelungen" in German. These epics should be rendered similarly to the narrative poem which is freighted with a heroic spirit and triumphal atmosphere, and should be carried directly to the audience excepting as in the narrative poem, the speeches of the different characters therein represented.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE

Milton.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

HECTOR'S FUNERAL RITES

Trans. by *George Chapman.*

Close of the Iliad—xxiv. 777-804.

These words made even the commons mourn, to whom the
 king said:—"Friends,
 Now fetch wood for our funeral fire, nor fear the foe in-
 tends
 Ambush, or any violence: Achilles gave his word,
 At my dismission that twelve days he would keep sheathed
 his sword,
 And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules, in chariots
 straight they put,
 Went forth, and an unmeasured pile of sylvan matter cut,
 Nine days employed in carriage, but when the tenth morn
 shined
 On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be-
 divined
 Forth to be burned. Troy swum in tears. Upon the
 pile's most height
 They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burned,
 all night,
 But when the eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers
 shine,
 The people flocked about the pile, and first with blackish
 wine
 Quenched all the flames. His brothers then, and friends,
 the snowy bones
 Gathered into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.
 Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digged
 a pit,
 Graved it, rammed up the grave with stones, and quickly
 built to it
 A sepulchre. But while that work and all the funeral
 rites
 Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, days
 and nights,
 For fear of false surprise before they had imposed the crown

To these solemnities. The tomb advanced once, all the town
 In Jove-nursed Priam's court partook a passing sumptuous feast:
 And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave up his soul to rest.

ODYSSEY: VI.—BOOK VIII. 454-468.

Trans. by *Wm. Cullen Bryant*.

Him then the maidens bathe and rub with oil,
 And in rich robe and tunic clothe with care,
 He from the bath, cleansed from the dust of toil,
 Passed to the drinkers; and Nausicaa there
 Stood, molded by the gods exceeding fair.
 She, on the roof-tree pillar leaning, heard
 Odysseus; turning she beheld him near.
 Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
 And in a low sweet voice she spake this winged word:—

“Hail, stranger guest! when fatherland and wife
 Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
 Since to me first thou owest the price of life.”

And to the royal virgin answered he:—
 “Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
 By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
 That I my home and dear return yet see,
 There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
 There worship thee, dear maid, my savior from dark
 death.”

XIII. Elegiac Poetry

The Elegiac poetry being of a sad and mournful nature, celebrating the virtues of one deceased, is rarely, if ever, written in any other measure than the Iambic. The slow and stately tread of the thought as regards wonderful and virtuous triumphs could find no measure which would as

truthfully portray the thoughts of the speaker equal to those of Iambic.

The most celebrated elegies written are: Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and Shelley's "Adonais."

The Elegy should be rendered directly to the audience, that is, speaking to intelligence, not to individuals, and is primarily a plea, and it also should be a pleading with intelligence for a sympathetic participation in the griefs and sorrows of the speaker for his friend who has departed this life.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Thomas Gray.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

XIV. Dramatic Poetry

Dramatic poetry ranks with the Epic in dignity and excellence. Like the Epic, the Drama, at least in its higher forms, must have some great and heroic transaction for its subject; it must even more than the Epic, maintain Unity in the action; it must have one leading character hero; it must have some complication of plot.

In its form, the Drama is essentially unlike the Epic and all other narrative poems. What they narrate as having been done, the Drama represents as actually doing before our eyes. In the Drama, the action is carried on solely by means of dialogue between the actors. In Epic poetry, indeed, the narrative often becomes dramatic, and takes the form of dialogue; but in the Drama, the form is exclusively that of dialogue.

The two principal kinds of drama are Tragedy and Comedy. Tragedy is more akin to the Epic, being serious and dignified, and having for its subject some great transaction. It undertakes to delineate the strongest passions, and to move the soul of the spectator in the highest degree. It is especially conversant with scenes of suffering and violence, and ends almost uniformly with the death of the persons in whom the spectator is most interested.

Comedy, on the other hand, aims to amuse, and seeks chiefly the topics of common life. It deals largely in ridicule and satire, and often ends in the marriage or other good fortune of the principal personages.

Among the Greek dramatists are Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes; and in English Literature, Shakespeare, who perhaps is the greatest in all literature. His plays are numerous, and are divided into Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories. These last are dramatic representations of portions of English history, and are mainly tragic in their character, though having a large comic element.

MACBETH

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Shakespeare.

MACDUFF—Fit to govern!
 No, not to live. O nation miserable!
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

XV. *Satirical Poetry*

A Satire is a poem intended to hold up the follies of men to ridicule. It aims to reform men only by appealing to

their sense of shame. It is impersonal, or personal, exposing faults in general, rather than exposing individuals.

Dear Sir,—You wish to know my notions
 On sartin pints thet rile the land:
 There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
 Ez bein' mum or underhand;
 I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
 Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
 An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
 It is a nose that wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin',
 An' come directly to the pint,
 I think the country's underpinnin'
 Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
 I ain't agoin' to try your patience
 By tellin' who done this or thet,
 I don't make no insinooations,
 I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
 But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
 I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
 An', fact, it don't smell very strong;
 My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
 An' say wich party hez most sense;
 There may be folks o' greater talence
 Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choozin'
 'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;
 I leave a side that looks like losin',
 But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both;
 I stan' upon the Constitution,
 Ez preudunt statesmun say, who've planned
 A way to git the most profusion
 O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Biglow Papers.

XVI. *The Lampoon*

A lampoon attacks individuals. Examples:—

“Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,—
This animal’s below committing treason:
Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?”

* * * * *

Let him rail on; let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offense.”

* * * * *

“Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write.
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity—but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, ’tis counsel given in vain,
For treason, botched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
’Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.”

Dryden.

XVII. *The Epitaph*

The Epitaph is similar in some degree to the Elegy, but it is only for the passer-by to read, scarcely ever voiced from the platform. It is usually placed on tombstones as silent reminders from the dead to the living, although the dead may or may not have originated the thought, as many times we find various epitaphs which it would seem could have been conceived only by some perverted mind.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 A Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear;
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,—
 The Bosom of his Father and his God.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS

John Pierpont.

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!
 How much of human power and pride,
 What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
 Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red man, at his horrid rite,
 Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
 His bark canoe its track of light
 Left on the wave beneath the moon—

His dance, his yell, his council fire,
 The altar where his victim lay,
 His death song, and his funeral pyre,
 That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,
 That on this shore with trembling trod,
 Ready to faint, yet bearing on
 The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that since o'er ocean came,
 And thundered loud from yonder hill,
 And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame
 To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old;
'Tis like the moon, when morning breaks,
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight
The thousand years that swept away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day.

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
Which makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity.

PART IV

FIGURES OF SPEECH

BECAUSE of the apparent lack of understanding of the average graduate of high schools, seminaries, and colleges, I take pleasure in submitting the chapters on *Figures of Speech and Prosody*. There is no question as to the usefulness to the student of the Spoken Word of these two important subjects, and while every graduate of the above institutions may have considerable knowledge of these subjects, yet I find them, with very few exceptions, insufficient for mastery in our specific line of work.

An architect in order to be successful in presenting his plans to the master builder, must know considerable, in fact, all about the construction of a building; so with the interpreter or the teacher of interpretation of the Spoken Word, he or she should have an actual knowledge of the matter in hand in order to give a lucid and complete knowledge to the auditor or the pupil. In fact one will never thoroughly understand Figures of Speech and Prosody until they are put into practical use. Great stress is placed upon this part in the extemporaneous speaking, debating, and the interpretative classes; also in the class of poetry and short story writing, in which classes we find through actual use and application of the principles laid down in this book, that the students become creative speakers and writers of the Spoken Word. In connection with this subject, I would advise students to consult Webster's International Dictionary; also to

have for reference several good rhetorics and language books.

Figures that are based on resemblance are: Simile, Metaphor, and Allegory. Personification and Apostrophe, to a greater or less extent, are also suggested by resemblance.

I. *Simile*

A simile gives a clear and lucid conception of an obscure object or action, by comparing it with something well known to the reader, and, by presenting some phase of the thing in a new and unexpected light, it not infrequently surprises and pleases. Examples:—

1. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam.
Sam. XVII.

2. I have compared one with the other, though very unlike, like all similes.
Byron.

3. The feeling of unhappiness covered him as water covers a log.
Kipling.

4. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep.

5. It came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving color.

II. *Metaphor*

The fact that a metaphorical figure is founded upon the resemblance which one object bears to another, allies it very closely to a simile; that is, a metaphor (as the

International Dictionary says) imaginatively identifies one object with another, and ascribes to the first the qualities of the second; whereas the simile declares that A is like B, the metaphor assumes that A is B. A metaphor may usually be expanded into a simile, and a simile may be condensed into a metaphor, as: "Phil Sheridan fought like a lion," contains a simile. "He was a lion in the fight," contains a metaphor.

The metaphor, of all figures of speech, comes nearest to painting, as it enables one to clothe at will the most abstract ideas with life, form, color, and motion. Examples:—

1. The Spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.
Proverbs.
2. The ship plows the sea.
3. He is a lion in a fight.
4. The sunshine filters through the leaves.
5. "Israel is a vine brought from Egypt."

III. Allegory

Allegory is the description of one thing under the image of another, a sort of extended metaphor. "An allegory is like two trains (of thought) running in the same direction on parallel tracks." The allegory differs from the metaphor in this respect: in the metaphor both subjects are mentioned, the one to be illustrated as well as the one that is employed as a figure to illustrate it, while in allegory, the subject should never be mentioned. Allegory usually extends through several sentences, and sometimes

through an entire book, as in the case of the Book of Jonah, of Pilgrim's Progress, and of Edmund Spenser's "Faery Queene." The short allegory is sometimes called a "fib," or parable, depending not a little upon the nature of the subject. Example:—

BELPHEOBE THE HUNTRESS

From the Faery Queene.

Eftsoones there stepped forth
 A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
 And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
 And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing persaunt and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire
 To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;
 For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread,
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead:
 All good and honour might therein be read;

For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words like dropping honey she did shed;
 And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgrades and amorous retrate;
 And every one her with a grace endows,
 And every one with meekness to her bows:
 So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
 For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
 She seem'd, when she presented was to sight:
 And was clad for heat of scorching air,
 All in a silken Camus, lily white,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets that glist' red bright,
 Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
 Was hemm'd with golden fringe.

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,
 About her shoulders were loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
 They waved like a pennon wide dispread,
 And low behind her back were scattered;
 And whether art it were or heedless hap,
 As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairs sweet flow'rs themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus green,
 Where all the nymphs have her unwares forlore,
 Wand'reth alone with bow and arrows keen,
 To seek her game; or as that famous queen

Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy
 The day that first of Priam she was seen,
 Did show herself in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.

PARABLE

And he spake this parable unto them, saying,
 What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose
 one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the
 wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find
 it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders,
 rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his
 friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with
 me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over
 one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and
 nine just persons, which need no repentance.

Figures based upon Relation and Association are:
 Metonymy and Synecdoche.

IV. Metonymy

Metonymy means change of name, that is, giving the
 name of one object in the place of another object. Ex-
 amples:—

1. The drunkard loves his bottle.
2. Man shall live by the sweat of his brow.
3. Since he was obliged to live by his pen, he could
 set but a poor table.
4. The Lord shall comfort Zion.
5. The kettle boils.

V. Synecdoche

Synecdoche is the change of name from one object to another which literally expresses something more or something less than is intended. Examples:—

1. His meat was locusts and wild honey.
2. He never knew the joys of the paternal hearth.
3. The colt will be three years old next grass.
4. The ways of the Almighty are past finding out.
5. He may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington.

Note:—In the Synonyms we find that Metonymy and Synecdoche alike involve the substitution for one idea of another closely allied to it. The technical distinction in the two, which may be seen in the definitions, is now little noted, and the tendency now is to allow Metonymy to do duty for both.

Figures based on Imagination are: Personification, Apostrophe, and Hyperbole.

VI. Personification

Personification consists in attributing to an object some of the qualities, actions, thoughts, or feelings of the human being. Examples:—

1. The laughing hours have chased away the night.
2. Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.
3. To Truth's house there is a single door: experience.

4. "The mountains sing together, the hills rejoice and clap their hands."

5. Doth not Wisdom cry? and Understanding put forth her voice?

Note:—It is only the highest degree of imagination which requires the capital letter.

VII. *Apostrophe*

Consult page 111 on Apostrophe. Examples:—

1. O Nature, how fair is thy face!
2. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits.
3. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
4. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?

Note:—The chief difference between Apostrophe and Personification is that in Apostrophe, the object is spoken to, in Personification, the object is spoken of. Examples of both Apostrophe and Personification:—

1. O river, gentle river! gliding on
In silence underneath the starless sky!
Thine is a ministry that never rests
Even while the living slumber.
2. "Put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city."
3. And if, in tales our fathers told, our mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always
young.

VIII. Hyperbole

Hyperbole is a figure of suggestion, the object being to make the thought more effective by over-stating it. Many of the youthful statements of boys and girls, which are sometimes called fibs, are nothing more or less than Hyperboles. It is well to guard against such extravagant statements even in childhood, unless the parent wishes to make of his boy or girl a writer of fiction; for there is only a slight step between a hyperbole and a falsehood, as might be shown in the following statements: I just love to eat; Isn't that a magnificent bonnet? Just too sweet for anything; I am awfully tired; the man towered like a mountain; a gorgeous pair of gloves, etc. Examples:—

1. The waves are mountain high.

2. The triumph of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment, though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds.

3 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

The above statements, unless used under the excitement of strong feeling and the restraint of sound judgment, will degenerate into rant and bombast, and make the author appear ridiculous.

Figures based on Surprise or Admiration: Interrogation and Exclamation.

IX. Interrogation

The figure of Interrogation aims to impress a truth more vigorously by putting its opposite in the form of a question. Examples:—

1. Hast thou a star to guide thy path?
2. Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay?
3. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

X. *Exclamation*

By using a figure of Exclamation, one expresses a burst of feeling rather than expressing a thought; and from the fact that both the Interrogation and the Exclamation grow out of an intense feeling of surprise, approbation, admiration, or disgust, it is considered a close partner to an interrogation. Many feeble writers make a common mistake by imagining that a passage becomes emotional by merely placing an exclamation point here and there in a sentence, although the thought itself is perfectly simple and commonplace. Such a use of the figure makes the composition frigid, and chilling in style. Examples:—

1. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
2. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
3. Jump far out, boy, into the wave!

Antithesis, Epigram, Irony, and Climax: These figures like the Interrogation, Exclamation, and Hyperbole, in order to retain their good effect, should be used sparingly; because they are less important than most of the previous figures mentioned, though they demand delicate shading.

XI. Antithesis

Antithesis, by placing two things in striking contrast, gives the figure force and in so doing, the contrasted members should be constructed as nearly alike as possible. Grammatically the chief words should be set over against each other and should be the same part of speech: noun against a noun, verb against a verb, and adjective against an adjective.

1. The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

2. The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

3. So, also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption: it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in weakness: it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body.

XII. Epigram

An Epigram is a brief sentence conveying much thought where words seem to contradict the real meaning. Use them sparingly. Examples:—

1. The child is father to the man.

2. Language is the art of concealing.

3. The days of the splendid triumph of Christian Law by Christian arms were the days of the greatest defeat of our religion.

XIII. Irony

Irony is a figure in which the writer or speaker, by stating the opposite, aims to express a thought, the intended

meaning being clearly understood by associated circumstances. Examples:—

1. “Here under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar’s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
(But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.)”

2. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them and said, “Cry aloud: for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened.”

3. No doubt but that ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

XIV. Climax

Climax is a figure that has for its aim to carry the mind forward step by step, to a culminating point, through arranging successive statements with reference to their increasing importance. By reversing this method, the result is burlesque. Example:—

1. The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temple, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

2. A picture of a nation long enslaved, now disen-
thralled, redeemed, restored, reformed, purified by his
power,— this was the picture presented to his imagination.

Anti-climax, Euphemism, Litotes, Alliteration, Allusion, and Vision have been classified by later writers as figures.

XV. Anti-Climax

Anti-climax is gained by arranging clauses so that the succeeding ones diminish in importance. The tendency will be humorous, and is legitimate, if it is intended; but if unintentional, woe to the writer or speaker!

Examples:—

1. When George the Fourth was still reigning over the privacies of Windsor, when the Duke of Wellington was prime minister, and Mr. Vincy was mayor of the old corporation in Middlemarch, etc.

2 Anti-climax unintentional.

1. He lost his wife, his child, his household goods, and his dog, at one fell swoop.

2. What were the results of this conduct?—beggary! dishonor! utter ruin! and a broken leg!

XVI. Euphemism

Euphemism is a figure in which disagreeable things are mentioned under names supposed to be inoffensive. Example:—

1. "His face and hands showed that they had long been strangers."

XVII. Litotes

Litotes is a figure in which a statement is made by denying the opposite. Example:—

1. One of the great, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

XVIII. Alliteration

See page 46.

XIV. Allusion

Allusion may be called a metaphor in disguise. It refers to well known events in history or well known expressions. One needs to be well read to recognize this fine figure. Examples:—

1. "The self-seeking will betray his friend with a Judas kiss."

2. "This is a new kingdom of science, this embryology, but you have to enter it through a straight gate and a narrow way."

XX. Vision

Vision is a vivid use of the imagination in recalling or anticipating events, and making them appear as though they were present. Some of the books of the Bible, especially Ezekiel, also Revelations, are written from this viewpoint. Much of the book of Ezekiel is a vision of the remote and the future; also the book of Revelation. Carlyle, among historical writers, seems to be the one most given to the use of vision. Not infrequently he represents himself as mingling with the actors in a prominent historical event. It is like Apostrophe, in one respect.

Example:—

1. In the war against Charles I:

"Basing is black ashes, then: and Longford is ours, the garrison to march forth to-morrow at twelve of the clock, being the 18th instant. And now the question is, Shall we attack Dennington, or not?"

PART V

PROSODY

PROSODY in as simple form as possible, might be stated as follows: The grammatical rules which govern versification. The word *verse* is derived from the stem "vers," which means to turn, and is so called because when the writer has written a certain number of syllables, he turns, as it were, and commences a new line. Originally, the word was applied only to a line of poetry; it is now, however, used to designate the general structure of poetry, as well as a group of lines of poetry, and even one of the subdivisions of a chapter of the Bible. The chief distinction between verse and prose is that the former is marked by the recurrence at regular intervals of syllables that must be accented by the voice in reading. This regular recurrence of *accent* is called rhythm. The word *rhythm* comes from a Greek word meaning measured motion.

A *foot* is a group of two or three syllables upon one of which the accent or stress of the voice falls in reading. *Rhythm* is essential to verse. *Rhyme*, on the other hand, is not essential, but is very generally used, as an additional ornament.

Meter, or measure, is determined by the number and kind of feet in a line, as for instance: A line with one foot would be called monometer; of two feet, dimeter; of three feet, trimeter; of four feet, tetrameter; of five feet, pentameter; of six feet, hexameter; of seven feet, heptameter; of eight feet, octameter.

Note:—If a verse has a syllable more than the regular measure, it is called hypermeter; if a syllable less, catalactic.

I would earnestly advise all students of the Spoken Word to thoroughly understand the meter of the poem which they contemplate interpreting, as it is impossible to interpret poetry distinctly and correctly without this knowledge. Many men and women have attempted to interpret Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and have fallen upon the rocks of failure chiefly because they did not understand the wonderful change of meter in this poetic construction of that most wonderful play. I take pleasure in submitting a few examples of the different meters, below:

I. Iambic.—Short and long

Iambic Pentameter

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

II. Trochaic.—Long and short

Trochaic

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more.”

III. Dactylic.—Short and two long

Dactylic Dimeter

Cannon to right of them,
 Canon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered:
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

IV. Anapestic.—Two shorts and one long

Anapestic Tetrameter

I am fond of the swallow, I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love;
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

Amphibrachic:—trissyllabic foot, having the accent on the middle syllable (amphi—on both sides, and brachys—short.)

V. Amphibrachic Tetrameter

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill—

VI. Mixed Verse.—Mixed meter

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee:
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

VII. Spondee

We have a fifth kind of foot, consisting of two syllables, both accented, as twilight, lamplight, outside, etc. Such a foot is called a *spondee*. But we have no whole lines made up of spondees and consequently we have no such thing as spondaic verse.

VIII. Blank Verse.—Verse that does not rhyme

Most of our *blank* verse is Iambic pentameter. In this are written Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the plays of Shakespeare, and the greater part of the rest of our heroic and dramatic verse. However, *blank* verse may be written in any number of feet or in any measure.

So commonly has *Iambic* been used that many students think Iambic the only form. The failure of the interpreter to understand this blank verse construction is often the cause of failure to interest his auditors. It is unfortunate indeed that the high schools in the public and private school system of the world, do not lay greater stress upon prosody; did they do so, without doubt many indifferent or even fairly good writers would be ranked among the literary lights of the world; for we hope the time is at hand, when this country should produce one great poet who will be fit to shine among the great stars of foreign constellations.

IX. *Metrical Feet**Samuel T. Coleridge.*

Trochee trips from long to short;
From long to short long in solemn sort
Slow Spondee stalks; strong feet, yet ill able
Ever to come up with Dactyl trissyllable.
Iambics march from short to long;—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapests throng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride;
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud highbred racer.

PART VI

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

POSSIBLY no person in this or any other enlightened country, has ever reached the age of maturity without having heard the mother sing or recite some Mother Goose Melody while endeavoring to lull her children to repose; I know of no greater method of awakening the appreciation of individual ideas than by carefully reading that old classic, "The House that Jack Built," and I therefore submit a few of these melodies for Class use; also selections for children.—

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

DING, DONG BELL

Ding, dong bell,
 Pussy's in the well!
 Who put her in?—
 Little Tommy Green.
 Who pulled her out?—
 Little Johnny Stout.
 What a naughty boy was that
 To drown poor pussy cat,
 Who never did any harm
 But killed the mice in his father's barn.

DOGS IN THE GARDEN

Dogs in the garden, catch 'em Towser:
 Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;
 Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run;
 Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm
 And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
 So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I very gently will play.

MERRY ARE THE BELLS

Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose,
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With a merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had a job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

COCK A DOODLE DOO

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb in school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a big spider
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair.
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the Pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Indeed I haven't any."

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread.
She whipped them all round and sent them to bed.

COME MY CHILDREN, COME AWAY

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and posies see;

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children too may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

AS I WALKED BY MYSELF

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself, or not look to thyself,
The self-same will be.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;

Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

Go wake him, go wake him. Oh! no, not I;
For if I awake him, he'll certainly cry.

WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man or beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then it's at the very best.

CHILDREN'S SELECTIONS

THE OLD OWL AND THE BELL

Geo. MacDonald.

"Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!"
Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home,
Up in the tower, away and unseen,
In a twilight of ivy, cool and green;
With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the owl to himself, as he sat below
On a window ledge, like a ball of snow,
"Pest on that fellow, sitting up there,
Always calling the people to prayer!
With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
Mighty big in his house at home!

"I will move," said the owl. "But it suits me well;
And one may get used to it,—who can tell?"

So he slept in the day with all his might,
 And rose and flapped in the hush of night,
 When the bell was asleep in his tower at home,
 Dreaming over his Bing, Bang, Bome!

For the owl was born so poor and genteel,
 He was forced from the first to pick and steal;
 He scorned to work for honest bread—
 "Better have never been hatched," he said.
 So he slept all day; for he dared not roam
 Till the night had silenced the Bing, Bang, Bome!

* * * * *

HE TOOK A HEADER

Charles F. Adams.

They met in a field, 'mid the blooming heather;
 A punster, a ram and an old bell-wether.

No cry of alarm did the young man utter,
 He simply murmured: "I'll pass the butter."

"And I'll butt the passer," observed the ram,
 "I ain't any Mary's little lamb."

"That tired feeling' I'll o'er him bring,
 So often caused by 'a forward spring.'

"I'll give him 'a header' he will not like."
 And he "cast sheep's eyes" at the youth and bike.

Sheep, bike and punster lay mingled together;
 The youth was "a little under the wether."

ALL IN HIS EYE

Charles F. Adams.

He jumped on board the railway train,
 And cried, "Farewell! Lucinda Jane,
 My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
 Alas! how soon he changed his cry,
 And, while the tear stood in his eye,
 He said, "Confound Loose Cinder!"

FALL POETRY

Charles F. Adams.

A certain young woman, named Hannah,
 Slipped down on a piece of banana;
 She shrieked, and oh-my'd!
 And more stars she spied
 Than belongs to the star-spangled banner.

A gentleman sprang to assist her,
 And picked up her muff and her wrister.
 "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried;
 "Do you think," she replied,
 "I sat down for the fun of it, Mister?"

HOME MEMORIES

Charles F. Adams.

"Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home!"

I'm sitting again 'neath the old elm-tree's shade,
 And viewing the fields where in childhood I strayed;
 The breeze fans my cheek, and the birds go and come,
 While I listen, entranced, to the bee's soothing hum.

Hum, hum—sweet, sweet hum!
 Tho' it ever so humble-bee—
 —!!—!! . . . He's stung me I vum!

COUNTRY SOUNDS

Charles F. Adams.

The humming of the bees,
 Wafted on the scented breeze,
 And the robin's tender notes are very fine;
 But sweeter, far, to me
 Than the humming of the bee
 Is the melting tender loin' of the kine.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT

Charles F. Adams.

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"
 He said, in accents sad,
 Removing from the rocking-chair
 The best silk hat he had;
 And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
 That erst was trim and neat,
 He murmured, "Would it had been felt
 Before I took my seat!"

"IT"

Samuel Walter Foss.

"I don't want to play, if I've got to be 'It' "
 And Bobby looked fiercely sublime;
 "There's no fun a bit when you have to be 'It',
 And I have to be 'It' all the time."

Ah, Bobby my brave one go in and be "It";
 'Tis a fate that no soul can escape,
 For youngster and man of the whole human clan
 Are "It" in some manner or shape.

For fate plays at tag with the whole human race,
 And the shoulders of all men are hit,
 And all hears his cry as he "tags" and goes by,
 His clamor of "Tag! You are 'It'!"

And life-tag's a game that is well worth the play,
 And the strong soul is glad to be hit,
 And new light fills his eye; he hears his Fate cry
 Its challenge of "Tag! You are 'It'!"

So Bobby my brave one, begin the long game,
 And don't sulk or grumble a bit,
 And count it all praise to the end of your days
 When your Fate exclaims, "You are 'It'!"

JOHNNY'S POCKET

Anonymous.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
 Such a lot o' treasures in it!
 Listen, now, while I bedin' it;
 Such a lot o' sings it hold,
 And all there is you sall be told,—
 Everysin' dat's in my pottet
 And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
 A beauty shell; I picked it up;
 And here's the handle of a cup
 That somebody has broke at tea;
 The shell's a hole in it, you see;
 Nobody knows that I have dot it,
 I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
 And here's my pennies, one, two, three,
 That Aunt Mary gave to me;
 To-morrow day I'll buy a spade
 When I'm out walking with the maid.
 I can't put dat here in my pottet,
 But I can use it when I've dot it.
 Here's some more sin's in my pottet!
 Here's my lead, and here's my string,
 And once I had an iron ring.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

But through a hole it lost one day;
 And here is what I always say—
 A hole's the worst sin' in a pottet—
 Have it mended when you've dot it.

THE LOST DOLL

Charles Kingsley.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world;
 Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled;
 Yet for old times sake's, she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLEY'S OPINION OF BABY

Muzzer's bought a baby
 'Ttle bit's of zing;
 Zink I mos could put him
 Froo my rubber ring.

Dot all my nice kisses,
 Dot my place in bed;
 Mean to take my drumstick
 And beat him on ze head.

Ain't he awful ugly?
 Ain't he awful pink?
 Just come down from Heaven,
 Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told anoizzer
 Great big awful lie;
 Nose ain't out of joyent,
 Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!
 No, I won't! so zere;
 Nassy, crying baby,
 Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Bidy
 Ev'ry single day;
 Run away and play, Charley,
 Go away and play.

SIGNS

Inez C. Parker.

Listen, how dat dog keep a
 Howlin' when 'e bahk!
 And a whippo' will's a cryin'
 Out yandeh in the dahk.
 An' jes' heah dat ole hoot-owl
 Keep on a sayin' "who—who"—
 Chah! I feels so trembly
 I don' know what to do.

Win's a sighin' lonesome
 Lack dey's somep'n what it dread,
 De aiah seem full of wispehs—
 Ise 'fraid to turn meh head!
 Dey's somep'n gwine a-happin.
 Dey am jes' sho's you's bohn!
 Dey's somep'n gwine a-happin;
 Sho's Gab'el gwine to blow 'is hohn.

So chillun be ready an' watchin';
 Keep yo' lamps all buhnin' high,
 Kaze, sho's you heah me talkin',
 An' when Deff comes a callin',
 And face to face you meets
 You mus' be sho you's fittin',
 Foh to walk dem goldin streets.

Night win' is a singin'
 Right mo'nful thoo de trees.
 Stahs is blinkin' sleepy,
 Dey's rheumatics in meh knees;
 A yelleh ring's a glimm'rin',
 Right hazy round de moon—
 Dey's gwine a be bad weddeh
 I tell you mighty soon.

While ago, out in the street, dah,
 A cat run crosst meh way—
 Bad luck gwine to folleh
 Befo anoddeh day.
 Meh lef' yeah been a buhnin'
 All day, jes' hahd's it could—
 Somebody's talkin' 'bout me.
 An' ain't sayin' nothin' good.

Las' night I dremp I seed
 A fun'al passin' slow—
 Dat means we's gwine a heah about
 A weddin' mighty sho.
 An' look heah, on dis coffee,
 At de bubbles swimmin' 'roun'—
 Ise gwine a git some money
 Befo' long, I'll be boun'.

Lawse! dah go de dish-rag,
 A droppin' on de flo'—
 Somebody's gwine a come heah
 To visit soon, Ise sho.
 I mus' pic' up dat pin yandeh;
 Hits de fust I see to-day—

T'ank de Lawd! hit's fetchin' good luck,
Kaze de p'int am turned dis way.

So chillun—but I sees you's laffin'
Lack you always does at me;
You all says signs ain' nothin';
But, by and by, you'll see
Dat's ev'ryting Ise sayin',
Am gwine, foh sho, come true;
Den you'll fin' who's de wises'
A'nt Lizy Jane, ah you.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN

Charles F. Adams.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame,
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der shtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had two leedle twins;
Dey vas me und mine broder;
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name:
But den it made no tifferent:
We both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

Und so I am in drouples:
 I gan't kit droo mine hed
 Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
 Or Yawcob vot is tead!

KITTENS AND BABIES

Anonymous.

There were two kittens, a black and a gray,
 And grandmama said, with a frown,
 "It will never do to keep them both,
 The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
 "One kitten's enough to keep;
 Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
 And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
 Came little Bess from her nap.
 The nurse said, "Go into mama's room
 And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
 From the rocking-chair where she sat.
 "God has sent you two little sisters;
 Now! what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
 With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
 And then to grandma, soberly said,
 "Which one are you going to drown?"

NEDDY'S THANKSGIVING

Anonymous.

I went out to see my dra'ma,
 One tole Fanksgiving day;
 I shooked, and feezed, and chattered,
 All along the way.

Dra'ma was knitten stockings,
An' so I tried to knit;
Dot hold of the wrong thread
An' undid it every bit.

Next day I tried to tackle
A piggy for a horse;
I tumbled in the pig-pen,
My, wasn't dra'ma cross.

I wasn't to blame
'Cause my new dress was white;
If mama'd made it pig color,
It wouldn't have hurt a mite.

My dra'ma's got a big room
All filled wif pans of milk;
One day I left in pussy,
She's ist as soft as silk.

Pussy likes the thick cream
The best of anyfing;
I sat her down aside a pan,
You ought to heard her sing.

All along the shelf she ran,
An' wif her 'ittle nose
Made blue holes in every pan.
'Twas just for fun I s'pose.

But dra'ma's awful stingy,
She drived us bof away,
And said she'd mind to send me home,
Afore another day.

Sometimes the pussy's naughty,
One day she caught a mouse,
An' chased, and teased and bited it,
All around the house.

I hit her wif the tater masher
Every time she turned;

At last I got poor mousey
An' I hid him in the churn.

Who ever fought dat cream would drown?
I fought 'twas only rivers;
Next day when dra'ma churned,
Zat mouse was drowned all to slivers.

Zay gave the butter to the pigs,
And putted me to bed;
And hit poor pussy awful
Wight on her pitty head.

One day I saw a tub of milk,—
We keeps ours in a tin;
I fought 'twas good for nossin'
And so I got right in.

I'd ist got nicely settled,—
My feets was pitty feezed;
When in came dra'ma screamin'
"Zat feller's in my cheese!"

She jumped me out pitty quick
Wight on the cold stone floor;
She called my new boots dirty
An' she locked the dairy door.

I bin awful good to dra'ma
Ain't raised a mite of dust;
But I'm goin' home to-morrer,
'Cause dra'ma says I must.

TEENEY, WEENEY LITTLE FELLOWS

Anonymous.

Teeney weeney little fellows
Can't have no fun at all
Jus' when they is playin' hardest
Hear some body call,—
"Johnny." Have to leave our play and go home

So Ma can tell us: "Don't go far away now Johnny."
It jest makes me so mad!

Teeney weeney little fellows,
Pas is awful queer
Evry night right after supper
Mostly always hear,—
"You go right off to bed now Johnny."
Then Pa gets his over-coat
And says to Ma: "Ahm—hm—Don't wait
I'm going to the club
And reckon I'll be late."
It jest makes me so mad!

Teeney weeney little fellows,
Don't they catch it though,
What a time they has with sisters
Specially when they go
"Ma, ma, make Johnny go right up stairs."
Then the beau don't give no nickels,
Cause ma makes me go.
It jest makes me so mad!

Teeney weeney little fellers
Sometimes can't keep still,
Specially when their biggest brothers
Starts in to yell:
"Johnny did you use my shavin' brush
To clean your shoes?
Just wait until I catch you Johnny!"
That's the way with biggest brothers,
Ev'ry thing that's did,
Flies right off and goes to work
And blames it on the kid.
Say! It jest makes me so mad.

SOAP, THE OPPRESSOR

Burges Johnson.

The folks at my house half the time are thinkin' about
dirt;

It sort of gives 'em horrors, and they act as if it hurt,
 The sight of just a little makes 'em daffy as can be—
 They're always washin' sumthin,' an' half the time it's me.

It ain't because I wet my feet that gives me colds an'
 such;
 'Tain't runnin' round that keeps me thin—it's 'cause I'm
 washed so much.
 It does no good to tell 'em, they're so stubborn. But I
 hope
 That some day they'll discover what deceitful stuff is soap.

I tell you, very often when my hands was clean and white
 I've gone along to wash 'em, 'cause it did no good to fight;
 When I've stuck 'em in the basin it was plain enough to see
 The soap would make the water as dirty as could be.

If folks would give me half a chance, with soap that didn't
 cheat,
 I guess they'd be surprised to find I'm nachurally neat.
 I'd take on flesh and leave off havin' colds and such, I
 know—
 An' no one could complain about the parts of me that show.

I'VE OFTEN HEARD MY PAPA SAY

Anonymous.

I've often heard my papa say
 He wished he was a boy;
 That life would be one grand sweet song
 With nuthin' left but joy.

If that is really what he thinks,
 I wish he'd take a try,
 And if he had to keep it up,
 I bet that Pa would die.

He couldn't snooze down in bed
Till it was after eight,
An' than git up as mad as hops
'Cause Ma had called him late.

He couldn't spit the coffee out,
An' call it poisoned slush,
An' say the eggs weren't fit to eat,
An' ask who burnt the mush.

Fer if he tried such things as these,
Ma'd yank him by the hair,
An' fix him so he'd rather stand
Than sit upon a chair.

He couldn't come home late at night,
An' then begin to scold,
Because he'd made us wait so long
The grub had gotten cold.

He couldn't shove his plate away
An' say he warn't no hog:
He couldn't swear, he couldn't smoke,
He couldn't kick the dog.

He couldn't rush out to the club,
An' have a little game.
An' then come home in such a way
He didn't know his name.

If he could be a boy again,
I think it might suit ma,
But you can bet your button boots
It wouldn't do for Pa!

THE BALD HEADED MAN.

The other day, a woman accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded the train at Little Rock. The

woman had a care worn expression on her face, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "That man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After another silence the boy exclaimed: "Ma, what's the matter of that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you; he's bald!"

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions!"

Another silence; the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at the flies on that man's head!"

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look, there's another fly! Look at 'em fight! Look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, turning suddenly around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed stammered out something and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly—two flies—three flies!" said the boy, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Look here, you young hedgehog, if you don't stop, I'll call the conductor and have you put off the train!"

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma," said the boy, after another short silence, "have I got red marks on my head? Mister, does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep still I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give little boys money. Mister, do all bald-headed men have money?"

The annoyed man threw aside his newspaper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young hedgehog at home! If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here longer!"

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped her lips.

WHO'S AFRAID?

MOTHER—Now, lie still Molly dear, and don't kick the cover off!

MOLLY—Mama, will you leave a teenty-weenty light burning to-night?

MAMA—Why, I expect so! Daddy and I will be just down stairs; if you are frightened you can call.

JIMMY—Ah—she's the biggest fraidy cat.

MOTHER—No, James, none of that! I want no quarreling or no talking, I want you to go straight to sleep.

(Mama turns down the light low, kisses them, and goes out)

MOLLY—I wish Susie Jones' mother was my mother, she'd leave the light going full tilt every night, Susie told me so!

JIMMY—I bet she does not! Susie's the biggest story-teller in the world, next to you.

MOLLY—Why, I am not a story-teller, Jimmy Baker!

JIMMY—You are too, and you're a tattle tale.

MOLLY—You are—I am not—I am not.

JIMMY—Sh', do you want mama to come here and whip you?

(Silence for awhile)

MOLLY—Jimmy, will you tell me a story?

JIMMY—No, I'm goin' to sleep. What'll you give me if I do?

MOLLY—I'll give you a—a—a

JIMMY—Will you give me your new jumping rope?

MOLLY—Oh, Jimmy, not my new one! I'll give you my old one! It's a'mos' as good—it's better'n my new one!

JIMMY—No; I want the new one with the handles to make a harness with!

MOLLY—Oh, Jimmy!

JIMMY—(crossly) Well, now, you don't have to, if you don't want.

MOLLY—(meekly) Well, I will, but you won't tell one with bears in it, will you?

JIMMY—Aw, you big Fraidy-cat! Who's afraid?

Once upon a time there was a boy 'at lived in—now—Chicago, and one day he was sassy to his father, and runned away—

MOLLY—Who—his father did?

JIMMY—No, of course not—the boy did! If you're goin' to interup' I ain't a goin' to tell it! He didn't like Chicago, anyway, 'cause he had to go to school there, so he ist up an' walked off to New York! An' when he got to New York there was a pirate ship, there at New York an' he got right on, and went off to sea. All the pirates wuz black, an' big as—oh, they wuz awful big—

MOLLY—How big—big as papa?

JIMMY—Big as papa! Why they wuz giantses. Don't you interupt again. An' every pirate had a carving knife, and a gun, and a revolver—

MOLLY—What for?

JIMMY—Why, to kill people with, you silly! An' when they found the little boy was on the ship they hauled him out an' licked him with the end of a rope.

MOLLY—Is that worse than the back of a brush?

JIMMY—Ah, lots worse! B-b-b but the little boy didn't yell none when they licked him—he didn't yell none, so they made him the captain of the ship, 'cause he didn't yell none and he said 'at they go to “Cubey Libree” and fight the Philippenseane! An' they did. But while they were goin' there was a big shark.

MOLLY—What's a shark?

JIMMY—Don't you know what a shark is? Why, it's a big fish—as big as—as—as—as five elephants! with a mouth as big as—this whole house! an' teef as long as from here to the corner; an' if it wanted to—it could swallow up all the houses in this block!

MOLLY—(*in an anxious tone said faintly*) Jimmy—Can't I get into your bed?

JIMMY—Now, don't interupt! When the shark saw the pirate ship he swammed right up, and gobbled the ship down!

MOLLY—(*doubtfully*) Why, Jimmy Baker!

JIMMY—Don't you believe that? That's in the Bible, and as soon as the boy got out, he began swimming—oh, he was ist swimming for two months!

MOLLY—Without nothin' to eat?

JIMMY—Oh, he ate the fishes! An' pretty soon when he was swimming along, he came to a beautiful island, an' he went right on it and there was a b-e-e-u-t-i-f-u-l princess!

MOLLY—What did she have on?

JIMMY—She had on yellow curls an' a crown, an' pink tights, like the girl at the circus! An' when she saw the boy, she said that if he'd kill all the bears on the island, she'd marry him and he'd be king or something! so he said he would, an' he waited till it wuz 'mos dark, an' then he built a fire.

MOLLY—Where wuz the princess?

JIMMY—She wuz in to supper of course. He made a fire and then pretty soon he saw two great big shinin' eyes, and a great mouf 'at went—(Woo-Woo!)

MOLLY—Jimmy! Jimmy! What's that over in the corner? Its got fiery eyes!

JIMMY—W-W-W-where? I don't see anything.

MOLLY—It's a movin' its a coming after us, it's a bear! Mama! Mama!

JIMMY—Mama! Mama!

ADVANCED READINGS FOR CLASS USE

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
 I lov'd the garish day; and, spite of fears,
 Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

James Russell Lowell.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

* * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,

'Tis the natural way of living.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,

The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;

The river was dumb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,—
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,

And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
 The heart within him was ashes and dust:
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink;
 'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
 Himself the Gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in Man.

* * * * *

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall.
 The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

Alfred Tennyson.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired:
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that doats on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.

O, your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If Time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands?
 Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

HANS AND FRITZ

Charles F. Adams.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutchers who lived side by side,
 Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:
 With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
 And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
 And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
 Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
 To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
 And gave the required amount to his friend;
 Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
 “Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
 “I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;”
 When the question arose, the note being made,
 “Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?”

“You geepts dot,” says Fritz, “und den you vill know
 You owes me dot money.” Says Hans, “Dot ish so;
 Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
 Und I prings you der note und der money some day.”

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
 Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
 Says Fritz, “Now dot settles us.” Hans replies, “Yaw:
 Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?”

"I geepe dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den, you see, I always remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

MINE SHILDREN

Charles F. Adams.

Oh, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher mine
life!

Why don'd dhey keep qviet, like Katrine, mine vife?
Vot makes dhem so shock fool off mischief, I vunder,
A-shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vas dhere anyding make sooch a noise
As Yawcob und Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a goot qviet shmoke
Dhey crawl me all ofer, und dink id a shoke
To go droo mine bockets to see vot dhey find,
Und if mit der latch-key mine vatch dhey can vind.
I'd dakes someding more as dheir fader und moder
To qviet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dhey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drouzers und shtockings, und sooch dings as
dhese.

I dink if dot Croesus vas lifing to-day,
Dhose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay;
I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dhem new dings.

I pring dhose two shafers some toys efry tay.
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dhey
say,
"Und Shonny Schwartz' barents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus, mit a shleigh fool off toys,
Don'd gif sadisfactions to dhose greedy poys.

Dhey kick der clothes off vhen ashleep in dheir ped,
 Und get so mooch croup dot dhey almosdt vas dead;
 Budt id don'd made no tifferent: before id vas light
 Dhey vas oup in der morning mit pillows to fight;
 I dink id was beddher you don'd got some ears
 Vhen dhey blay "Holdt der Fort," und dhen gif dree
 cheers.

Oh, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher mine
 life!—

But shtop shust a leedle. If Katrine, mine vife,
 Und dhose leedle shildren, dhey don't been around,
 Und all droo der house dhere vas neffer a sound—
 Vell, poys, vhy you look oup dot vay mit surprize?
 I guess dhey see tears in dheir old fader's eyes.

THE YOUNG TRAMP

Charles F. Adams.

Hello, thar, stranger! Whar yer frum?
 Come in and make yerself ter hum!
 We're common folks—ain't much on style;
 Come in and stop a little while;
 'Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well!
 What, way frum Bosting? Naow, dew tell!
 Why, that's a hundred mile or so;
 What started yer, I'd like ter know,
 On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home—no friends? Naow that's too bad!
 Wall, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad—
 Wife, see what yer can find ter eat,
 And put the coffee on ter heat—
 We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't git a job,
 And not a penny in yer fob?

Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare!
What, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear
Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
Father was killed? 'Sho'; whar? Bull Run?
Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
And got used up, too, pretty bad;
I shan't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey?
A baby when he went away—
Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life,
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade"
Swept down upon our small brigade
I got the shot that made me lame,
When down on me a trooper came,
And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead;
The trooper's sabre cleaved his head.
Joe Billings was my comrade's name;
He was a Bosting boy, and game!
I almost wished I'd died instead.

Why lad! what makes yer tremble so?
Your father! what, my comrade Joe?
And you his son? Come ter my heart!
My home is yours; I'll try, in part,
Ter pay his boy the debt I owe.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS

El Dorado, 1851.

Charles F. Adams.

I've jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
 'N feelin' kind o' blue,
 I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
 Ter find out what wuz new,
 When I seen this sign a-hangin'
 On a shanty by the lake:
 "Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
 Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;
 I've seen Kentucky Pete
 Draw out his shooter 'n' advise
 A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
 But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
 'N made my benders shake,
 Like that sign about the doughnuts
 Like my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
 'N standin' thar instead
 I seen an old white farm-house,
 With its doors all painted red.
 A whiff came through the open door—
 Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
 The smell wuz that of doughnuts
 Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch
 Whar honeysuckles grew;
 A yellow dish of apple sass
 Wuz sittin' thar in view;
 'N on the table by the stove
 An old-time "johnny-cake,"
 'N a platter full of doughnuts
 Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
 In tidy dress of black;
 I almost thought I heard the words,
 "When will my boy come back?"
 'N then—the old sign creaked;
 But now it wuz the boss who spake,
 "Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
 Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
 'N ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
 I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
 Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.
 I'll make the old folks jubilant,
 'N, ef I don't mistake,
 I'll try some o' them doughnuts
 Like my mother used ter make.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS

Charles F. Adams.

Maybe dot you don'd rememper,
 Eighdeen— dwendy years ago,
 How I dold aboutt mine Yawcob—
 Dot young rashkell, don'd you know,
 Who got schiken-box und measles;
 Filled mine bipe mit Limburg scheeze;
 Cut mine cane up indo dhrum-schticks,
 Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
 Und dot son off mine, py shings!
 Now vas taller as hees fader,
 Und vas oup to all sooch dhings
 Like shimnastic dricks und pase-pall;
 Und der oder day he say
 Dot he boxes mit "adthledics,"
 Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.

Times vas deefereent, now, I dold you,
 As vhen he vas been a lad;
 Dhen Katrine she make hees drowsers
 Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad;
 Dhey vas cut so full und baggy
 Dot id dook more as a fool
 To find oudt eef he vas going,
 Or vas coming home vrom school.

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
 Off mine clothes to make a suit
 For dot poy—der times vas schanged;
 “Der leg vas on der oder boot;”
 For vhen hees drowsers dhey gets dhin,
 Und sort off “schlazy” roundt der knee,
 Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
 Und she cuts dhem down for me.

Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
 Gife me von elecdric shock,
 Vhen he say he vants fife-hundord
 To invesht in railroadt schtock.
 Dhen I dell him id vas beddher
 Dot he leaf der schtocks alone,
 Or some feller dot vas schmardter
 Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,
 Und say he get “schwiped” und fooled,
 Dhen he say he haf a “pointer”
 Vrom soom friendts off Sage and Gould;
 Und dot he vas on “rock bottom;”
 Had der “inside track” on “Atch———”
 Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
 Und I coom oup to der scratch.

Dhen in bolitics he dabbles,
 Und all qvesdions, great und schmall,
 Make no deefereent to dot Yawcob—
 For dot poy he knows id all.

Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
 Must be laid oup on der shelf,
 Und der governors und mayors
 Should pe young men—like himself.

Vell! I vish I vas dransbortet
 To dhose days off long ago,
 Vhen dot schafet beat der milk-ban
 Und schkydoodled droo der schnow.
 I could sctand der mumbs und measles,
 Und der ruckshuns in der house;
 Budt mine presentd dribulations
 Vas too mooch for Meester Strauss.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS

John Boss.

Scene.—(The old man from the foot of the stairs, 5 A. M.)

BEE-ULL! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
 Air you still sleepin'?
 Th' hour hand's creepin'
 Nearder five.

(Wal' blast it ef this ain't vexatious!)
 Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?
 An' th' ole red steer a-bawlin'?
 Come, look alive!
 Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!—)
 Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
 Thet you be a-movin'
 Brisk, I say!
 Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
 The kittle's a-spilin'
 To git hisse'f bilin'.
 It's comin' day.
 Git up! Git up!

Jule, O Jule! Now whut is ailin'?
 You want ter rest?
 Wal' I'll be blest!
 S'pose them cows
 'Ll give down 'ithout you pailin'?
 You must be goin' crazy;
 Er, more like, gittin' lazy.
 Come, now, rouse!
 Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!
 What you layin theer fer?
 You know the stock's ter keer fer;
 So, hop out!
 (Thet boy is wusser'n a rock ter wake!)
 Don't stop to shiver,
 But jist unkiver,
 An' pop out!
 Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!
 (Wal, blast my orn'ry skin!
 They've gone ter sleep agin,
 Fer all my tellin'!)
 See hyar, I hain't no time ter fool!
 It's the las' warnin'
 I'll give this mornin'.
 I'm done yellin'!
 Git up! Git up!

Wal' whut's th' odds—an hour, more or less?
 B'lieve it makes 'em stronger
 Ter sleep a leetle longer
 Thar in bed.
 The times is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
 When I'll wish, an' wish 'ith weepin',
 They was back up yender sleepin',
 Overhead,
 Ter git up.

THE STOCK IN THE TIE-UP

Holman F. Day.

I'm workin' this week in the wood lot; a hearty old job,
you can bet;
I finish my chores with a larntern, and marm has the table
all set
By the time I get in with the milkin'; and after I wash at
the sink,
And marm sets a saucer o' strainin's for the cat and
kittens to drink,
Your uncle is ready for supper, with an appetite whet to an
edge
That'll cut like a bush-scythe in swale-grass, and couldn't
be dulled on a ledge.
And marm, she slats open the oven, and pulls out a heapin'
full tin
Of the rippin'est cream-tartar biskit a man ever pushed at
his chin.
We pile some more wood on the fire, and open the damper
full blare,
And pull up and pitch into supper—and comfort—and
taste good—wal, there!
And the wind swooshes over the chimbly, and scrapes at
the shingles cross grain,
But good double winders and bankin' are mighty good
friends here in Maine.
I look 'crost the table to mother, and marm she looks
over at me,
And passes another biskit and says, "Won't ye have
some more tea?"
And while I am stirrin' the sugar, I relish the sound of the
storm.
For, thank the good Lord, we are cosy and the stock in
the tie-up is warm.

I tell ye, the song o' the fire and the chirruping hiss o' the
tea,
The roar of the wind in the chimbly, they sound dreadful
cheerful to me.

But they'd harrer me, plague me, and fret me, unless as
 I set here I knew
 That the critters are munchin' their fodder and bedded
 and comf'table too.
 These biskits are light as a feather, but, boy, they'd be
 heavier'n lead
 If I thought that my hosses was shiv'rin', if I thought that
 my cattle warn't fed.
 There's men in the neighborhood 'round me who pray
 somew'at louder than me,
 They wear better clothes, sir, on Sunday—chip in for the
 heathen Chinees,
 But the cracks in the sides o' their tie-ups are wide as the
 door o' their pew,
 And the winter comes in there a-howlin', with the sleet and
 the snow peltin' through.

Step in there, sir, ary a mornin' and look at their critters!
 'Twould seem
 As if they were bilers or engines, and all o' them chock
 full o' steam.
 I've got an old-fashioned religion that calkalates Sunday's
 for rest,
 But if there warn't time, sir, on week days to batten a
 tie-up, I'm blest
 I'd use up a Sunday or such-like, and let the durned heathen
 folks go
 While I fastened some boards on the lintel to keep out the
 frost and the snow.
 I'd stand all the frowns of the parson before I'd have
 courage to face
 The dumb holler eyes o' the critters hooked up in a frosty
 old place.
 And I'll bet ye that in the Hereafter the men who have
 stayed on their knees
 And let some poor, fuzzy old cattle stand out in a tie-up
 and freeze,
 Will find that the heat o' the Hot Place is keyed to an
 extra degree
 For the men who forgot to consider that critters have
 feelin's same's we.

I dasn't go thinkin' o' tie-ups where winter goes whistlin'
through,
Where cattle are humped at their stanchions with scarcely
the gumption to moo.
But I'm glad for the sake of Hereafter that mine ain't the
sin and the guilt,
And I tell you I relish my feelin's when I pull up the big
patchwork quilt.
I can laugh at the pelt o' the snowflakes, and grin at the
slat o' the storm,
And thank the good Lord I can sleep now; the stock in the
tie-up is warm.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

John G. Whittier.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they
near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls:
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their
souls!”—

Who is losing? who is winning?—“Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain.”

Holy mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look
once more,—

“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot
and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena!—"Ah, the smoke has rolled
 away;
 And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
 gray.
 Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
 Minon wheels;
 There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
 their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
 Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
 lance!
 Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
 together fall:
 Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the
 Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
 ful on.
 Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who
 has won?—
 "Alas! alas! I know not: friend and foe together fall,
 O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them
 all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting—Blessed Mother, save
 my brain!
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
 slain.
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and
 strive to rise:
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
 our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head
 on my knee:
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear
 me? canst thou see?
 O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once
 more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is
o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to
rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier
lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away:
But as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead:
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside
her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied:
With her kiss upon her forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died!
"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the
North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena!—"Like a cloud before
the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind:
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive:
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, for-
give!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool gray
shadows fall:
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over
all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled;
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours:
Upward, through its smoke and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

THE SUMMONS

John Greenleaf Whittier.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
Of summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
And in the noontime shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lances of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears—
A deeper sound that drowns them all:
A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears,
The Macedonian cry to Paul.

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
I know the word and countersign:
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard Time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,
And has no answer but God-speed!

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

Mrs. Hemans.

Alone, though gloomy forest shades, a soldier went by
night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed
guiding light;
Yet, on his vigil's midnight round, the youth all cheerly
passed,
Unchecked by aught of boding sound that muttered in
the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour? In his far
 home, perchance,
 His father's hall, his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines
 of France.
 Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? Came not faint
 whispers near?
 No! The wild wind hath many a sigh, mid the foliage sere.
 Hark! yet again!—and from his hand what grasp hath
 wrenched the blade?
 O, single midst a hostile band, young soldier, thou'rt
 betrayed!
 "Silence!" in undertones they cry; "no whisper—not a
 breath!
 The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence
 thee to death."

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet
 the blow;
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm!
 Auvergne! the foe!"
 The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call, he heard their tumults
 grow;
 And sent his dying voice through all,—“Auvergne!
 Auvergne! the foe!”

GOD

Derzhaven.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,—
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep,—may count
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
 Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity!
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!
 A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear

The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Adelaide A. Procter.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance
 lies;
 In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies;
 And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
 You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence enthroned in Heaven, looks
 down
 Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town;
 For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
 Has stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and
 more.

Her battlements and towers, from off their rocky steep,
 Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the deep;
 Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
 Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years
 ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
 To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
 And every year that fledged so silently and fast
 Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or
change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed
no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with
tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife;
Each day she rose contented to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round
her stand,
She sang them the old ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's
throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed
seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down
in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the
ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away:
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the
town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncertain
gleam,
That looked like lances mid the trees that stood below the
stream,

At eve they all assembled, then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our
own!"

The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz; once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's
foes!

The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their
own!

Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth
again),

Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the
plain;

Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be,
die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step
she sped;

Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her
hand,

She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native
land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is
passed;

She looks up; the clouds are heavy: why is her steed so
slow?—

Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cried, “oh, faster!” Eleven the church bells chime;

“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!”

But louder than bells ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness; the bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the darkness, and looser throws the rein;

Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance, shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,

And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;

Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,

The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour;

“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud, and then, (O crown of fame!)

When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden’s name.

O! now our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
 spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
 land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
 hand:

And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
 flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

Macaulay.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And men below, and saints above;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives
 at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation
 is suicide; that he must take himself, for better or for worse,
 as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of
 good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but
 through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is
 given him to till.

Emerson.

In the hush of the autumn night I hear the voice of the sea,

In the hush of the autumn night it seems to say to me—

Mine are the winds above, mine are the caves below,

Mine are the dead of yesterday and the dead of long ago!

And I think of the fleet that sailed from the lovely

Gloucester shore.

I think of the fleet that sailed and came back nevermore!

T. B. Aldrich.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
 “Fire!”—out blazed the rife-blast.
 It shiver’d the window, pane and sash,
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.
 Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatch’d the silken scarf.

Whittier.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees.

Pope.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
 dear;
 To-morrow’ll be the happiest of all the glad new year;—
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest
 day;—
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen
 o’ the May.

Tennyson.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

Longfellow.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none,
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Scott.

A song, oh, a song for the merry May!
The cows in the meadow, the lambs at play,
The chorus of birds in the maple-tree
And a world in blossoms for you and me.

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Shakespeare.

Slow fades the vision of the sky, the golden water pales,
And over all the valley land, a gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all; the sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow, when I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine, nor lapsing stream
shall tell

The stranger, treading where I tread, of him who loved
them well.

But beauty seen is never lost, God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset neaver into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined, to mortal date or clime:
As the soul liveth, it shall live, beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels shall bloom the home-borne
flowers,

And new horizons flush and glow, with sunset hues of ours.

Whittier.

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

Water, water, everywhere, and all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

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

Coleridge.

O larks, sing out to the thrushes,
 And thrushes, sing to the sky!
 Sing from your nests in the bushes,
 And sing wherever you fly;

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

Shakespeare.

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

Marlowe.

Hurrah! hurrah! the west wind
 Comes freshening down the bay!
 The rising sails are filling,
 Give way, my lads, give way.

Whittier.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
 To horse! halloo, halloo!
 His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
 And thronging serfs their lord pursue.
 The eager pack, from couples freed,
 Dash through the brush, the brier, the brake;
 While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
 The mountain echoes startling wake.

Scott.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle down the glen!
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Hogg.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest that skirts the Ocean's
foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest, the tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep, the clouds were
gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep the smile of Heaven lay;
It seem'd as if the hour were one sent from beyond the
skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun a light of Paradise!
We paused amid the pines that stood the giants of the
waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude as serpents inter-
laced,—
And soothed by every azure breath that under heaven is
blown
To harmonies and hues beneath, as tender as its own:
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep, like green waves on the
sea
As still as in the silent deep the ocean-woods may be.

We paused beside the pools that lie under the forest bough;
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky, gulf'd in a world below;
A firmament of purple light, which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night, and purer than
the day—
In which the lovely forests grew as in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue than any spreading
there.
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn, and through
the dark green wood

The white sun twinkling like the dawn out of speckled
 cloud,
 Sweet views which in our world above can never well be
 seen,
 Were imagined by the water's love of that fair forest green:
 And all was interfused beneath with an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath, a softer day below.

Shelley.

My pipe is lit, and all is snug; old Puss is in her elbow
 chair, and Tray is sitting on the rug. Last night I had
 a curious dream: Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg.
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat? What d'ye think of
 that, my Dog?

Hood.

And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with a joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth.

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
 culverin!
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the
 lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.
Macaulay.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shouts back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Scott.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steed to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Shakespeare.

O Time and Change! with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!

Whittier.

Victorious men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;
 Though you bind in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee, and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owed, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

Macaulay.

THE LESSONS OF NATURE

Drummond.

Of this fair volume which we World do name
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:
 Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page, no period of the same.
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,

Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

Scott.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

Woodworth.

Away! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

The rippling water, with its drowsy tone,
The tall elms towering in their stately pride,
And—sorrow's type—the willow, sad and lone,
Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;

The gray church-tower; and dimly seen beyond,
 The faint hills gilded by the parting sun;
 All were the same, and seemed with greeting fond
 To welcome me, as they of old had done.

The night is mother of the day,
 The winter of the spring;
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling,
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Has left His hope with all.

Whittier.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
 Our thirsty souls with rain;
 The blow most dreaded falls to break
 From off our limbs a chain;
 And wrongs of man to man but make
 The love of God more plain,
 As through the shadowy lens of even
 The eye looks farthest into heaven,
 On gleams of star and depths of blue
 The glaring sunshine never knew.

The coldest gazer's heart grew warm,
 And felt no more its indecision;
 For every soul which saw that form
 Grew larger to contain the vision.
 "Him have I seen," the boy exclaimed;
 "Yes, him! what needs he to be named?
 The world has only one broad sun,
 And Freedom's world but Washington!"

Reed.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
 "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said.
 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;
 The nobler nature within him stirr'd
 To life at that woman's deed and word.
 "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;
 All day long that free flag toss'd
 Over the heads of the marching host.

Whittier.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
 How many soever they be,
 And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
 Come over, come over to me.

Ingelow.

Nobody looks at the clouds with a love that equals mine;
 I know them in their beauty, in the morn or the even-
 shine.
 I know them, and possess them, my castles in the air,
 My palaces, cathedrals, and hanging gardens fair.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Thomas B. Read.

Up from the south at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd
The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretch'd away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;

What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dash'd down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seem'd to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man.
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

W. H. Thompson.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
 A cry across the tumult runs,—
 The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
 And Chickamauga's solitudes,
 The fierce South cheering on her son!

* * * *

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
 Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
 A mighty mother turns in tears
 The pages of her battle years,
 Lamenting all her fallen sons!

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

Charles F. Tiffany.

The sun had dropped into the distant west,
 The cannons ceased to roar, which tells of rest,
 Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
 Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
 The moon had risen, casting softest light;
 On either side of stream the armies lay,
 Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all,
 Each could hear the other's sentry call,
 The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill.
 And save the tramp of pickets all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
 Between the hills so fair to look upon,
 Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
 Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steal along
 The softest strains of music and of song,
 The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
 Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hill tops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew
The welcome words, "Lads sing the 'Boys in Blue'!"

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to Heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear,—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking of their scanty evening meal,
And each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood, are felt by them no more.
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and jeer,
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear;

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely held to breast,—

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In Dixie's land they swore to live and die
That was their watchword, that their battle cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell:—

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side had played its part,
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! From Rappahannock stream there floats
Another air; but, ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gem of song, 'twas "Home, Sweet Home,"

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.
Men who would march to every cannon's mouth
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well worn coats of gray and blue
Were generous, tender hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did swiftly run.

Thinking of loving wife and children there,
With no one left to guide them, none to care.
Stripling lads not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre, or the knapsack wear,

Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then, lo, by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,
A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain, we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains—a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far you roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "Sweet Home."

TICONDEROGA

J. B. Wilson.

The cold gray light of the dawning
On old Carillon falls,
And dim in the mist of the morning
Stand the grim old fortress walls.
No sound disturbs the stillness
Save the cataract's mellow war,
Silent as death is the fortress,
Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
Comes the cool, fresh morning breeze,
Lifting the banner of Britain,
And whispering to the trees
Of the swift gliding boats on the waters
That are nearing the fog-shrouded land,
With the old Green Mountain Lion,
And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
Heard not the whisper low;
He is dreaming of the banks of the Shannon
As he walks on his beat to and fro,
Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
That were dim when he marched away,
And a tear down his bronzed cheek courses,
'Tis the first for many a day.

A sound breaks the misty stillness,
And quickly he glances around;
Through the mist, forms like towering giants
Seem rising out of the ground;
A challenge, the firelock flashes;
A sword cleaves the quivering air,
And the sentry lies dead by the postern,
Blood staining his bright yellow hair.

Then, with a shout that awakens
All the echoes of hillside and glen,

Through the low, frowning gate of the fortress,
 Sword in hand, rush the Green Mountain men.
 The scarce wakened troops of the garrison
 Yield up their trust pale with fear;
 And down comes the bright British banner,
 And out rings a Green Mountain cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern heavens
 With crimson and gold are ablaze;
 And up springs the sun in his splendor
 And flings down his arrowy rays,
 Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
 Turning to gold the grim walls,
 While louder and clearer and higher
 Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
 A century has rolled away;
 But with pride the nation remembers
 That glorious morning in May.
 And the cataract's silvery music
 Forever the story tells,
 Of the capture of old Carillon,
 The chime of the silver bells.

RORY O'MORE

Samuel Lover.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
 He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm
 about;

Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way

You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound,"
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure, I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure, I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim
Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a
baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was
right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
That's eight times today you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

Albert G. Greene.

O'er a low couch the setting sun
 Had thrown its latest ray,
 Where in his last strong agony
 A dying warrior lay,
 The stern old Baron Rudiger,
 Whose frame had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil
 Its iron strength had spent.

“They come around me here and say
 My days of life are o'er,
 That I shall mount my noble steed
 And lead my band no more;
 They come, and to my beard they dare
 To tell me now, that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born,—
 That I—ha! ha! must die.

“And what is Death? I've dared him oft
 Before the Paynim spear,—
 Think ye he's enter'd at my gate,
 Has come to seek me here?
 I've met him faced him, scorn'd him,
 When the fight was raging hot,—
 I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;
 Defy, and fear him not.

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,
 And fire the culverin,—
 Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
 Call every vassal in;
 Up with my banner on the wall,—
 The banquet board prepare,—
 Throw wide the portal of my hall,
 And bring my armor there!”

A hundred hands were busy then,—
 The banquet forth was spread,—

And rung the heavy oaken floor
 With many a martial tread,
 While from the rich, dark tracery
 Along the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
 O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
 The mail'd retainers pour'd,
 On through the portal's frowning arch,
 And throng'd around the board.
 While at its head, within his dark,
 Carved oaken chair of state,
 Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
 With girded falchion, sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men,
 Pour forth the cheering wine;
 There's life and strength in every drop,—
 Thanksgiving to the vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
 Mine eyes are waxing dim;
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
 Each goblet to the brim.

“Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.
 Draw forth each trusty sword,—
 And let me hear your faithful steel
 Clash once around my board:
 I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—
 What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up all,—and shout for Rudiger,
 ‘Defiance unto Death!’ ”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang'd to steel,
 And rose a deafening cry
 That made the torches flare around,
 And shook the flags on high:—
 “Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—
 Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards, have ye left me
 To meet him here alone?

“But I defy him:—let him come!”
 Down rang the massy cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade
 Came flashing halfway up;
 And, with the black and heavy plumes
 Scarce trembling on his head,
 There in his dark, carved oaken chair
 Old Rudiger sat, *dead!*

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Thomas Moore.

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

Thomas Moore.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest
And when joys are dearest,
O, then remember me!
When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O, then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O, then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
O, then remember me!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Translation by Ben Jonson.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee!

O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME!

Charles Kingsley.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!"
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land;
 And never home came she.

“O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress o’ golden hair,
O’ drowned maiden’s hair,—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,—
To her grave beside the sea,
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o’ Dee.

IT MAKES A FELLOW HUNGRY

(*Chicago Tribune.*)

It makes a fellow hungry just to think about the bread
Of honest old-time baking, on which in youth he fed—
The loaf that showed the traces of the pan’s intense caress,
But bulged above those wrinkles as if spreading out to bless
The ones who gazed upon it with a joyous appetite
That reveled in the prospects of the slices thick and light.

Today the chemists make it, and the flour is analyzed:
The bread is scientific, and is properly devised;
The baker’s wagon brings it—it is conscienceless and hard;
The cooking schools concoct it by the rules upon a card;
Exactness and precision guide the baking, it is said,
But, oh, they never equal the old-fashioned loaf of bread!

Sometimes there comes a fancy from the mists of yester-
days
That holds the yeasty perfume of the dough set out to
raise,
And then we heard the patting on the floury mixing-
board,
And see the old time oven with its load of goodness stored.
And when the door is opened, what a satisfying gust
Of pungent rich aroma floated from the browning crust!

The breakfast foods replace it—there are foods you needn't
 chew,
 And foods that give the stomach not a single thing to do,
 And foods with wondrous titles, that have leaped to sud-
 den fame—
 The old time bread was splendid, with the same old fash-
 ioned name;
 It held the balm of summer and the glory of the wheat
 And breathed an invitation that would make you come
 and eat.

The good old times are going, and the good old bread is
 gone!
 The thick-cut slice of "home made" with the wealth of
 jam thereon!
 The piece of bread and butter that was such a boyhood
 boon
 And filled the void that clamored in the hungry afternoon!
 And, oh, Lucullan fancy! You were fit for any fate
 When home made bread was floating in the gravy on your
 plate!

Its crumb was always flaky and its crust was never burned:
 Your mother used to make it (but your sister never
 learned).
 The constant march of progress hurls our cherished things
 afar—
 The home made bread no longer flanks the apple butter
 jar—
 No more the tang of spices tells that something good is
 spread
 A'top a tempting portion of the good old-fashioned bread.

THE FOUNTAIN

James R. Lowell.

Into the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night,—

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow,—

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day,—

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary,—

Glad of all weathers
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest,—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same,—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element,—

Glorious Fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

THOUGHT

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

MAY MORN SONG

Wm. Motherwell.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime:
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrup the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrup the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.

No witness there,
 And o'er us, hark!
 High in the air
 Chirrup the lark;
 Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

A MASTERPIECE OF PRAYER

Samuel Walter Foss.

W'en our new church was dedicated we had a jubilee,
 They chose a lot of speakers, but were bound they wouldn't
 choose me.
 They knowed my faculty for speech,—how I could lift and
 soar,
 An' how I had the gift of tongues as few men had before.
 But they was narrer, jealous souls, an' 'fraid of my renown,
 An' meant to choke me off the list an' keep my genius down.

But I got even with 'em. See? Purtended I didn't care,
 But said I'd like to close the day with a few words of
 prayer
 An' so they put me down to pray—thought that would
 shet me off,
 An' stuck it on the programme there, "A Prayer," by
 Deacon Goff.
 So I sot still an' waited, till they all had their say,—
 An' then to close the programme up they called on me to
 pray.

Well, did I pray? I guess so. They got it fair and square,
 It warn't ten weeks for nothin' I had studied on that
 prayer:
 It warn't ten weeks for nothin' I'd rehearsed it in the barn:
 An' I jest put it to them good without a haw or hem—
 No crowd was ever prayed to quite the way I prayed to
 them.

W'en you pray an' want to fetch 'em, an' jest stir 'em
 through and through,
 W'y you've got to make a study of the crowd you're
 prayin' to.
 Well, I knew my crowd exactly, an I knew jest what would
 suit;
 I knew the crowd I prayed to and I knew my prayer to
 boot.
 An' I stood for twenty minutes there without a pause or
 rest
 An' I socked it to the audience an' prayed like all possesst.

But them programme men sot on the platform there
 An' the narrer, jealous critters were the pictures of despair,
 But I kep' on a-prayin' for my mind was made up firm,
 An' now an' then I'd give a peek to see the cusses squirm,
 You'd ought to seen the durn things wince, an' w'en I
 closed my prayer
 No madder set of fellers, sir, was livin' anywhere.

THE LOGIC OF THE GUN

Samuel Walter Foss.

He wrote in letters plain to see,
 That all could understand;
 All Persons Carrying Firearms
 Forbidden On This Land.
 And through his hundred-acre woods,
 To stay through calm and breeze,
 He nailed his minatory sign
 Upon two hundred trees.
 So all who wandered through those wilds
 Could read and understand;
 All Persons Carrying Firearms
 Forbidden On This Land.

Ben Bean, the Nimrod of the town,
 Went shooting through the land;
 His vocal musket banged in tones
 That all could understand.

And when the owner of the woods
Who placed the warning signs,
Went after Ben and talked to him
Of penalties and fines
"Do you not see these signs?" said he,
"A child can understand,
'All persons carrying firearms forbidden on this
land?'"

"But how'll you get me off," asked Ben,
And spoke without a wince,
"A person carrying firearms
Ain't easy to convince."
"Go off!" the farmer cried; "Begone!"
"Come drive me off," Ben said,
And raised his musket toward the man,
And aimed it at his head.
"Why, I have right upon my side,"
The farmer said, "Now run!"
"You may have right I don't deny 't
But I have got the gun."

And there are empires, just like Ben,
Who hunt the world around,
Whose purpose 'tis to use the world
For their own hunting-ground.
And there's no potentate or power,
No premier or prince,
Who's well equipped with firearms,
That's easy to convince.
And when their victims prate of rights
They say to every one,
"You may have right, I don't deny 't,
But I have got the gun."

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS

From Paradise Lost.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of chaos and eternal night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly, I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled to me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
 Or sights of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead and ever during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank

Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

AUNT SHAW'S PET JUG

Holman Day.

Now there was Uncle Elnathan Shaw,
 —Most regular man you ever saw!
 Just half-past four in the afternoon
 He'd start and whistle that old jig tune,
 Take the big blue jug from the but'ry shelf
 And trot down cellar, to draw himself
 Old cider enough to last him through
 The winter ev'nin'. Two quarts would do.
 —Just as regular as half-past four
 Come round, he'd tackle that cellar door,
 As he had for thutty years or more.

And as regular, too, as he took that jug
 Aunt Shaw would yap through her old cross mug,
 "Now, Nathan, for goodness' sake take care!
 You allus trip on the second stair;
 It seems as though you were just possessed
 To break that jug. It's the very best

There is in town and you know it, too,
And 'twas left to me by my great-aunt Sue.
For goodness' sake, why don't yer lug
A tin dish down, for ye'll break that jug?"
Allus the same, suh, for thirty years,
Allus the same old twits and jeers
Slammed for the nineteenth thousand time
And still we wonder, my friend, at crime.

But Nathan took it meek's a pup
And the worst he said was "Please shut up."
You know what the Good Book says befell
The pitcher that went to the old-time well;
Wal, whether 'twas that or his time had come,
Or his stiff old limbs got weak and numb
Or whether his nerves at last giv' in
To Aunt Shaw's everlasting chin—
One day he slipped on that second stair,
Whirled round and grabbed at the empty air
And clean to the foot of them stairs, ker-smack,
He bumped on the bulge of his humped old back
And he'd hardly finished the final bump
When old Aunt Shaw she giv' a jump
And screamed downstairs as mad's a bug
"Dod-rot your hide, did ye break my jug?"

Poor Uncle Nathan lay there flat
Knocked in the shape of an old cocked hat,
But he rubbed his legs, brushed off the dirt
And found after all that he warn't much hurt.
And he'd saved the jug, for his last wild thought
Had been of that; he might have caught
At the cellar shelves and saved his fall,
But he kept his hands on the jug through all.
And now as he loosed his jealous hug
His wife just screamed, "Did ye break my jug?"

Not a single word for his poor old bones
Nor a word when she heard his awful groans,
But the blamed old hard-shelled turtle just
Wanted to know if that jug was bust.

Old Uncle Nathan he let one roar
 And he shook his fist at the cellar door;
 "Did ye break my jug?" she was yellin' still.
 "No, durn yer pelt, but I swow I will."
 And you'd thought that the house was a-going to fall
 When the old jug smashed on the cellar wall.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, quick
 sword!
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps:
 His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
 seat;
 O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the history, which belongs to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French Tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the United crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and whenever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoice in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances the light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American Flag, stars and beams of many colored lights shine out together. And where ever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion, and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

The History of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the Highlands at West Point; it floated over Old Fort Montgomery. When

Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its host, and our Revolutionary struggle ended with victory.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life or death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. In this consists our hope, and without it there can be no future for our nation.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The Flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The Colors before us fly;
But more than the Flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches, and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a Nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the Colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The Flag is passing by!

WE'LL STAND BY THE FLAG

F. E. Belden.

We'll stand by the flag of our country,
Columbia's banner of glory;
Her stars as they shine,
Her stripes as they line,
Tell liberty's grand old story.

CHORUS

We'll stand by the flag,
 Our beautiful flag,
 In union none can sever;
 We'll honor the flag,
 Our liberty flag;
 We'll stand by our flag forever!

We've learned of the deeds of our fathers
 From hist'ry's dull gloomy pages,
 But here are the stars
 They bore thro' the wars,
 In splendor to shine for ages.

THE LAST OF THE RED MEN

W. F. Bryant.

The sun's last ray was glowing fair, on crag and tree and
 flood;
 And fell in mellow softness where the lonely Indian stood.
 Beneath his eye, in living gold, the broad Pacific lay;
 Unruffled there, a skiff might hold its bright and fearless
 way.

Far, far behind him, mountains blue in shadowy distance
 melt;
 And far beyond, the dark woods grew, where his fore-
 fathers dwelt!
 No breathing sound was in the air, as, leaning on his bow,
 A lone and weary pilgrim there, he murmured stern and
 low:

“Far by Ohio's mighty stream, bright star, I've worshipped
 thee!
 My native stream—its bosom ne'er the red man more may
 see!

The pale-face rears his wigwam where our Indian hunters
 roved;
 His hatchet fells the forest fair our Indian maidens loved.

“A thousand warriors bore in war the token of my sires;
 On all the hills were seen afar their blazing council-fires!
 The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill, and held his
 breath in fear;
 And in the wood, and on the hill, their arrows pierced the
 deer.

“Where are they now?—The stranger’s tread is on their
 silent place!
 Yon fading light on me is shed,—the last of all my race!
 Where are they now?—In summer’s light go seek the
 winter’s snow!
 Forgotten is our name and might, and broken is our bow!
 The white man came; his bayonets gleam where Sachems
 held their sway;
 And, like the shadow of a dream, our tribe has passed
 away!”

PICTURES OF MEMORY

Alice Cary.

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory’s wall
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red berries rest,
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

I once had a little brother,
 With eyes that were dark and deep;
 In the lap of that old dim forest
 He lieth in peace asleep:
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And, one of the autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.
 Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face;
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

A. Charles Swinburne.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven:"
 No glory that ever was shed
 From the crowning star of the seven
 That crown the north world's head.

No word that ever was spoken
 Of human or godlike tongue,
 Gave ever such godlike token
 Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
 To faithful or faithless eyes,
 Showed ever beyond clouds riven
 So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
 And blood have defied each creed:
 If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
 It must be heaven indeed.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

William Cullen Bryant.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:—
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders and white his crest.
 Hear him call in his merry note:—
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Look what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings:—
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'olink,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me cowardly knaves if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might;—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:—
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

BILL AND JOE

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,—
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
 To-day, old friend, remember still
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With H-O-N. and LL. D.,
 In big brave letters, fair to see:
 Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
 How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
 You've taught your name to half the globe;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
 You've made the dead past live again:
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
 "See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
 They talk like fellows in their teens!
 Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"
 And shake their heads: they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go,—
 How vain it seems, this empty show!
 Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
 In some sweet lull of harp and song
 For earth-born spirits none to long,
 Just whispering of the world below
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so near;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

EACH AND ALL

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
 The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
 The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea born treasures home;
 But the poor unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
 The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As mid the Virgin train she strayed,

Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
 The gay enchantment was undone—
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.
 Then I said, "I covet truth:
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violets breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of Deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;—
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

MY HEART AND I

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
 We sit beside the headstone thus,
 And wish that name were carved for us.
 The moss reprints more tenderly
 The hard types of the mason's knife,
 As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life
 With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I.
 We dealt with books, we trusted men,
 And in our own blood drenched the pen,
 As if such colors could not fly.
 We walked too straight for fortune's end,
 We loved too true to keep a friend:
 At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet:
What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head:
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
We lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth, no doubt,
Is little room for things worn out:
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
And if, before the days grew rough,
We once were loved, used,—well enough
I think we've fared, my heart and I.

A LAUGHING CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whispering to and fro.
 And "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked,
 " 'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied:
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came"
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing."
 And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
 "The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
 And the violet only murmured, "I'm here."
 And sweet grew the air of spring.
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest
 days,
 Imprisoned in walls of brown,
 They never lost heart though the blast shrieked
 loud,
 And the sleet and the hail came down,
 But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
 And now they are coming to brighten the world,
 Still shadowed by winter's frown;
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

F. M. Finch.

. . . Memorial day originated in the South. The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lillies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:—

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for awhile.

They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
 They criticize their fellowmen at every chance they get,
 They never found a human soul just to suit their fancy yet;
 From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out.

Some things that every one of us should know a lot about,
 When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—

Say something *good* about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good

That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
 That kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
 Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
 To show the best that's in them; and a Universal move
 Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.

Say something sweet to paralyze the knocker on the spot—
 Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother
 holds,
 The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes
 and scolds;
 The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength
 was made to raise
 The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the
 ways—
 All these should be forgiven, "for they know not what they
 do,"
 Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like
 you.
 So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's
 bitter cup,
 Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG"

Kingsley.

When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are
 green;
 And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world
 away;
 Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his
 day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down;
 Creep home and take your place there, the spent and
 maimed among;
 God grant you find one face there you loved when all was
 young.

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE

Scott.

To the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse spoke,
 "Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns
 to be broke;

So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport, and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie
and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was
thranged
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!"

Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth;
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in
the north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three
Will cry ‘Hoigh!’ for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There’s brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash
free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode
on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

THE RISING IN 1776

T. B. Read.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife’s shrill note, the drum’s loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet.

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington;
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
 The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
 The psalm was warrior David's song:
 The text, a few short words of might,—
 "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
 When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
 God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause;
 His holiest places then are ours.
 His temples are our forts and towers,
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
 In this, the dawn of freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
 The warrior priest had ordered so—
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar,
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before:
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I!"

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Burns.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

MY STAR

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furl'd:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE

Coleridge.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought! entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody;—
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,—
 Thou, the mean while wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

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

JULIUS CAESAR—OPENING SCENE

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a Throng of Citizens.

FLAV.—Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 CIT.—Why, sir, a carpenter.

MAR.—Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 CIT.—Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR.—But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 CIT.—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MAR.—What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 CIT.—Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet,
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MAR.—What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow!

2 CIT.—Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAV.—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT.—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,
but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper
men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my
handiwork.

FLAV.—But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why
dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 CIT.—Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to
see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR.—Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he
home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
 O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The livelong day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone!
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

PERORATION OF CLOSING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS

Burke.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand.—We call this Nation, we call the World to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in ruins that have

been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself,—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide in regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords,—was; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream!

It fell pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be

made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body!

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy,—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom,—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

Pierpont.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!

And, before you, see—

Who have done it!—from the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?—

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must—
 But, oh! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dew shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell!

A LAUGHING SONG

Blake.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
 When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
 And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
 And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene:
 When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
 With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
 Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
 Come live, and be merry, and join with me
 To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Longfellow.

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And, from its station in the hall,
 An ancient timepiece says to all,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber door,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
 And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
 And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “Oh, when shall they all meet again?”
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time, shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

PROSPICE

Browning.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
 pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 Oh, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

CICELY AND THE BEARS

Anonymus.

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! ding-dong!” The bell-
 man's voice is loud and strong; so is his bell: “Oh, yes!
 ding-dong!” He wears a coat with golden lace; see how
 the people of the place come running to hear what the bell-
 man says! “Oh, yes! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand has just
 returned from the Holy Land, and freely offers his heart
 and hand—Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! ding-dong!” all the

women hurry along, maids and widows, a clattering throng. "Oh sir, you are hard to understand! To whom does he offer his heart and hand? Explain your meaning, we do command!" "Oh, yes! ding-dong! you shall understand! Oh, yes! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand invites the ladies of this land to feast with him, in his castle strong, this very day at three. Ding-dong! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes, ding-dong!" Then all the women went off to dress, Mary, Margaret, Bridget, Bess, Patty, and more than I can guess. They powdered their hair with golden dust, and bought new ribbons—they said they must—but none of them painted, we will trust. Long before the time arrives, all the women that could be wives are dressed within an inch of their lives. Meanwhile Sir Nicholas Hildebrand had brought with him from the Holy Land a couple of bears—Oh, that was grand! He tamed the bears, and they loved him true: whatever he told them they would do—hark! 't is the town clock striking two!

PATRIOTISM

Webster.

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land,—of mountains, rivers, and woods,—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold Von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the

scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand put aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day’s business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

“But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and Independence forever.”

THE INTERVIEWER

*Mark Twain.**(Enter Reporter of the daily thunderstorm)*

INTERVIEWER—Hoping its no harm, I've come to interview you.

AUTHOR—Come to what?

INT.—Interview you.

A.—Ah, I see. Yes—yes. Um. Yes—yes. I say,—how do you spell it?

INT.—Spell what?

A.—Interview.

INT.—Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?

A.—I don't want to spell it; I want to know what it means.

INT.—Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you—

A.—Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you.

INT.—I-n--in, t-e-r--ter, inter.

A.—Then you spell it with an I?

INT.—Why certainly.

A.—Oh, that is what took me so long!

INT.—Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?

A.—Well, I--I--I-- hardly know. I had the unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition.

INT.—Why, my friend, they would not have a picture of it, even the latest e— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm,—I mean no harm at all.

A.—Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes—they always speak of it with rapture.

INT.—I can easily imagine it. But about this interview.

You know it is the custom now to interview any man who has become notorious.

A.—Indeed? I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?

INT.—Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?

A.—Oh, with pleasure,—with pleasure! I have a very bad memory, but I hope that you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes at a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.

INT.—Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can!

A.—I will put my whole mind upon it.

INT.—Thanks. Are you ready to begin?

A.—Ready.

INT.—How old are you?

A.—Nineteen in June.

INT.—Indeed, I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A.—In Missouri.

INT.—When did you begin to write?

A.—In 1836.

INT.—Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A.—I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

INT.—It does indeed. What was the date of your birth?

A.—Monday, October 31, 1693.

INT.—What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A.—I don't account for it at all.

INT.—But you said at first you were only nineteen; and now, you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A.—Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*)

Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I could not make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

INT.—Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A.—Eh? I—I—I—I think so—yes— but I don't remember.

INT.—Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A.—Why, what makes you think that?

INT.—How could I think otherwise? Why look here. Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Now you remind me of it, that was a brother of mine. That's William,—Bill we called him. Poor old Bill.

INT.—Why, is he dead, then?

A.—Ah, well I suppose so. We could never tell. There was a great mystery about it.

INT.—That is sad, very sad. He disappeared then?

A.—Well, yes, in a sort of a general way. We buried him.

INT.—Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A.—Oh, no! He was dead enough.

INT.—Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him,—and you knew he was dead—

A.—No, no. We only thought he was.

INT.—Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A.—No, he didn't.

INT.—Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A.—Ah, that's just it. That's it exactly. You see we were twins,—defunct and I: and we got mixed in the bathtub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

INT.—Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

A.—Goodness knows. I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom

over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was me. That was the child that was drowned.

INT.—Very well; then I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A.—You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But 'sh; don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

THE BOYS

Holmes.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar; we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
“Gray temples at twenty?”—Yes! white if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick,—we young fellows,—you may have been
told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call “Judge!”
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the “Speaker,” the one on the right;
“Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name!—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys!

JULIET DRINKING THE POTION

Shakespeare.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What, if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking; what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad,—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eye confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing:
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

Mrs. Robbins.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post: I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and trustworthy he was! I know he fell asleep only one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen.

"Yes, yes, let us hope: God is very merciful.

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I was a man, to think I never used this great right arm,'—and he held it out so proudly before me,—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plough.'

"'Go, then, my boy!' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen;" and the farmer repeated those last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:—

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say that they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, that it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades; I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all

his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody was tired; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way.

"I was all tired out when we came into camp; and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father!

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me,—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path to the road that led by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at Mill Depot watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he had in his hand. A few questions and ready answers

told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he did for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had taken Bennie's letter with her. No good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself at his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tone "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself—that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at something to justify the offence.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too. A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightfor-

ward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act without complaining deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised."

Scenes from "THE RIVALS"

I.

CAPT. A.—Now for a parental lecture. I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony.

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

SIR. A.—Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

CAPT. A.—Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR. A.—Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

CAPT. A.—Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

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

CAPT. A.—Sir, you are very good.

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

CAPT. A.—Sir, your kindness overpowers me.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR A.—Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

CAPT. A.—My wife, sir!

SIR A.—Ay, ay, settle that between you,—settle that between you.

CAPT. A.—A wife, sir, did you say?

SIR A.—Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

CAPT. A.—Not a word of her, sir.

SIR A.—Oddso! I mustn't forget her, though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage,—the fortune is saddled with a wife,—but, I suppose, that makes no difference?

CAPT. A.—Sir! sir! you amaze me!

SIR A.—Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

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

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

CAPT. A.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

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

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

SIR A.—I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

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

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

CAPT. A.—Sir, I must repeat it—in this, I cannot obey you.

SIR A.—Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

CAPT. A.—Nay, sir, but hear me.

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

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

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

CAPT. A.—This is reason and moderation indeed!

SIR A.—None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

CAPT. A.—Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

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

CAPT. A.—Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

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

CAPT. A.—Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR A.—'T is a lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

CAPT. A.—Nay, sir, upon my word—

SIR A.—So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me?—What good can passion do?—passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you, I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you, and, hang me! if ever I call you Jack again!

[Exit.

CAPT. A.—Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

II

CAPT. A.—'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed!—Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am planning to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere.—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff!

Enter Sir Anthony.

SIR A.—No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting his impudence had almost put me out of

temper—an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him—he's anybody's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

CAPT. A.—Now for a penitential face!

SIR A.—Fellow, get out of my way!

CAPT. A.—Sir, you see a penitent before you.

SIR A.—I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

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

SIR A.—What's that?

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

SIR A.—Well, sir!

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

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

CAPT. A.—I am happy in the appellation.

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

CAPT. A.—Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire!

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

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

SIR A.—Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds, no!

CAPT. A.—Then I must have forgot: it can't be the same person.

SIR A.—Jack, Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

CAPT. A.—As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

SIR A.—Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her telltale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! Oh! Jack! Jack!

CAPT. A.—And which is to be mine, sir; the niece, or the aunt?

SIR A.—Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire!

CAPT. A.—Not to please your father, sir?

SIR A.—To please my father—zounds! not to please—Oh! my father? Odds! yes, yes! if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

CAPT. A.—I dare say not, sir.

SIR A.—But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

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

SIR A.—What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier!

you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

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

SIR A.—Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must. Come, now, hang your demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying, haven't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you haven't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

CAPT. A.—I am sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

SIR A.—Respect and duty! But come along with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, 'egad, I'll marry the girl myself! *(Exeunt)*

Sheridan.

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS

Burke.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such

delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We

know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

AUX ITALIENS

Bulwer-Lytton.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;

And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,

And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;

And Mario can soothe with a tenor note

The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;

And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,

"Non ti scordar di me?"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,

Looked grave, as if he had just then seen

The red flag wave from the city gate,

Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:

You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.

Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;
Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower!
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
 And the letter that brought me back my ring,
 And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
 Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill
 Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
 And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
 How I could forgive her and love her!"
 And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
 And of how, after all, old things were best,
 That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
 Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
 It made me creep, and it made me cold!
 Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
 When a mummy is half unrolled.
 And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
 In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
 In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
 And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
 And the glittering horseshoe curved between—
 From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
 And her sumptuous, scornful mien,
 To my early love, with her eyes down cast,
 And over her primrose face the shade
 (In short, from the Future back to the Past,
 There was but one step to be made.)

To my early love from my future bride
 One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
 I traversed the passage; and down at her side
 I was sitting, a moment more.
 My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
 Or something which never will be expressd,
 Had brought her back from the grave again
 With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!

But she loves me now, and she loved me then!

And the very first word that her sweet lips said,

My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,

She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,

And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass—

She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,

With her primrose face; for old things are best,

And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above

The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,

And love must cling where it can, I say;

For Beauty is easy enough to win,

But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,

There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,

If only the dead could find out when

To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin flower!

And oh, that music! and oh, the way

That voice rang out from the donjon tower

Non ti scordar di me,

Non ti scordar di me!

THE PETRIFIED FERN

Anonymous.

In a valley, centuries ago,

Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,

Veining delicate and fibres tender;

Waving when the wind crept down so low.

Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,

Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,

Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,

But no foot of man e'er trod that way;

Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees;
 Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
 None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
 Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
 Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line!
 So, I think God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

OUR HERITAGE FROM WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

Theodore Roosevelt.

Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British Crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its

material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves; for we inherit also the fact of freeing them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. As men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for human kind their hearts shall ever throb as they cannot over any victory won at less cost than ours. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good, because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

OUR DEBT TO THE NATION'S HEROES

Theodore Roosevelt.

Every feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. The whole nation is better, the whole nation is braver, because Farragut, lashed in the rigging of the *Hartford*, forged past the forts and over the unseen death below, to try his wooden stem against the ironclad hull of the Confederate ram; because Cushing pushed his little torpedo boat through the darkness to sink beside the sinking *Albemarle*. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and the glory of the flag make for a finer and nobler type of manhood. All of us lift our heads higher because those of our countrymen whose trade it is to meet

danger, have met it well and bravely. All of us are poorer for every base or ignoble deed done by an American, for every instance of selfishness or weakness or folly on the part of the people as a whole. If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult, every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much helps to make each American nobler and better. Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, because of the perils over which, in the past, the nation has triumphed; because of the blood and sweat and tears, the labor and the anguish through which, in the days that have gone, our forefathers moved on to triumph.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Wendell Phillips.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out

of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

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

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years

hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history shall put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

THE BLUEBIRD

Emily H. Miller.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!

“Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!”

AMERICA'S DUTY TO RESIST

Patrick Henry.

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 song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for 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 to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet: suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir; these are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? 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 armies and navies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those 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 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 us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, 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 supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with 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! I repeat it Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

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? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible under any force which our enemy can send

against us. Beside, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, 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; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no 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 submission and slavery. Our chains are forged—their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir—let it come!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE SUNSET-SONG

Elizabeth A. Allen.

Is it a dream? The day is done,
 The long, warm, fragrant summer day;
 Afar beyond the hills, the sun
 In purple splendor sinks away;
 The fire-fly lights her floating spark,
 While here and there the first large stars
 Look out, impatient for the dark;
 The cows stand waiting by the bars;
 A group of children saunters by
 Toward home, with laugh and sportive word,
 One pausing, as she hears the high
 Soft prelude of an unseen bird—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Hist! how that clear, aerial tone
 Makes all the hearkening woodland still!
 Dear twilight voice that sings alone!
 And all the child's quick pulses thrill;
 Forgotten in her heedless hand
 The half-filled berry-basket swings;
 What cares she that the merry band
 Goes on and leaves her there? He sings!
 Sings as a seraph shut from heaven,
 And vainly seeking entrance there,
 Might pour upon the listening even
 His love and longing and despair,—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Deep in the wood whose giant pines
 Tower dark against the western sky,
 While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
 He trills his marvellous ecstasy;
 With soul and sense entranced, she hears
 The wondrous pathos of his strain,
 While from her eyes unconscious tears
 Fall softly, born of tenderest pain.
 What cares the rapt and dreaming child
 That duskier shadows gather round?
 She only hears that flood of wild
 Melodious, melancholy sound,—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

O wondrous spirit of the wood!
 No skylark, bearing up to heaven
 His morning-hymn of gratitude,—
 No nightingale, that chants at even
 Amid the red pomegranate-blooms,—
 No bulbul, in his fragrant dell
 Where Persia's rose-fields breathe perfumes,
 Knows half the passionate tale you tell
 To hearts which never can forget!
 O lonely voice among the pines,
 She hears your ringing music yet,

When sunset's last faint crimson shines,—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Down from immeasurable heights
 The clear notes drop like crystal rain,—
 The echo of all lost delights,
 All youth's high hopes, all hidden pain,
 All love's soft music, heard no more,
 But dreamed-of and remembered long;—
 Ah, how can mortal bird outpour
 Such human heart-break in a song?
 What can he know of lonely years,
 Of idols only raised to fall,
 Of broken faith and secret tears?
 And yet his song repeats them all,—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Ah, still among Maine's darkling pines,
 Lofty, mysterious, remote,
 While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
 That singer's resonant echoes float;
 And she, the child of long ago,
 Who listened till the west grew gray
 Has learned in later days to know
 The meaning of his mystic lay;
 And often still in waking dreams
 Of youth's lost summer-times, she hears
 Again that thrilling song, which seems
 The voice of dead and buried years,—
 "Sweet—sweet—sweet—
 Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

BESIDE THE SEA

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

O sun, that sinkest slow behind the sea,
 The sea that like my soul can find no rest,
 Carry a message to my love for me!
 His sails long since grew dim against the west,

Leaving behind the one whom he loved best,
Who loved him utterly.

Tell him the ring that on a golden night—
—Alas, these self-same hues were in the sky!—
He gave me, in the sweet uncertain light,
Placing it on my finger tenderly,
Kissing it close, and saying, "Till we die,"
Has never grown less bright.

Worn smooth by kisses, washed with many tears,
It keeps our troth-plight ever fresh and new;
Not once removed in all these wasting years,
It holds my heart to his, and keeps me true,
And every lengthening month, the seasons through,
His memory more endears.

The name he wrote has melted in the brine,
And storm has swept his footprints from the sands,
As time his image from all hearts but mine;
But wind, nor rain, nor toil in many lands
Has worn his farewell kisses from my hands,
Nor wrought my faith's decline.

O moon, that risest from behind the sea,
Calm as a steadfast soul that has no fears,
Bring some sweet tidings from my love to me!
Tell me he loves me still, despite the years,—
Tell me this long, long pain, these patient tears,
Not all in vain must be!

O sighing wind, that wanderest long and late
Wherever the discovering daylight shines,
Seek him, wherever he be swept by fate,
In olive shades, in valleys veiled with vines,
Or where the snow-fall shrouds the lonesome pines,
And tell him that I wait!

THE SWEETEST SONGS ARE NEVER SUNG

Elizabeth A. Allen.

The sweetest songs are never sung,
The tenderest words are never said;
They fail upon the faltering tongue,
And feebler notes are breathed instead;
In vain we seek, with ardent soul,
The noblest end, the loftiest good;
We never touch the highest goal,
But fall far short of what we would.

The deepest love is never told;
No tongue its fervor can express;
Mere language is too dull and cold
To speak its strength and tenderness;
Thus truest hearts unvalued pass,
No mortal knows their priceless worth,
And so they live and die, alas,
Alone,—the rarest of the earth!

Our dearest dreams fade unfulfilled;
Our brightest hopes evade pursuit;
By common cares choked down and killed,
Our best ambitions fail of fruit;
Alas, for all our fond desire,
Our empty pride, our foolish boast—
We pray, and labor, and aspire,
Yet never reach the uttermost!

THE NIGHT WIND

Elizabeth A. Allen.

The night wind cries at the shutter,
And knocks at the bolted door,
It wails at the curtained window
As waves wail on the shore;
It moans and sobs in the chimney,
It whispers along the eaves,
And in every nook and crevice
It murmurs, complains, and grieves.

"I am here," it sighs, "to tell you
 Of every grief you have known;
 Of the ache of hopeless waiting,
 Of the pain endured alone;
 Of the happiness that missed you,
 Of the peace that might have been;
 Of the dreams which fled with morning,—
 Open, and let me in!"

Ah, whence did it learn the stories
 It tells in the lonesome nights,
 Of trial, and grief, and losses,
 Old sorrows and dead delights?
 Of poverty, toil, and heart-break,
 Of bitterness, blight, and tears,
 The ever increasing burden
 Of life and the lapsing years?

It whispers of faith mistaken,
 Of falsehood and slighted trust,
 Of sacraments sealed in sorrow,
 Of idols which lie in dust;
 It tells them over and over,
 The stories of woe and pain,
 And makes me listen and tremble
 And suffer them all again.

Oh, wind of the lonesome midnight!
 I hear you, and dread to hear;
 I listen to all you utter,
 And shiver with shrinking fear:
 Why scourge me with wild upbraiding?
 And wherefore, with cruel art,
 Re-echo it over and over,
 The anguish I know by heart?

ONCE AGAIN

John Grabill.

Once again with tears and prayers,
Once again with flowers fair;
Kneeling by the soldier's grave—
Where, in silence, sleeps the brave—
O'er the mound a wreath we place
Remembering still the dead one's face.

Once again we come to shed,
Tears of sorrow above the dead
Parents, sons and daughters, all,
Up from the depths of memory call,
Youthful forms, with hopes as bright
As ever welcomed the morning light.

Once again, and thus live over,
In fancy, days and years before
The tide of death swept through the land,
And stilled forever heart and hand;
When all was peace, and joy and love,
And skies were clear and blue above.

Once again, though years have passed,
Since the cannon's roar and bugle's blast
Filled every patriot soul with fire,
And side by side stood son and sire—
The crumbling trenches yet can tell
How brave men fought—how brave men fell.

Once again—oh, hallowed shrine—
Sacred spot where virtues shine—
Mourners come with garlands sweet,
And with solemn music meet
Round the graves to scatter, free,
Blossoms and buds from bush and tree.

Once again, O God, look down,
 Where they rest in peace alone;
 Never forget, as time rolls by—
 But with earnest prayer and tearful eye—
 O'er each mound a wreath we place,
 Remembering e'er the dead one's face.

A WOMAN OF THE STREETS.

Charles H. Towne.

I wish I had not seen them—
 Peach bloom, pear bloom and blossom white,
 Swaying in the wind like candles in the night.
 I wish I had not seen them hanging on the bough—
 For I am in my city chains, city weary now.

I wish I had not seen them—
 Long, long lanes, and hawthorn rows of glory,
 Bright-bannered mornings with the good God's ancient
 story
 Writ in red embroidery on the far, high hills—
 I wish I had not seen them, for now their memory kills.

I wish I had not seen them—
 The ranks of scarlet poppies dancing in the corn
 When the world lay easy on the heart of the morn;
 And the shining battalions of the surging rain—
 I wish I had not seen them, for they bring me pain.

The hard, grim stones in the gray old town,
 The dull days, the sad days, they weigh me down.
 But heavier is my soul for the lost things good and sweet—
 Oh, I wish I could not see them when I walk the iron
 street!

HOHENLINDEN

Thomas Campbell.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

Walt Whitman.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
 Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up,—for you the flag is flung,—for you the bugle
 trills;
 For you boquets and ribbon'd wreaths,—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

THE SANDPIPER

Celia Thaxter.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast, I gathered bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE PATRIOT

An Old Story.

Robert Browning.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

HABITS OF BIRDS

Henry Ward Beecher.

It is not given to all birds alike to soar high, or to continue long upon the wing. The wing must be shapely, the muscle must be ample, the nerve strong, if a bird is to hang long in the air without weariness. Small birds, with short and blunt wings, are always near the ground. Quails and partridges, grouse and woodcock, love the earth, and run upon the ground with more delight than they fly in the air. Therefore they and their nests are easily found by their enemies,—the rat, the weasel, the polecat, and the swine, and other hunters, of whom there are many.

Small birds, such as finches, sparrows, thrushes, build low and fly low. Their courses are neither wide nor daring. They hop along the twigs in hedges, or hover, giggling and simple hearted, in low-branched trees. In fence rows cats lurk for them, and in the woods small hawks, bluejays, and shrikes devour them. Even darkness does not cover them from the goggle-eyed owl, whose soft wings are as noiseless as death.

Then come bolder birds, that seldom descend below the tops of forests, that live high up above mousing enemies, and are more familiar with the sun than with the shade. And higher than all are the long-winged birds, that hang over the ocean, that beat about in storms,—gulls, petrels, or, still higher, falcons, condors, eagles, that brood upon the sunlight and lie upon the mere air as if it were water under their breasts, and they were fowl swinging on the sea; in these glorious solitudes they live secure.

Noises never rise so high; storms and thunder sound below them; the sun comes earlier to them, and lingers later; their days are longer. There are no fences there, parceling out the great domain. No trees or forest shadow the empyrean; no mountains divide it, nor rivers water it. Only the Sun himself inhabits there,—solitary, though the father of multitudes,—dropping down showers of light, which he does not see, and giving life to infinite broods that never knew, nor are known of, their father, who through ages is giving and forgetting, begetting and forsaking, creating and devouring.

And yet no wing was ever framed that could soar forever. The gull at last alights; the falcon builds a nest, and seeks it; the eagle has a home among the rocks. Only man's thoughts ride higher than the eagle's wing, higher than the sun, and walk in the celestial city, where is no night, nor weariness, nor sorrow. But even Faith itself may not always abide in these high delights; the heart must come back to its nest.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Felicia Hemans.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
 "We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned;
 Silent they lie, with the deserts around.
 We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
 All dark with the warrior blood of old;
 And each worn wing hath regained its home,
 Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
 "We have found a change, we have found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet-hall,
 And a mark on the floor as of life-drop spilt;
 Naught looks the same, save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds, it hath still been so;
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet vigil keep.
 Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

“A change we have found there,—and many a change!
 Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were, have a brow of care,
 And the place is hushed where the children played;
 Naught looks the same, save the nest we made!”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'er-sweep it, in power and mirth!
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
 Ye over desert and deep have passed;
 So may we reach our bright home at last.

THE DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

George Lippard, Pennsylvania.

NOTE.—Benedict Arnold, a talented American military officer, whose early brilliant exploits are obscured by his attempts to betray his native country, was born in Connecticut in 1741 and died in London in 1801.

Fifty years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long, military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death sweat stands, in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death watch in the shattered wall. “Would you die in the faith of the Christian?” faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound. Then with the strong agony of death

upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed, in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: "Will that faith give me back my honor?"

Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper in your ear—traitor!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child; I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death watch in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead. "Silence along the lines! not a word, not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town! we will meet there in victory or die! Hist! silence, my men, not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars, up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours!"

Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrid remorse?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is

a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to Benedict Arnold. And there, in that rude hut, unknown unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lies the corpse of the patriot and the traitor.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HEAVENS.

Ormsby MacKnight Mitchell.

NOTE.—Mitchell was astronomer, author, lawyer, lecturer, and major-general United States Army. Born 1809, Kentucky; died 1862, South Carolina.

Often have I swept backward, in imagination, six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor, as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last of the departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return.

Wrapt in a maze of thought, strange and startling, he suffers his eye to linger long about the point at which the sun has slowly faded from view. A mysterious darkness creeps over the face of nature; the beautiful scenes of earth are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision.

A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze towards heaven; and lo! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished gaze.

The young moon charms his untutored vision and leads him upwards to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by; the silver moon is gone; the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east; it brightens; the stars fade; the planets are extinguished; the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till

the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant.

The curiosity excited on this solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in their bright orbs, have clung, through the long lapse of six thousand years, to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered. In this boundless field of investigation, human genius has won its most signal victories.

Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by; but each has swelled by its contributions the stream of discovery. Mysterious movements have been unravelled; mighty laws have been revealed; one barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe self-clothed with the presence of a God.

THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

Abraham Lincoln.

NOTE.—Abraham Lincoln, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1809, Kentucky; lived in Illinois and Washington, D. C.; d. Washington, D. C., 1865.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863, between the Union and Confederate forces under General Meade and General Lee. It proved to be one of the most decisive battles of the Civil War. "At the dedication of the cemetery, in which the slain of this battle was buried, November 19, 1863, President Lincoln delivered this brief address."

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon our continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

MY SHIPS

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,

Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown;
 For if the others all went down,
 Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
 If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
 And all the others came to me,
 Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
 With glory, honors, riches, gold,
 The poorest soul on earth I'd be
 If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free—
 Blow all my ships safe home to me!
 But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
 To never more come sailing back,
 Send any—all that skim the sea,
 But bring my love-ship home to me.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Kate B. Sherwood.

O comrades, on each lonely grave we place one flower
 to-day,
 More sweet than any that shall bloom upon the heart of
 May;
 More flush in blue and crimson, with starry splendor
 crowned,
 Because the thunders raged above, the darkness hemmed
 around;
 The flower that our fathers saw, a hundred years before,
 A tiny tendril springing by the lonely cabin door;
 'Twas sown in fears, 'twas wet with tears, till, lo, it burst
 in view,
 The symbol of a nation's hopes—the Red, the White, the
 Blue.

Ah, not in anger, not in strife, we come with laden hands;
 The crimson retinues of war are off in other lands;

We bring the blossoms we have nursed their honeyed
breath
Where erst the reeling ranks of wrath unbarred the gates
of death;
We lift the dear dead faces of our heroes to the light;
We raise the pallid hands of theirs, we clasp and hold
them tight;
We say: O brothers, rise and see the peace you helped to
woo,
Whose snowy pinions hover o'er the Red, the White, the
Blue.

Not yours, O silent comrades, the ecstasy of strife,
The haughty exaltation that rounds the hero's life;
Not yours the flash of sabre, the shouts of the advance,
The gleam of thrusting bayonets that shiver as they
glance;
Not yours upon the parapet your banner to unfurl,
To die with victory on your lips, as back your feet they
hurl;
The whisper of a kindling hope, while gayly over you
The silken folds are dancing out—the Red, the White, the
Blue.

Nay, to your homesick vision the Mask of Death was up,
His icy breath was round you, his draught was in the cup;
A terror walks at noonday; the dreams that throng the
night
But take the wings of morning and vanish ere the light.
But oh, our fallen heroes, one gleam of heaven shines
Upon the ghastly phalanxes, along the ragged lines,
And eyes grown dim with watching are lit with courage
new,—
They've heard the tramp of comrades, with the Red, the
White, the Blue.

O comrades of the prison, ye have not died in vain,
For lo, the march of harvests where War has trod the
plain!

And lo, the breath of lilies and of roses beyond compare,
And the sound of children chanting where the cannon
rent the air!

We clasp our hands above you with tearful hearts to-day,—
Your brothers who have worn the blue, your brothers of
the gray;

Our hearts are one forever, whatever men may do,
And over all the glory of the Red, the White, the Blue.

Ah, not in strife, nor anger, nor idle grief we come,
With thrill and throb of bugle, with clamor of the drum!
We've heard the wings of healing above the war's surcease
And lo, the Great Commander has set the watchword,
"Peace!"

Peace to the free-born millions who live to do and dare,
Peace in each brave endeavor, in whatever lot they share!
Above, the triune colors, so dear to me and you,
The splendid flower that Freedom guards—the Red, the
White, the Blue.

MEMORIAL DAY

Anonymous.

Toll the bells softly! our heroes are lying,
Quietly sleeping beneath the green sod;
The ensign of Liberty o'er them flying,
Which once they supported where marshalled hosts trod.

Toll the bells softly! the nation will hearken.
Paying rich tribute to noble sons slain,
Whose lives were the bonds that no stain should e'er darken
The brightness, world-wide, of her glorious fame.

Toll the bells softly! Their mellowed tones falling,
Wakens the memory of years that are past;
Again we see loved ones go forth at the calling,
And brave the fell fury of Rebellion's blast.

Toll the bells softly! while music is swelling,
 The tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldiers is heard,
 And up from heart's fountains emotions are welling
 That tell us how deeply their waters are stirred.

Toll the bells softly! and while they are ringing.
 Flowers lay tenderly over each grave;
 Their sweetness reflects but the love we are bringing,
 In honor to-day of the true and the brave.

Toll the bells softly! our Father's aid seeking,
 That we, as a people, may ever be led
 Where Virtue may claim all our ways in her keeping—
 Then we shall do honor, in truth, to our dead.

GIVE US MEN

The Bishop of Exeter.

Give us Men!

Men—from every rank,
 Fresh and free and frank;
 Men of thought and reading,
 Men of light and leading,
 Men of loyal breeding,
 The nation's welfare speeding;
 Men of faith and not of fiction,
 Men of lofty aim and action;
 Give us Men—I say again,
 Give us Men!

Give us Men!

Strong and stalwart ones;
 Men whom highest hope inspires,
 Men whom purest honor fires,
 Men who trample self beneath them,
 Men who make their country wreath them
 As her noble sons,
 Worthy of their sires;
 Men who never shame their mothers,
 Men who never fail their brothers,
 True, however false are others;
 Give us Men—I say again,
 Give us Men!

Give us Men!
 Men, who, when the tempest gathers,
 Grasp the standard of their fathers
 In the thickest fight.
 Men who strike for home and altar,
 (Let the coward cringe and falter)
 God defend the right!
 True as truth though lorn and lonely,
 Tender as the brave are only;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for Country—Home—and God;
 Give us Men—I say again—again,
 Give us Men!

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

Mrs. Hemans.

I

The warrior bowed his crested head and tamed his heart
 of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long imprisoned
 sire:
 "I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive
 train:
 I pledge thee faith;—my liege, my lord, oh, break my
 father's chain!"
 "Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
 this day;
 Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on
 his way."
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed;
 And urged as if with lance in rest, his charger's foamy
 speed.
 And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glitter-
 ing band,
 With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the
 land.

“Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
to see.”
His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks’
hue came and went;

He reached that gray haired chieftain’s side, and there
dismounting bent—
A lowly knee to earth he bent—his father’s hand he took;
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?
That hand was cold! a frozen thing!—it dropped from his
like lead;
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o’er his noble brow—that brow was fixed
and white!
He met at length his father’s eyes—but in them was no
sight!
Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed; but who can
paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and
amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form
he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip
the blood.
“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept like
childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men.

He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young re-
nown,
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down;
There, covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly
mournful brow,
“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword
for now;
My king is false! my hope betrayed! my father—oh, the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!
I thought to stand where banners wave, my sire, beside
thee yet;
I would that there, on Spain's free soil, our kindred blood
had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then, for thee my
fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou
hadst no son!"

He started from the ground once more and seized the
monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train,
With a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse
led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the
dead!

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to
kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is
this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer,
where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay.
Into these glassy eyes put light: be still, keep down thine
ire;
Bid those white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not
my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed!
Thou canst not, and a king? his dust be mountains on thy
head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent
face
He cast one long, deep troubled glance, then turned from
that sad place.
Despair, and grief, and baffled love, o'erwhelmed his soul
at last—
The time for Vengeance will arrive, when Sorrow's hour
is past.

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO

John G. Lockhart.

II

With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath
appeared

Before them all, in the palace hall, the lying king to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverent
guise,

But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his
eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who comest unbid to
me;

But what from traitor's blood should spring save traitor
like to thee!

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our cham-
pion brave

May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's
grave."

"Whoever told this tale, the king has rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernardo, "here my gage I fling before the liar's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth
lie—

Below the throne what knight will own the coward cal-
umny?

The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance
By secret traitors, hired and led, to make us slaves of
France. —

The life of King Alphonso, I saved at Roncesval—

Your words, lord King, are recompense abundant for it
all!

Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the
falchion shine

That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured
mine;

But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And you've thanked the son for life and crown by the
father's bloody fate.

You swore upon your kingly fate to set Don Sancho free,
 But, curse upon your paltering breath! the light he ne'er
 did see;
 He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base
 decree,
 And visage blind and stiffn'd limb were all they gave to me.
 The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his
 purple black—
 No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;
 But noble vengeance shall be mine; an open hate I'll show—
 The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernardo is his
 foe."
 "Seize—seize him!"—loud the king doth scream; "there are
 a thousand here.
 Let his foul blood this instant stream—what! catiffs, do
 you fear?
 Seize! Seize the traitor!" But not one to move a finger
 dareth—
 Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he
 bareth:
 He drew the falchion from the sheath and held it up on
 high,
 And all the hall was still as death; cries Bernardo, "Here
 am I;
 And here's the sword that owns no lord excepting Heaven
 and me;
 Fain would I know who dares its point—King, Condè,
 or Grandee?"
 Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his
 cloak)—
 His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring
 they broke;
 With helm on head and blade in hand, the knights the
 circle brake;
 And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king
 to quake.
 "Ha! Bernardo," quoth Alphonso, "What means this war-
 like guise?
 You know full well I jested—you know your worth I
 prize."

But Benardo turned upon his heel, and smiling passed
away;
Long rued Alphonso and Castile the jesting of that day.

BERNARDO'S REVENGE

Anonymous.

III

What tents gleam on the green hill side, like snow in the
sunny beam?
What gloomy warriors gather there, like a surly mountain
stream?
These, for Bernardo's vengeance, have come like a stormy
blast,
The rage of their long cherished hate on a cruel king to
cast.
"Smiters of tyranny," cries their chief, "see yonder
slavish host,
We shall drench the field with their craven blood, or
freedom's hopes are lost.
You know I come for a father's death, my filial vow to pay,
Then let the 'Murdered Sancho!' be your battle cry to-day.
On, on! for the death of the tyrant king!" "Hurrah!" was
the answering cry;
"We follow thee to victory, or follow thee to die!"
The battlefield—the charge—the shock—the quivering
struggle now—
The rout—the shout!—while lightnings flash from Bernar-
do's angry brow.
The chieftain's arm has need of rest, his brand drips red
with gore,
But one last sacrifice remains, ere his work of toil is o'er.
The king, who looked for victory, from his large and well-
trained host,
Now flies for safety from the field, where all his hopes are
lost;
But full in front, with blood-red sword, a warrior appears,
And the war-cry "Murdered Sancho!" rings in the tyrant's
ears.

"Ha! noble king, have we met at last?" with scornful lip
 he cries;
 "Don Sancho's son would speak with you, once more
 before he dies;
 Your kindness to my sainted sire is graven on my heart,
 And I would show my gratitude once more before we part.
 Draw! for the last of Sancho's race is ready for your
 sword:—
 Bernardo's blood should flow by him by whom his sire's
 was poured!
 What wait you for, vile, craven wretch? it was not thus
 you stood
 When laying out your fiendish plans to spill my father's
 blood.
 Draw! for I will not learn from thee the assassin's coward
 trade,
 I scorn the lesson you have taught—unsheath your
 murderous blade!"

Roused by Bernardo's fiery taunts, the king at length
 engaged:
 He fought for life, but all in vain; unequal strife he waged!
 Bernardo's sword has pierced his side—the tyrant's reign
 is o'er—
 "Father, I have fulfilled my vow, I thirst for blood no
 more."

LITTLE BREECHES

Col. John Hay.

I don't go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show,
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful of things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets,
 And free-will, an' that sort of thing:
 But I believe in God an' the Angels,
 Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along;
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him, for purty an' strong;
Peart, an' chipper, an' sassy,
Allus ready to swear an' fight;
An' I'd learnt him to chaw terbaccer
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As we passed by old Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And I left the old team at the door:
They skeered at something an' started,
I heard one little squall,
And so-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, an' all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie—
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we mustered up some torches,
And we searched for 'em far an' near.
At last we found hosses an' wagon
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset, dead-beat—but of little Gabe
No hide or hair was found.

Now here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid,
I jest dropped down on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, an' I prayed.
At last the torches they all gin' out,
An' me 'n Isrial Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhere thar.

We found it last, a little place
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
I peeped in, an' saw 'em all huddled thar
So warm, so sleepy, an' white.

And thar sot Little Breeches, an' chirped
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chew of terbaccer,
 An' that's what's the matter with me!"

How did he git thar? Angels.
 He never could walk so far:
 They jest scooped down, an' they toted him
 To where it was safe an' warm.
 An' I think that savin' a little child,
 And bringin' him back to his own,
 Is a durned sight better bizness
 Than loafin' 'round the throne.

RECESSIONAL

Rudyard Kipling.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose,
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe
Such boasting as the Gentile use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

AMERICA OR THE NATIONAL HYMN

Rev. S. F. Smith.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee, Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous
 fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,

CHORUS

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

CHORUS

'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh, long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw:
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We climb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

MEETING AT NIGHT

Browning.

The gray sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap

In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And I quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

S. W. Foss.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the peace of their self content;
 There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmanent;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran;—
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's band;—
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
 Both parts of an infinite plan;—

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
They why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

INDEX

A

- Accentuation, 51
 Adam's Morning Hymn in Paradise, *Milton*, 136
 Advanced Readings for Class use, 198
 All are but parts of one stupendous whole, *Pope*, 228
 Allegory, 151
 All in a hot and copper sky, *Coleridge*, 229
 All in his eye, *Charles F. Adams*, 181
 Alliteration, 46
 Allusion, 162
 America, *Rev. S. F. Smith*, 359
 American Flag, The, 263
 America's Duty to Resist, *Patrick Henry*, 325
 Amphibrachic, 167
 Anapestic, 167
 Anderson, John, My Jo, *Burns*, 361
 Angels of Buena Vista, *Whittier*, 215
 Anti-climax, 161
 Antithesis, 58, 159
 Anthony's Speech to Roman Citizens, *Shakespeare*, 14
 Apostrophe, The, 111, 156
 Arnold Winkelreid, *Montgomery*, 97
 As I Walked by Myself, *Mother Goose*, 178
 Assimilation, 40
 Atmosphere, 77
 Aunt Shaw's Pet Jug, *Holman F. Day*, 260
 Aux Italiens, *Bulwer Lytton*, 316

- Away, away our fires stream bright, 235
 Away to the hills, to the caves, *Scott*, 235

B

- Bald Headed Man, 139
 Ballad, A, *Sidney Lanier*, 51
 Ballad, The, 109
 Baron's Last Banquet, The, *Albert G. Green*, 246
 Battle Hymn of the Republic, *Julia Ward Howe*, 262
 Be gone! Run to your houses, *Shakespeare*, 229
 Bells of Shandon, The, *Francis Mahony*, 67
 Belphoebe, The Huntress, *Edmund Spenser*, 152
 Bernardo and Alphonso, II, *J. G. Lockhart*, 353
 Bernardo Del Carpio I, *Felicia Hemans*, 350
 Bernardo's Revenge III, *Anonymous*, 355
 Beside the Sea, *Elizabeth A. Allen*, 329
 Bible and Hymn Reading, 70
 Bill and Joe, *Whittier*, 271
 Birds of Passage, *Mrs. Hemans*, 340
 Blank Verse, 168
 Blue and the Gray, The, *F. M. Finch*, 277
 Boys, The, *Holmes*, 300
 Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, The, *Scott*, 279
 Bluebird, The, *Emily Miller*, 324
 Break, Break, Break, *Tennyson*, 31
 Bugle Song, The, *Tennyson*, 46
 Bunker Hill, *George H. Calvert*, 99

C

- Captain! My Captain, O, *Walt Whitman*, 336
 Central Symbols, 60
 Charge of the Light Brigade, *Tennyson*, 34
 Charley's Opinion of Baby, 184
 Children's Selections, 179
 Cicely and the Bears, 294
 Climax, 160
 Clock on the Stairs, The Old, *Longfellow*, 291
 Closing Scene, The, *T. B. Read*, 83
 Clouds which rise with thunder, The, 236
 Cock a Doodle Doo, *Mother Goose*, 176
 Coldest gazer's heart, The, *Read*, 236
 Colorization, 31
 Come, all ye jolly shepherds, *Hogg*, 231
 Comedy, 142
 Come live with me, and be my love, *Marlowe*, 230
 Come, My Children, Come Away, *Mother Goose*, 177
 Country Sounds, *Charles F. Adams*, 182
 Crossing the Bar, *Tennyson*, 105

D

- Dactylic, 167
 Deathbed of Benedict Arnold, The, *George Lippard*, 341
 Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, *Abraham Lincoln*, 344
 Descriptive Poetry, 83
 Didactic Poetry, 81
 Ding, Dong Bell, *Mother Goose*, 174
 Dogs in the Garden, *Mother Goose*, 174
 Dramatic Poetry, 141
 Dream Within a Dream, A, *Edgar A. Poe*, 117
 Drifted Out to Sea, *Rose H. Thorpe*, 94
 Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, *Ben Jonson*, 250

E

- Each and All, *Ralph W. Emerson*, 273
 Elder Ford's Two Candidates, *S. W. Foss*, 21
 Elegiac Poetry, 139
 Elegy in a Country Church Yard, *Gray*, 140
 Emphasis, 49
 Epic Poetry, 136
 Epigram, The, 159
 Epitaph, 144
 Euphemism, 161
 Evelyn Hope, *Browning*, 116
 Eve of Waterloo, *Byron*, 52
 Evening Bells, Those, *Moore*, 68
 Exclamation, 158

F

- Fall of D'Assas, The, *Mrs. Hemans*, 219
 Fall Poetry, *Charles F. Adams*, 181
 Figures of Speech, 149
 First View of the Heavens, The, *Mitchell*, 343
 Flag Goes By, The, *Bennett*, 264
 Flower in the Crannied Wall, *Tennyson*, 118
 Foreign Views of the Statue, *Fred E. Brooks*, 95
 Forms of Poetry, 81
 Fountain, The, *James R. Lowell*, 252

G

- Gaffer Gray, *Holcroft*, 77
 Give us Men, 349
 Go Where Glory Awaits Thee, *Thomas Moore*, 249
 God, *Derzhaven*, 220
 Grammar of the Spoken Word, 13

H

- Habits of Birds, *Beecher*, 339
 Hail to the Chief, *Scott*, 233
 "Halt," the dust-brown ranks stood fast, *Whittier*, 228
 Hamlet Soliloquy, *Shakespeare*, 124

- Hans and Fritz, *Charles F. Adams*, 204
 Hark, hark the lark, *Shakespeare*, 233
 Hector's Funeral Rites, *Homer*, 138
 Henry, Patrick, Extract from, 62
 He Took a Header, *Charles F. Adams*, 180
 He stayed not for brake, *Scott*, 228
 High Tide at Gettysburg, The, *W. H. Thompson*, 239
 Hohenlinden *Campbell*, 335
 Home Memories, *Charles F. Adams*, 181
 House by the Side of the Road, The, *S. W. Foss*, 362
 House That Jack Built, The, *Mother Goose*, 173
 How dear to my heart are the scenes, *Woodworth*, 235
 Hunter's Song, The, *Barry Cornwall*, 59
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the West Wind, *Whittier*, 230
 Husks, *Mrs. Wellington*, 32
 Hurrah! the foes are moving! *Macaulay*, 232
 Hurry of Hoofs, A, *Longfellow*, 228
 Hymn Reading, Bible and, 70
 Hyperbole, 157
- I
- I Like Little Pussy, *Mother Goose*, 174
 I Remember, I Remember, *Hood*, 68
 Iambic, 166
 Incident of the French Camp, *Browning*, 56
 Inflection, 13
 In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed, *Scott*, 227
 Interrogation, 157
 Interviewer, The, *Mark Twain*, 297
 In the hush of the autumn night, *T. B. Aldrich*, 227
 Irony, 159
 It, *Sam W. Foss*, 182
- It Makes a Fellow Hungry, *Chicago Tribune*, 251
 I've Often Heard my Papa Say, 192
- J
- Jack and Jill, *Mother Goose*, 175
 Johnny's Pocket, 183
 Juliet, Romeo and Juliet, *Shakespeare*, 302
 Julius Caesar, Opening Scene, *Shakespeare*, 287
- K
- Kittens and Babies, 188
- L
- Lady Clara Vere De Vere, *Tennyson*, 202
 Lampoon, The, 144
 Larks, sing out to the thrushes, O, 230
 Last of the Red Men, The, *W. F. Bryant*, 266
 Laughing Chorus, A, 276
 Laughing Song, A, *Blake*, 291
 Lead, Kindly Light, *Cardinal Newman*, 198
 Leah, Scene from, *Augustin Daly*, 127
 Legend of Bregenz, A., *Proctor*, 223
 Lessons of Nature, The, *Drummond*, 234
 Litotes, 160
 Little Boy Blue, *Mother Goose*, 178
 Little Breeches, *Hay*, 356
 Little Jack Horner, *Mother Goose*, 177
 Little Miss Muffet, *Mother Goose*, 176
 Logic of the Gun, The, *S. W. Foss*, 257
 Lord Ullin's Daughter, *Campbell*, 90
 Lost Doll, The, *Charles Kingsley*, 184

Lover's Lament, The, *Charles F. Adams*, 182
 Lyric, *David M. Moir*, 103
 Lyric Poetry, 101

M

Macbeth, *Shakespeare*, 131, 142
 Manipulation vs. Assimilation, 40
 Man's Mortality, *Wastell*, 61
 Mary, Go and Call the Cattle
 Home, O, *Kingsley*, 250
 Mary Had a Little Lamb, *Mother Goose*, 176
 Masterpiece of Prayer, A, *S. W. Foss*, 256
 May Morn Song, *Wm. Motherwell*, 255
 Meeting at Night, *Browning*, 361
 Memorizing, 39
 Memorial Day, *Kate B. Sherwood*, 346
 Memorial Day, *Unknown*, 348
 Metonymy, 154
 Merry are the Bells, *Mother Goose*, 175
 Metaphor, 150
 Metrical Feet, 169
 Milton on his Blindness, 259
 Mine Children, *C. F. Adams*, 205
 Mixed Verse, 168
 Monologue, The, 114
 Mont Blanc Before Sunrise, *Cole-ridge*, 285
 Mood, 75
 Mother Goose Melodies, 173
 Mother's Doughnuts, *C. F. Adams*, 208
 Music with Speech, 44
 My Heart and I, *Elizabeth B. Browning*, 274
 My pipe is lit, and all is snug, *Hood*, 232
 My Ships, *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, 345
 My Star, 285

N

Narrative Poetry, 89
 Nearer My God to Thee, *Sarah F. Adams*, 74
 Neddy's Thanksgiving, 188

Night is Mother of the Day, The, *Whittier*, 236
 Night Wind, The, *E. A. Allen*, 331
 Nobody looks at the clouds, 237
 Now I am Alone, Hamlet, *Shakespeare*, 125
 Now our hearts are beating, O!
 Macaulay, 227

O

O Captain! My Captain, *Walt Whitman*, 336
 Ocean, The, *Byron*, 111
 Ode, The, 105
 Ode to the West Wind, *Shelley*, 106
 Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven, *Swinburne*, 268
 Oft in the Stilly Night, *Moore*, 248
 Odyssey, The, *Homer*, 139
 Old Clock on the Stairs, The, *Longfellow*, 291
 Old King Cole, *Mother Goose*, 176
 Old Man Goes to Town, *Swinerton*, 120
 Old, Old Song, The, *Kingsley*, 279
 Old Owl and the Bell, The, *George MacDonald*, 179
 Old Woman in the Shoe, The, *Mother Goose*, 177
 O Mary, Go and Call the Cattle
 Home, *Kingsley*, 250
 On the Rappahannock, 240
 Once Again, *John Grabill*, 333
 Othello, From, 33
 O Time and Change, *Whittier*, 233
 Our Heritage from Washington
 and Lincoln, *Roosevelt*, 320
 Our Debt to the Nation's Heroes,
 Roosevelt, 321

P

Parable, *Bible*, 154
 Pastoral Poetry, 82
 Patriotism, *Webster*, 295
 Patriot, The, *Browning*, 338
 Pausation, 28
 Personification, 155
 Peroration of Closing Speech A-
 gainst Hastings, *Burke*, 288

Peroration of Opening Speech Against Hastings, *Burke*, 314
 Petrified Fern, The, *Anonymous*, 319
 Phrasing, 54
 Pictures of Memory, *Alice Cary*, 267
 Pilgrim Fathers, The, *Mrs. Hemans*, 86
 Pippa Passes, Songs from, 284
 Pitch, 23
 Pivotal Power, 63
 Plane Song, 65
 Planes, 42
 Poetry, Forms of, 79
 Portia's Speech, (Merchant of Venice), *Shakespeare*, 18
 Presence that disturbs me, A, *Wordsworth*, 232
 Prosody, 165
 Psalm 19 Bible, 73
 Psalm 121 Bible, 72
 Prospice, *Browning*, 293
 Pulsation, 30
 Puzzled Dutchman, The, *Charles F. Adams*, 187

R

Recessional, *Kipling*, 258
 Relation, 63
 Remember March, the ides of March, *Shakespeare*, 230
 Renoucement, *Meynell*, 54
 Reply to Hayne, *Daniel Webster*, 50
 Rhythm, 34
 Rienzi to the Romans, *Mary R. Mitford*, 26
 Rippling Water, The, 235
 Rising in 1776, The, *T. B. Read*, 281
 Rivals, The, Scenes from, *Sheridan*, 308
 Robert of Lincoln, *Wm. Cullen Bryant*, 269
 Rock me to Sleep, *Elizabeth A. Allen*, 134
 Rock of Ages, *Rice*, 74
 Rory O'More, *Samuel Lover*, 244

S

Sandpiper, The, *Celia Thaxter*, 337
 Satirical Poetry, 142
 Say Something Good, *Anonymous*, 278
 Sea, The, *Barry Cornwall*, 87
 Security of the Godly, *Bible*, 71
 Selections for Class Use, 227
 Self Dependence, *Matthew Arnold*, 133
 She leaned far out on the window sill, *Whittier*, 237
 Sheridan's Ride, *T. B. Read*, 237
 Ships, My, *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, 345
 Signs, *Inez Parker*, 185
 Simile, 150
 Simple Simon, *Mother Goose*, 177
 Skylark, The, *Hogg*, 102
 Slow fades the vision of the sky, *Whittier*, 229
 Soap, the Oppressor, *Burges Johnson*, 191
 Soldier's Reprieve, The, *Mrs. Robbins*, 304
 Soliloquy, The, 123
 Solitary Reaper, The, *Wordsworth*, 82
 Somewhere, *Bert Moyer*, 33
 Song of Degrees, *Bible*, 72
 Song of the Camp, *Bayard Taylor*, 303
 Song of the Brook, *Tennyson*, 65
 Song, oh, a song for the merry May, A, 229
 Sonnet, The, 108
 Spoken Word, The Grammar of, 13
 Spoken Word, Technique of, 39
 Spondee, 168
 Star Spangled Banner, The, *Francis S. Key*, 360
 Stock in the Tie Up, The, *Day*, 213
 Summons, The, *Whittier*, 218
 Sunset Song, The, *E. A. Allen*, 327
 Sustention, 61
 Sweetest Songs are Never Sung, The, *E. A. Allen*, 331
 Synecdoche, 155

T

- Technique of the Spoken Word, 39
 Teeney Weeney Little Fellows, 190
 Tell to his Native Mountains,
Knowles, 113
 The White Sun, *Shelley*, 232
 There is a time in every man's
 education, *Emerson*, 227
 Those Evening Bells, *Moore*, 68
 Thought, *P. Cranch*, 253
 Thousand spurs are striking deep,
A. Macaulay, 233
 Ticonderoga, *J. B. Wilson*, 243
 Time and change, O, *Whittier*, 233
 To Be or Not to Be, (Hamlet),
Shakespeare, 124
 To the Cuckoo, *Wordsworth*, 104
 To Mary in Heaven, *Burns*, 283
 Tom, Tom the Piper's Son, *Mother
 Goose*, 175
 To Science, *Poe*, 108
 To the Chief Musician, *Bible*, 73
 Transition, 52
 Trochaic, 166
 Toussaint L'Overture, *Phillips*, 322
 Twenty-fourth Psalm, *Bible*, 16
 Twenty-third Psalm, *Bible*, 71
 Two Hundred Years, *John Pier-
 pont*, 145

U

- Universal versus Personal, 64
 Unity, 69
 Up Hill, *Christina Rossetti*, 25

V

- Victorious men of earth, 234

- Vision, 162
 Vision of Sir Launfal, The, *Lowell*,
 198
 Voyage, The, *Tennyson*, 88

W

- Wakin' the Young Uns, *Boss*, 211
 Warren's Address at Bunker Hill,
Pierpont, 290
 We charge him, *Macaulay*, 234
 We'll Stand by the Flag, *Belden*,
 265
 We wandered to the pine forest,
Shelley, 231
 Wee Wee Man, The, 110
 When the Wind is in the East,
Mother Goose, 179
 Who's Afraid, 195
 Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
The, Scott, 230
 Woman's Last Word, *A. Browning*,
 118
 Woman of the Streets, *A. Towne*,
 334
 Wreck of the Hesperus, *Longfellow*,
 91

Y

- You bells in the steeple ring, *Inge-
 low*, 237
 You must wake and call me early,
Tennyson, 228
 Young Tramp, The, *C. F. Adams*,
 206
 Yawcob's Dribulations, *C. F.
 Adams*, 209

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