THE SPOKEN WORD

LOUIE BAGBY


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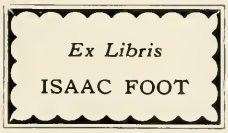

THE SPOKEN WORD

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A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO EXPRESSION IN SPEECH, ACTING, AND RECITATION

BY

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PREFACE

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PART I

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

For "to know"
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

ONE would hesitate to launch a book upon the troubled seas of industrial unrest and financial disorganization of a war-weary world if one were not convinced that the importance of the subject and the constantly growing demand for information warranted its appearance.

In free communities the spoken word will always have power, but in modern days its importance has been greatly undervalued in comparison with the written word. It is true that the written word has a wider appeal, that it remains unimpaired by time or distance; but the spoken word has vital, even dynamic, qualities which no written word will ever have; and this power which the spoken word possesses over and above that of the written word lies wholly and solely in delivery. It is of infinite value to the interests of a country that her best citizens should have the power to lift the life of that community to high levels. It is of equal value to the individual that he should be able to express the faith that is in him, that he should be not a mere receptacle for facts, but a thinking being able to express life.

Much of the experience of the author has been gained through being called upon to supply to individuals that which education has neglected. Men and women in adult life finding themselves in a position in which they need to speak to their fellow citizens have found that before doing so they have to become as little children and learn the very elements of their own language. Work upon the spoken language has invariably revealed another defect—the lack of response of feeling to thought, due to weakness of imagination and lack of co-ordination of mental processes. Even when in some degree that response is present, there is no co-ordination between mind and voice and not sufficient flexibility or control of voice to express thought or feeling. This book is therefore designed to illustrate :

1. The importance of the spoken language ;
2. The necessity for education of the feelings as well as the powers of thought and reason ;
3. The close connexion which does and must exist between delivery and the education of the whole personality.

The whole subject of delivery, of training in oral expression, and of the development of the expressive powers of an individual, the harmonious expression of thought, feeling and will, has been so often misunderstood and misrepresented that it is necessary to view the subject in its true perspective and see what relation the art of vocal expression bears to other arts and to our knowledge of psychology as well as æsthetics.

The truth contained in the quotation given at the head of this chapter has been accepted by all great educational reformers, but not yet has it been put into general practice. Still less has it been realized in education that "feelings are to the soul what food is to the body." [1]

Another fallacy which is beginning to die a slow death

[1] Steiner.

is that unless education is a dreary and hard toil it is not fulfilling its function. That education should be a joyous unfolding of latent capacities, a gathering of knowledge because knowledge is necessary in any form of expression, and a training of the emotional as well as of the intellectual mind, are to many people the chaotic visions of the mentally deficient. And in spite of such striking examples as have been furnished by Japan and Prussia during the last fifty years, the fact that education has anything to do with the progress or the character of a nation is too often calmly ignored. And yet in view of the changes Prussia and Japan were able to bring about, it would seem, as M. Gustave le Bon has pointed out, that "the most necessary of modern reforms would be the entire transformation of the educational system. A difficult task; for very few people understand that the education of the character is much more important than the education of the mind, and that the reading and repetition of text-books is not enough to transform the soul of a generation." [1] And again "The future will belong not to the people whose intellect is greatest but to those whose character is strongest."

The Report on the Teaching of English in England might become a second Magna Charta, for, if it were put into effect, it would make the English man and woman free in the truest sense of the word. He only is free who can express himself well in his own spoken language, otherwise he is a prisoner in his own body. Not only does the Report urge that education should be fundamentally based upon the ability to speak and write English, but it advocates the use of poetry and drama in life. "It was no inglorious time of our history that Englishmen delighted together in dance and song and drama, nor were these pleasures the privileges of a few or a class. It is a legitimate hope

[1] Gustave le Bon, "The World in Revolt."

that a national use of the drama in schools may bring back to England an unashamed joy in pleasures of the imagination and in the purposed expression of wholesome and natural feeling."

Although there are notable exceptions, the attitude to "feeling" both in schools and colleges has not been merely one of neglect: it has been one of repression. The result is probably evident, to some extent at all events, in the large increase of nervous diseases which has accompanied the growth of Industrialism and State education. For concurrent with these was a dying out of popular expression of emotion in folk song and dance, etc.[1] During recent years the lack of any education of emotion has been strikingly exemplified in the pitiful exhibition of a people attempting to express joy at times of national excitement—for example, November 11, 1918. In the streets were scenes of genuine enthusiasm, but expressed too often in senseless horseplay and destructiveness; in the hotels and restaurants, orgies of champagne. In what way was this expression of emotion one whit above that of a barbarous people? It was evident that the majority absolutely did not know how to express joy, and their emotions were so uneducated that they knew of no civilized means of expression.

The truth is that the whole subject of emotion, and its power in life and development of character and personality, has been entirely overlooked. Man has become obsessed by the great achievement of the development of intellect and reason and abstract thought, and has ignored the primitive but dynamic force in his nature, and so, although "the mind has progressed in the course of the ages, the feelings have hardly changed." Probably there has been a subconscious recognition that the instincts and their emotions are still primitive, wild, and untamed, and

[1] The rapid growth of the auxiliary theatre and other movements at the present time point to a recrudescence of national art-life of a popular nature.

that is the reason for the somewhat scornful attitude adopted towards emotion and the expression of it by many intellectual minds. It appears derogatory, apparently, to their superior intelligence to recognize that in everything that is vital to the happiness and development of an individual or a people, emotion is inevitably bound up with thought. The power of emotion has, of course, always been exploited by the demagogues, but it has been more or less ignored by the intellectual and thoughtful. Nevertheless, the latter will acknowledge that, for the production of a work of art, emotion is necessary. The teacher of literature will glibly inform her class that " Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquility," and yet does not recognize that being such, it can only be emotionally discerned. Thought can only be measured by thought : emotion can only be understood by emotion : spiritual things require spiritual discernment. The attitude, therefore, of those who recognize art, and neglect and repress emotion, is utterly illogical. If they repress emotion, let them banish art from education and from life. The importance of feeling in education is, of course, realized by some educationists. In a recently published book we have the finger pointed at one of the causes of the failure of education in the past. " The comparative fruitlessness of so much educational effort is mainly due to neglect of the feelings which are the proximate source of human energy, the real springs of educational progress, whether in learning or in conduct ; and where there is not only neglect but repression, the harm done may, as we have seen, reach the dimension of a disaster. It is then plainly necessary that we should study with some care the rôle of feeling in the evolution of individuality."[1]

Man thinks, feels and wills. All true development must be a harmonious growth of power in all three

[1] Nunn, " Education : Its Data and First Principles."

directions. Education has recognized the necessity of the sublimation of mental energy along the line of thought; it has almost entirely ignored the necessity for the sublimation of emotional energy. Or, it has concluded that in training the intellect the whole personality is trained. That is, of course, not the case. A true mental process consists in three stages: cognition, affect, and conation; and when this process works in its full and complete form imagination and feeling are aroused, but the modern mind seems capable of a purely intellectual apprehension of fact which may result in action or speech without arousing feeling or any response from the whole personality. In that case, it is not truth which is assimilated but facts, which are registered by the superficial mind. And such a mechanical process does not develop character or personality. It has to be remembered that great intellectual activities may prevail with little or no development of the imagination.

Darwin tells us that in his young days he "used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare. . . . I read also other poetry. . . . I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry! I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the

intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."[1]

We realize that in literature lies embodied the thought and emotion, the spiritual intuition of the greatest minds of all ages. In the effort to apprehend with the mind, to express with the voice, we have an educative power which I venture to suggest has no equal in the formation and development of the abstract sentiment of child and adolescent. It has great effect even upon the adult mind. The full value of poetry and dramatic literature, and also of romance, story-telling and legend, can only really be apprehended through living speech. The great attention paid by the Greeks to the spoken word is generally regarded as one of the direct causes of their artistic achievement, and whatever other means of expression are employed in education and in the development of personality—music, painting, sculpture —the reincarnation of thought and feeling by the speaker must remain the simplest, most direct, and most universal means of the employment of æsthetic principles in education.

It may be observed that the use of the word " elocution " has been avoided. This has been done with set purpose, not because the author has any prejudice against the word, personally, but elocution has for a long time, as far as the educational and theatrical world is concerned, laboured under a cloud. There are, I think, two reasons for this : Elocution has not, as a rule, included in its course any real training of the voice, as is the case in the teaching of singing ; and, secondly, it has laid down hard and fast rules for the expression of emotion. The fallacy of such a method was exposed by Archbishop Whately in the last section of " Elements of Rhetoric," published in 1867.[2] Partly as a result of that destructive criticism it has been

[1] " Life and Letters of Darwin."

[2] See my lecture : " Painters of Pictures in Sound " (Published by Simpkin Marshall).

largely assumed that no training in speech or in the expression of thought and emotion is necessary for delivery. This attitude was for many years adopted throughout the educational world, both general and vocational. The result of lack of training in speech in schools is apparent on all sides and among all classes of the community. Many schools practically ignore it to-day. The complaints of parents who have sent their children to good schools and yet are unable to understand their indistinct speech are frequent and widespread. W. B. Yeats in one of his books describes a young lady who had just left a finishing school with a voice hard and unpleasant, and powers of conversation painfully limited; whereupon the poet launches forth into a strong condemnation of any education which leaves such important matters as a speaking voice and expression in speech untrained.

The notoriously bad speech of those who have been educated in state schools forced upon the authorities some years ago the necessity for some training in the sounds of the language, and the study of phonetics gained considerable favour, and by many is still regarded as the best means of improving speech. But phonetics does not affect the voice, nor the intonation; nor does it develop powers of expression in speech. It is true that the importance of stress and inflection in its bearing upon the meaning of a phrase is conceded[1], but stress and inflection are not the fundamental part of intonation (see Tone Colour, page 103). Voice-training has fought for recognition beside phonetics, and both have their work to do, but phonetics is scientific, not artistic, in its method and purpose, and therefore cannot do the work of expression. "Speech-training" is a description sometimes used to cover both voice-training and phonetic work, but the word "elocution" is still carefully avoided by educationists—and it must be admitted,

[1] "The Pronunciation of English," Daniel Jones, p. 59.

rightly so, *if* the study of elocution must, of necessity, mean adhering to old-fashioned methods and rules.

The art of expression through the speaking voice is the most living, direct and subjective of all arts. In the first part of this book I have tried to show its relation to and distinction from other arts. I have tried to show, moreover, that whatever name we give it, it is fundamental in its importance in the development of personality, which is the purpose of education.

One word yet remains. It will be observed that this book is in two parts. Some may feel a certain amount of impatience at being asked to read the first part before proceeding to the practical work given in the second part; yet it will be well for them to do so. Before studying any subject it is advisable to view it in perspective and see how it fits into "the scheme of things." And not only before studying, but also *while* studying, a return to wide views and fundamental principles will generally correct false tendencies and wrong emphases. For it is true that "only when man has placed himself outside the world and contemplates it æsthetically can he know the world. While he is merely the passive receiver of sensations he is one with the world and cannot, therefore, realize it."[1]

If this is true of the world as a whole, it is equally true of the smallest of the sub-divisions of life and knowledge. Therefore in the first part of this book we are trying to take a comprehensive view and establish fundamental principles; or, to change the metaphor, since we are proposing to make a journey, we study the map, and from the map learn what is the most direct and most satisfactory route to set out upon. By so doing we shall, in the long run, save a great deal of time which would otherwise be lost on the journey in taking conflicting advice and in following first one blind road and then another. It is with that purpose

[1] Croce.

in view that the first section deals with what we will call the theory of the spoken word, and the second section with the practice of the spoken word. But the theory is every whit as important to practice as the practice is to the theory, and he who thinks to save time and obtain results by neglecting the theory and starting at once upon the practice will never arrive at his destination, or if he does he will have followed a circuitous route, and will arrive eventually, after having had to overcome many unnecessary difficulties. I use the words "arrive" and "destination" for the sake of the metaphor only; in the sense of completion or finality there is neither. In all art, the conquest of one summit always reveals one higher yet. I say "in all art" because, as the following chapters indicate, I am starting from the position that art and language are essentially one and rationally indivisible, but in order to realize their identity it is necessary to study language not from the point of view of grammar or phonetics or philology or any other science which deals with facts about language, but from the point of view of expression, "the side by which it is expressive and nothing but expressive."

Of the defects and inadequacies of the work no one can be more conscious than the author. Two excuses present themselves: the difficulty and the complexity of the subject, and the inability—in the midst of much lecturing and teaching—to secure many consecutive hours for writing. The author has tried to meet the requirements of those who are endeavouring to teach the difficult and often misunderstood subject—Elocution and Dramatic Expression; of those who are seeking in the teaching of English to improve the oral interpretation and aural appreciation of literature; and lastly, the increasing number of men and women who are trying to master the difficulties of good delivery in public speech. If the effort made should prove helpful in these directions, the author's object will be realized.

CHAPTER II

THE UNITY OF ART AND THE NATURE OF EXPRESSION

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.
—Tennyson.

AS stated in the first chapter, practically all the false conceptions which have arisen in connexion with the training and practice of vocal expression and delivery have been due to a failure to recognize that the use of language is essentially an art, and that in fundamental principles all arts are one. It will be well, therefore, to be quite clear as to what these fundamental principles are, for art means many things to many different types of people. It is doubtful whether any other one word covers quite so diverse a category as the word "Art." In pictorial art alone we may select from a range which extends from the crudest effects to somewhat anæmic and super-refined examples appealing only to a very superior "art-clique." Art, moreover, has very different values to different people. Many theories have been evolved in connexion with art. There is the theory of "Art for Art's sake," and closely allied with that, the hedonistic theory; there is the moralistic theory of art, and there is the educational theory. To some art means salvation, to others the temptation of the Evil One. Without accepting or denying any of these theories and beliefs, let us examine a few attempts to define art.

"The ministry of art is the highest because when true it awakens in man the emotions which lift him to the highest possibilities of his existence. I have

remarked the admission of Schopenhauer, the prophet of Pessimism. In the general misery of the world and of existence, he finds one exception: the emotion excited by a work of art. Human life, with its round of cares, is like the wheel in Hades on which Ixion was bound, but when man gazes on a work of pure art, when he listens to sweet music, the wheel of Ixion pauses."[1] And again: "One of the great functions of art is to reveal beauty where the common and unobservant eyes see nothing of the kind, and to create beauty by the imaginative employment of its resources of selection, emphasis, tone, harmony, and so forth."[2] And once again: "Art possesses a great educative power by opening the path to morality without preaching or persuasion; without determining, it produces determination."[3] And Browning says:

Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
How look a brother in the face and say
"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped despite their length."
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to hear—but here's the plague,
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth by when it reaches him looks false.
But Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.

Art then is both an impression and an expression; it is a means of expressing thought and feeling directly from soul to soul. It may speak to the eye, to the ear; it may and should please, but it must do more than

[1] Muncure Conway. [2] Schiller. [3] Croce.

please—it must have some subtle spiritual quality which can only come from the spirit of the artist, and it is something which speaks to the spirit of the audience. All art, therefore, is language, just as we claimed that language is art. Now while we claim that in all true art there must be this life-quality emanating from the soul of the artist, side by side with this quality we have to recognize a process by which the artist seeks to make spirit live in form or sound, and that process is the technique of art.

It is in this sense that an artist is in fact a creator, he actually bodies forth an intangible truth or aspect of life. So that all art has, under analysis, two sides : a spiritual and a physical ; although it is of the very nature of art to clothe the spiritual with so perfect a form that the two are one. Or, we may state the case in another way and say the material agents become transparent, and we gaze through them at the intuitive vision of the artist. For the less we are conscious of the material in a work of art, the greater the triumph of the artist.

The nature and study of art is further complicated by the age-long mystery of spirit and matter. In art as in religion we are met by the psychic fact that it is possible to stimulate the spiritual nature of man through the activity of the senses. And as in religion the Puritan, by his insistence solely upon the spiritual nature, overlooks the complex nature of man, so the ritualist, by his insistence upon the importance of forms and ceremonies and their appeal (*through the senses* to the spirit), is in danger of awakening nothing but sensuous life and stopping short of the spiritual. " But without the spiritual the natural is impossible ; without sensuous, spiritual is inappreciable."[1] And in art we find that the physical aspect, that is, technical skill, is sometimes regarded as the whole beginning and end ;

[1] E. B. Browning.

and sometimes, though not so often, the opposite error is apparent : an insistence upon what is, in fact, the primary essential, but with that an almost total disregard of the secondary essential, the discipline of powers necessary to give adequate form to the inner conception.

Consider some of the examples of Greek art—the Aphrodite of Melos. " The calm faintly smiling immobility of the expression seems to command reverence while it inspires eager admiration. Beauty, calmness, strength, purity and power—these are the qualities that the sculptor has poured with all the fervour of a deep belief into his Aphrodite. Spiritual beauty is added to material beauty."

A true artist " holds firmly by the natural to reach the spiritual." Let us see how these two aspects, spiritual and physical, work in the actual practice of art. We have on the one hand, we will say, an artist—A—who has something to reveal ; by his intuitive perception he has seen and felt more than most men ; to him has been permitted a vision of infinite beauty, of infinite love, of infinite life, and what he has seen and felt he struggles to reveal ; but the way in which he attempts to reveal lacks judgment, lacks control of his physical powers, and of his material. Is that then art ?

On the other hand we have B, whose vision is not as wide, nor his intuition as deep, but he has trained his physical powers ; and while A only gave expression to one-tenth of his possibilities, B expresses nine-tenths of his. If a painter, B has attained such mastery over his materials that we are ravished by the effect of colour, we recognize with joy the draughtsmanship, intellectually we respond to the balance and beauty of the whole conception, conscious all the while of something lacking. Or, if a singer, we are lulled by the lyric beauty of a flawless voice, we marvel at the

exquisite purity of tone—but something is missing; that "nervous accentuation" of touch which is the point where intuition merges into technique and technique by fulfilling its mission ceases to exist. B, in fact, although he has spent years in perfecting his powers, has concentrated on the secondary essential of art, and so, though he may arouse our admiration, may please our senses, he will not speak to our soul; he has not the power which will lift us on to a higher plane.

As we look at A's work, we are conscious of its potentialities, we see the struggle to express, and while this may give pleasure, it is pleasure mixed with pain, because harmony and unity are not there. But while B can never be an artist in the true sense, A can only be an artist if he adds unto the power he already possesses that which B possesses. In the case of A it may also be urged that great as his perception is, his intuition is *not great enough*, or it would have inevitably governed his mind and physical agents to a perfect achievement.

You may ask: What is that power, that "something" which A possesses? Some call it "atmosphere," but it is more than that. You cannot point to any one feature of a work of art and say "Lo! here," or "Lo! there." It is both thought and feeling, and yet is more than these. Like the ether, it interpenetrates and yet is intangible.

In the case of B, this quality, unifying and compelling, is absent. There may be much in B to please and delight, even intoxicate and cause wonder and amazement, but that subtle quality which speaks to the spirit is not there. We realize, therefore, that while technique is the letter, intuition is the spirit of an art: and while imperfection of technique hinders expression, the artist who really has something to say, and says it in the best way possible to him, is really more of an artist than one, who while possessing

perfect mastery of technique, has really nothing of any value to express. "One is a stammered gospel, the other a glib, unnecessary phrase." "The complete process of æsthetic production," according to Benedetta Croce, "can be symbolized in four steps, which are: *a*, impressions; *b*, expressions or spiritual æsthetic synthesis; *c*, hedonistic accompaniment, or pleasure of the beautiful (æsthetic pleasure); *d*, translation of the æsthetic fact into physical phenomena (sounds, tones, movements, combination of lines and colours). Anyone can see that the capital point, the one that is properly speaking æsthetic and truly real, is in the *b*, which is lacking to the mere manifestation or naturalistic construction, metaphorically also called expression." Croce appears here to lay all the emphasis upon the inner process in the mind and nature of the artist, that is to say, upon the imagination. But elsewhere he shows that this "spiritual æsthetic synthesis" must by its very nature find outward and physical expression; it is in fact an essential part of its being, it is a creative force, and a creative force must issue in life. In one of his lectures he states this truth: "Expression is the actuality of intuition, as action is of will: and in the same way as will not exercised in action is not will, so an intuition unexpressed is not an intuition."[1]

We have to remember, however, that our purpose is one of practical training, not merely an inquiry into the principles of æsthetics. Such inquiry is made in order to arrive at a sound basis for method in training. I think enough has been said to show that expression depends on two things, first, intuition or imaginative vision; second, the power of the organism to manifest or represent that vision. With regard to the second, we know that the expressiveness of an organism develops only through the constant effort to express, and that

[1] Lecture to Third International Congress of Philosophy, Heidelberg, 1908.

constant effort to express not only makes more expressive the physical powers to the individual, but the constant mental activity involved in the process actually increases the perceptive and affective powers of the mind, and enriches the whole conative process. Thus we find: "A good picture of a landscape has more expressiveness than the landscape itself, a better picture of it more expressiveness than one less good. Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale" is more expressive than the song of the bird, or than the emotions and thoughts it awakened in the poet before his creative labour began. The play of a trained cricketer is more expressive than the undisciplined smiting of the village batsman";[1] and, we would add, the speech of one who has trained the organs of speech is more expressive than one who has not, and the speech of the orator is more expressive than that of the untrained speaker. We are obliged to realize, in fact, that the capacity to receive impressions has been most marked in those whose life consists in giving expression, that is to say, the artist, from which it appears true that impression is the result of expression, just as expression is the result of impression.

This seems to suggest that "expression" can be arrived at through training in expressiveness, and I believe it can, and this should be the purpose of artistic training and, in fact, of education; but the process needs watching, for, to refer back to the imagined artists, A and B, in the case of B we find superb craftsmanship but no intuition; in the case of A there is intuition, but not sufficient craftsmanship or technique, and the work of the trainer or teacher in any art should be to develop in B the imaginative vision which A possesses, and to awaken in A the necessity of acquiring the technique which B with much diligence has acquired, and to guide and direct the acquisition of that technique.

As we have found, there is a fundamental basis for

[1] Nunn, "Education: Its Data and First Principles."

all art : so there are certain qualities which are common to all, which are distinguishing characteristics of true art. The first of these, Unity, we have already emphasized ; others are Simplicity and Originality, Truth and Sincerity, and yet again Individuality and Life.

Before going on to inquire into the distinctive nature of the art of expression through the spoken word, we will sum up our gospel of art ; that is to say, its value and importance in the life of every individual. Art, we find, is something by which we escape from a narrow environment which seeks to close us in, to cramp and confine our spirits, to induce spiritual atrophy and ultimately despair. The artist opens a little chink into a wider, fuller life, and he who gazes and enjoys has his own latent capacity of sympathy and imagination stirred. He takes a step upward, " a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth . . into another element where earth is forgotten."[1]

Such, very briefly stated, is the function of art in life, and now having, as we hope, shown both the fundamental necessity of art to life and the essential unity of art, we can go on to consider the particular nature of the art of expression in speech.

It will be remembered that Croce uses the word " expression " for what he calls the " spiritual æsthetic synthesis " ; in this book the word is used to include that mental process in conjunction with the physical changes and movements caused in the body and in the modulation of the voice by the inner mental process. These changes, movements and modulations are the direct result of the inner process of thought, feeling and control. So that when we use the word expression in connexion with voice, we mean the psychic process of intuition, imagination, thought, feeling and will translated into sound ; the spoken word becomes the

[1] de Quinsey.

reincarnation of thought, feeling and will. In every art but this one the necessity for training is obvious. The fact that you have to master the difficulties and understand the peculiarities of a musical instrument, for instance, is so obvious that no one dreams of thinking that he only needs to possess a piano in order to play it. But when you have a piano and have learnt the notes and can move rapidly over the keys and translate with ease music script into sound, there is still a very wide gulf between you and an *artist* musician. We imagine that because we have a voice (of a sort), and have some knowledge of language —at all events know the meaning of words and can use some judgment in their selection—that we are in the position to express. It is so easy for anyone to prove that this is not the case by a little critical examination of themselves or of those to whom they may have to listen in public, that there is no need to dwell upon the matter.

No one is really expressive in any art or craft without training and constant practice. Many eminent scientists and great thinkers are very bad speakers. Why? In the first place because, although they have trained their minds in one direction, they have not trained them in the way that is necessary to express. They have not established a connexion between mind and voice, and they have not acquired power over the pronunciation of the *sounds* of the language. The musician, the painter, the sculptor, have learnt to express through one medium, but they are usually utterly unable to express in the spoken word. They have cultivated that inner "spiritual æsthetic synthesis," but the channel it has chosen to evolve into sound and colour and form is not their own organism, but a foreign instrument and material; the dancer, it is true, uses the body, in a highly specialized form of movement, but the dancer does not use the voice and

does not interpret intellectual thought as well as emotion; the singer uses the voice, but again by an artificial method of musical notation, and, although it should not be so, the great aim of many singers seems to be merely to produce beauty of tone: words and their meaning, thought and feeling, occupy a very subordinate position in their art. Such singing is not really art at all, for it is not expressive, it is merely an exhibition of technique. The artist in the spoken word requires to develop the power and intensity of the mental process, and he has to learn to think and feel into and through his own voice and body, and through his own voice and body in such a way that he causes other minds to follow him. For this, the training and development of the whole mind and body is necessary. "Almost all the faculties of the mind are concerned in the act of expression. They do not act so analytically or individually as in production. They act more spontaneously, more harmoniously, more sympathetically. A greater number of the faculties in more complex co-ordinations and combinations must be awakened. The whole man, in short, must act; even those powers which are more unconscious, more akin to instinct and intuition, must especially be awake. These must ever furnish the fundamental impulse. The writer arranges his ideas and endeavours to embody his ideas in words, while the speaker[1] not only endeavours to embody ideas in words, but to reveal all the phases of experience arising from these ideas or associated with them through a co-ordination of all the living languages of his personality. Not only must he have 'words that burn,' but tones and inflections, motions and actions which breathe and live with the deepest life of his soul."[2]

Nearly all the work involved in training in expression

[1] The word "speaker" should be understood here to include anyone who endeavours to express through the spoken language.
[2] S. S. Curry, "The Province of Expression."

in speech has been in the past almost entirely ignored in education. The pronunciation of the sounds of the language, the management of the voice, the movements of the body, knowledge and understanding of the instincts, emotions and sentiments of human nature, their connexion and interplay, the connexion between thought and emotion, the function of the imagination, all these are part of the study of the art of the spoken word.

It is strange that although all arts owe their inception and inspiration largely to a primary form of expression through the human being, sculpture to the form, music to the voice, pictorial art to form, colour and expression, yet the expression of " Truth through Personality " is the most neglected and least understood of all arts. This is due, of course, to the fact that while it is the most direct and immediate form of art, it is also the most subjective and complex—as complex indeed as is the soul of man.

CHAPTER III

PERSONALITY IN ART AND EMOTION IN ACTING

The end of Art is the individual expression of the universal emotions of mankind. —Croce.

WE now come to the consideration of two controversial but important questions which are of special importance in regard to the particular art of speech, whether from the speaker's, actor's, or singer's point of view.

The first question is: Should art be impersonal? In the last chapter I gave as one of the characteristics of true art, individuality. I also tried to show that what we seek in art, and what causes a response in the heart of man, is some emotional quality of creative life, a vision seen by the imagination of the artist and reflected through him; and this, we ventured to claim, is the true criterion of real art. "Where there are emotion and feeling, much is forgiven; where they are wanting, nothing can make up for them. Not only are the most profound thoughts and the most exquisite culture incapable of saving a work of art which is looked upon as cold, but richness of imagery, ability and certainty in the reproduction of the real, in description, characterization and composition, and all other knowledge, only serve to arouse the regret that so great a price has been paid and such labours endured in vain."[1]

It is said that a great artist should be universal and not individual. It sounds a paradox, but a great artist is both. Shakespeare undoubtedly was. We claim that

[1] Croce.

he is the greatest universal genius of all time ; nevertheless, when we know his works, we are conscious of a personality ; when we hear his lines spoken, we recognize a personal quality. In a sense we know Shakespeare, and this in spite of the fact that he never imposes his opinions, his own personal point of view. Those who claim that all great art is impersonal must surely recognize this dual quality of individuality and universality in Shakespeare. Where there is no individuality there is no unity, no emotion, no warmth, no life. " Art criticism would seem to consist altogether in determining if there be a personality in the work of art and of what sort. A work that is a failure is an incoherent work ; that is to say, a work in which no single personality appears, but a number of disaggregated and jostling personalities, that is really none. There is no further significance than this in the researches that are made as to the verisimilitude, the truth, the logic, the necessity of a work of art."[1] The danger at which the critics of the personal element tilt is really the voluntary intrusion of the artist's personality into a work of art, or into an artistic performance. This intrusion of the voluntary personal element is possible in all art, plastic, pictorial, or musical, but it is a greater temptation to the literary artist, and still a greater snare to the interpreter of literature, whether actor, reciter or reader. When this occurs to any extent the effect is to lower the artistic values, although allowance must be made for the difference between the subjective and the dramatic. The will acting on a low level has destroyed the spontaneous action of the imagination. It is as if an artist voluntarily drew a curtain across a beautiful picture and said, " Now look at me." The attention is diverted from direct contact with what is spiritually real and essential.

" Let those that play your clowns speak no more than

[1] Croce.

is set down for them ; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too." A somewhat crude illustration of this voluntary intrusion of the actor's personality came under my notice when an actor on his exit—his part in the scene being finished—pretended to stumble, and thus provoked a laugh. Some one sympathised with him over his misfortune, and he replied, " A fellow must get his laughs ! "

The will has a very definite part to play in expression, but, as we shall see later, it is in the control and balance of mental and physical powers : not in the usurpation of any one of them.

Oratory has been described as " Truth expressed through personality." Acting is also in a sense truth expressed through personality. It will be realized, therefore, that the temptation to the artist in speech to add to his " colourless imaginings " by introducing declamatory and theatrical effects, and to express emotion altogether foreign to the real sentiments of his part or speech, is much greater than in any other art. It is, I believe, to this wrongful intrusion of personality into art that the critics who appeal for impersonal art are really opposed. Personality in the real sense is necessary to art if it is to have unity and life. No artist can express more than he can find in his own soul. Leonardo da Vinci says : " For the form, we go to Nature and use our observations ; for the soul, we look into our own hearts and paint ourselves."

The other question, which is one which has always provoked considerable controversy, is the question whether an actor actually feels the emotion of his part. The bearing of this question is a fundamental one in the training of the dramatic instinct and in all forms of delivery. At a conference on the Drama in Education, two well-known members of the acting profession tried to impress upon the conference the view that an actor

does not "feel" the emotions he portrays, he merely "acts" them. In one case this was qualified by the acknowledgment that when studying a part an actor might be moved to tears, but he would not feel the emotion when playing the part.[1]

And yet, another member of the profession says: "I have always believed that the extent to which an actor moves and convinces his audience is determined by his ability to portray the deeper feelings, the hidden emotions, the soul within and behind the words he speaks. And the test comes in his ability to give this portrayal purely and simply on his own merits, with no accessories of make-up and costume to aid him; simply by his power of himself feeling the emotions of his part, and making the audience feel and appreciate and believe in their genuineness. The actor who really moves audiences to laughter or tears does not trick them: he himself feels keenly the various emotions he seeks to express; his task is to inoculate his hearers with the same emotion."[2]

Now these living exponents of the art of the theatre seem to differ considerably. The two who spoke at Stratford-on-Avon most explicitly stated that an actor does not when acting feel the emotion of his part; Louis Calvert says the success of an actor depends on his power of "himself feeling the emotions," of having trained himself so that he has under his control a whole gamut of emotions.

This question of emotion versus no-emotion is not a new one. Over a hundred years ago, Diderot in his "Paradox" contended that sensibility and passion, instead of being a help, are a hindrance to expression; that "sensibility cripples the intellect at the very time that the man needs all his self-possession; that an actor

[1] "New Ideals in Education: The Drama in Education." Stratford-on-Avon, April, 1922.

[2] "Problems of an Actor," by Louis Calvert.

or an orator must carefully think out and work for predetermined effects ; " in short, he pours contempt upon emotion and sentiment, and advocates the employment of purely intellectual faculties. This point of view has largely influenced the French school of acting ever since.

Another argument often brought forward is that it would be impossible for an actor to actually feel great emotions night after night or he would be reduced to a physical wreck. Louis Calvert quotes Ristori, the Italian actress, in regard to the different methods employed by Rachel and herself. " Rachel was a tragic genius of France, but we followed two widely different modes of expression. She could excite the greatest enthusiasm in her transports, so beautiful was her diction, so statuesque her pose. In the most passionate situations, however, her expression was regulated by the rules imposed by the traditional French Schools. We, on the contrary, do not believe that in culminating passion this self-possession is possible."

A discussion on this subject arose between Sir Henry Irving and M. Coquelin : Irving arguing for emotion, and M. Coquelin against. The testimony of many artists was collected by Mr. Archer in " Masks and Faces," a book which is now out of print. Many points of view are discussed, as for instance whether a personal sorrow helps an artist to portray a similar sorrow on the stage. The evidence gathered seems to show that it does help, but not if the personal experience is so recent as to affect the self-control of the actor. An English actor who attained success by what we must call mechanical or intellectual methods was the late Sir Herbert Tree ; personally I never saw Tree play any part but my attitude was one of intense interest as to what he would do next. The more emotional the part, as in his performances of Othello and Mark Antony, the more did I feel entirely detached from the emotion he was supposed to be portraying and

the more interested in watching for " what he would be up to next."

Now our purpose in this discussion is not merely an empirical interest in the subject ; it is not indeed primarily a mere interest in the science of æsthetics ; but it is a very practical one of discovering on what basis training for the stage, for the platform and for the pulpit should be founded ; and not only training for professional work in those spheres, but also the more general question of developing and training the dramatic instinct in our schools in contact with poetic and dramatic literature. Let us, therefore, see if we can arrive at some conclusion. In the first place it is quite evident that the actor does not feel emotions in the same way as personal emotions are felt. It will at once be recognized that there is a vast difference between a man who is under the influence of a passion of anger on account of some happening in private life, and the actor who feels anger in an imaginary situation and has to make an audience realize that he is angry ; between a man bowed down with grief for the loss of a loved one, and the actor who has to bring tears to the eyes of the audience for such a loss, which loss is only real for the duration of the scene or play. But that difference does not preclude the reality of the emotion—reality with a difference which I shall try to make clear. To return to Ristori. After giving the description of what Ristori felt to be the difference between her own method and that of Rachel, Louis Calvert goes on to say : " For my part I do not agree with ' the rules imposed by the French School ; ' but neither do I believe that in ' culminating ' passion Ristori ever lost her self-possession. She was, I think, the greatest tragedienne I have ever seen. I shall never forget her performance of Marie Antoinette. Her rage was terrific, but the next moment she was able to clasp her son to her heart and speak in accents of the most touching grief. To make this sharp transition of mood

she must have retained great control after all." It seems to me the truth of the whole problem is to be found here: "her rage was terrific," but "she retained great control." That is to say, two actions of the mind would seem to be involved: a conscious response to the emotion of rage, and an equally conscious action of the will in determining the initiation, the degree and the termination of that emotion. Not only is the action of the will involved, but the reason and the intellect are also brought into play. But because they are present a real emotion is not precluded. The intellect also is present quite as fully as it is in Diderot's mechanical method, and the will more fully. For the more real emotion is present, the greater the control necessary.

With regard to the plea that an actor would be physically exhausted by real emotion, psycho-analysis has shown that even in connexion with real emotions connected with the primary instincts the effect of emotion upon the organism is regulated by the will of the individual. That is to say, an emotion imposed upon an individual from outside his personality may have an injurious effect, but the same emotion voluntarily experienced by the individual to serve some end connected with the assertion of another primary instinct, will not cause any physical suffering. That seems to me to contain the answer to the "physical exhaustion" argument. The actor voluntarily assumes an emotion, it is under his control, he is not under its control, and he assumes it for a definite end which may be regarded as a sublimation of his self-regarding and social instincts.

It should be noted, however, that there is no suggestion that an actor cannot feel real emotion in an imagined situation. Such an argument would indeed carry no weight, for we know that the highly organized modern mind responds to objects and suggestions very remote from what may be considered as a primary instigation of the emotion. That is to say, such an object as a

child's toy will arouse the tender emotion connected with the parental instinct, and most certainly pictures in sound have the power to arouse emotion. Therefore the objections to real emotion are, first, that it incapacitates an actor from projecting his emotion ; and second, that it destroys, so it is said, his self-control.

Now to deal with the second point : Does great emotion necessarily destroy self-control ? Because a man has a strong desire to perform a certain action which he knows will be unwise for him to do, and by the exercise of his will he conquers that desire, do we therefore say that the emotion of that desire was not real ? The reality and strength of the emotion is only measurable by the degree of control necessary to restrain it. Because Brutus controls his grief in speaking of the death of Portia to Cassius, we do not imagine great grief is not felt. We measure the grief by the control, and it affects us more strongly than an uncontrolled grief would do. We know that Brutus had many and urgent reasons for not allowing his grief to master him, but it is not lessened by his self-control.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental griefs.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha ! Portia ?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scaped I killing when I cross'd you so ?—
O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ; for with her health
The tidings came :—with this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so ?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods !
Bru. Speak no more of her.

Take the emotion of fear. A soldier has to advance under fire ; he is horribly afraid, but his training and the strength of his moral character prohibit his yielding to the impulse of fear and running away or hiding himself. But the fear, sickening, horrible, is there nevertheless. You may say : Oh, but this is real fear, not an imagined fear. What is real fear ? It is nothing tangible. In what way does a fear inspired by a real cause differ from a fear of the imagination ? Only in this particular—that the " real " fear is imposed from without the personality ; the " imagined " fear is voluntarily assumed. There is, of course, another class of imagined fear imposed upon a personality through an overwrought mind, and the fact that the terrors of the imagination in such a case have so injurious an effect upon the physical frame is indeed a proof of the similarity of the emotion of fear whether caused by a situation in which it is " reasonable " to experience fear or one in which it is not.

In the case of voluntarily experienced emotion, as with the actor or speaker, the fact that it *is* voluntarily assumed and controlled is one reason why it is projected into the minds of the audience. An uncontrolled emotion exhibited by an actor will direct the attention of the audience to the personality of the actor himself, not the actor in his part.

With regard to the first point, the sympathetic induction of emotion, the controversy of real emotion has centred round the stage ; but it is, as I indicated earlier, of equal importance to the speaker, the preacher or the reciter. You may say that the case of the speaker or preacher is distinct : they are using their own words, expressing

their own ideas ; the actor and reciter are merely interpreting words which they have memorised. A difference certainly exists, but as far as the question under discussion is concerned, the using of one's own words or memorised words seems to make very little difference. I have heard—most people have heard—speakers who have used words suggestive of very strong feeling on the subject with which they were dealing, and yet have spoken them in such a manner and such a tone that it was perfectly evident that no emotional response was present in their own minds as they uttered them—or if it were, it was safely hidden there. As a matter of fact, in those circumstances it is safe to affirm that it was not present in sufficient degree. The remedy for a cold and unconvincing delivery lies in the experience of real emotion at the time of speaking.

But do the supporters of the no-emotion theory realize that if they really do not feel emotion they are ignoring a very important psychological fact, " the sympathetic induction of emotion " ? The contagious quality of emotion is well recognized in connexion with oratory. It is a great power, whether for good or evil, and certainly one which it would seem that the actor should use, and one which should be cultivated with a full sense of the responsibilities involved by all speakers and preachers. The orator who sets out to arouse the passions of a mob uses this psychological weapon as well as the power of suggestion.

If no emotion is felt it is obvious that the actor really imitates the signs of emotion. If this is done with skill, it is quite possible to arouse the wonder and admiration of the audience and to provoke enthusiastic applause.

There is another way of provoking applause—the introduction of irrelevant business of a surprising or startling nature : in short, by tricks. Tree was a past-master at evolving tricks to disguise his lack of genuine emotion. The carrying of an orange near his nostrils, for

example, in playing the part of Wolsey in "Henry VIII," by which he conveyed his fastidious disdain of contact with other human beings; well, anyone could carry an orange near their nostrils to suggest the sensitiveness of their olfactory sense. What we want in an actor who plays the part of Wolsey is power to portray the emotions felt in his rise and fall from power, in fact the whole tragedy of his greatness. The same actor in playing Othello employed a curious make-up for the eyes, so that they seemed to irradiate green light—the green-eyed monster of jealousy. It was clever, but it was not art, it did not show the working of the poison of jealousy in the spiritual nature of Othello.

Now there is a great deal in the art of the actor besides the feeling of genuine emotion. He has to learn to register that emotion on his audience by the conscious control of his body, even to the movements of his eyes, and this technique can be learned by experience and by imitation; but can the art of acting be imitative? To begin with, the word "imitation" implies the copying of bodily movements or actions. If we say an author has obviously imitated another, the term is a reproach; but we can say an author's work has obviously been inspired by another, by which we understand that his spirit has been touched.

Ruskin says the "ideas and pleasures received from imitation are the most contemptible which can be received from art. . . . Ideas of imitation are contemptible because it is impossible to imitate anything really great. We can paint a cat or a fiddle so that they look as if we could take them up, but we cannot imitate the ocean or the Alps."[1] The point to consider, then, appears to be whether human emotions are on a level with the "cat or the fiddle," or whether in their greatness and power they should be classed with "the ocean or the Alps." Emo-

[1] See also "Painters of Pictures in Sound," a lecture by the Author.

tions cannot be judged by bulk or quantity, by actual height or depth, but yet I venture to say that the emotions attached to the primary instincts of man, and the organized sentiments which have been built up around them, are some of the greatest psychic forces working among mankind. How is it possible to portray psychic emotional forces by intellectual and bodily action of an imitative nature? Imitation may sometimes induce a realization of emotion in a student; the attitude of reverence may induce a feeling of reverence; body affects mind as well as mind affects body; but imitation or the performance of a ritual is only justifiable if it leads onward to the next step—the actual experience of emotion. I think it was Sarah Bernhardt who has said that from the imitation to the creative is but a step; still it is a step, and a great step, and imitation alone can never be more than a use of external effects, and a method which stops there can never express fundamental emotion nor can it reveal the motives and passions of human life.

To sum up, therefore, we have to recognize in delivery a sentient, an intellectual and a conscious self. We have seen that strong emotion may persist in actual life and yet be controlled by the conscious self, so that real emotion in acting can be experienced and controlled by the conscious self. Therefore dramatic expression would seem to involve five phases:

1. Real emotion experienced by the sentient self aroused by an effort of the imagination;
2. Real thought experienced by the intellectual self;
3. The control of that emotional and mental state by the conscious self;
4. The æsthetic portrayal of that emotion and thought;
5. Sufficient mental and physical energy to project the emotion and thought into other minds.

CHAPTER IV

LANGUAGE AND ART—THE EXPRESSIVE NATURE OF LANGUAGE

This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse . . . has added a new problem to metaphysics. —Emerson.

"LANGUAGE," says Mr. Cornford,[1] "is the most effective and comprehensive tool of human power, for nothing, whether human or super-human, is beyond its reach."

Language is essentially a social institution; it arose from the fundamental necessity of man to communicate his cravings, his feelings and, later, his thoughts to his fellow man. We know that the elements of language are to be found in formless roots, or merely vocal sounds, which were probably accompanied and supplemented by postures and gestures. African explorers tell us that there are still primitive languages spoken in that great continent which require the auditor to see as well as to hear the speaker; that is to say, the verbal symbol is necessarily supplemented by a gesture. In onomatopœic words such as *splash, forlorn, groan,* we have examples of symbols formed in imitation of sounds. We have other words which seem to suggest by their very sound an inward or outward gesture: *here, there, me, you.* Precisely the same impression of inward and outward movement is noticeable in the French *moi* and *vous.*

A language of natural sounds and gestures probably exists to-day among the higher animals, but man alone has developed the power of articulate speech. For

[1] "From Religion to Philosophy," Cornford.

long the theory was held that speech was a miraculous power bestowed upon man, but Professor Jespersen in his history of the science of language shows how the subject has gradually been freed from legendary elements, and that the power of articulate speech, like other powers, has been evolved in the course of ages. And in the English language we have a wonderful instrument of expression, an instrument built up of no less than 400,000 words. Modern physiology, moreover, has been able to localise in the physical brain, centres which receive and transmit the impulse of speech.

It is not, however, with the science nor the grammar, but the art of language that we are concerned. And as stated in Chapter I, in order to recognize this identity of art and language it is necessary to study language, not as a collection of vowels, consonants, syllables and words, which are "simple physical concepts of sound," but to study it from the aspect of expression and nothing but expression. So that for our purpose "words are instruments of music: an ignorant man uses them for jargon, but when a master touches them they have unexpected life and sound. Some words sound out like drums; some breathe memories sweet as flutes; some call like a clarionet; some shout a charge like trumpets; some are sweet as children's talk; others rich as a mother's answering back."

We have tried to show in a previous chapter the value of art in life. When we speak of language as an art we realize that it is, perhaps, the only art which every person can and should possess. Every one should be able to put into words the echoes which impressions have aroused in his soul; not only put them into words, but so speak the words that he can re-create those impressions in other minds. When this is accomplished, language is most assuredly an art.

When we think of language as an art we realize that it is both creative and interpretive. To the creative

side belong literature, oratory, story-telling, conservation, debate, and all forms of speaking in which the whole construction of the material as well as the delivery are the work of the psychic and physical powers of the speaker. Of these, all but the first belong essentially to the spoken language. Much of literature—drama and poetry—while it is preserved in the written word, should find expression much more fully in the spoken word.

To the interpretative side belong acting, reading and recitation.

The most important branch of language as a creative art—literature—does not come within our scope, because literature belongs in the first place to the written language. It is, however, or should be, an equally important branch of the interpretative art of language. But to return to the other subjects under the creative aspect. Oratory or public speaking as an art has almost ceased to exist. And yet the gift of eloquence is perhaps one of the most valuable gifts a man or woman can possess. To-day eloquence has degenerated into a more or less laborious effort to be heard and understood. With that the majority are content. And yet an eloquent speaker or preacher can always draw crowds, and he has almost limitless power, for "Power is with the tongue. Power is with those who can speak." [1] He has not merely power, he has power for good; he is an artist who can open a window through which his hearers can gain a wider vision, he can say "the thing" in such a way as "to breed the thought." "Pleasant speech and the word that is well spoken are great blessings." [2]

Not all need or desire the gift of oratory, but everyone has to converse, and conversation may be an infliction or an art. Men and women are continually being weighed and placed by their pronunciation of words and their power of speech. You may possess the

[1] Lord Salisbury. [2] Buddha.

wealth of the Indies, and be clothed as well and as fittingly as the mightiest in the land, but if you cannot speak your own language well you can be nothing but a dead weight upon any society in which you find yourself. Power of speech in conversation reveals much of your education, your character, your temperament, your social standing, your ability. A well-known American author once said: "No other one thing enables us to make such a good impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. The gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made it."

In a materialistic age the art of conversation has ceased to be regarded as of any value, and education has completely ignored it; nevertheless, it has a very tangible commercial value, and it has been in the past, and might be again, an art of great social utility. The gift of the story-teller is not to be despised. The spoken word can make real and living the romances, legends and heroic lays of the past. Debate, too, has its part in life. We are debating daily. "The defence of debate is that it discovers and trains talent for the service and exaltation of the nation."

Language as an interpretative art should be treated like music. Good speech, like good singing, depends not only upon the artist's ability to play upon his instrument, it depends primarily upon the artist's ability to create a beautiful instrument and then to play upon it. Sound in language as in music is one of the keys which unlock the door of the imagination, and I venture to suggest that the educational power of sound in the highest form of language, that is, in poetry, is greater than that of music. For while poetry has rhythm, accent, metre and tone-quality like music, it has also what music has not, the expression of direct thought, as well as what music has, the expression of direct

emotion. Poetry gives direct expression to all the emotions, desires and passions of human life.

You may agree that poetry has these elements, but you are content that they should remain embalmed in the written word. If it were not for the fact that poetry contains the intellectual element of thought, you might as well say that music should be left to the musician to scan over from the script without attempting to recreate it in terms of sound. That poetry does not suffer quite as much as music would from this attitude is due to this same intellectual thought-value which may be gathered from the printed page, but the emotional value of poetry and much of its thought-value can only be gathered and conveyed by the spoken word, that is, through sound.

I should like in this connexion to quote at some length from an address on Browning by Bishop Boyd Carpenter in Westminster College Hall.[1] Speaking of the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, he said that one day he tried reading his poems aloud. "Immediately light sprang out of obscurity, the scales fell from my eyes: the obscure became intelligible, clear, charged with vivid meaning. I perceived what I may call the concealed dramatic element: like Geryon, it came to the surface, conjured into form by the speaking voice. It was not in my case a deliberate experiment: it was an accidental discovery. I had no purpose or conscious purpose in submitting the poem—I think it was 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb'—to such a test, but the joy of the discovery was the gateway of further knowledge, understanding and delight. The intense human intellectual vitality of the poet became clear to me. Browning possessed a wonderful gift of identifying himself in thought and feeling with the people of whom he sang: he could so keenly enter into the emotions and aspirations of his subjects that his obscurity was largely due

[1] "The Oral Interpretation of Poetry." Browning Centenary, May 7, 1917.

to his intimacy with feelings which it did not occur to him stood in need of explanation to his reader."

In this same lecture Bishop Boyd Carpenter quoted an incident in the history of the French Academy: "At one of the ordinary séances of the Academy M. Legouvé said that in the opening lines of one of La Fontaine's poems he could praise two lines as good, while he regarded six lines as detestable. M. Cousin looked at the speaker in wrath. At the close of the sitting M. Cousin joined M. Legouvé and with decision asked him: 'Is it possible that you pretend to understand La Fontaine better than I do?' 'Without any doubt,' said M. Legouvé. 'Indeed!' said M. Cousin in astonishment. 'Yes, indeed,' was the reply, 'and that for a very good reason, viz.: that you read La Fontaine to yourself and I read him aloud.'"

In this consideration of language as an interpretative art we shall very soon realize that by reading aloud, or reciting poetry, we necessarily have to evoke in ourselves the feeling needful for a full understanding, and by using our own voice, our own organism, to interpret the poet we place ourselves in the atmosphere, in the spirit in which the poem was written. For as Professor Bradley says: "In poetry the meaning and the sounds are one; there is, if I may put it so, a resonant meaning or a meaning resonance." This "meaning resonance" can only be secured by the oral interpretation of poetry and the aural appreciation of poetry. This use of language as an interpretative art goes near to the very source of the creative art and is most likely to arouse creative power. "Art perpetually makes us poets again."

It is not only in the treatment of literature that the importance of language as an interpretative art should be revealed. Rhetoric has for long been taught as a "mummy-like embalming" of dead forms; that is to say, it is studied through the written word instead of through the spoken word—the means which first gave

life and form to rhetoric. Instead of studying rhetoric through the interpretative art of spoken language, which would inevitably lead to the awakening of the creative art by which new forms would find expression, the study of rhetoric has become merely a study of fossils :

> And all a rhetorician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name his tools.

CHAPTER V

THE LINGUISTIC NATURE OF MAN

The first duty of man is to speak, that is his chief business in the world. —Stevenson.

LANGUAGE is a collection of verbal symbols. These verbal symbols we can articulate as sound, or we can transcribe as signs. Since the introduction of the art of printing in 1471, and still more since the industrial developments of the nineteenth century flooded the world with books, good, bad and indifferent, the tendency in education has been more and more to place emphasis on the value of the written word, and to look upon language as an intellectual system of symbols rather than as a means of expression. Literature has of course remained a means of expression, but very little value has been allowed to the spoken word as an art. Reading aloud, story-telling, conversation, public-speaking, have all languished. Poetry, which was originally written for sound interpretation, either with or without music, has almost lost its soul in the silence of the printed page. The days of the troubadour, when crowds would gather from great distances, and troubadours would travel from distant lands and on a specially erected platform recite the lines of the poets, are long since dead.

What is to be said of the written and spoken word is not in any sense to be taken as a comparison of values, even when for the purpose of making a point it may appear to be so; it is rather an effort to realize and emphasize the values and distinctive elements attaching to the spoken word.

A philologist[1] tells us that it is only the spoken word which should be regarded as a real word. " It is only by the spoken word that the speaker breathes, as it were, his inner soul into the soul of his hearers. Written language is only the imperfect and mummy-like embalming, of which the highest use is that it may serve as a means of reproducing the living utterance."

Have you ever attempted to write a letter when your heart was full of grief and sympathy ? Then you have realized how inadequate written words can be—nay, that to attempt to put your feelings into words is almost to insult the depth of sorrow of the one to whom you are writing. And suppose that instead of writing you went to see your friend. You would probably use no words at all, you would use another and more primitive language —a gesture, a shake of the hand, a look, perhaps a broken, almost inarticulate sound. At such moments verbal language fails, it cannot plumb the depths of grief, nor can it convey the heights of joy, much less can the ecstasy of the mystic be revealed in verbal language. The verbal language belongs primarily to the intellect. It is true that words may become charged with affective and mystic power, but this power is not inherent in the symbol ; it is supplied by the association of ideas aroused in the mind of writer and reader, or speaker and listener. We realize then that man has four languages or means of expression : the written verbal language, the spoken verbal language, the vocal, and the pantomimic[2] language.[3]

The first of these does not fall within the scope of this book, nor does that aspect of the spoken verbal

[1] Humboldt.

[2] Pantomime (Lat., *Pantomimus ;* Gr., *Pantomimus,* v.t.). To express by dumb show. It is unfortunate that the word pantomime is associated in the popular mind with farce and burlesque, but no other word covers the whole range of expression through the body—posture, poise, gesture, facial expression, etc.

[3] S. S. Curry, " Province of Expression."

language which is common also to the written language, that is, the right use of words, their selection, arrangement, etc. All those aspects of the subject are included under the subjects, grammar, punctuation and composition, which have long since found a place in all school curricula. It is the purpose of this book to emphasize those elements in speech which have been neglected by education and in which we are as a people conspicuously weak.

When we come to consider the three means of expression in speech, we find that there is an essential difference between the first and the last two. Verbal expression differs among the peoples of different nationalities; vocal and pantomimic expression in all essentials does not. We realize then that the vocal and pantomimic are natural languages, common to all mankind. The verbal language is an artificial product of man's intellect, a conscious effort of his thought; consequently, it is in many respects the most valuable language because it can express and record facts. It is significant that the verbal sounds are produced in the front of the mouth and nose, never further back than the upper part of the throat, while vocal sound is dependent upon the greater part of the body for breath and breath control. Tone-colour, inflexion and modulation of the voice are dependent upon the health and poise of the whole body as well as the action of the mind in thought, feeling and will. For these reasons, the statement of La Rochefoucauld is perhaps justified: "There is more eloquence in the tones of the voice than in the choice of words." Vocal expression is the language of the soul; verbal expression the language of the intellect and reason. Nevertheless, in all true eloquence there must be an absolute unity of expression, which can only be gained by the use of all three languages in their proper relationship. It is impossible to compare the values of verbal, vocal and pantomimic expression; they inter-

penetrate each other, they each have their own particular function to perform; they may be separated for the purpose of analysis, but in all true expression they are one.

The universality of vocal and pantomimic expression is shown in the fact that an orator speaking to a people who does not understand his language can hold his audience enthralled and in a mysterious way can convey the ideas he is expressing through the tones of his voice, the poise of his body, and the rhythm of his gestures. A psychologist will say that this is due to the contagious quality of emotion. That is of course true, but *the means* by which the orator conveys his emotion to the audience are vocal and pantomimic expression. In seeking to prove the fact that, in spite of the progress of intellect and reason, emotions will always get the better of even the best of rational arguments, M. Gustave le Bon gives as an example the case of a brilliant French actor who toured the United States as a propagandist of the Allies. He spoke frequently to an audience which did not understand a word of his speech, but, as noted by M. Bergson, who accompanied him: "From the first words there was, as it were, a sort of physical adhesion on the part of the audience, which allowed itself to be lulled by the music of the speech. As the orator grew animated and his gestures more energetically expressed his ideas and emotions, his hearers—inwardly allured by this movement—adopted the rhythm of the emotion expressed, closely following the ideas and roughly understanding the phrase even when they did not grasp the words."

Perhaps the most effective means by which to realize the importance of vocal expression is to separate it from verbal expression and purposely give words an intonation which is the exact opposite of the meaning of the verbal symbol. In such a case we have the verbal and vocal language in opposition. Which one will win? Test this. Say the word "Yes" in a tone of absolute finality, admitting no doubt. Now say "Yes" in a

tone whish suggests considerable doubt and indecision. The word is the same, a simple affirmative in each case, but if you use the word as in the second instance with an upward movement of the voice and a doubtful intonation, it would be impossible to convince anyone that you really meant " Yes." Or read a classic example of this separation of vocal and verbal meaning in Mark Antony's oration on the death of Cæsar. Cassius had been anxious to prevent Mark Antony from speaking to the people, but Brutus is content to charge him, " You shall not in your funeral speech blame us." Mark Antony does not blame them—in words ; but he completely turns the sympathies of the crowd against the conspirators ; he never calls them anything but " honourable men " ; nevertheless, the crowd take up the cry : " They were traitors ; honourable men ! " " They were murderers." His verbal expression said one thing, his vocal expression another. The latter carried conviction.

The best way of realizing the power of vocal expression will be to read the whole scene aloud, concentrating on the thought and using your imagination to visualize the scene. (See Part II, page 122.) This is an important matter for every preacher, public speaker, barrister, teacher, business man, for all in fact who have dealings with their fellow-men. We have seen that emotion expressed through sound and movement has a great power over an audience ; if the verbal expression of thought and reason be added, the power is almost incalculable. But the power of thought expressed through an emotionless and monotonous voice is very small. It is as if merely the shadow of an idea is presented and all affective power withdrawn. Yet that is the kind of speaking and teaching which is carried on in hundreds of churches, colleges and schools throughout the country. And, be it noted, the elimination of vocal and pantomimic expression is not merely a negative defect. It is a positive one. " In the mouth of two or three witnesses

every word shall be established " ; well, in this case the witnesses do not agree, the earnestness of the verbal witness is contradicted by the apparent indifference and aloofness of the vocal or pantomimic witness. And the effects upon the audience is not simply negative. Never again will the people in that audience be in the same receptive attitude to the ideas and truth presented. They have been bored by it once, or their interest has been but faintly and insufficiently stimulated. It will be much more difficult to ever stimulate it again.

Closely bound up with vocal expression is verbal expression. Verbal expression may be of two kinds—the selection of words and their formation in phrases and sentences, and the pronunciation of the verbal symbols, so that not only are the elements of the language adequately sounded and their æsthetic value realized, but the content of the words reach the mind of the hearer, and he is not in any way distracted by inadequacy or peculiarity of pronunciation. A short time ago I heard the Head Master of a large public school address a fair-sized congregation. His voice was produced in his throat, tone very monotonous, but what was particularly distracting to the listener was the exaggerated and obvious care he took over his consonants. After the dental sounds *d* and *t* he almost invariably sounded an " er," and various other faults were evident. Now if such bad faults of style existed in his use of the written language he would never hold the position he does. Why is it permitted to an educationist to speak the language badly when he would not be permitted to write it badly ? And yet, compared with many others, his power over the spoken language was excellent. Generally, one could hear what he said. Occasionally the end of a sentence was lost, but that is not serious when we remember that there are University lecturers who cannot even make their lectures audible to their students. In one particular case I have it on very good

authority that students regularly supply themselves with reading matter carefully hidden under the ledge of their desks. In this case the lecturer's subject is Philology, the science of language! and the qualifications of the lecturer, obtained solely through examination in the written word, are most excellent. But what a waste of opportunities and of public money!

Good verbal expression of the kind which we have to consider in this book depends upon a perfect balance between vowels and consonants. It is upon the vowels, or sounds, of the language that tone is produced, and it is tone which carries to a distance and fills a large space. Tone and the vowels depend upon breath control, and also upon the shaping of the cavities above the throat. It is this same tone, and power to use tone in words to express emotion, which we have to consider in vocal expression; but no effective vocal expression is possible unless there is adequate verbal expression or pronunciation. The importance of the consonants in speech is somewhat different to vowels. Consonants give strength and character; some consonants have value as sounds of minor quality to vowels, but the majority depend more upon position, attack and release of various parts of the articulatory apparatus, rather than upon continuity and quality of sound. Nevertheless, consonants have their part, and a very important one, to play in vocal expression as well as in verbal expression. Test this by repeating the words, "A wonderful vision." First say the words with no power in the initial letter of "wonderful;" then repeat, bringing the lips well forward in the position for whistling. Or again, say aloud, "Darling child", now repeat, bringing the tongue firmly against the teeth on the initial letter of the word "darling."

These very simple illustrations may serve to show that the speaker must have power over the elements of the language, as well as over words and phrases,

just as a musician must have power over the notes of his instrument. This power is necessary for audibility and distinctness, which we may regard as belonging to the spoken verbal language, and equally necessary for the more subtle and complicated expression of the vocal language.

So far I have been dealing more particularly with the vocal and verbal languages. It will be well now to consider the fundamental nature of the pantomimic language. I have avoided the word " gesture " in this connexion because gesture has come to mean (although not etymologically confined to that meaning) a movement of the body, and more particularly of the limbs. Therefore I use gesture as part only of pantomimic expression. The fundamental expression does not lie in moving the arms and hands, which is what generally troubles the amateur on stage or platform, but in the response of the whole body to the feeling or sensation. Thus, for instance, if you are listening, it is not merely the ear that listens, although the ear will convey the message to the brain: the whole mind and body appears to listen, because all other mental and bodily activity is in abeyance while the mind awaits the message from the physical sense-organ. If you are looking eagerly, intently, for some message, some sign, your eyes truly will convey the message to your brain, but the whole mind and body appear to be looking. You speak of great joy. Then if you are really going to convey the impression of joy, and if your voice is going to ring with the note of joy, the whole body must expand to the influence of joy, just as it will contract and droop for fear or shame. When this fundamental response of the whole organism takes place, the gesture in a child is likely to be spontaneously the right movement. In an adult, it will require much practice to free the body from bad habits of repression before spontaneously true pantomimic expression is possible.

If pantomimic expression has been suppressed all through adult life, it is not possible at first to " speak " this language. The face is perhaps the part of the body where the student can first begin to express. The eyes have been described as the " windows of the soul ", and eyes which do not express the sentiments of the words act as very powerful witnesses against the speaker. You instinctively realize this in conversation. Some one comes to you to express gratitude—the eyes do not brighten or show any gleam of feeling. You know the speaker is insincere, or perhaps is ill, lacking in vitality, unable to feel or convey any emotion. The same impression is made by the expressionless eyes of a speaker or lecturer. Again, call to mind the effect upon you of a vital personality, a well-poised healthy mind in a well-poised and healthy body. Compare the effect of the appearance of such an one with that of a drooping, dissatisfied and unhealthy-looking being. Truly the body speaks a language which acts positively upon speaker and listener.

Consider this description of Gladstone speaking in the House of Commons : " Even to look at him when in the full flood of oratory was an inspiring sight. His eyes gleamed with marvellous light. Every muscle of his mobile face was in action. Every turn of successive sentences—and his sentences were exceedingly sinuous —had its appropriate gesture. . . ." [1]

Again, compare the following description of Daniel Webster's bodily expression : " His manner gave new force to his language. As he stood swaying his right arm, like a huge tilt hammer up and down, his swarthy countenance lighted up with excitement ; he appeared amid the smoke, the fire, the thunder of his eloquence like Vulcan in his armoury forging for the gods ! The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the

[1] " The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone," by Henry W. Lucy.

peroration threw a glow over his countenance, like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face, seemed touched as with celestial fire." [1]

We saw at the beginning of this chapter that language arose from man's necessity of expression. We have seen also that man is a linguistic creature ; by sound and by movement he can convey his innermost thoughts and feelings, and by his intellectual activity assisted by that mysterious collective power, the Genius of language, the verbal language has evolved. Further, we have seen that the verbal language contains, in sound metaphors, and in oral gestures, evidences of the growth of verbal language from the two fundamental languages of man. These " origins " and impulses of words have largely sunk into the unconscious, yet it is to these origins that the word owes its life ; it is when they are revealed by sound and gesture as well as by the verbal symbol that the word becomes in the sense of Humboldt " a real word " and not merely a " mummy-like embalming."

The power of the orator lies not merely in the truth of crowd-psychology and " feeling-spread," but in the fact that through his artistic perceptions and expression of the meaning, the sound, and the feeling of words, he arouses a response in the buried word-complexes of his hearers.

Perhaps enough has been said to show the importance of expression through the spoken language, in the development of the full faculties of the individual, but there is an aspect of language in its social significance to which reference should be made.

De Quincey speaks of language as " a foremost jewel among the trophies of nationality," and expression in language, whether in literature or speech, is not merely a jewel of nationality in the sense of an outward effect,

[1] " Reminiscences of Congress " (March). Quoted from " Forms of Oratorical Expression," Ruffin. Compare also Part II, Introduction, p. 57.

an indication of its prestige—it is all that—but only because it is a revelation of the soul of a people. We rejoice that we have a body of poetic and dramatic literature which reveals beauty and universality, but the soul of a people must be a living soul. The soul of Shakespeare would be a living force to-day if the spirit of Shakespeare were realized and expressed. But Shakespeare merely " embalmed " in the written word is not a living force.

The prestige of a nation rests really upon its art and its social expression, because it is through these means that the soul of a nation speaks.

Language is essentially a social institution. Then it must express social qualities. There is a very close connexion between good pronunciation and the diffusion of social qualities. The neglect of the spoken language has resulted not only in a national reputation for notoriously bad pronunciation, but in an equally widespread reputation for lack of the social virtues of imagination and sympathy. This is likely to be a subject of importance, not merely in the social relations of a community or nation, but also in international relationships. During the next decade aerial navigation is likely to bring all parts of the world within a few days' travel. We have already, even before these aerial developments have taken place, seen signs of the substitution of the spoken for the written word in diplomacy. The Conference of the British Empire Premiers, the Washington Conference, the Genoa Conference, have all emphasized the value of social contact, and of speech rather than writing.

Such international relationships inevitably reveal the necessity for a common speech, and in " The International Language " Mr. A. L. Guerard emphasizes this necessity and discusses the rival claims of French, English, Latin, Esperanto and the other artificial languages. It will be remembered that France made

a strong effort to secure the use of French both at the Versailles Conference and again on the establishment of the Permanent Court of International Justice by the League of Nations, and that in the end French and English were made the joint official speech. Mr. Guerard points out that there are many reasons why French as the international language secures support : French was for centuries the common language of Western culture ; it was for many years the language of diplomacy ; French, the spoken language, is loved and admired not only by the French people themselves, but by people of other nationalities ; " a sort of mysterious vitality " is ascribed by students to the French tongue. H. G. Wells speaks of " the contagious quality of French ". " There is, however, no intrinsic superiority in the French language. . . . It is not a musical language ; you can be dull and ambiguous in French as in any other language. . . . English has a better vocabulary and stronger accents ; French is only beautiful when beautifully spoken. . . . It has held the field, not on account of facility and euphony, but in spite of them."[1]

Mr. Guerard does not inquire whence comes this vitality. But we may do so. It is not inherent in the language—it cannot be, because a language is a collection of symbols ; it has no vitality other than that imparted to it by the people who speak it, just as a civilization is nothing in itself, it is an effect, " the creative urge of the soul of a people." The spoken language of France is contagious and full of vitality because the people of France speak their language well, they value their spoken word, and they express their soul in it. In other words, they have developed certain expressive qualities which are also social qualities, and that development has given life and prestige to their spoken language. When we consider the claims of English to be the

[1] " The International Language," A. L. Guerard.

international language, they are numerous and weighty: The many countries and vast territories over which the English-speaking peoples hold sway, the character of the language as a strongly Romanized language of Teutonic origin, its comparatively easy grammar, its wonderful vocabulary, its unbroken literary record, and, particularly, that it is the medium of the richest body of lyric and dramatic poetry in the world, the language of the great universal artist, "the myriad-souled" Shakespeare. But against these very strong claims Mr. Guerard brings some counter-claims, and although one of these, our very original method of spelling, has to do with written English, the principal objections stated against English as an international language apply, it will be found, to the spoken language, and to the lack of social prestige which our spoken language has inspired.

With regard to the actual speaking of the language—that is, the verbal language—there is a poor enunciation of vowel sound, a lack of tone in pronouncing unaccented vowels, deplorable weakness of the "r" in many parts of the English-speaking world, "strange laziness of the lips—even among scholars." The result is a general bad speaking of the language, and, consequently, English completely baffles the ear of a foreigner who has learnt the language from books; it not only baffles him, but its poverty of sound and lack of tone quality in pronunciation fail to attract him. But the greatest objection to the use of English as the international language is that lack of social quality or lack of vocal expression to which I have already referred. "For that language is best for universal use that embodies and diffuses the greatest amount of human sympathy."

Through our spoken language we do not "diffuse human sympathy". It is impossible that we should do so while "English sounds, as to the foreign eye the Welsh language looks, made up of consonants, and

these hardly distinguishable from one another."[1] The fault is not in the language—a careful comparison of the European languages has proved that. Hear passages from Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Shelley, or Keats, read aloud by a reader who can bring out the verbal music, and you will be forced to admit that English is a language rich in vowel sounds and capable of much, of very much, musical quality. It is in fact doubtful whether in this respect it is surpassed by any language, unless it be the Italian. Had English not been such a language, it could never have produced the lyric poetry which enriches it to-day. The beauty of the spoken language is a national heritage to be held with reverence and guarded with care, and " the true and appropriate expression of reverence for a language is not by fighting for it as a subject of national rivalry, but by taking earnest pains to write (speak) it with accuracy, practically to display its beauty and to make its powers available for commensurate ends."[2] The great need of the present day is a better understanding between men and nations, and this need can only be met and satisfied by an increase in the means of communication. The most direct and revealing means of communication possible between men is the spoken word.

[1] Hullah. [2] De Quincey.

PART II

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

All the great speakers were bad speakers at first.—Emerson.

REFERENCE has already been made to what is a generally admitted fact: that the speaking of English, both from the point of view of audibility and of pronunciation and expression, is on a very low level compared with other European languages. In those three words—audibility, pronunciation, expression—we have the keys to three separate means by which the musical quality of the language can be made evident, and by which English men and women may be truly expressive in speech. I say "separate means," and there are three separate methods of approach; nevertheless, work in any one of them will, to some extent at least, prepare the way for both the other two. To improve the audibility of a speaker's voice we have to improve its tone value: that is, its musical quality. This is necessary, firstly, because musical sound travels farther than noise; secondly, because musical sound is more agreeable than noise; thirdly, because the production of musical sound is beneficial to the speaker while the production of noise is injurious; and fourthly, because it is only upon musical sound or tone that vocal expression can be developed.

The word "pronunciation" I am using here to cover all the elements of the spoken verbal language—vowels, consonants, syllables, words. Many conclude

that in the ordinary everyday use of words they have acquired all the power of the verbal language that is necessary. They flatter themselves that no trace of cockneyism or provincialism, colonialism or nasal twang, is to be heard in their pronunciation, and that that is sufficient for all practical purposes. Or, they hug to themselves the comforting assurance that they have been to a Public School and afterwards spent some years at a University; and for anyone after that to suggest that the speaking of their native language is possible of improvement is nothing short of an insult. How much time, may we ask, during those years was given to the study of *spoken* English ? Hear what an American poet says is necessary in order to acquire " the divine power to speak words " :

> Vocalism, measure, concentration, determination, and the divine power to speak words ;
> Are you full-lung'd and limber-lipp'd from long trial ? from vigorous practice ? from physique ?
> Do you move in these broad lands as broad as they ?
> Come duly to the divine power to speak words ?
> For only at last after many years, after chastity, friendship, procreation, prudence, and nakedness,
> After treading ground and breasting river and lake,
> After a loosen'd throat, after absorbing eras, temperaments, races, after knowledge, freedom, crimes,
> After complete faith, after clarifyings, elevations, and removing obstructions,
> After these and more, it is just possible there comes to a man, a woman, the divine power to speak words. . . .
> All waits for the right voices ;
> Where is the practis'd and perfect organ ? where is the develop'd soul ?

For I see every word utter'd thence has deeper,
sweeter, new sounds, impossible on less terms.
I see brains and lips closed, tympans and temples
unstruck,
Until that comes which has the quality to strike
and to unclose,
Until that comes which has the quality to bring
forth what lies slumbering forever ready in all
words.[1]

To use words with power the same patient practice is necessary that the musician displays in his continued and oft-repeated practice of scales and five-finger exercises, for words are to the speaker what notes are to the player; they are all that and much more, for they not only have a sound value—they have a meaning value as well: they not only have an emotional, they have also an intellectual value. This value of words has been ignored in education, and the use of words in speech has, in fact, been almost solely confined to their bare intellectual meaning.

The power of words is one which the average actor neglects to use. Great orators have possessed it. Of Daniel Webster, the great American orator, it was said that he could use a word "with such power and force that it would drop from his lips as a great boulder might drop through a ceiling, and jar the Senate chamber like a clap of thunder." On one occasion Butler, of South Carolina, made a fierce attack on what he called the bad faith of the North. "When Butler sat down, Webster was seen to be getting up. . . . He slowly rocked himself back and forth for a few moments, with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind him. Then he looked up and around, and fixed his gaze upon Butler. The suspense was intolerable. . . . Slowly unclasping his hands and letting them fall by his side,

[1] "Vocalism," Walt Whitman.

and speaking in low, deep, musical, metallic tones, surcharged with intensity and power, Webster said: 'Mr. President, the honourable member from South Carolina, who has just taken his seat, says that he is prepared to say boldly that the Northern states have not observed but have broken the compromise of the Constitution. . . . It is no duty of mine to accept a general challenge. But if the honourable member shall see fit to be so obliging as to inform the Senate in my hearing on what occasion the State, whose representative I stand here, has forborne to observe or broken the compromise of the Constitution, he will find in me a COMBATANT on that question.' A senator present on this occasion afterwards said that as the word 'combatant' fell from Webster's lips it appeared to weigh at least forty tons; and as the word fell from Webster's lips he took a step towards Butler, his bronze complexion glowing as with inward fire, his brow clothed with thunder, his eyes blazing lightning, both arms raised, and his huge form towering in all its majesty."[1]

The third key-word, "expression", covers not only the two subjects of tone and pronunciation. It requires, as I endeavoured to show in Chapter II, Part I, a knowledge of the whole nature of man, his emotions, the dynamic forces of his nature, as well as his intellectual and moral processes. And this knowledge must be really assimilated in such a manner that it can be given out again, and expressed in such a way that it inevitably arouses a corresponding response from the listeners.

[1] Quoted from "Forms of Oratorical Expression," by J. N. Ruffin.

THE VOICE

CHAPTER II

THE VOCAL MECHANISM

THE only satisfactory way of securing audibility of voice is, as we have seen, by the production of musical tone. This may be achieved by establishing control over the muscles of respiration, the resonating cavities and muscles concerned in pronunciation.

The involuntary muscles of the vocal organ itself (the larynx) always act well when the voluntary muscles above referred to are well controlled. We have to consider the vocal mechanism as being in three parts :

Breathing organs.

Vocal organ or larynx.

Resonating variable cavities of mouth and nose.

The breathing organs or lungs are connected with the vocal organ by the windpipe. The lungs are capable of sending through the windpipe a current of air which sets in vibration the cords stretched across the vocal organ and so produces sound. The sound is modified and shaped in the variable cavities of the pharynx (the cavity behind the tongue), mouth and nose. The diagram (p. 60) gives the position of the organs with which we are concerned in training the voice.

The Vocal Organ, or Larynx, may be described as a box or case formed by fibrous bands and membranes, the walls of which encompass the vocal chords, and the upper part of which is protected by a cartilaginous lid called the Epiglottis.

Upper End.

Resonating Variable Cavities.

Vocal Organ or Larynx.

W
i
n
d
p
i
p
e

Breathing Organ
or Lungs

Diaphragm.

Front Abdominal
Wall.

In confirmation of the involuntary part played by the larynx in phonation we may quote Professor Willis : " If the arrangement of the vocal mechanism be artificially imitated by combining together pipes and cavities with bellows, in a similar order, and substituting for the larynx any elastic lamina capable of producing musical sounds when vibrated by a stream of air, it is found that by changing the form of the cavity above it, the various qualities of the human voice in speech may be so nearly imparted to the sound which the imitative larynx is producing, as plainly to show that *there is no necessity for seeking any power of altering the quality of the notes in the larynx itself.* This, then, may be considered as merely an instrument for producing certain musical notes, which are afterwards to be converted into vowels, liquids, etc., by the proper changes of form in the Superior Cavity."[1]

[1] " Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society."

The Vocal Chords, or lips, are two triangular sections of muscle and elastic tissue which move outwards when breathing in and then approximate for sound. There is no conscious feeling of the movement involved, and the muscles governing the movement are involuntary.

The Lungs are two sponge-like bodies of elastic tissue, the cells of which fill with air in an inspiration and so expand the whole organ. The lungs are connected with the windpipe by hollow tubes called the Bronchial Tubes.

The Chest, or thorax, is the large cavity in which the lungs and heart are enclosed, formed by the bones of the ribs, sternum and spine. The ribs, or walls of the chest, are connected by muscles called the Intercostals.

The Diaphragm. The floor of the chest is formed by a large umbrella-shaped muscle called the diaphragm. Under the diaphragm is the abdomen, the wall of which is called the front abdominal wall. The muscles with which we are concerned in breathing are :

1. The Intercostals.
2. The Diaphragm.
3. The Front Abdominal Wall.

The Resonating Variable Cavities and Muscles of Articulation are the cavities of mouth and nose, the hard palate, the soft palate, the lips, tongue and teeth. These need no description. The part they play in speech will be described in the chapter dealing with "Sounds of Spoken English."

CHAPTER III

BREATHING FOR VOICE

IN physiological breathing normal respiration is a regular inspiration and exhalation of air and the function is performed without any voluntary control. But in breathing for voice, a different state of things exists: a speaker requires to take in breath as easily and as frequently as is necessary, and at the same time as unobtrusively as possible, and he needs to utilize that breath economically; that is to say, he needs to make the best possible use of it with the least possible fatigue or exhaustion. This means that breath must be taken quickly and easily, and allowed to go slowly, and at the time and in the manner determined by the speaker or singer. The use of the breath for voice, be it noted, does not interfere in any way with the physiological purpose of breathing. Consequently, when making voice there is no need to inhale or exhale for any other purpose except that of voice. This is an important point, as will appear in the discussion of faults and methods to be avoided in breathing for voice (page 66).

If during a deep inspiration the front abdominal wall is kept in its normal position, that is, kept still, it will be found that the walls of the chest, the ribs, are carried upward and outward, and consequently the cavity of the chest is increased in size from side to side; also the base of the sternum is raised and the cavity increased from front to back, the diaphragm is flattened, and the cavity increased from top to bottom. Into this increased space air rushes and dilates and expands

the lungs. And this completes the inspiration. *Note:* The abdominal wall must be kept *still*. If the air thus taken in is allowed to rush out again by a relaxing of all the muscles concerned, the control necessary for tone will not be secured. If, on the other hand, the abdominal wall, which during inspiration has been kept still, is now contracted, the movement will displace the organs in the abdomen, causing the diaphragm or floor of the chest to rise; and if the intercostals and diaphragm remain contracted, the walls of the chest will remain extended, and a column of air will be held compressed between the floor of the chest and the roof of the mouth and of the nasal cavity. If the abdominal wall gradually increases its contraction, a steady column of controlled breath will be available for voice. *Note:* During expiration the walls of the chest must be kept expanded by the contraction of the intercostal muscles. At the end of the exhalation the abdominal muscle relaxes and the chest walls sink.

There are important points to remember in practising breathing for voice:

1. The walls of the chest should be kept free, i.e., not stiffened.
2. The shoulders should be kept still, i.e., not visibly raised.
3. There should be absolute elasticity and rhythm in the movements involved.
4. The co-ordination of the intercostal muscles and diaphragm and of the abdominal press should be very perfect in regard to movement and timing.
5. In practice the attention should be directed to the part of the chest which is capable of the widest expansion, i.e., between the seventh and eighth ribs. The conscious thought of the student may be directed to this part of the chest by placing the hands upon the sides.

6. To secure the result necessary, i.e., the elasticity of the chest walls and floor, considerable practice is necessary.

The following exercises should be practised daily for ten to fifteen minutes, starting with Exercises I, II and III, and gradually increasing the number.

BREATHING EXERCISES

Position. The exercises may be taken standing, lying flat on the back, or sitting in an upright position. The feet should be apart, the head upright, and chin drawn in. The front wall of the abdomen must be kept motionless during inspiration.

For Exercises Nos. I, III, IV, VII, place the closed fists lightly upon the chest walls just above the waistline, elbows square to the front and on a line with the hand.

Exercise I. In the position described above, inhale a short breath through the nose, swinging the ribs out, drop the lower jaw, and exhale breath through mouth. Repeat 10 times.

Exercise II. Place one hand flat on the abdomen. Draw in (contract) the abdominal wall, then release. During this exercise allow the breathing to be normal and unconscious. Repeat 6 times; rest and repeat 3 times.

Exercise III. With one hand on the side and one on the abdominal wall, breathe in through the nose, swinging ribs gently outward; slowly contract the abdominal wall, drop lower jaw at the same moment, and breathe gently out. Relax the abdominal press at the end of the expiration. Repeat 10 times.

Exercise IV. Repeat Exercise I, but making longer inspirations. Repeat 10 times.

Exercise V. Repeat Exercise III, with longer inspirations. Repeat 10 times.

Exercise VI. Repeat Exercise II, starting the movement slowly, and gradually increasing the pace, increasing number of movements to 12. Rest, and repeat 3 times.

Exercise VII. Breath in on three short inhalations, swinging the ribs outward in equal stages, and exhaling in three even rhythmic movements. There should be a pause between each movement equal in duration to the movement itself. Count 1, 2, 3, for inhalation; 4, 5, 6, for exhalation. The sequence of movement and pauses may be given thus:

Inhalation. Exhalation.
1, A; 2, B; 3, C. 4, D; 5, E; 6, F

the figures standing for movement and the letters for pauses.

For Exercises VIII, IX and X, the position of the hands is the same as for Exercise II.

Exercise VIII. Breathe in, swinging ribs outward, keeping the abdominal wall still; lightly close the lips, slowly contract the abdominal wall (abdominal press[1]) and hum; that is to say, prolong the sound of "m," feeling the vibration upon the lips. Repeat 12 times on musical notes.

Exercise IX. Repeat Exercise VIII, but consciously feel the vibration of sound in the nose. Repeat 12 times on musical notes.

[1] H. H. Hulbert: "Voice Training."

Exercise X. Breathe in as in previous exercises, and breathe out on three short "m" sounds, making a distinct but gentle contraction of the abdominal press for each sound. Repeat 6 times.

Exercise XI. With arms extended in front in straight line from shoulders, with palms facing, breathe in, at the same time moving arms smoothly outward in an extended line from shoulders, with palms turned down. Return to forward position in breathing out. Repeat 6 times.

Exercise XII. With arms straight at sides, palms inward, and fingers straight, breathe in, swinging ribs outward, at the same time raising arms to a horizontal position in line with the shoulders, palms downward; breathe out, lowering arms during expulsion of breath.

METHODS OF BREATHING TO AVOID

The Abdominal. This method is sometimes called "deep-breathing," because during inspiration the diaphragm is flattened and the protrusion of the abdominal wall is not prevented; consequently the ribs are not raised, the intercostal muscles do not come into play, and neither they nor the diaphragm can be used in the control of the outgoing air. No effective control of breath is possible, and the continued use of this method has an unfortunate effect upon the figure.

Costal Breathing is really upper chest breathing. The sternum is raised and the front of the chest expanded. This means that expansion is attempted where the chest is more rigid, the intercostals shorter,

and the lungs smaller than in the lower chest. The chest is stiffened instead of being kept in a state of elasticity, the intercostals and the diaphragm are very inadequately used. There is also very great danger of the stiffness of the upper chest causing tension to the muscles of the throat.

Clavicular Breathing: This seems to be an effort to increase the size of the chest from top to bottom by raising the shoulders. It is very seldom taught to-day, but the tendency to raise the shoulders and use the upper chest instead of the middle and lower is often allowed to go unchecked.

COMMON FAULTS ARISING FROM BAD METHODS OF VOICE PRODUCTION

The method here advocated of controlling the outgoing breath is a preventive of several faults which tell against clear speech. It also guards against the danger of congestion of the throat caused by tension on the vocal chords. Some of these voice troubles and faults may be briefly enumerated.

Dropping of the Voice. A fault very common to speakers and preachers and all voice-users who have to use their voice in any degree beyond ordinary conversation is the inaudibility of the last words of a phrase or sentence. This is a commonly recognized defect, and speakers are frequently advised to avoid it without being given any training in the use of their voice. They are simply told " to keep their voice up at the end of a sentence," with the result that they frequently raise the *pitch* at the end of a sentence and finish a statement on a rising inflection, which suggests an element of doubt and really turns a statement of fact into a question. What is necessary is *to sustain the tone* to the end of the sentence, and to do this control of breath is necessary. The rise in pitch is a matter of inflection and should be

determined by the sense of what is being said. (See Inflection, page 120).

Clergyman's Sore Throat. This complaint has been fairly common among voice-users who have had no training in the management of the voice. It is caused by lack of control of breath and a consequent straining of the vocal chords.

Breathy Voice. This kind of voice, which is entirely lacking in resonance and carrying power and is produced with the maximum fatigue to the speaker, is caused by air being allowed to escape between the vocal chords before they are approximated for sound. The result is that voice and breath escape together, and the escaping breath spoils the purity of the tone. Not only so, but the escape of air while they are being approximated for voice injures the delicate mechanism of the vocal chords.

The Shock of the Glottis. As we have seen, the larynx is provided with a lid at the top, called the glottis. It is possible, but very injurious, to bring the glottis into sudden and violent action in the attack upon a sound. By this method a loud voice may be quickly developed. For this reason the method has often been taught, but not only is the voice so developed lacking in musical quality, and therefore in expressive power, but the strain upon the throat often causes injury and loss of voice. The contraction of the abdominal wall, or " abdominal press ", enables the speaker or singer to make a definite attack without bringing to bear any strain or tension on any part of the larynx.

CHAPTER IV

SOUNDS OF SPOKEN ENGLISH

THE sounds of speech are of two kinds—vowels and consonants. A vowel is a vocal sound which has unimpeded passage through the mouth. Vowels have greater value as tone than consonants, although consonants vary considerably in their sonority.

The Vowels

The shape of the front of the mouth and position of the tongue in sounding vowels is of great importance, and the sounds should be practised and recognized as definite positions. This will be found to be the only way of correcting impure and " provincial " vowels as well as a means of improving the tone quality of the voice.

The sounds *OO*, *OH*, and *AW* have been described as back vowels because the tongue is raised at the back of the mouth. *AH* is a flat-tongued sound, and *AY* and *EE* are called forward sounds because the front of the tongue is raised. Actually, however, the vowels should all be *sounded* in the front of the face. The words " back " and " front " refer to the position of the tongue.

Practice of Vowels

The regular practice of vowel sounds will develop most wonderfully the quality and carrying power of a voice. The vowel exercises should be taken in conjunction with breathing exercise VIII.

Practice should be upon tones and semitones in the middle part of the voice. A good plan is to find the

speaker's *dominant* note ; i.e., the note upon which he can speak or sing with the best effect and with the greatest ease. Practice may gradually be extended, but it is well to remember that in speech the training should be directed toward the development of low tones. A high-pitched speaking voice is neither agreeable nor expressive.

The lower jaw should move easily ; in lowering it should drop as if by its own weight ; that is to say, the muscles should be relaxed. The upward movement also must be an easy one. Owing to the pronounced English habit of "speaking with the mouth shut," most people have considerable stiffness and rigidity of jaw to overcome. Generally it will be found that regular work upon the vowels, diphthongs, and consonants will be sufficient to correct this, but various exercises for jaw, lips and tongue are given on page 98. The head should be held erect, but not stiffly so ; the chin drawn in and under. Rigidity of all muscles, tongue, soft palate, lips, etc., must be avoided.

The six long vowels are as follows :

Vowel Sound	*Phonetic Sign*	*Sound in Word*
OO	u :	moon
OH	o :	moan
AW	ɔ :	maul
AH	a :	mart
AY	e :	may
EE	i :	mean

Exercises for Tone

OO. Separate the teeth by about one-quarter of an inch, place the tip of the tongue against the back of the lower teeth (the back of the tongue being raised), protrude the lips as in whistling, and, still keeping the space between the lips, prolong the sound OO as in "moon" on various musical notes within middle

compass of the voice. And do the same with each succeeding vowel.

Sentences for Practice

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume.

Whose serried ranks hold fast, forsooth,
So many captive hours of youth—
My feet should have some dancing, too :—
And thus it was I met with you.

Even so to her
Are golden sun and silver moon,
In daily largesse of earth's boon,
Counted for life-coins to one tune.

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws differing threads, and late or soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

OH. Separate the teeth by dropping the jaw half an inch. Think of a round shape and try to approximate the shape of the mouth to that. The lips are not protruded as in OO, but they should not be close to the teeth. The tongue is raised at back, but the tip is against lower teeth.

In some good cause, not in mine own
To perish, wept for, honoured, known,
And like a warrior overthrown.

Lo thou, could all thy priests have shown
Such proof to make their godhead known ?
From their dead Past thou Liv'st alone ;
And still thy shadow is thine own.

And on newly-made Saints and Popes as you know
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowds about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

AW. Three-quarters of an inch between the teeth, the tongue slightly raised at back, the tip against the back of lower teeth.

Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The Springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.
To pass when life her light withdraws
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Not in a merely selfish cause.

That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw.

AH. The lower jaw falls to allow a space of one inch between the teeth, the tongue lies flat in the mouth, the tip being against the back of lower teeth. The sides of the mouth should not be spread outward; instead, they should be rather drawn to centre, the sides straightened so as to almost obliterate

the corners of the mouth. The upper lip should be raised so that the lower rim of the upper teeth is visible.

And hath thine angel pass'd ?
For these thy watchers now are blind
With vigil, and at last
Dizzy with fast.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! A single field hath turned the chance of war !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre !

O Mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die,
O Mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

Before the midnight watch be past
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

AY. Separate the teeth by a space of about five-eighths of an inch. The lips should be well away from the teeth and more widely apart, the upper lip raised, and the width of mouth from side to side wider than in *oo*, *oh*, *aw*, or *ah*. The tip of the tongue should be against the back of lower teeth and the front of the tongue raised so that its sides touch the side teeth. The tongue must not, however, stiffen.

Note. In speech *ay* becomes a diphthong. In song it is a vowel. In these exercises it should be practised as a vowel : that is, with no change of position.

And asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd fame.

O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

O ! narrow, narrow was the space,
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays ;
O ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepened in its place,
Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the west wind comes freshening down the bay !
The rising sails are filling, give way, my lads, give way.

EE. The teeth are almost together in producing this sound ; the lips widely separated from top to bottom and the mouth widened from side to side. The tip of the tongue should still be against lower teeth, but it is raised higher than in the *ae* sound.

O never mine eyes are closed in sleep
On my lonesome couch by the sea,
For the clamour the restless seagulls keep
Is weary and strange to me.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves ;
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

Never I ween
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana ;

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree.
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana,
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

The six short vowel sounds, approximating in shape and position to the six long vowels, but of less tone value, are as follows:

Vowel Sound	*Phonetic Sign*	*Sound in Word*
ŏO	u	foot
U	ʌ	flung
ŏ	ɔ	sod
ă	æ	sat
E	e	set
ĭ	i	fit

The differences between the positions for the long and short vowels may be briefly described:

ŏO Similar to *oo* but lips flatter.
U The jaw raised slightly from the *oh* shape and the lips a little flatter.
ŏ Lips more rounded than in *aw*.
ă The position similar to *ah* but the front of tongue slightly raised.
E Similar to *ay* but the tongue raised slightly more.
ĭ Similar to *ee* but tongue slightly lower.

Sentences for Practise of Short Vowels

ŏO A simple book in a shady nook;
Above my head a cawing rook.

He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.
As from some blissful neighbourhood
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

U. And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung ;
And as he rode his armour rung
Beside remote Shalott.

My eyes, open wide, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon ;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspunge flowered, three cups in one.

Ŏ. They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Oh, heavens ! It is the Inchcape Rock.

I wondered while I passed along ;
The woods were filled so full with song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

Ă. Sometimes a troop of damsels glad ;
An abbot on an ambling pad ;
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad ;
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad.

But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

E. Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

" O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
More loud than the vesper chime it fell."
" No vesper chime, but a dying knell—
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven."

Ĭ. " Oh, his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live."
" Fire shall forgive me as I forgive."

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill ;
I had walked on at the wind's will—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

The four diphthongs are : *I, OI, OW, EU.* These sounds are formed by combination of two vowels :

Diphthong	*Phonetic Sign*	*Sound in Word*
AH + Ĭ = I	ai	vile
AW + Ĭ = OI	ɔi	joy
AH + OO = OW	aú	sound
EE + OO = U	ju	mute

Sentences for Practise of Diphthongs

I = AH + Ĭ.

Vine, vine and eglantine
Clasp the window, trail and twine !
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot.

OI = AW + ĭ.

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice when they rejoice.

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."
"What else he broke would he ever join?"

And then she smiled in shy, sweet joy,
Since but a lovely dimpled boy;
Then finding him so shy and coy,
She sought the more to win the boy
And make him tell his love.

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice
Than him that said, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

OW = AH + OO.

Make me a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower;
And out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower
Dropt, a flower.

Ah! sure within him and without
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt.

There's a cry and a shout
And a terrible rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out.

Four grey walls and four grey towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

U = EE + OO.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute.

And in their double love secure
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

While Memory's art
Parades the Past before thy face, and lures
Thy spirit to her passionate portraitures,
And thy heart rends thee, and thy body endures.

Exercise for Cultivating Sonority of Tone.

MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE

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 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 gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd 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 call'd 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 streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's Great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd 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 gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

—Milton : " Paradise Lost," V.

Additional Selection for Tone Practice and Aural Appreciation of Sound of Words in Poetry.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountain below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls in fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,

As on the jag of a mountain crag,
  Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
As eagle alit one moment may sit
  In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
  Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
  From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
  As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
  With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
  While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—Shelley.

The Consonants

The character of consonants and their value in the spoken language is somewhat different from that of vowels. Vowels may be said to depend for purity and quality on position, and consonants on movement. In another sense, vowels are sound and consonants are interruptions of sound. But again that statement must be accepted with a certain reservation, for many consonants have considerable sound value. In the study and practise of consonants a distinction must be drawn between the *power* of a consonant in a word and the *name* we give it in speaking of it. For instance, we speak of the consonant "b": we are pronouncing "b" in conjunction with "ee" = bee.

Consonants are, with a few exceptions, in pairs, of which one is a vocal consonant and the other a breath consonant. B is a vocal consonant, the corresponding sound, P, is a breath consonant.

Consonants may be classified (1) according to the organs by which they are articulated, or (2) according to the manner of articulation.

The consonants which are paired may be classified as follows:

	Labial.	*Dental.*	*Palatal.*
Voiced Consonants	B V	D DTh Z Zh	G
Breath Consonants	P F	T Th S Sh	K

The other consonants which are not in pairs, but all of which have considerable vocality, are :

Labial	*Dental.*	*Palatal.*
W	L R Ch J	N Ng
M		

The sounds, *M*, *N*, and *NG* are described by Dr. Hulbert as Nasal Vowels, because they can be prolonged through the nasal instead of the mouth cavity.[1]

H is described as a glottal sound, that is, a sound articulated in the glottis.[2]

In the pronunciation of consonants, good articulation is achieved by :

1. Contact of the right organs.
2. Firmness of contact.
3. Rapidity of release.
4. Flexibility and ease of movement from one articulation to another.

The Nasal Consonants, M, N, NG :

The practise of these three sounds is of great value in developing nasal resonance and in improving the musical quality of the voice.

Note.—The peculiarly flat quality of tone noticeable when adenoids are present, and also in the case of nasal catarrh, is caused by the lack of nasal resonance.

M. The lips are lightly closed, and there is a free passage of breath through the nasal cavities. The tongue is flat and the teeth nearly closed.

Much merry martial music makes many men mad.

[1] " Voice Training," by H. H. Hulbert.
[2] " Pronunciation of English," David Jones.

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme.

N. The lips are parted, the tongue placed against the hard palate, and the back of the tongue lowered. The mouth is closed by position of tongue, and the voiced breath has an unimpeded passage through the nasal cavities.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl.

None knows, nor needs to know, his name, he is a nonentity, his nonsense injures no one.

The blinding mist came down and hid the land, and never home came she.

NG. The lips are parted, the back of the tongue raised, and the soft palate lowered. This effectually closes the mouth passage, and the breath sound vibrates through the nasal cavities. Two common faults in the pronunciation of this sound are to substitute an "n" for the "ng"—"comin" instead of "coming," and to sound the "g" as a separate consonant, giving "coming-uh."

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana:
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the stormy east-wind straining
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining.

The gong was ringing, the gang was singing, but his anger lingered.

The following sounds are sometimes described as semi-vowels : *Y*, *W*, *Wh*, *L* and *R*.

Y : as in " ye," requires a similar position to that described for " ee," but there is more power of attack.

The youth yelled, and yielded the yeast to the yeoman.

In days of yore, the young were malleable ; now they yearn for yachts.

W : as in " war," is a similar position to " oo," but with greater firmness of the lips in attack.

He wooed and won the wayward widow and they were wed on Wednesday.

Weave the web, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.

Wh : as in " what," similar to " w," but with a slight expulsion of breath for the aspirate " h."

They know not whence, nor whither, where, nor why.

With a whiz and a whir, the wheelwright whacked the whelp with a whip.

L : as in " love " is a rippling musical sound produced by the tip of the tongue being placed against the front of the hard palate, and the sides of the tongue vibrating as air passes over them. Through laziness of articulation, this sound is often omitted altogether and speech loses musical quality thereby.

The Lollard loitered and lounged, lured by the love of the lilies.

Lord Larry's library is literally littered with literary literature.

Sir Walter Raleigh loyally and willingly laid his cloak in the middle of the puddle.

R : as in "ruby," is a trilled sound produced by the tip of the tongue striking the hard palate and then vibrating. It will be seen that the position and movement is somewhat similar to "l," and consequently we find in the etymology of words that "r" is replaced by "l" in many cases. The trilled "r," that is the "r" before vowels, is difficult for some speakers, and therefore, in addition to the sentences, another exercise is given.

Round and round the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran their rural races.

Thou writhing wretch, retribution and ruin shall reward thy ribaldry!

Exercise for "R" (trilled) :[1]

Her‿art
Her‿aim
Her‿own
Her‿all

Attack the first syllable with considerable force, and trill the final "r" on to the second syllable in each line.

R. (smooth) as in "storm," following a vowel is not trilled, and is important for its effect upon the preceding vowel.

Humbly I thank your grace
Here is the man, this Moor.

[1] Clarkson.

Such was he whom we deplore,
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's Victor will be seen no more.

War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war!

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

B and **P**. The first of these is the voiced labial formed by closing the lips firmly, but not rigidly, and holding back the breath in the mouth, during which there is a vibration of the breath so held. The sound is actually made by the parting of the lips and the emission of the breath.

In "p" the position is the same, but there is no vibration of the air prior to the release of the position.

Black babbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds.

I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.

The public believed it was but a fable that the scribe in his robes was robbed and stabbed.

The painted pomp of pleasures' proud parade.

The pleasure passed when he plainly perceived it was a plausible pretence.

V and **F**. The upper teeth touch the lower lip, and on making the articulation, the lower lip is sharply withdrawn. V has a similar vocal quality to "b" and "d."

Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.

The vile vision of his nephew lived vividly during his vigil.

Four-fifths of the fifers are famed for their fun.

The phalanx fought for fame and foremost fighting fell.

The lieutenant offered him physic for his wife, who had laughed till she coughed.

D and **T.** The front of the tongue is raised so that it touches the palate just behind the front upper teeth, and in this way stops the breath in the mouth. To make the articulation, the tip of the tongue is lowered, and appears to strike the back of the upper teeth.

Precisely the same difference exists in vocality between " d " and " t " as between " b " and " p."

The duke duly paid the money due to the Jew before the dew was off the ground, and the duke then said " Adieu " to the Jew for ever.

Don't dream day-dreams, for they doom us to disappointment.

In the shade on the side of the road the Buddhist solved the riddle of the sands.

A tell-tale tattling termagant that troubled all the town.

Thou, too, wast troubled, tempted, tried.

When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks asunder.

Dth and **Th.** The tip of the tongue is placed between the upper and lower teeth, and the breath escapes between the tongue and the teeth. The Dth is the voiced sound.

These then are the father and mother of thy brother.

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.

A thane saw a thief in a thicket and thrashed and thumped him on the path.

This thread is thinner than that thistle there.

Z and **S**. The tip of the tongue is curled upward to touch the front of the palate, the tongue is indented down the centre, the teeth are nearly closed, and the lips are parted. The breath is expelled in a continuous stream along the groove of the tongue. The " z " is the voiced sound.

His zeal was blazon'd from zone to zone.

In the haze of the dessert he discerned a zebra, and his zest for zoology went to zero.

The phrase pleased, and he mused in a pause.

She sells sea shells on the sea shore.
The shells she sells are sea shells I'm sure.
If she sells sea shells on the sea shore
I'm sure she sells sea shore shells.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my shimmering swallows.
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

Psyche's dress was loose and set with precious stones.

Zh and **Sh**. The tip of the tongue is curled upward and rather more backward than in " s " and " z." The tongue is higher in the mouth, and the lips are

protruded. The breath escapes as in "z" and "s" along the groove formed down the centre of the tongue.

Zh has the vibration of a vocal consonant.

The composure of the giraffe under the azure sky is a pleasure to those who have leisure.

The shimmering sea is shining with ships that shape their course for shore.

She shrugged her shoulders, for his shoes were shabby.

Hush! you must not rush nor push.

Ch. Is similar in position to "zh" and "sh," but in addition the tongue strikes the back of the upper teeth, and the sound of "t" is added to the "sh."

The chaplain chanted a chapter in the church while the cherubic children chose the chimes for the chapel.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

J. The position is similar to the "zh," but the tongue strikes the back of the upper teeth and consequently "D" is added to the "zh" sound.

Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.

Jumping Jerry adjured James to jump over the juniper hedge.

G and **K.** The soft palate is lowered and the back of the tongue is raised, the tip being just behind the bottom teeth. The position is similar to the "ng"

sound, the articulation being made by raising the soft palate. " g " is the voiced sound.

Gregory going gaily, galloped gallantly to the gate.

In the grounds the ghostly guests were aghast at the glaring gas.

The gay gallant drugged the tiger which had plagued the guides.

But Kate, the prettiest Kate of Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates ; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.

The black-coated cat came at the call of the king.

In school, the coquette scanned the music and made chaos of scales.

H. The sound is formed by the sharp emission of breath. It is an articulation which causes considerable trouble in the English language. Its complete omission has been regarded as the mark of illiteracy, but many educated people are inclined, through laziness of pronunciation, to omit the aspirate. Another fault to be avoided is the over-emphasis of the aspirate, causing a breathiness of tone upon the following vowel. Both faults can be corrected by breath control.

How high his highness's horse holds his haughty head as he goes hammer, hammer, hammer, along the hard, high road.

An hare he came to the hole of an hedgehog. " Hide me, hide me," said the hare ; " the harrier's hurrying after me." " Humbug,"

said the hedgehog, and he heaved half a hobnail at the hare and made him howl horribly.

Home, Home, Home, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home,
There's no place like Home.

Further Exercises for Articulation.

The nasal vowels, semi-vowels, and consonants proper should all be practised as follows:

I. m̀mm, m̀mm, m̀mm, m̀
ǹnn, ǹnn, ǹnn, ǹ
And so on through the entire series.

II. The same sounds should be practised in conjunction with the six primary sounds, *oo, oh, aw, ah, ay, ee.*
moo, moh, maw, mah, may, mee
noo, noh, naw, nah, nay, nee
And so on through the entire series.

III. Place consonant after vowel.
oom, ohm, awm, ahm, aym, eem
oon, ohn, awn, ahn, ayn, een
And so on through the entire series.

IV. Place consonant before and after:
moom, mohm, mawm, mahm, maym, meem
And so on throughout the series.

V. Place consonant before and after and repeat the syllable, omitting final consonant:
moommoo, mohmmoh, mawmmaw,
mahmmah, maymmay, meemmee
And so on throughout the series.

Difficult Consonant Combinations.

Amidst the mists of smoking frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold.
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,
Scorned by the young, hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Dazzled with the height of place,
  While our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
  Between a prison and a smile.
Then since fortune's favours fade,
  You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
  For the hearts of kings are deep;
But if greatness be so blind
  As to trust in tow'rs of air,
Let it be with goodness join'd,
  That at least the fall be fair.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumb'rous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

Repetition of Allied Consonant Sounds.

" When the great God had created Death, Pity stood at His side, and she bowed herself before His throne, where the great white angel stood, and wept while she knelt. ' Thy children, O Father, will fear to trust so grim a nurse,' she cried. ' Though his cold arms enfold them only to bring them to Thy heart of love, they will shrink affrighted and will not guess Thy purpose-Send, O Merciful One, some other to teach Thy mean. ing.' God heard and smiled in answer, and even as He smiled another form stood by the death angel—another that was clad like him in white and trailing garments, and whose face was veiled, yet Pity felt no fear. His hands were soft and warm and tender, and his heavy wings moved gently, while his voice was low and sweet. ' Angel of Sleep, go thou and teach my children not to fear thy brother ; fold them night by night beneath thy wings, and lay thy finger-tips upon their eyes and, soothing them with thy lullaby, waft them to a land where earth's rude noises reach their ears no more ; and when the morning rises they shall wake with eyes and souls refreshed and know that sleep was good. When they are used to thee, no longer will they fear thy brother's silent clasp, nor shrink from a night of deeper rest, since gladder still will be the wakening. So will My meaning be made plain, and mortals learn to trust the love which is and shall be their's for evermore."

Exercise for Firmness and Facility in all Consonant Formations and Movements.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

" How does the water come down at Lodore ? "
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.
Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme;

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

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry.

" How does the water come down at Lodore ? "
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling,
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,

Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;
And falling and crawling 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.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And battering and clattering and shattering;
And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

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 thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

—Robert Southey.

Exercise for Tongue and Soft Palate:

Open the mouth in the " ah " position and sound the vowel. Raise the back of the tongue, and lower the soft palate, and the sound will change to " ng." Repeat this movement, keeping the lower jaw still. Take this exercise three times on one breath, then six times—at first slowly, then gradually increasing the pace.

Exercise for Lower Jaw:

Allow the lower jaw to drop as if by its own weight. Bring it sharply up. Keep the chin drawn in. Repeat rapidly, allowing the jaw to fall each time without any stiffness of movement.

Exercise for Lips:

The orbicular muscle of the lips and the muscles controlling the lifting of the upper lip are in many adults atrophied for want of use, and it frequently requires considerable practice before these can be controlled. The following movements are useful as they can be practised silently:

1. Allow the lips to relax in a smile, then quickly bring them forward in the position for the vowel " oo."
2. Raise and lower the upper lip, repeating the movement a dozen times.

The constant practice of the vowel and consonant sounds, with great attention to correctness of position and movement, will give flexibility and control of the tongue, palate, lips and lower law.

CHAPTER V

AURAL APPRECIATION OF SOUND-MEANINGS

THE following descriptive passages are valuable for practise in developing an appreciation of the sound-values of words. The effects are very obvious, and for that reason useful as exercises, particularly in cases where there is no sense of the sound-values of words.

In the following selection notice the difference in the sound as Sir Bedivere emerges from the rocky defile on to the margin of the lake.

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thoughts drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliffs clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills,
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm,
The redcap whirtled and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

But come ; for all the vales
Await thee ; azure pillars of the earth
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Birds in the High Hall garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

Birds in the High Hall garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doeskin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle, his boots were up to the thigh,
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol-butts a twinkle,
His rapier hilt a twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Then drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellry.

FROM "THE BELLS"

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

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

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
In the startled air of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar,
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

—E. A. Poe.

VOCAL EXPRESSION

CHAPTER VI

TONE-COLOUR

THE work given in the foregoing section, "Sounds of Spoken English," may be described as physical in nature, nevertheless it is not wholly so, and if the best results are to be obtained it must *not* be so. Every exercise for breathing or for voice should be a consciously mind-controlled movement. Only in this way will the requisite control of the voice as an instrument of expression be gained. Only in this way can the voice really become part of the personality and a means of expressing the thoughts and aspirations of the soul. Only in this way can "the inmost truth of things" be revealed by the voice. But the work involved under the present chapter is more psychical in character. There are two personal activities necessary in expression—self-cognition and self-control. There are three primary mental processes which it is necessary to develop—imagination, concentration, agility. There must be imagination to arouse thought and feeling. There must be concentration on every idea expressed or the impression will not be sufficiently strong to arouse the necessary psycho-physical activity. There must also be mental agility or the mind will not move freely and completely from the impression and expression of one idea to the equally definite impression and expression of the idea immediately following.

Tone-colour is the result of the action of the imagination in arousing thought and feeling in a sufficiently

concentrated manner to colour the tone of the voice. Tone-colour is one of the most fundamental, as it is also the most subtle, of all means of vocal expression. Because it is the most subtle, its fundamental importance in expression is often overlooked, and it is regarded as the "finishing touch" of vocal expression. It is often studied after such subjects as Emphasis and Inflection. This, I venture to think, is a mistake. It should be studied *with* the more obvious means of expression such as inflection, emphasis, pace, etc. For it is possible to recite a poem or deliver a speech with beauty of voice, audibility and distinctness, every emphasis correct and every inflection perfect, and yet, the tone-colour being wrong, the whole delivery is wrong. Moreover, emphasis by mere stress of the voice is a very crude form of making the meaning obvious, and if work on emphasis precedes the training of the imagination and its expression in sound, emphasis is apt to degenerate into a mere physical effort suggested by a superficial mental realization of meaning. Therefore exercises are given for first realizing and expressing the effect of thought and feeling in tone-colour. Tone-colour is perhaps more than anything else the modulation of the voice caused by emotion. Different emotions cause changes in the texture and muscles of the body, so that it is a natural sequence to find corresponding changes in the texture of the voice. The changes in the resonance of the voice caused by modulation in tone-colour are infinite and of so subtle a nature that it is impossible either to define them or convey them by any system of marks or notation.

Various selections are given for practice, not necessarily to be taken in the order given. "The Field of Waterloo" with its vivid changes of thought and feeling is for many students a good preparation for the more subtle tone-colour of the lyric selections. Some students will show more facility in the lyric poems, but in those

cases work upon vivid and descriptive passages will be beneficial in emphasizing light and shade and in developing strength and breadth of treatment.

The short selections will repay much work in order to paint pictures in sound.

Practise the following lines, noting the complete changes of tone in the question and reply and in the narrative portion.

" 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 steered 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 answered never a word, for a frozen corpse was he.

Try to interpret the atmosphere of the following pictures in terms of sound.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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.

Try to convey the midnight atmosphere, the silence made more weird and mysterious by the crowing cock and hooting owl.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu-whit!—Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarter, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark,
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—

There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey 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 O, for the touch of a vanish'd 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.

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

The following poem, "The Eve of Waterloo," by Byron, is somewhat rhetorical, and consequently very bold and vivid in its descriptions. In the first verse alone it will be found that the sense and feeling of the words require constant and complete changes of tone colour. Study the whole poem, not so much as a poem, but as a series of pictures in sound, trying to convey fully the effect of every phrase. The last verse will be found to be a series of distinct cameos.

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 look'd 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 !

Ah ! 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 ever more could meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could arise !

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 throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! they come !
they come ! "

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

Note the changes in tone required constantly in this selection and particularly at verses 3 and 9.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

CHAPTER VII

RHYTHM

IN an address on "The Necessity of Poetry" (Oxford, 1918), Dr. Robert Bridges said "Rhythm is a difficult subject," and that it undoubtedly is; difficult to define, and a difficult subject on which to arrive at an agreement. A sense of rhythm is part of that inner range of senses which are grouped together under the word kinæsthetic. In nature it is the great silent law which governs the working of force in space and in time. The tides rise and fall rhythmically. It is the force which governs the physical life of man; we breathe rhythmically; there is rhythm in all action which by practice has become expressive. Poetry is of its very nature rhythmic, so is good prose, and so is good speech. In vocal expression there is a rhythmic succession of alternating thought and speech, rhythmic because both thought and speech are governed by one controlling force. The movement-feeling sense can be developed both in regard to speech and gesture. Dancing on natural and expressive lines, the interpretation of music by movement, the playing of games of skill and the reading aloud of poetry, are all means of developing the rhythmic sense.

Exercises for developing the rhythmic sense both for body-movement and voice may be built up on the rhythmic measures found in English verse. The principal dissyllabic measures employed are the Iambic (⏑ –) as in *cŏnfōrm* and the Trochaic (– ⏑) as

in *dāngĕr*. In addition there are two other feet frequently intermixed with these, the Spondee (– –) and the Pyrrhic (⏑ ⏑). There are also two principal trisyllabic measures: the Anapæstic (⏑ ⏑ –) as in *sĕrĕnāde* and the Dactylic (– ⏑ ⏑) as in *tēndĕnĉy*. There is a third trisyllabic foot not often used, the Amphibrachic (⏑ – ⏑). The rhythmic-feeling sense may be cultivated by marking time with arm movements and marches to these measures and later by moving to the measures of a poem spoken aloud.

Most of the selections in this book may be regarded as exercises on Rhythm, but one selection is given here in order to impress upon the student the connexion between rhythm and the spirit and meaning of a poem.

FROM "L'ALLEGRO"

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quibs and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles—
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And, to the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the sower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

—Milton.

CHAPTER VIII

TECHNIQUE OF ELOCUTION

1. *EMPHASIS*

EMPHASIS is, according to Millard, " the stress by means of which especial prominence is given to any word in proportion to its significance in a sentence." But the word " emphasis " really covers a great deal more than what is here called stress. As a matter of fact, much of the nomenclature used in voice-training and delivery needs redefinition. For we may emphasize by tone-colour, by resonance, by strong articulation, by inflection, pause or variation in pitch or pace and by rhythm. Emphasis may be by stress, but this is only one means of making a word or phrase emphatic. It would seem better to reserve the word stress for that particular form of emphasis. Other means of making words or phrases emphatic are considered under Inflection, Pause, Pace, etc.

One feature of emphasis should not be overlooked, that is, that all emphasis suggests antithesis. The antithesis may be expressed or understood. The direction of the thought to the antithesis conveyed by an emphasis is a sure method of testing a right or wrong emphasis and of analysing the action of the mind. To take a short sentence and emphasize each word in turn will illustrate this :

I am going home to-morrow.
I am going home to-morrow.
I am going home to-morrow.
I am going home to-morrow.
I am going home to-morrow.

Many strong antitheses, both expressed and implied, will be found in Mark Antony's oration under "Inflection," p. 122.

The student should practise the following selections, studying and comparing the means by which the emphatic words and phrases may be illuminated.

He who knows and knows that he knows,
Is wise; follow him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows,
Is asleep; wake him.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not,
Is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not,
Is a child; teach him.

—Arabian Proverb.

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

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so

overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that villainous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

Lady Macbeth. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man :
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.
Macbeth. If we should fail—
Lady Macbeth. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? What not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

"IF"

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
  And make allowance for their doubting, too ;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two Imposters just the same ;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools ;
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools :

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss ;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them, " Hold on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much ;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !
—Rudyard Kipling.

In the following note how the emphasis on the word "Love" must be given, not with loudness and stress, but richness of tone-colour, and the emphasis must grow in power.

Blow again, trumpeter ! and for thy theme,
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the setting,
Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,
The heart of man and woman all for love,
No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing love.

O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me !
I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the flames that heat the world,
The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark, and nigh to death ;
Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time and space,
Love, that is day and night—love, that is sun and moon and stars,
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,
No other words but words of love, no other thought but love.

In the following selection the central word, "England" cannot be emphasized by a stress, the fundamental means must be the tone-colour induced by love for England.

Tell the tune his feet beat
On the ground all day—
Black-burnt ground and green grass,
Seamed with rocks of grey—
" England," " England," " England,"
That one word they say.

Now they tread the beech-mast,
Now the ploughman's clay,
Now the faery ball-floor of her fields in May.
Now her red June sorrel, now her new-turned hay,
Now they keep the great road, now by sheep-path stray,
Still its " England," " England," " England " all the way !

—Arthur Shearly Cripps.

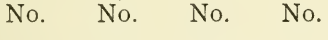
2. *INFLECTION*

Inflection is a very important element in dramatic expression ; it reveals the action of the mind, and may be said to be the expression of the intellectual, as tone-colour is of the emotional, process. Inflection is the form, tone is the colour. An inflection is a movement of the voice to a higher or lower pitch. It differs from a musical interval in that it covers the intervening gradations of sound between the two extremes ; a musical interval is a leap, an inflection is a slide. When there is one movement only, the inflection is described as " simple " ; when more than one movement is involved the inflection is " compound." Simple inflections are further described as " rising " or " falling," according to the direction of the movement. A compound inflection is " rising " or " falling " according to the final movement. A rising inflection suggests a question, the suspension of an idea, a request ; a falling inflection denotes finality, completion, command. In cases where the student has a difficulty in recognizing

the difference between rising and falling inflections, the following exercises will be useful.

1. Did you say *póol* or *poòl*? I said *pòol*, not *póol*.
   Did you say *póle* or *pòle*? I said *pòle*, not *póle*.
   Did you say *páll* or *pàll*? I said *pàll*, not *páll*.
   Did you say *pálm* or *pàlm*? I said *pàlm*, not *pálm*.
   Did you say *páil* or *pàil*? I said *pàil*, not *páil*.
   Did you say *péal* or *pèal*? I said *pèal*, not *péal*.

2. Take a single word, "No" and give it with a simple upward, then simple downward inflection, then with as many compound inflections as can be devised to express different attitudes of mind. For instance:



It will be found that the expression of the same inflection may be made to vary by a change of tone-colour. The length of the inflection may also be varied. Generally speaking an increased length of inflection is the result of greater earnestness and conviction on the part of the speaker. The ability to increase the length of inflection is dependent upon musical tone and upon flexibility of voice. An untrained speaker, through lack of ability in these directions, often shouts, and so loses the simplicity and dignity of the enlarged conversational style which should be cultivated.

The following selections should be practised and great attention given to the action of the mind and its revelation by the emphases and inflections of the voice. The student may refer back to Chapter V, p. 45, for remarks on the word "honourable" in the speech of Mark Antony.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Antony. 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 answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

. . . . . .

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

. . . . . .

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

. . . . . .

Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

. . . . . .

You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
[*He comes down from the pulpit*].

. . . . . .

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

. . . . . .

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is :
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
. . . . . .
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what ;
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas ! you know not :—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
. . . . . .
Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
. . . . . .
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body*].
Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt.

The blending of poetic appreciation and philosophic reflection in the following poem will give scope for much study and vocal practice in tone-colour and inflection.

TO A SKYLARK

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

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

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

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

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

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

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

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves ;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

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

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

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

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

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

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

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

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

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

3. *PHRASING*

A phrase is a complete mental concept ; it may consist of one word, or few or many words, but it is the expression of one mental picture. Phrasing is

not dependent upon grammatical punctuation; it cannot be controlled by mechanical rules. Good phrasing is dependent upon vivid and clear thinking, and controlled breath and voice. A breath may generally be taken between phrases; it must never be taken in the middle of a phrase. In good phrasing words are spoken in groups which convey definite ideas to the listeners. When the phrasing is poor and indifferent, it devolves upon the audience the search for ideas in the succession of words—a task which very few members of any audience will attempt. The grouping of words necessitates a very slight pause between each phrase.

The following selections should be practised with special regard to phrasing:

Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote and gnat and worm, reptile and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again. So are we kin
To all that is,—and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of his ignorance, whose shadow is still fear
And cruelty its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge.
Men perished in the winter winds
Till one smote fire from flint stones,
Coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man.
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife, and loving sacrifice? If one then
Being great and fortunate, rich, dowered with health and ease,

From birth designed to rule (if he would rule—a king
of kings),
One not tired with Life's long day, but glad i' the fresh-
ness of
The morning ; not cloyed with Love's delicious feast,
But hungry still ; One not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace that mix with
evils here.
One even as I, who ache not, lack not, grieve not,
Save with griefs which are not mine except as I am
man.
If such a one, having so much to give, gave all,
Laying it down for love of man
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hell, or hide in heaven,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all,
Surely, at last, far off, some time, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep searching eye,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
—Arnold : " Light of Asia."

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive ; I call
That piece a wonder, now ; Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said
" Frà Pandolf " by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, " Her mantle laps

Over my Lady's wrist too much," or " Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat " ; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say ? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast,
The drooping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good ; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years' old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say " Just this
Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark "—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, not plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and make excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
When'er I passed her ; but who passed without
Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise ? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir ! Notice Neptune, tho',
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink,*"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

4. *PAUSE*

The pause which is evident between the words or group of words which forms a phrase, may be increased for the sake of emphasis, and it then becomes a "rhetorical pause." A pause of this description involves a suspension of vocal and physical action, but not of psychic action. Generally, the whole power of expression is concentrated in the mind. This mental process is revealed in the facial expression and in the tension and poise of the body. The psychological effect of a pause is to keep the audience in a state of suspense, and then, when the pause is broken, speech has greater effect. If the pause follows an emphatic word or idea, the effect is to rivet the attention of the audience upon the last sound and to give time for the full significance to be grasped. The power of a speaker or actor over an audience may be measured by the length of time he can sustain a pause. In comedy a pause at a point where a laugh is to be expected is very important. A laugh may be strangled at its birth, the expression of enjoyment on the part of the audience

prevented, and, consequently, the whole tone-feeling of enjoyment lowered by failure to recognize this fact.

Pauses of less duration than a rhetorical pause are evidence of spontaneity, of the expression of genuine thought. When pauses are, indeed, thought-pauses, they are never tedious, nor do they convey any suggestion of hesitation. They are a direct manifestation of the rhythmic action of mind and voice.

The following selection should be practised, and attention should be given to the varying nature and cause of pauses. Note the effect of a pause before Shylock's line, "I am content," and again before "And I will sign it."

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?
Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou content, Jew? What dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Read aloud the following poem without any pauses, then read it again, introducing pauses before the words spoken by Abou and by the Angel.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Study the following poem and reveal the mental process of the speaker, not only by the words, but by pauses between the successive thoughts and emotions.

THE PATRIOT

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 !
Nought 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 housetops 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 years' 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.

—Browning.

5. *PACE*

An excellent maxim has been handed down from some source—"Learn to speak slowly and other graces will follow in their proper places." One of the graces that needs to follow is the ability to speak quickly and distinctly. Another is varying the pace in order to give prominence to the ideas which should be emphasized. Monotony of pace is wearying and should be avoided. The exercises given under "Sounds of Spoken English" should bring into effect the results aimed at by the first part of the maxim quoted above, and selections are given here for practice on quickened, animated pace.

Exercise for verbal facility and pace. To be given with great distinctness and speed.

Two bootblacks, a white bootblack and a black bootblack, stood together doing nothing, when the white bootblack proposed that he should black the boots of the black bootblack. Now, the black bootblack was perfectly willing to have his boots blacked by the white bootblack, so the white bootblack began blacking the boots of the black bootblack. But when the white bootblack had blacked one boot of the black bootblack, this white bootblack, who'd agreed to black both boots of the black bootblack, declined to black the other boot of the black bootblack until the black bootblack blacked the boots of the white bootblack. However, the black bootblack refused point-blank to black the boots of the white bootblack, and said he didn't care whether the white bootblack blacked the other boot black or not; he considered that one boot blacked was quite enough for a black bootblack, and that a black bootblack with one boot blacked was better than a white bootblack with no boot blacked. Well, the white bootblack, he looked very black, and called the black bootblack a black blackguard; and, of course, when the white bootblack began to blacken the character of the black

bootblack, the black bootblack flew into a passion and blacked the white face of the white bootblack all black with the blacking on the boot that the white bootblack had blacked. When the black bootblack blacked the white bootblack, the white bootblack blacked the black bootblack back; and when the Society of Black and White Bootblacks considered the matter they characterized the conduct of both bootblacks as the blackest affair that had ever blackened the pages of bootblack history.

Exercise for vivid, animated delivery.

Lady Gay. Gloriously! Max, gloriously! there were sixteen horses in the field, all metal to the bone; the start was a picture. Away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew o'er the fences—the colt neck and neck, and half a mile to run—at last, the colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now for the first time I gave Blueskin his head. Ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes—and scarcely turned a hair.

6. *PITCH*

Change of Pitch is distinct from inflection and is one of the means by which variety is introduced into delivery. It is also a means of making meaning clear. It must be remembered in this and all vocal expression that variety is not introduced for the sake of variety. In an infinite variety there must be unity of purpose, unity of effect. The voice shows a tendency auto-

matically to rise in pitch during delivery of a speech in the case of untrained speakers. This is a bad fault which must be guarded against. For purposes of training, especially for dramatic work, it is well to cultivate the power of talking naturally on different tone-pitches.

The following verses may be practised, the first on a high, but not unnaturally high, pitch ; the second on the lowest normal pitch.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon the rocky tide ;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arc of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

Change of pitch is, however, dependent, as is all vocal expression, upon strong images or pictures in the mind, and the following selections should be practised in that way. It may be noted that the pitch of the voice varies very much for parenthetical clauses, which must always be given on a lower or higher pitch than the main body of the sentence.

" 1805, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut, single handed, through a solid mass of men, recovered the colours of the regiment, which had been seized from the hands of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres,—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colours he had won—and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks. Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the

bravest of men, for the fame of following the old colours, shot thro' and thro', which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts, this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular War, up to the investment of Badajos in 1812. Again and again it had been cheered thro' the British ranks, until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voices, so exultant in their valour; and there was not a drummer boy but knew the legend that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the British Army became wild to follow."

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

CHAPTER IX

QUALITIES OF EXPRESSION

1.—*Sincerity and Simplicity*

IN our inquiry into the nature of art we saw that one of the qualities of all true art is sincerity, and the child of sincerity is simplicity. Elocution has often been condemned because it is said to encourage affectation, mannerisms, artificiality. When it does this it is bad art, but it is the fault of the student or the teacher or the method, or the "little knowledge" which is so often the cause of our undoing. True work upon vocal expression develops sincerity of thought and expression and simplicity of utterance. It reveals affectations and mannerisms as no other study can do. In Chapter III of Part I we discussed the question of genuine emotion in acting and delivery, because it is fundamental to sincerity of expression. There is a very common fallacy that delivery consists in striving after effects, in being declamatory, no matter what the subject or nature of the recitation or speech. This is not expression at all. If the matter requires a quiet delivery, then it must be quiet. This does not mean that there is an absence of power; on the contrary, there is more power in the silent onward movement of the deep, broad river than there is in the noisy, brawling brook; and there is frequently more power in quiet tones than in loud. The following selections should be given with simplicity and directness. The least note of affectation or false emotion will utterly destroy the sentiments expressed.

IN TIME OF THE BREAKING OF NATIONS

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow, silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half-asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass :
Yet this will go onward the same
Though dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by ;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

—Thomas Hardy.

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

Queer are the ways of a man I know :
He comes and stands
In a careworn craze,
And looks at the sands
And the seaward haze
With moveless hands
And face and gaze,
Then turns to go . . .
And what does he see when he gazes so ?

They say he sees as an instant thing
More clear than to-day,
A sweet, soft scene
That once was in play

By that briny green ;
Yes, notes alway,
Warm, real and keen,
What his back years bring—
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more :
Not only there
Does he see this sight,
But everywhere
In his brain—day and night,
As if on the air
It were drawn rose-bright—
Yea, far from that shore
Does he carry this vision of heretofore :

A ghost girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,
He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But she still rides gaily
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

—Thomas Hardy.

2.—*Life, Animation and Energy*

In Part I, Chapter II, we found that another quality of art is life. Where life exists there is animation and energy. These qualities must also be present in vocal expression. Delivery itself must be animated, and behind the outward sound and form of expression there must be mental energy. Many speakers are apathetic. It must always be remembered that energy is not noise ; it may reveal itself in intensity, movement, decision, and lightness of touch. When Pavlova

moves across the stage in the beautiful movements of the "Dying Swan," or rises like thistle-down in a fairy dance, energy is there, though not in a crude and obvious form.

The following selections require considerable animation and life, and careful practice should do much to correct a dull and apathetic delivery.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !—
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument :—
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and grey
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig one up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather !

—Allingham.

The Stranger. By Thor !
There's beauty trampling men like crumpled leaves.
I set
Every sinew taut against this power,
This supple torrent of might that suddenly rose
Out of the fallen dusk and sang and leapt
Like an athlete of the gods frenzied with wine.
It seemed to rear challenging against me,
As though a master from Valhalla's tables,
Grown heady in his revels, had cried out—
Behold me crashing across the earth !

To shake the colonies of antic men
Into a fear shall be a jest, my fellows!
And I measured myself against this bragging pride,
Climbing step by step through the blinding riot
Of frozen flakes swung on the cataract wind,
My veins praising the tyranny that was matched
Against this poor ambitious body of mine.

. . . . .

You on the hills
Grow dulled, maybe, to the royalty that finds
In your crooked world a thousand splendid hours,
And a storm to you is but a hindered task,
Or a wall for mending, or a gap in the flock.
But I was strange among this gaiety
Plying black looms in a black firmament,
This joy that was spilt out of the iron heavens
Where pity is not bidden to the hearts
Of the immaculate gods. I was a dream,
A cold monotony suddenly thrust
Into a waking world of lusty change,
A wizened death elected from the waste
To strive and mate with eager lords of tumult.
Beauty was winged about me, darkling speed
Took pressure of earth and smote against my face;
I rode upon the front of heroic hours,
And once was on the crest of the world's tide,
Unseared as the elements,—But he mastered me,
That god striking a star for holiday,
And filled himself with great barbaric laughter
To see me slink away.

—"The Storm": John Drinkwater.

3.—*Unity.*

A further essential quality of art we have found to be unity. In vocal expression this means a centralization of all the powers of thought and feeling and their expression in the voice. We may take various aspects

of vocal expression and study them separately, but in the end these all merge into one, and we should be conscious in listening of neither beauty of tone, nor inflection, nor emphasis, nor pause, nor pace, nor any other quality save the idea which has been made to live. There is no need to further emphasize the essential unity of expression, since the whole of this volume is toward that end. The following poem will give scope for all aspects of vocal expression given in the preceding chapters.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

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 wingèd 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, O, hear!

II

Thou on whose streams, '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, even 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 : O, hear !

III

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 grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O, hear !

IV

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 thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed 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 chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even 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 withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy. O, wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind ?

CHAPTER X

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EMOTION

IT would seem that while a knowledge of modern psychology is of great value to all teachers and social workers, to the student and teacher of dramatic expression it is a necessity. It is true that there have been many great dramatic artists, on the stage, on the platform and in the pulpit, whose knowledge and understanding of emotion is intuitive and true, but there are many who seek to express emotions and portray character who would appear to have hardly any understanding of either. The writer has been amazed again and again in the course of her work at the lack of understanding of the complexity of human emotions which govern conduct and build up character. Therefore it seemed wise to include a chapter in this book which, by psychological analysis and illustration from dramatic authors may serve to throw some light upon one of the most complex and absorbing of all subjects—human nature. It is, of course, impossible in one short chapter to do more than suggest, and it is advisable to supplement these ideas by a more comprehensive study. The suggestions given, however, may be of some assistance to the student of dramatic expression if studied, as they are intended to be, in conjunction with the practice of the dramatic illustrations.

Psycho-analysis has done much to reveal the hidden mystery of mind, the dangers of suppression, the almost limitless possibilities of sublimation, the necessity for expression. The tendency in modern psychology is to

go back to the primitive instincts of man and to trace the development of emotion, self-consciousness, reason, thought, will, from those instincts, acting and reacting in progressive stages of civilization. The primary instincts are innate or inherited, psycho-physical dispositions consisting of three parts or phases : cognition, effect, and conation. One writer[1] has simplified the subject of arriving at a fundamental basis by classifying the instincts in two well-defined groups : under the Ego, the instincts which become active through the desires of the self ; and under the Herd, those which come into play through man's gregarious necessities.

Mr. W. McDougall[2] shows emotion, thought, reason, and the moral nature as having been developed from certain primary instincts which man shares in common with animals. He shows how the instincts were and are the source of great psycho-physical energy ; how, as life became more complex and man gradually evolved a greater degree of self-consciousness, the emotions attached to these primary instincts acted and interacted one with another. Also, as conscious life developed, the emotions became organized into sentiments in which several instincts and emotions are grouped, and which give a permanency to the emotions and make them, not a mere passing feeling, but complexes which become in very truth the personality of the individual. Mr. McDougall does not, I believe, attempt to show the source of the energy inherent in the instincts. Moreover, the word "instinct" has for many a very physical implication. Professor James defines an emotion as "a tendency to feel," and an instinct as "a tendency to act." He also holds the theory that "the feeling in the coarser emotions results from the bodily expression," . . . that is to say, "*the bodily changes follow directly the perception*

[1] Tansley : "Modern Psychology."

[2] "An Introduction to Social Psychology," W. McDougall.

of the exciting fact, and that our feeling of the same changes as they occur is the emotion." The coarser emotions are defined as those which have strong bodily reverberations —anger, fear, love, hate, joy, grief, shame, pride, etc.[1] Dr. Rudolf Steiner explains emotions, affinities and antagonisms as manifestations of the soul[2] through the physical nature. This view does not necessarily affect the *analysis* of emotions given in the following pages.

Under this analysis it will be found that many words which are understood in common phraseology to denote emotions cannot be so used. Love, for instance, is not an emotion but a sentiment, and is built up generally by the activity of various instincts and their emotions. What the emotions are and to what relative degree they are present depends upon the object of the sentiment. This may be love for a husband, for a child, or for a friend. In each case the instincts and emotions which build up the sentiment vary considerably, both in the relative strength of the emotion and, as will be readily understood, in the presence or absence of some instincts from the sentiment. The feeling of tenderness which is always present in love is described by Mr. McDougall as " tender emotion." In the love of man for woman, or *vice versa*, the primary instinct of tender-emotion is present with another emotion arising from the sexual instinct. But this latter emotion is not necessarily present at all in other sentiments of love.[3]

Then take pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. I have sometimes asked a student to explain to me what emotion certain lines expressed, and have been told simply that they were sad or glad as the case might be.

[1] " Psychology ": William James.

[2] Lecture at Conference on " Spiritual Values in Education," Oxford, August, 1922.

[3] I am, of course, aware that this statement does not agree with the conclusions of Freud and some other Psycho-analysts.

But sadness and gladness, pain and pleasure, are not emotions; they are simply qualifications of emotional states, and most of the emotions are pleasurable or painful at different degrees of intensity. That is to say, there is a varying tone-feeling to all emotions. Fear, as is well known, is pleasurable at a low tone-feeling. Some children, and some adults, experience a thrill of pleasure and enjoyment at ghost stories which make them feel creepy. Many men take pleasure in pursuits and pastimes which have an element of danger.

Joy is a complex emotional state of a highly pleasurable nature, involving the existence of strong and fine sentiments in which a considerable part of the whole mentality is organized. Coleridge has for all time expressed the nature of joy:

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

An example given by McDougall of the purest type of joy is that of "a loving mother as she tends her beautiful and healthy child." "In this case many factors contribute to produce the joyful emotion: (1) There is æsthetic pleasure in the contemplation of the beauty of the object, and pleasure that any onlooker may share; (2) sympathetic pleasure reflected by, or induced in, the mother from her smiling child; (3) tender emotion, in itself pleasantly toned and progressively attaining satisfaction; (4) positive self-feeling, also intrinsically pleasant and also attaining an ideal satisfaction: for the mother is proud of her child as an evidence of her own worth; (5) each of these two primary emotions of the mother is developed within the system of a strong sentiment, the one within the sentiment of her love for her child, the other within the sentiment of her regard for herself: the two strongest sentiments of her nature, which, as the child is identified with herself, become welded together to constitute a master sentiment or passion: this renders the emotions more intense and more enduring; (6) the fact that the emotions are not aroused as merely isolated experiences by some casually presented object, but are developed within strongly organized and enduring sentiments, gives them a prospective reference: they project themselves into an indefinitely prolonged future, and so hope or pleasant anticipation is added to the complex."[1]

Another joy of a different type is that of successful

[1] Social Psychology.

achievement in a high and noble enterprise : the joy of a life inspired with love for humanity, concern for its sufferings, and animated by the power to help. Such a joy is expressed by Whittier in the following poem which was written " On hearing the Bells Rung on the Passage of the Constitutional Amendment Abolishing Slavery." This selection may be practised for an understanding of the emotional state and its vocal expression. The student should compare the emotions expressed or suggested in this poem with the analysis of emotions of the joy of a mother in her child, and should realize what emotions are present in this case, and how they differ from the other analysis.

It is done !
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel !
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound !

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad ;
In the earthquake He has spoken ;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron wall asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song ;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down ;
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
" He hath triumphed gloriously ! "

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done ?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin ;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done !
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !

The effort to *express* joy or any other emotion, and the very sound of joy in the tones of the voice, will convey a realization to the mind which mere analysis alone could never convey.

Sorrow, like joy, is a complex emotional state. It involves the existence of a well-organized sentiment, and the baffled impulse of various emotions in that sentiment. In some cases, even when the dominant note is sorrow, there may be a complex mingling of æsthetic pleasure from contemplation of that which has given an accustomed pleasure, or the recollection of pleasurable emotion. These may be present without affecting the dominant note of sorrow, in fact they appear sometimes rather to enhance the sorrow.

In order that sorrow may be compared with joy in the sentiment of a mother's love, an illustration is given of the grief and dismay of Constance, when her fears for the safety of her son have been aroused.

Arthur. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Constance. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. For Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

A very poignant grief at the impending death of her child is expressed in Andromache's speech in "The Trojan Woman" of Euripides.

The following is a table of primary instincts and the emotions arising therefrom. It should be noted that an emotion, although it may have arisen from one particular instinct, is not confined in the modern personality to the activity of that primary instinct. Thus, tender emotion appears to have had its birth in the parental instinct. It is so found to-day among animals, but in civilized communities, tender emotion forms a constituent of other complex emotions; it is present with anger in moral indignation, for instance, one of the strong forces which found expression in such a work as the abolishment of slavery already referred to, and in the establishment and maintenance of hospitals, the League of Nations, and most movements for the help of the weak and the lessening of the suffering of humanity.

The seven primary instincts which give rise to a definite emotion—according to McDougall[1]—are:—

Primary Instinct.	*Corresponding Emotion.*
1. Flight	Fear
2. Repulsion.	Disgust
3. Curiosity	Wonder
4. Pugnacity	Anger
5. Self-feeling—Abasement	Subjection or Negative Self-feeling
6. Self-feeling—Assertion	Elation or Positive Self-feeling
7. Parental Instinct	Tender Emotion.
Sex Instinct	No definite corresponding emotion.

[1] "Social Psychology," McDougall. Chapter III, and Supplementary Chapter, p. 385.

The last-named instinct, although very powerful in its effect both individually and socially, does not appear to have any definite emotion attaching to it. It strongly affects, however, the general emotional nature ; it is also probably the indirect source (through sublimation) of much artistic achievement and expression.

With regard to the essentially egotistic emotions of negative and positive self-feeling, these naturally enter largely into the building up of many of the complex emotions and practically all sentiments. Positive self-feeling reveals itself in dignity, self-respect, ambition. Negative self-feeling is a very large constituent in humility. To realize the primary instincts as the base of the human mind, it is, of course, necessary to visualize man in a primitive state of society. We can easily realize that the parental instinct played an all-important part in the early history of the race. The instinct to escape from danger by flight we see to-day among animals. It is almost as necessary an instinct for the survival of a species as is the parental instinct itself. Again, the instinct of pugnacity we see to have been of great importance in early communities : any interference with the free exercise of the necessary activities of other instincts would arouse the instinct of pugnacity and the emotion of anger, and so the male would attack his enemy and protect his mate and his offspring.

Curiosity, again, has been a great factor in the progress of the races and the achievements of knowledge. Science may be regarded as almost a direct effect of the instinct of curiosity, with sometimes an element of tender-emotion added, of concern for the ills of humanity, which combination has been strongly shown in the developments of medical science. These remarks will perhaps serve to show how the primary instincts have worked to evolve the complex modern mind.

It is difficult to find illustrations giving expression

to the pure emotion arising from a primary instinct, because all dramatic literature portrays comparatively modern human nature, and therefore we find that most of the emotions expressed are more or less complex.

The following are analyses of a few complex emotions which may exist apart from a sentiment, together with selections giving verbal expression to the same.

Bashfulness: Conflict of positive and negative self-feeling.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay."
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Dejection: A negative self-feeling of a painful nature, but caused by different circumstances to humiliation.

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temple of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceits—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass inpregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

Despair. Here we find negative self-feeling, with fear and painful regret.

K. Rich. Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason. Why?

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?
I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself !
I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree ;
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent : and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Admiration is compounded of wonder and negative self-feeling. Admiration always suggests some lessening of the self-regarding feeling.

Ferdinand. Admired Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil ; but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Awe. To wonder and negative self-feeling we have to add fear in order to give the complex emotional state implied by awe.

Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

Reverence. Again, to the emotions of awe, if we add gratitude, we have reverence, or if the reverence is impersonal in its nature, tender-feeling is the emotion which is present rather than gratitude.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?
—Wm. Blake.

Scorn. Here there is disgust and anger, which may be complicated further by positive self-feeling.

Troilus. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know an enemy intends you harm ;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :
Who marvels then when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set,
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Contempt : In contempt, disgust and positive self-feeling are present without the anger we find in scorn.

Constance. O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villiany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool thou art,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Being sworn my soldier! Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now turn over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

Moral Indignation: A mingling of tender-emotion and anger.

In the following speeches of Paulina, both elements of moral indignation are clearly shown: tender-emotion for Hermione and her babe, and anger against Leontes.

Paulina. Good my liege, I come;
From your good queen.
Leontes. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one's that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to it—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callot
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me ! This brat is none of mine.
Paul. It is yours :
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
And trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger ;
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours,
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not.
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she that burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !
Paul. I pray you, do not push me : I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send her
A better guiding spirit ! What need these hands ?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so : farewell ; we are gone.

Fascination : A mingling of fear, disgust and wonder.

And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,

With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance !—
One moment—and the sight was fled !
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one !
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind :
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate !
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view—
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue !

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed :
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
" By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away ! "
She said : and more she could not say :
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Gratitude : Is a compound of tender-emotion and negative self-feeling. It is an emotion which may vary very much in its effect upon a nature. If benefaction causes more negative self-feeling than tender-emotion, gratitude may easily turn to dislike and even hatred of the benefactor. It is possible, however, to feel and express a gratitude which is wholly pleasant. But in that case the negative self-feeling has not been unduly affected.

Constance, in Browning's drama, " In a Balcony," shows the mingling of gratitude and resentment mentioned above.

" Does she love me, I ask you ? Not a whit :
Yet thinking that her justice was engaged
To help a kinswoman, she took me up—
Did more on that bare ground than other loves
Would do on greater argument. For me,
I have no equivalent of such cold kind
To pay her with, but love alone to give,
If I give anything. I give her love :
I feel I ought to help her, and I will.
So, for her sake, as yours, I tell you twice
That women hate a debt as men a gift."

The following Complex Emotions Imply the Existence of a Sentiment.

Reproach : Tender-emotion centralized in sentiment of love and checked by self-regarding sentiment displaying a lesser or greater degree of anger.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought ;
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts
Which thou hast wetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself.

Revenge : or vengeful emotion. Checked positive self-feeling and anger, existing within self-regarding sentiment, a long-continued feeling.

Q. Margaret. What ! were you snarling all before I came ?
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses,
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Resentment: The same, but lower intensity, and, consequently, not of such lasting duration as revenge.

Katherine. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears;
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I—who never knew how to entreat—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say—If I should sleep or eat;
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast:
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grief: Tender-o tion within a sentiment, modified by feeling of pain, to which anger is added.

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :—
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad !

Remorse : Involves a developed self-regarding sentiment, and also moral sentiments and recollection of regret of past action or attitude. It is painful, because the desired conation belongs to the past and can never take place. Anger arises from the baffled desire, and is directed against the self.

K. Edward. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man—his fault was thought ;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him ? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised ?
Who spoke of brotherhood ? Who spoke of love ?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, " Dear brother, live, and be a king " ?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments ; and did give himself
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this !—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence !

Shame and Humiliation : Baffled or injured self-feeling within the self-regarding sentiment. Shame is therefore something of the nature of bashfulness, but at a much greater tone intensity. Shame, in itself, may vary from a degree a little stronger than bashfulness to the degree when it become humiliation, when the negative self-feeling has reached a painful intensity.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation !
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. What man ! there are ways to recover the general again ; sue to him and he's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.
Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ? thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil !
O God, that men should put an enemy in their

mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Jealousy: Implies checked positive self-feeling and tender-emotion, generally in the sentiment of love. A feature of jealousy is the painful oscillation between fear and hope in the early stages, and then between reproach and revenge in the later stages. Jealousy may arise from a check to the self-regarding sentiment alone, without the existence of tender-emotion. In which case it finds expression in anger against the one who causes the check to the self-regarding sentiment.

Othello. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago:
I'll see before I doubt: When I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this;—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to't:

. . . . . .

Othello. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not :
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied.
Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office :
But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to it by a foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. . . .
Othello. O blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change.
Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallows them up.

Another excellent study of the cruelty of jealousy may be found in " The Laboratory," by Browning.

Many dramatic situations are the result of a conflict between instincts and emotions on the one hand, and reason or the moral nature on the other hand. The effect of conflicting emotions, and of the will and moral nature in conflict with the emotions, as shown in the following selections, should be carefully studied, and the effort made to reveal the inner mental changes in the tones of the voice. There should also be spontaneity of thought, emotion and expression.

Powerful Emotions contending one against the other.

Menelaus. How bright the face of Heaven, and how sweet
The air this day, that layeth at my feet
The woman that I . . . Nay: 'twas not for her
I came. 'Twas for the man, the cozener
And thief, that ate with me and stole away
My bride. But Paris lieth, this long day,
By God's grace, under the horse-hoofs of the Greek,
And round him all his land. And now I seek . . .
Curse her! I scarce can speak the name she bears,
That was my wife. Here with the prisoners
They keep her, in these huts, among the hordes
Of numbered slaves.—The host whose labouring swords
Won her, have given her up to me, to fill
My pleasure; perchance kill her, or not kill,
But lead her home.—Methinks I have foregone
The slaying of Helen here in Ilion . . .
Over the long seas I will bear her back,
And there, there, cast her out to whatso wrack
Of angry death they may devise, who know
Their dearest dead for her in Ilion.—Ho!
Ye soldiers! Up into the chambers where
She croucheth! Grip the long blood-reeking hair,
And drag her to mine eyes. . . . And when there come
Fair breezes, my long ships shall bear her home.

A Study of Conflicting Thought and Emotion.

Hamlet. 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 heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of 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 undiscovered 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 doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Emotion in Conflict with Sense of Duty.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noon-day by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lighten'd,
An unwonted splendour brighten'd
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in sun and shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,

All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

CHAPTER XI

PANTOMIMIC EXPRESSION

Sensations and their Expression in Movement

OWING to the exigencies of space it will be only possible to deal briefly with such a big subject as pantomimic expression.

In the last chapter we briefly analysed and illustrated the emotions, and there and elsewhere we have shown that the emotions are the great source of psychical and physical activity. We know also that an idea gives rise to the threefold mental process of cognition, affect and conation: the perception of the idea, the feeling-response, and the nervous and muscular reaction leading to an outward expression in speech or action. The presence of fear, for instance, suggests the bodily movement of flight or hiding, and although the full expression of the emotion may be prevented by the will, yet that does not prohibit a nervous contraction which is visible in the face and lines of the body. It is from this nervous reaction of the body to an emotional idea that we need to study pantomimic expression.

Besides emotion, however, there is another class of feeling which we call sensations. A sensation may be of two kinds, first a physico-psychic feeling induced by the activity of one of the five senses of hearing, sight, taste, smell and touch; or a psycho-physical feeling caused by the inner or kinæsthetic sense. All inner sensations are grouped under the one word "kinæsthetic," but the sensations may vary as much as do the response of the five bodily senses. We have

already, in the preceding chapter (p. 153), referred to some kinæsthetic sensations, pleasure and sorrow, for instance; to these others may be added: a sense of happiness, a sense of physical well-being, fitness, a sense of rhythm, of harmony, of balance.

It is advisable, however, to cultivate and study pantomimic expression also from the physical point of view. Dr. Ward Beecher stated that gestures came to him spontaneously, because in his young days he had gone through a training which was "drill, drill, drill," in physical exercises for expression. The student should study the expressive possibilities of the hands, for example. It will be found that if the palms are upward and toward the body the expression is totally different to that conveyed when the backs of the hands are toward the body. The first class of movement is called affirmative, the second negative. Again, it will be found that by straightening the first finger the hand immediately assumes a more "intelligent" expression than if all the fingers are slightly curved inward. The student should experiment with these and other positions of the hands. The arms should always move from the shoulder, not the elbow. In descriptive and referential gesture the arms should rise well above the waist line.

Gesture Exercises

The following physical exercises should be practised for developing flexibility of arms, hands and body. They, like the exercises on vowel sounds, are in a sense physical exercises, but should be practised as mind-controlled movements; that is to say, thought must be present throughout the course of the simplest movement, and face and limb must reveal this.

1. Stand firmly erect, but not rigidly, with the weight of the body on the ball of the front foot,

the arms hanging loosely at the sides, the hips well back, the head evenly poised on the shoulders. Now first lower the eyes, then allow the head to sink slowly on to the chest until it is hanging forward as a dead weight, then allow it to slowly roll round until it falls over the right shoulder; continue the movement until it falls back similarly, and so on to the left shoulder and round on to the chest again.

2. An extension of Exercise No. 1, allowing the shoulders to move in sympathy with the head, keeping the arms perfectly loose.
3. Continue the movement until the whole trunk of the body is moving round from the waist as on a pivot, the head leading the body, and the arms being kept perfectly loose, all rigidity of any part of the body being carefully avoided.

Practise these three exercises very slowly at first and gradually accelerate.

4. Extend the arms, allowing the hands to hang loosely. Now shake the hands violently from the wrists from side to side.
5. Describe with each hand an imaginary figure 8 on its side, commencing at the junction of the two circles. The hands must move smoothly from the wrists. Continue the exercise with both hands moving together and then in contrary motion.
6. Repeat Exercise No. 5, using the forearm, moving from elbow, and then the whole arm moving from the shoulder.
7. Stand on right foot and swing left leg freely from the hip, letting no part of the leg stiffen, then reverse the position and repeat exercise.

It is advisable to work the following exercises to music.

8. Raise the arms from the side, fingers extended and palms outward, join the backs of hands well above the head, tips of backs of fingers touching, lower the arms, bend arm at elbow, keeping elbows in to side, and describe a semi-circle with forearm; extend to full arm, moving outward from the body at side, and repeat. These movements must be perfectly smooth and rhythmic throughout the exercise.
9. Raise the arms slowly to shoulder-height, with hands dropping from wrist. Lower the arm from shoulder and raise the hand and fingers as arm descends.
10. Repeat the arm movement, but simultaneously with upward movement of arms raise right foot across left knee, with toe pointed to right side. As arm descends, slide right foot to right, carrying weight on to right foot. Repeat with left foot.
11. Stand with arms hanging at side, circle right arm in front of and close to body, extend in line with shoulder, with palm upward and elbow curved, turn arm from shoulder, lower arm and raise hand from wrist.
12. Stand upright, with weight on left foot, slide right foot forward, toe pointed and heel raised, and at the same time bend left knee. Count 1, 2, 3 for the downward bend. Slowly raise left knee and bring weight forward on to right foot on 4, 5, 6. Repeat with alternate feet travelling forward.
13. Repeat Exercise 12, combined with the arm-movements of Exercise 11.
14. Extend arms at side, level with shoulders, move the arm upward and outward by shoulder-movement, circle forearm at elbow and hand at

wrist, all the time keeping arms extended. The effect is a rippling sinuous movement.

Emphasis.

15. Raise arm slowly to shoulder-height on 1, 2, 3 beats with hand upright from wrist. On the 4th beat give a slight emphatic movement—a quickening of the hand and particularly first finger. Lower on beats 5 and 6.
Repeat this with varying degrees of emphasis until the first finger is pointed directly outward. The beats 1, 2, 3 represent the words leading up to an emphatic word.

Inspiration.

16. Repeat Exercise 15, but raise the arm above the head. This gesture becomes stronger if the hand is immediately above the head rather than over the shoulder.

Descriptive poems, such as " The Charge of the Light Brigade," or " The Passions," by Collins, afford unlimited opportunities for gesture exercises, but gestures taught on the following or any other selections should be treated as exercises for developing the creative instinct through the imitative. A student should be encouraged to self-expression, and must on no account become permanently dependent upon the teacher for ideas in gesture.

The following verses from " The Charge of the Light Brigade " are given for treatment in this manner.

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 dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
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.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army while
All the world wondered ;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

GESTURES BASED ON AUDITORY AND VISUAL IMAGES

It will be readily understood that the development of these inner senses is of great importance to all voice users and public speakers, in fact, to all human beings. Their cultivation leads to keener perceptions of the beautiful in nature and in art, and to a rhythmic expression. Exercises based on the response to the five physical senses form an excellent means for starting to

develop pantomimic expression. Particularly is this true of exercises on auditory and visual images. The following selections may be practised to this end. Care must be taken that the mental idea of hearing or vision is strongly imagined, and then the harmonious expression of face and body will soon follow.

Auditory

Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night.

I hear thee, trumpeter, listening alert, I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued, now in the distance lost.

Come nearer, bodiless one, haply in thee resounds
Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life
Was filled with aspirations high, unform'd ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,
That now ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy cornet echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no one's ears but mine, but freely gives to mine,
That I may thee translate.

The splendour 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 for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Hark to the music, Gascons ! . . . 'Tis no longer
The piercing fife of camp—but 'neath his fingers
The flute of the woods ! No more the call to combat,
'Tis now the love-song of the wandering goatherds ! . . .
Hark ! . . . 'tis the valley, the wet landes, the forest,
The sunburnt shepherd-boy with scarlet béret,
The dusk of evening on the Dordogne river—
'Tis Gascony ! Hark, Gascons, to the music !

Visual

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady ?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?
Ham. On him ! on him ! Look you, how pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me ;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects : then what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this ?
Ham. Do you see nothing there ?
Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST].

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
And such an instrument I was to use.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Ah! ah! The twilight bristles wild with shapes
Of intermittent motion, aspect vague
And mystic bearings, which o'ercreep the earth,
Keeping slow time with horrors in the blood.
How near they reach . . . and far! How grey they move—
Treading upon the darkness without feet—
And fluttering on the darkness without wings!

Kinæsthetic Sensation

With regard to the training of the kinæsthetic sense, almost every exercise in this book is toward that end. The reading aloud of poetry is valuable for sound as well as for rhythm. Dancing on natural-movement

lines is also invaluable. One or two selections are given here to be practised with a definite mental idea of the bodily response to the inner kinæsthetic sensation. Rhythm is a necessary quality in the expression of the following (see page 112).

Now trumpeter for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigour more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthrall'd—the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—all joy!
Riotous laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—Nothing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the scarlet gleaming street;
The town was mad, a man was like a boy.
There was music, mirth and sunshine; but some eyes shone with regret:
And while we stun with cheers our homing braves,
O God, in Thy great mercy, let us nevermore forget
The graves they leave behind, the bitter graves.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Mornings at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snails on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

Day !
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid grey
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;
But forth one wavelet, then another curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
O Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to, or gifts above measure)
One of thy choice or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or freaks at thy pleasure).
My day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me.

The following extracts will give practice in various movements of dramatic expression. Their number might be multiplied many times over. They are given as suggestions. The student of Shakespeare will be able to find many other passages for practice.

Note the effect of sitting down rather heavily with a half-humorous despair on the "I have been the most miserable dog ever since."

Sir Peter Teazle. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

In the following, Rosalind should step forward and kneel to the Duke, appealing for mercy and showing her dismay.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, despatch you with your
safest haste,
And get you from our court.
Rosalind. Me, uncle?
Duke Frederick. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Rosalind. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Rosalind walks wearily and then throws herself on the ground.

Rosalind. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits ! I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Lady Teazle. Lud ! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria ? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had ; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you ?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds ! What, ain't I to be in a good humour without paying for it ? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*takes out pocket book and gives her two notes*], but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. O no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand—he kisses it.*]

The swoon in the following selection may present some difficulties to the student. The fall itself should be practised apart from the words, and a beginning may be made with a half-fall.

1. Kneel on the ground, then relax the upper part of body, and fall prone.
2. Stand, relax from the knees and sink upon the knees, relax upper part of body and fall on elbow.

3. Repeat the movements in Exercise 2, but relax head with body and fall prone.
4. Fall as if in one movement, but taking care to completely relax the limbs. A fall may be practised to right, left, forward or backward.
5. Practise a fall caused by some painful vision. Arms extended, as if to ward it off, reel and turn with arms raised, so that body falls head to the front and feet up stage.

The gradual rise after the swoon in the following selection must be very slow and appear a painful effort. Giovanni is lame.

Lucretia. [*Looking into his eyes.*] Are you still eager ?
Giovanni. I shut my eyes and I run into it.
Luc. [*Starting back.*] That crouch as of a beast about to spring !
I dare not, will not, speak till you are calm.
Gio. I am calm. [*Bending his sword across his knee.*]
This steel is true that I can bend it
Into a hoop.
Luc. O, then, if it should be
One that has risen, eaten and drunk with you,
Whose hand was daily in your own !
Gio. Is it——
Luc. Giovanni, who shall set a shore to love ?
When hath it ever swerved from death, or when hath it not
Burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers ?—
Gio. [*Seizing her arm.*] Is it Paolo ?
Luc. You stop the blood in my arm ; release
Your hold.
Gio. [*Slowly releasing her arm.*]
Ah, gradual nature ! let this thought come slow !
Accustom me by merciful degrees
To this idea, which henceforth is my home :
I am strong—yet cannot in one moment think it.

Luc. [*Softly.*] You speak as in a trance.
Gio. Bring me not back!
Like one that walks in sleep, if suddenly
I wake I die. [*With a cry.*] Paolo! Paolo!
Luc. Giovanni!
Gio. Paolo! ah, no, not there!
Not there, where only I was prone to love!
Beautiful wast thou in the battle, boy!
We came from the same womb, and we have slept
Together in the moonbeams! I have grown
So close to him, my very flesh doth tear!
Why, why, Lucretia, I have lifted him
Over rough places—he was but a child,
A child that put his hand in mine! I reel—
My little Paolo! [*He swoons off.*]
Luc. Help, help! Ah, no!
I must not call. The foam is on his lips,
The veins outstand—and yet I have joy,
A bitter joy! I'll lay his head down here.
[*She raises his face and looks into it.*]
Thou wast so rich—now thou art poor as I!
His eyes unclose!—Master thyself!
Gio. [*Slowly opening his eyes.*] At last!
As to a soul new-come the murk of hell
Grows more accustomed, gradually light,
So I begin to see amid this gloom.
Let me explore the place and walk in it!
[*He rises slowly to his feet.*]
We must live on, Lucretia—we must still
Pace slowly on, and set our teeth until
Relief is sent.

—Stephen Phillips.

The impersonation of the various characters suggested in the following selection, and the rapid change from one to another, will give much scope for pantomimic expression.

Who am I, gentlemen? I am Artaxerxes! I am Antony the Great; I'm a doge, a king, a councillor,

a burgess, a lackey. I am the constable who seizes the beggar ; nay, I am the beggar seized by the constable. I am everybody, I am nobody. I command and I obey. I feast starving ; I starve feasting. Beware of me, for I am a very rogue—a swaggering roysterer, with ragged elbows, hat a-cock and rapier ready. A rogue, said I ? Nay, a highwayman—a housebreaker—a murderer at a purse of pistoles the job, and short shift to my quarry ! But take heart ; I am the best of men. I love good. I give purses. I bless all. Yet do I curse freely, and, purses notwithstanding, I am but a greedy, griping, grasping, miserly curmudgeon, who'd die i' the dark to save a farthing rushlight—a very Barabbas too, or a High Pontiff or a grand Seigneur, with a dancing seraglio, as it shall please you. I die thrice a night, but they bury me not ; nay, I am a ghost, with none to lay me ; but a ghost, look you, of flesh and to spare, yet not spare of flesh, as this rotundity shall advise you. And yet no ghost, but a very observable and most mortal man, with a pretty taste in flagons, and an eye for a plump brown wench, go to ! I am a bundle of contradictions—a mass of incongruities ; here to-day, gone to-morrow ; a thing of no moment ; a breath, a puff-ball, a gossamer ! Good sirs, I am an actor !

—W. S. Gilbert.

CHAPTER XII

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

Oral Interpretation of Poetry

"HE FELL AMONG THIEVES"

"YE have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climb'd alone to the eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the grey little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen ;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood ;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet ;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white ;
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the eastern height.

" O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

—Henry Newbolt.

THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries ;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes,
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

" Will you not come home, brother ? You have been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the spray :
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain,
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again ?

" The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run ;
It's blue sky and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain.
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

" Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet ?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread,
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes' song
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

—J. Masefield.

Long are the hours the sun is above,
But when evening comes I go home to my love.
I'm away the daylight hours and more,
Yet she comes not down to open the door.
She does not meet me upon the stair,—
She sits in my chamber and waits for me there.
As I enter the room she does not move :
I always walk straight up to my love ;
And she lets me take my wonted place
At her side, and gaze in her dear, dear face.
There as I sit, from her head thrown back
Her hair falls straight in a shadow black.
Aching and hot as my tired eyes be,
She is all that I wish to see.

And in my wearied and toil-dinned ear,
She says all things that I wish to hear.
Dusky and duskier grows the room,
Yet I see her best in the darker gloom.
When the winter eves are early and cold
The firelight hours are a dream of gold.
And so I sit here night by night,
In rest and enjoyment of love's delight.
But a knock at the door, a step on the stair
Will startle, alas, my love from her chair.
If a stranger comes she will not stay:
At the first alarm she is off and away.
And he wonders, my guest, usurping her throne,
That I sit so much by myself alone.

—Robert Bridges.

"ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS"

It was early last September, nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea;
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time was after tea,
An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt and creak an' strain;
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,
An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled terrier pup,
An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddlestrings
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and swings.

"Goo'-day," said 'e; "goo'-day," said I; an' 'ow d'you find things go,
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin' show?"
"I find," said 'e, "things very much as 'ow I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round."
Said 'e, "The job's the very spit o' what it always were,
It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are;

But looking at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's,
What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings!"

"Goo' luck," said 'e; "goo' luck," said I; "you've put it past a doubt,
An' keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeeper is out";
'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered on again,
To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in the lane;
An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a nightjar seemed to spin
That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of lose and win;
For "up an' down an' round," said 'e, "goes all appointed things,
"An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on the swings!"

—Patrick R. Chalmers.

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June;
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon
Like a flight of rose leaves, fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking can and grey goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
All the heart of England hid in every rose.
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer ; from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the " Follow ! Follow ! " and the boughs begin to crash ;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.
—Alfred Noyes.

FROM " THE SONG OF SHARRUK "

Into this passionateness of life, this pain,
This tangled sorrow, this fierce hunger and thirst,
Strong men, ye in your dark indifference, cast
War ! And the folk ye smote, they, too, in stress,
And wormwood pang, and hunger and thirst of life,
And love, were brethren to you, one with you ;
They, too, kissed, wept, and strove with Fate ; their homes,
As yours, knew light and shadow ; they were men
And women stricken already of life enough,
Nevertheless ye struck them yet once more—
As though ye deemed yourselves to be their gods !—
With bondage, lust and death. My words are twigs
Against a torrent ! But, when next ye ride
Through some foe's city, to your flood of spears
Fallen, and in the famined selling place
Choose out your slaves, your doomed, remember then
How once a singer on a festal night
Sang to the stars and gods the terrible song
Of the awful sadness that is earth's through power,
The strength of warriors and the vanity
Of kings. Accursed is your pride, your pomp,
Your lust for sceptres and the knees of slaves !
Accursed is your warring, strongmen, thrice
Accursed ! And your tyrannies and whips,
Accursed ! And accursed thousand-fold

Your deafness to the sorrow of the dust,
Your blindness to the tears of this blind world!
And thee, O King, leper of covetousness,
Whose pride gainsaith the balances of Fate
And weighs out lot to man, how should my song
Forbear to curse thee even as I curse these
Thy Captains?—for thy sin is more than theirs.
That such as thou, so brief a shadow of life,
Have power upon life's shadowy brevity!
The gods gave to thee strength, and on a throne
They set thee, but not strength, nor eminence
Seals tyranny with right. Thou hast torn the wings
Of the human spirit, and thumbed to unfragrant death
The one-nooned butterfly! How are thou then,
Thing, not accursed, having wronged the gods?—
For they who wrong man wrong the gods of man.
O Heaven and Earth, Deserts and Seas and Skies,
Stars and all manner of living Orbs, attend
And witness how, in yours and the god's names
I curse this King!

—W. B. Nichols.

OFF THE GROUND

Three jolly farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground.
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome,
Put each his shoon.
One—two—three!
And away they go,
Not too fast,
And not too slow;
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow,
Into the sun,
And across the meadow.

Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.

Up sides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking,
The parish bound,
By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile.
Then straight through Whipham,
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome,
And not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet,
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills ;
Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind,
As they danced through Wool.
And Wool gone by,
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream :
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo——
Like an old clock
Their heels did go.
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary,
And not one spent.

And lo, and behold!
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its waters
The great green sea.
Says Farmer Bates,
"I puffs and I blows,
What's under the water
Why, no man knows!"
Says Farmer Giles,
"My wind comes weak,
And a good man drownded
Is far to seek."
But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes
Ups with his gaiters,
And in he goes:
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day;
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair. . . .
Bates and Giles——
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat.
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was supping
Off plates of gold.
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancing
And minstrelsy.
They called—called—called:
Came no reply:
Nought but the ripple's sandy sigh.
Then glum and silent
They sat instead,

Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said:
"Us knows not, dreams not
Where you be,
Turvey, unless
In the deep blue sea;
But excusing silver—
And it comes most willing—
Here's us two paying
Our forty shilling;
For it's sartin sure, Turvey,
Safe and sound
You danced us square, Turvey,
Off the ground!"

—Walter de la Mare.

SELECTION FROM "DAUBER"

Before the storm breaks off Cape Horn.

All through the windless night the clipper rolled
In a great swell with oily gradual heaves,
Which rolled her down till her time bells tolled,
Clang, and the weltering water moaned like beeves.
The thundering rattle of slatting shook the sheaves,
Startles of water made the swing ports gush,
The sea was moaning and sighing and saying "Hush!"

It was all black and starless. Peering down
Into the water, trying to pierce the gloom,
One saw a dim, smooth, oily glitter of brown
Heaving and dying away and leaving room
For yet another. Like the march of doom
Came those great powers of marching silences;
Then fog came down, dead-cold, and hid the seas.

They set the Dauber to the fog-horn. There
He stood upon the poop, making to sound
Out of the pump the sailors' nasal blare,

Listening lest ice should make the sound resound.
She bayed there like a solitary hound
Lost in a covert : all the watch she bayed,
The fog came closlier down, no answer made.

Denser it grew until the ship was lost.
The elemental hid her ; she was merged
In mufflings of dark death, like a man's ghost,
New to the change of death, yet thither urged.
Then from the hidden waters something surged—
Mournful, despairing, great, greater than speech,
A noise like one slow wave on a still beach.

Mournful, and then again mournful, and still
Out of the night that mighty voice arose ;
The Dauber at his foghorn felt the thrill.
Who rode that desolate sea ? What forms were those ?
Mournful from things defeated, in the throes
Of memory, of some conquered hunting-ground,
Out of the night of death arose the sound.

" Whales ! " said the mate. They stayed there all night long
Answering the horn. Out of the night they spoke,
Defeated creatures who had suffered wrong,
But were still noble underneath the stroke.
They filled the darkness when the Dauber woke ;
The men came peering to the rail to hear,
And the sea sighed, and the fog rose up sheer.

So the night past, but then no morning broke,
Only a something showed that night was dead ;
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,
And the fog drew away and hung like lead.
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red ;
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,
And sometimes drew away, and then drew near.

. . . . .

Then came the cry of "Call all hands on deck!"
The Dauber knew its meaning: it was come:
Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into wreck,
And crumples steel and smites the strong man dumb;
Down clattered flying kites and staysails: some
Sang out in quick, high calls; the fairleads skirled,
And from the south-west came the end of the world.

—John Masefield.

THE CROWNING OF DREAMING JOHN

Seven days he travelled
Down the roads of England,
Out of leafy Warwick lanes
Into London Town.
Grey and very wrinkled
Was Dreaming John of Grafton,
But seven days he walked to see
A king put on his crown.

Down the streets of London
He asked the crowded people
Where would be the crowning
And when would it begin.
He said he'd got a shilling,
A shining silver shilling,
But when he came to Westminster
They wouldn't let him in.

Dreaming John of Grafton
Looked upon the people,
Laughed a little laugh, and then
Whistled and was gone.
Out along the long roads,
The twisting roads of England,
Back into the Warwick lanes
Wandered Dreaming John.

As twilight touched with her ghostly fingers
All the meadows and mellow hills,
And the great sun swept in his robes of glory—
Woven of petals of daffodils,

And jewelled and fringed with leaves of the roses—
Down the plains of the western way,
Among the rows of the scented clover
Dreaming John in his dreaming lay.

Since dawn had folded the stars of heaven
He'd counted a score of miles and five,
And now, with a vagabond heart untroubled
And proud as the properest man alive,
He sat him down with a limber spirit
That all men covet and few may keep,
And he watched the summer draw round her beauty
The shadow that shepherds the world to sleep.

And up from the valleys and shining rivers,
And out of the shadowy wood-ways wild,
And down from the secret hills and streaming
Out of the shimmering, undefiled
Wonder of sky that arched him over,
Came a company shod in gold
And girt in gowns of a thousand blossoms,
Laughing and rainbow-aureoled.

Wrinkled and grey, with eyes awonder
And soul beatified, Dreaming John
Watched the marvellous company gather,
While over the clover a glory shone ;
They bore on their brows the hues of heaven,
Their limbs were sweet with the flowers of the fields,
And their feet were bright with the gleaming treasure
That prodigal earth to her children yields.

They stood before him, and John was laughing
As they were laughing ; he knew them all.
Spirits of the trees and pools and meadows,
Mountain and windy waterfall,
Spirits of clouds and skies and rivers,
Leaves and shadows and rain and sun,
A crowded, jostling, laughing army,
And Dreaming John knew everyone.

Among them then was a sound of singing,
And chiming music, as one came down
The level rows of the scented clover,
Bearing aloft a flashing crown;
No word of a man's desert was spoken,
Nor any word of a man's unworth,
But there on the wrinkled brow it rested,
And Dreaming John was king of the earth.

Dreaming John of Grafton
Went away to London,
Saw the coloured banners fly,
Heard the great bells ring;
But though his tongue was civil
And he had a silver shilling,
They wouldn't let him in to see
The crowning of the King.

So back along the long roads,
The leafy woods of England,
Dreaming John went carolling,
Travelling alone;
And on a summer evening,
Among the scented clover,
He held, before a shouting throng,
A crowning of his own.

—John Drinkwater.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC

From the French of Edmond Rostand.

Cyrano. Ay, and then? . . .
Seek a protector, choose a patron out,
And like the crawling ivy round a tree
That licks the bark to gain the trunk's support,
Climb high by creeping ruse instead of force?
No, gramercy! What! I, like all the rest,
Dedicate verse to bankers?—play buffoon
In cringing hope to see, at last, a smile,
Not disapproving, on a patron's lips?
Gramercy, no! What! learn to swallow toads?
—With frame aweary climbing stairs?—a skin

Grown grimed and horny,—here, about the knees ?
And, acrobat-like, teach my back to bend ?
No, gramercy ! Or,—double-faced and sly—
Run with the hares while hunting with the hounds ;
And, oily-tongued, to win the oil of praise,
Flatter the great man to his very nose ?
No, gramercy ! Steal soft from lap to lap,
—A little great man in a circle small,
Or navigate, with madrigals for sails,
Blown gently windward by old ladies' sighs ?
No, gramercy ! Bribe kindly editors
To spread abroad my verses ? Gramercy !
Or try to be elected as the pope
Of tavern councils held by imbeciles ?
No, gramercy ! Toil to gain reputation
By one small sonnet, 'stead of making many ?
No, gramercy ! Or flatter sorry bunglers ?
Be terrorized by every prating paper ?
Say ceaselessly, " Oh, had I but the chance
Of a fair notice in the ' Mercury ! ' "
Gramercy, no ! Grow pale, fear, calculate ?
Prefer to make a visit to a rhyme ?
Seek introductions, draw petitions up ?
No, gramercy ! and no ! and no again ! But—sing ?
Dream, laugh, go lightly, solitary, free,
With eyes that look straight forward—fearless voice !
To cock your beaver just the way you choose,—
For " yes " or " no " show fight, or turn a rhyme !
—To work without one thought of gain or fame,
To realize that journey to the moon !
Never to pen a line that has not sprung
Straight from the heart within. Embracing then
Modesty, say to oneself, " Good my friend,
Be thou content with flowers,—fruit,—nay, leaves,
But pluck them from no garden but thine own ! "
And then, if glory come by chance your way,
To pay no tribute unto Cæsar, none,
But keep the merit all your own ! In short
Disdaining tendrils of the parasite,
To be content, if neither oak nor elm—
Not to mount high, perchance, but mount alone !

CHAPTER XIII

FAMOUS SPEECHES

THE following selections from famous speeches which have made history, afford scope for study and practice.

Demosthenes' Famous Epilogue on the Crown

" There are two distinguishing qualities, Athenians, which the virtuous citizen should ever possess—I speak in general terms, as the least invidious method of doing justice to myself—a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the state in his official conduct, on all occasions and in all transactions, and affection for his country. This, nature can bestow, abilities and success depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person, not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic Council which they denounced against me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promises, no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this affection from my breast. From first to last I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course of conduct: assertion of the honours, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country; studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to march through the city with a face of joy and exultation at the success of a foreign power, embracing and announcing the joyful tidings to those who I supposed would transmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the successes of my own country with tremblings, with sighings, with eyes bending to earth, like those impious

men who are the defamers of themselves, who look abroad, and when a foreign potentate hath established his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event, and tell us we should take every means to perpetuate his power.

"Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and a better feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them by land and sea; and to us who remain grant a speedy rescue from our present fears and a lasting deliverance."

Selection from William Pitt's Anti-Slave Trade Speech

THE EPILOGUE

"If when we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which still would have overwhelmed us had Great Britain continued to the present time to be a mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world through some cruel policy of theirs; *God forbid* that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge. . . . I answer, if this is as criminal as it is asserted to be, or if it has the thousandth part of the criminality which I and others, after thorough investigation, charge upon it, *God forbid* that we should hesitate in determining to relinquish so iniquitious a traffic. . . . *God forbid*, however, that we should fail to do our utmost toward inducing other countries to abandon a bloody commerce which they have probably been in good measure led by our example to pursue; *God forbid* that we should arrogate to ourselves the glory of being singular in renouncing it."

Selection from Daniel Webster's Speech on "The First Settlement of New England"

APOSTROPHE TO FUTURE GENERATIONS

"They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmur of the Pacific seas.

"Advance, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth."

Patrick Henry on British Government in America

"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 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. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just Power 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 or slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty Powers !—I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death ! "

The Closing Portion of the Appeal to Lord Palmerston

By the Right Hon. John Bright.

" The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of

old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors that he may spare and pass on ; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal. I tell the noble lord that if he be ready, honestly and frankly, to endeavour by negotiations, about to be opened at Vienna, to put an end to this war, no word of mine, no vote of mine, will be given to shake his power for one single moment, or to change his position in the House. I am sure that the noble lord is not inaccessible to appeals made to him from honest motives and with no unfriendly feeling. The noble lord has been for more than forty years a member of the House. Before I was born he sat upon the Treasury Bench, and he has spent his life in the service of his country. He is no longer young, and his life has extended almost to the term allotted to men. I would ask, I would entreat the noble lord to take a course which, when he looks back upon his whole political career—whatever he may therein find to be pleased with, whatever to regret—cannot but be a source of satisfaction to him. By adopting that course he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that, having obtained the object of his laudable ambition—having become the foremost subject of the crown, the director of, it may be, the destinies of his country, and the presiding genius in her councils—he had achieved a still higher and nobler ambition : that he had returned the sword to the scabbard—that at his word torrents of blood had ceased to flow—that he had restored tranquility to Europe, and saved this country from the indescribable calamities of war."

CHAPTER XIV

CONCLUSION

THE suggestions and lessons in the foregoing pages are applicable to all voice users, but a few hints may be given in concluding on delivery in public speaking. Although it is true that indifferent matter may by good delivery be made more effective than good matter badly delivered, yet it is also true that expression cannot be greater than the content, and therefore the best delivery must always be associated with the best matter.

A point often overlooked in speaking is the importance of construction. It is impossible to deliver effectively a miscellaneous jumble of facts and arguments. The late Dr. Parker of the City Temple used to say in this connexion, "A heap of bricks is not a house." A speech needs to be built up from suitable material, and the material must be used in the right place and at the right time. The windows are useless until the walls are erected and window frames fixed. Good delivery, however, is dependent not only upon matter, voice and expressive speech, but upon a recognition of the requirements of an occasion, and upon the manifestation of a mental attitude in harmony with the situation.

The manner suitable for a great subject and a great occasion is not the same as that employed in dealing with small matters. And to treat a small matter as if it were great is perhaps an even worse fault. Most speeches to-day are more or less conversational in style, but they are not, nor can they be, entirely so. A speech may contain passages of declamation, of dialogue, even

of soliloquy. In soliloquy it is obvious that the action of the mind is different from when we are *supposed* to be speaking to others. It appears to be working introspectively, and this gives a different expression to face, voice and action. There is a more direct manifestation of thought rather than purpose.

An important element in successful speaking is the object of the speech. A speaker should have a definite idea of what effect he wishes to make and what result he wishes to produce. He should remember that a speaker has to convince his audience, but that persuasion is often the direct path to conviction. It is useless to antagonize an audience and then expect it to support you or your views. And yet a still more important point is the motive of the speaker. If the motive is high, if the speaker is sincere in his endeavour to help mankind, he will be in contact with a reservoir of magnetism and power which nothing else can give.

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