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RECITATIONS
FOR
PROFESSIONAL READERS
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RECITATIONS,

CONTAINING 125 CHOICE SELECTIONS

FOR PROFESSIONAL READERS ONLY.

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capable of holding attention.

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SUGGESTIONS.**



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**U. S. JOURNAL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY,
P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.**

The Weird Visitor.*

BY EDMUND SHAFTESBURY.

(For Dramatic Recitation.)

SUGGESTION. This Selection has been recited with a thrilling power that has produced effects upon an audience never caused by any other recital. The first verse is light, airy and gay, requiring thin tones, rather high in pitch, with a tendency to mild, rising inflections. On the fourth the voice becomes weird, dark and gloomy, with median stress prevailing. The word "moaning" may be imitative, and accompanied by a wailing tone; "rolls" by a heavy, vibrating thunderpeal of the voice; "tolls" by a monotone in a bell sound, low in pitch. On the words "Lily, darling, you are dying," and through the vow, the reader kneels, holding the hand raised as during an oath after the word "swear." The ghost utters the word "no" twice, with a chilling grave-like tone of the lowest pitch. We heard the first four lines of the 10th stanza given in the most weird voice, quiet and hollow, and the word "Crash!" followed with amazing force, accompanied by a stamp of the foot, and clap of the hands. The effect upon the audience was the most appalling we ever witnessed.

In the gay throng of the ball-room,
 Fairest of the living fair,
 Whirled the lovely woman. Stella,
 Blue of eyes and brown of hair.
 At her waist a white hand trembled;
 'Gainst her breast a strong heart beat;
 Pulsing love throbs full and tender
 Marked the time of dancing feet.

All the world was bright and happy
 All of life a perfumed rose;
 Not a care or sorrow knew they,
 Nor a thought of others woes.
*"Walter Reynolds, stop! and listen:
 You are making love to night
 To the village beauty, Stella,
 Think and answer, is it right?"*

Conscience spoke, but found no hearing,
 Memory traced no thought of care;
 Far too happy were the lovers
 In the ball-room's dizzy glare.
 Bright eyes met and told the story
 Borne by Cupid's well aimed dart,
 While the dancer's feet were waltzing
 To the music of the heart.

Fierce, without, the night wind blowing
 Swept the church-yard, cold and bare.
 Wild the rain beat through the forest,
 On the fields and everywhere.
 Hark! the spirit wind is moaning
 And the echoing thunder rolls.
 Flash! the lightning gleams and glistens!
 And the solemn church-bell tolls.

Months ago within that church yard
 Walter Reynolds laid his wife.
 Months, not years, had glided onward
 Since her spirit left this life.

*"Lily darling, you are dying
 And your race will soon be past,"*
 Said the husband at the bedside,
 Ere the woman breathed her last.

*"But I ne'er can love another,
 On my bended knee I swear
 Life and love and faith eternal
 Shall reward your oft made prayer."*

Walter Reynolds had forgotten,
 But the woman's heart had not;
 The pealing thunders woke her slumbers
 In the yawning church yard lot

Forth upon her ghostly mission
 Sped the shrouded, shrunken form,
 From the grave-yard to the ball room
 Sped she through the wild night-storm.
 Happy in a curtained recess
 Sat the lovers, hand in hand,
 Drinking of the heart's deep pleasure
 In love's mystic fairy land.

*"Stella! all my heart I give thee,
All my treasures, all my life,
And eternal faith I pledge thee;
May I claim thee as my wife?"*

Thus he spake and she demurely
Blushed, and sighed, and drooped her head.
Then the ghost of Lily Reynolds
Gliding near them spoke instead :—

"No"* "Yes," said Stella, hearing nothing;
But to him both answers low
Were distinct, and so he asked her:—

"Did you answer Yes or No?"
"No."* "Yes," said Stella, hearing nothing;
Vexed at this response, he cried
Tell me, Stella, are you trifling?
Then the spectral voice replied :—

*Walter Reynolds you are trifling,
On your bended knee you swore
All your life and faith eternal
To your first love evermore.*

CRASH! The echoing thunder pealing
Lodged a bolt in his false breast
And, returning through the church yard
Bore the ghost-wife to her rest.

In the curtained recess lying,
Found they him in death's embrace.
On his breast in shrunken outlines
Saw they Lily Reynolds face
Drawn in pale blue shades of lightning:
Death was stamped upon the dead.
And around in golden letters,
"NOW FOREVER ARE WE WED!"

"No." is uttered by the Ghost.

The Song of Songs.

BY E. W. MCGLOSSON.

SUGGESTIONS. The following recitation should be rendered in a cracked, tremulous, half falsetto voice, with a tinge of guttral. To any person familiar with the "Shaftesbury" qualities, we need only say that the 39th Quality applies. If an old man is impersonated long white hair and beard, and white eye brows are sufficient. A dressing gown and cane will disguise either a lady or gentleman.

I'm a man thet's fond o' music.
 An w'en folks are not erround,
 I kin make our old accorjun
 Squeak a mighty takin' sound ;
 A thet banjer hangin' yander,
 With its gentle plink, plank, plink,
 Pyears to git plumb at the bottom
 Of the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays
 'Fore the p'ay'r at church is said,
 Jes to stand up and hear "Old Hundred"
 Soarin' fur up overhead !
 An' I most kin spy the angels
 Leanin' crost the gate up thar.
 When old Abrum Blackburn's darter
 Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Prayer."

But ef you sh'u'd want to see me
 W'en I hev my broades' smile,
 You must ketch me in the kitchen,
 W'en the kittle's on the bile!
 Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'
 Ever riz on red-birds' wings
 Thet kin holt a taller candle
 To the song the kittle sings.

Seems as ef my soul gits meller
 In the kittle's first sweet note,
 'Till I fancy weddin' music
 Screakin' f om the iron th'oat,
 Sech times ef I squint my eyes up,
 I kin fahly pyear to see
 Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter
 Smilin' thoo the steam at me !

The Baltimore Lover.

SUGGESTIONS This selection should commence in a quiet, colloquial voice, as though addressing the audience in a conversational way before commencing to recite. Guy Fielding's manner of voice and gesture should be proud and decided. From the time the runaway is mentioned to the end of the race the voice should hurry and be full of magnetic energy. The last paragraph should be told in a laughing, colloquial manner to the audience. A professional reader can make this the chief effort of an evening's entertainment.

At the close of a beautiful day in autumn, Guy Fielding called at the home of Mabel Stuart. He had come from Baltimore, the city of his birth, to practice the profession of the law in a western town, and it was here that he had met the daughter of an old general whose wealth placed her in a social rank far beyond his own. The acquaintance of a years' standing had ripened into love, which she had never yet repelled, and by mutual consent a final answer was deferred until the evening in question. She received him with a cold but gracious smile. "You may ask my father's consent," she said. The General entered uninvited and saved Mr. Fielding the trouble of asking him, for he immediately opened fire as follows:

"Young man, you ask the hand of the daughter of a general. I am informed that you are the son of John Fielding of Baltimore. Is it true?"

"That was my father's name, sir."

"He was a coward," replied the General as his face reddened with rage. "I fought with him in the late war, and he deserted his colors on the eve of battle. The son of a *coward* shall never marry my daughter. Can you love such a man, Mabel?"

"No," replied the young lady.

Guy Fielding left the house a heart-broken man. He passed a sleepless night, and on the next day was wandering hopelessly through the town, disguised in a ragged coat and an old hat, pulled over his eyes, intent upon throwing himself in the river, when the screams of women, and the hoofs of horses came rushing upon his ears. He turned and saw madly plunging down the road toward him a span of

massive iron grays, dragging a carriage containing two frantic ladies and an excited old gentlemen, whose long white hair floated upon the breeze. It was the General, his wife and daughter. The old man was gesticulating wildly and shouting:—"Ten thousand dollars to the man who saves our lives!" Strong men rushed before them, but they fell back in fear. The bravest of the town quailed at the fury of the frightened beasts.

Guy Fielding was known as a quiet person, but in his native city had been the fleetest runner there. He now resolved to end his life in the attempt to save the object of his love. A fire flashed like lightning through his veins as he leaped toward the horses and caught the near one by the bridle. With his good right arm he clung to the animal, while his feet flew with race-course speed down the road, going as they never went before. The people everywhere beheld in horror the reckless efforts of the man to stop the frantic team, and shrieked to him to let go! But this he could not do, for the carriage wheels would have dashed him in pieces.

The road led down a hill, at the foot of which was a railroad track. The fast express was seen approaching. It was evident that the carriage would be upon the track at the instant the train reached the road. Certain death faced them all. Quicker than the resolution could shape itself into words, Guy Fielding with a giant's strength pulled the horses' heads to the left and guided them around the turn, still going at break-neck speed; and here they ran themselves out upon an open country road and finally stopped.

"Here is my card, young man," said the General, "come to my home to night."

Though worn and exhausted with his race, Guy Fielding refused to ride back, but promised to be on hand at the appointed hour that night.

Still disguised and unrecognized he kept his word and called upon the general. A check for \$10,000 was handed him. With downcast eyes and haggard face he spoke:—

"I can take no reward from *your* hands, sir."

"From whose then?" he was asked.

"From your daughter's."

"Mabel Stuart felt under the deepest obligations to the person who had saved her life, and taking the check from her father's hand offered it to him.

"I wish no *money*," he said decisively.

"What then?"

"Your hand."

"I cannot give that, I love another."

"She loves a coward named Guy Fielding," exclaimed her father.

"Do you love Guy Fielding?" exclaimed the young man throwing off his disguise, "I am that coward."

"Then I love *you*," she answered.

"Well, well," said the general, grasping him firmly by the hand. "You are the bravest man in the country and I am proud of you."

The old gentleman was better than his word, for he gave the young man \$10,000, and then gave him his daughter, and then gave her \$10,000.

THE UNCLE.

AS RECITED BY HENRY IRVING.

This, the most dramatic of all selections should not be undertaken unless the reciter is well versed in the principles of Acting. The voice for the early descriptive portion should be dark and husky. In the part spoken by the uncle it should be guttural and rattling. The facial expression should be varying from a startled fear to a wild and frantic horror. The last verse is omitted to allow the reciter to run off, followed by the apparition, on the words "Will no one help or save?"

I had an uncle once—a man,
 Of threescore years and three,
 And when my reason's dawn began,
 He'd take me on his knee,
 And often talk, whole winter nights,
 Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
 And few his converse sought;
 But, it was said, in solitude,
 His conscience with him wrought;
 And there, before his mental eye,
 Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house,
 Who did not fear his frown,
 Save I, a little careless child,
 Who gambolled up and down,
 And often peeped into his room,
 And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone;—
 My father was his brother,
 And all their lives I knew that they
 Had fondly loved each other;
 And in my uncle's room there hung
 The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face ;
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night I do remember well.
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily ;—
I sat and read in that old hall ;
My uncle sat close by.

I read but little understood
The words upon the book,
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And I saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread ;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head ;
He gazed on me but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him 'round,
And drew aside the veil,
That hung before my mother's face ;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me,
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—
I started at the sound ;
'Twas choked and stifled, in his throat,
And hardly utterance found,
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

“That lady was thy mother once,—
 Thou wert her only child;—
 O, God! I’ve seen her when she held
 Thee in her arms and smiled,
 She smiled upon thy father, boy,
 ’Twas that which drove me wild.

“He was my brother, but his form
 Was fairer far than mine;
 I grudged not that;—he was the prop
 Of our ancestral line,
 And manly beauty was of him
 A token and a sign.

“Boy! I had loved her too,—nay more.
 ’Twas I who loved her first;
 For months—for years—the golden thought
 Within my soul was nursed;
 He came—He conquered, they were wed;
 My air-blown bubble burst!

“Then on my mind a shadow fell,
 And evil hopes grew rife;
 The damning thought stuck in my heart,
 And cut me like a knife,
 That she, whom all my days I loved,
 Should be another’s wife!

I left my home—I left the land—
 I crossed the raging sea
 In vain—in vain—where’er I turned,
 My memory went with me;—
 My whole existence, night and day,
 In memory seemed to be.

“I came again, I found them here -
 Thou’rt like thy father, boy—
 He doted on that pale face there;
 I’ve seen them kiss and toy,—
 I’ve seen him locked in her fond arms,
 Wrapped in delirious joy.

“By heaven’s ! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat,
Forever on his brow,
That seem in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou.

“He disappeared—draw nearer, child !
He died—no one knew how ;
The murdered body ne’er was found,
The tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

“It drove her mad, yet not his death—
No—~~not~~ his death alone ;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none ;
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone !

“I’m thy uncle, child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast ?
The arras waves, but know’s thou not
’Tis nothing but the blast ?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

“I’ll show thee what thy mother saw,
I feel ’twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best,
Come hither ; thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

“It has a secret spring ; the touch
Is known to me alone ;”
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
“What see you that you groan
So heavily ? That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton.”

A sudden crash—the lid fell do n—
 Three strides he backwards gave,
 “Oh, God ! it is my brother’s self
 Returning from the grave !
 His grasp of lead is on my throat
 Will no one help or save ? ”

The Royal Bowman.

DRAMATIC RECITATION.

ABRIDGED AND ADAPTED BY WEBSTER EDGERLY.

SUGGESTIONS This is a remarkably powerful selection. It calls for great vitality of voice and action. Only a good actor* can do it justice. The earlier portions of the piece call for a quiet colloquial style. The more exciting parts require tremendous action and thrilling tones, varying constantly in force. The last paragraph should be pure colloquial.

It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The Emperor was quite easily flattered and more easily insulted. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. With a view to this he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. Often in the circus he had shot off an ostrich’s head while the bird was running at full speed across the arena in view of the astonished multitudes. No archer had ever been able to compete with him. This success had rendered him a monomaniac on the subject of archery. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. But not even Nero would have thought of bringing the girl to death for the fault of her lover. Commodus was the master tyrant and fiend. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the Emperor’s will.

*Lessons in Acting, in book form. A Thorough course. Price Ten Dollars.
 Address, Prof. Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the circus. That the sight would be blood curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast enclosure. All was still, as if the multitude was breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings on the other side, a young man and a young woman—a mere girl,—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was petite and lovely beyond compare. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the giant circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the Emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said :

Behold the condemned Claudius and Cynthia whom he lately took for his wife. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the Emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed

Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe,—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The circus fairly shook with the plunge of death towards its victims.

Look for a brief time upon the picture; fifty thousand faces or more thrust forward gazing;—the helpless couple, lost to everything but the black horrors of death, quivering from foot to crown. Note the spotless beauty of the girl. Mark well the stern power of the young man's face. And now! oh! now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear musical note, closely followed by a keen far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The Emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the world.

Had the tyrant been content to rest here, all would have been well. While yet the beasts were faintly struggling with death he gave orders for a shifting of the scene. He was insatiable.

A soldier, as directed, now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces further away from the Emperor, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however he cried aloud:

“Behold! Commodus will pierce the centre of the ear of each!”

The lovers were gazing into each others eyes, still as statues as if frozen by a cold fascination of death. The excitement of the spectators reached the last degree when the great horn bow was again raised.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and while the hush of the circus deepened infinitely, it rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

The girl, thrilled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms above her head, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysm of her final struggle.

Again the bowstring rang, and the arrow leaped away to its thrilling work. What a surge the youth made! It was as if death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad headed arrow through the spinal cord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The Emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate. Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed a the last

Pale and wild-eyed, the youth and the maid started, with painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer.

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the Emperor. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the incomparable bowman!"

And then when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two, with his arrows, the cords that bound their wrists, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the Emperor.

The Last String Broke.*

BY EVERETT RALSTON.

(*For Dramatic Recitation.*)

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a thrilling recitation, requiring a sad, moaning tone in the more pathetic parts. The first portion is cheerful. A good reciter can make a highly dramatic and thrilling piece of this.

The dance is over and late is the night;
 The fiddler starts forth without guide or light.
 The weather is cold, he has far to go,
 And the road is covered with drifted snow.
 His home is distant, some seven miles good,
 But a shorter cut lies through the wood.
 "Great Heavens! what cold! I am chilled to the bone!
 Through the wood I'll go, though dark and lone."
 Ere long the light of the rising moon
 Shed a few rays o'er the midnight gloom.
 And all around him the cedars throw
 Long-drawn shadows on the sheeted snow.
 Step by step he is plodding along
 While his merry heart is full of song.
 And he hears the clink as his pockets go
 Up and down while he steps through the snow.
 His fiddle has earned him a goodly fee
 So he whistles an air quite merrily.

"Hark! what do I hear in the thicket there?
 I have startled from sleepsome harmless hare!"
 But no! he stops and sees in surprise
 A pair of glittering fiery eyes.
 "A poor starving dog! But why do you show
 "Your teeth at me? Be off! I say go!
 "What's this? another? one, two, three, four!
 "Wild eyes all around me? more and more!
 "Wolves! fierce, fiery, starving, wild and mad!
 "God save me now! there's no help to be had!"

And through the wood his cries of terror ring,
"Is there no one, no one that help will bring?"
His hair stands on end; on every side
He sees death threaten from jaws flung wide.
He thinks of his fiddle and quickly takes
The friendly bow while his poor heart quakes.
The fiddle he finds and touches the strings,
Far out through the forest a wild tune rings.
It moans and wails like wild, weird thing:
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"
The wolves in wonderment stand and gaze
At his haggard face in blank amaze.
They have hedged their helpless victim in,
Now let the music of death begin.

'Tis life while he plays, but death if he stops,
Or only a second his fiddle he drops.
What an eldric din! what a hell-like strain
He plays to the wolves, though writhing in pain.
Never poor beggar drew bow such as he
Now a roistering tune, or wild melody;
Then a laugh, rough, grating, sonorous thing;
Then a piercing note,—crack! goes a string!
He shuddered and trembled in every limb
While closer approached that death circle grim.
One string is broken, but three yet remain
Alas! woe indeed! the next snaps in twain.
Fainter and fainter the music grows now
While cold drops of blood ooze forth on his brow.
He doubles his force to keep the wolves back
And quickly he hears another string crack!
Like the soul's wild cry when meeting its God,
Is the sound he draws from that one poor cord.
The wolves came near, but with terrible stroke
He drew his bow and the last string broke.
Along with the sound that to silence went
The fierce, hungry howl of the wolves was blent.
He saw them approach from every side
He felt the hot breath of jaws open wide.

"Great God! in thy hands my poor soul I lay."
 And falling backward he fainted away.
 For aught that he knew his lifework was done
 A demoniac howl! A flash from a gun!
 A shot! then a second! The hand that drew
 On the bevy of howling wolves was true.
 And up came the hunters, twenty or so
 And scattered the wolves through the drifted snow.
 And he whom they saved as though from the dead
 Awoke from his swoon as homeward they sped.

At the fiddler's door stands an image fair
 Of the blessed virgin—And near it there
 Is the instrument and the bow whose stroke
 Saved the fiddler's life till the last string broke.

Dolce Far Niente.

SUGGESTIONS. This soulful rhapsody will call into power the true talent of the reader. A person who lacks genius can make nothing out of it.

In my hammock, 'neath the green shade
 Of the water-oaks I lie,
 Gazing upward through the branches
 At the cloud-flakes drifting by;
 And the breezes swing apast me
 With their long and swaggering pace,
 Catch my hair within their fingers,
 Fling it 'cross mine eyes and face;
 While gay butterflies in plenty
 Gild this dolce far niente.

Misty grows the sky above me,
 Tangled seem the waving boughs—
 Am I gazing through my lashes,
 Or a cobweb o'er my brows?
 Green and blue and white are mingled
 Into one confused mass,
 While the butterflies grow bigger
 As they forth and backward pass;
 And the breezes fling nepenthe
 O'er this dolce far niente.

Now the misty mass before me
 Clears a centre, vignette-wise
 And, for picture-border, mingles
 Trees and clouds and butterflies ;
 Far away through yonder frame-work
 Comes a smile to fill that space—
 There are hair and lips and eyes there !
 Aye, it is her bonny face ;
 Her sweet soul, Bright Dream, hath sent
 thee,
 Still my dolce far niente.

Jeannette.

BY RICARE LANE.

SUGGESTIONS. This beautiful poem is to be rendered in a varied action that requires a thorough knowledge of Acting.*

As I light this weed, there comes to me
 The time when I was a lad like you ;
 When my eyes were bright, and my limbs were free,
 And my life had ever a sky of blue ;
 But that was near fifty years ago,
 Yet, lad, I'm grayer than I should be ;
 Yes, let me sit down, I'm tired—so ;
 The way of my life ran thus, you see :

At twenty, a bold, strong youth was I,
 And my rifle was true for every game ;
 And my filly had feet that could fairly fly,
 And—Jeannette—my God!—yes, that was her name,
 And that was the name of my ruin, too,
 The name of my first—last love—Jeannette :
 thought I'd forgot, but it is true,
 That some of us love and never forget.

At twenty I found Jeannette and her eyes
 Down by the mill brook just after the rain ;
 The little stream had taken a rise,
 And the stepping-stones were hidden again.
 Now, my filly had never, in all her days,
 Had the skirt of a woman upon her back ;
 But the lassie's eyes and her gentle ways
 Just won her right over—and me in the pack.

When we'd crossed, she said, " Call your filly Jeannette,
 For that is my name, and she loves me already ;
 And maybe 'twill help you not to forget
 The day she bore me so safe and so steady,"
 I told her my love by that very brook,
 And I made her love me—my love was so wild ;
 She clung to me close, with half-frightened look,
 And said, "How can you so love a child ?"

I told Jeannette I would soon come again
 With money and love for many years ;
 She kissed me, and patted the mare's long mane,
 And we said good-by through our stifled tears,
 But the years were hard, and I had no luck,
 And I had no heart such news to send ;
 Yet I labored on till I found the truck,
 And gathered my thousands for one sweet end.

I was gone just nine long years, to the day—
 For who that loves forgets to count time?—
 And I rode Jeannette from the West all the way,
 To meet—not my love, but a crime, sir, a crime !
 Another had sworn I was lost and dead,
 And had won the girl from my love to his :
 "He comes not, nor sends any word," he said,
 And she, with long waiting, grew weary, I guess.

So, when I came back with my heart and my gold,
 To take my bride to my own cosey nest,
 What should I find but a lie that was told,
 And a blasted hope, as the fruit of my quest !
 She knew me—but it was too late ;
 I would have slain him—but the bright-faced
 Was hers—and his ; so, out of the gate
 I staggered away, I

I read the lines of our mysteried lives,
 And name the future from signs that be ;
 And the secrets of earth, where science dives,
 Of the air and the sea, belong to me :
 But I came to-day to the old churchyard,
 And sat on the stile with the sexton there ;
 And as we talked on—soft heart and hard,
 A woman knelt by a grave as in prayer.

A woman!—Why, what should I say or care ?
 Were not all women dead to me ?
 Yet, as she rose—O Christ!— I swear
 I saw Jeannette's eyes, like the home-rolling sea !
 But, no ; it could not be ; Jeannette
 Must be old, as I, and graying now,
 And this was a woman with dark hair yet,
 And not a wrinkle on her brow.

I went to the grave when she was gone,
 And on the slab my heart was graven :
 "JEANNETTE."—'Twas enough, and I was alone,
 Alone, as of old, in a world woe-paven.—
 What good are books and learning—all—all,
 If love come back with the name on a stone ?
 What good is life when your dead hope's pall
 Comes fluttering down after years of groan ?

I say this weed brings back that life,
 For 'twas my companion for thirty years,
 While I sought to drown my heart's long strife,
 And teach my days to be rid of tears.—
 No, let me go and, if I can,
 Reason out the meaning of life and its fret
 Just now, I should say, God pity the man
 That has loved and lost and can never forget !

The Years of Life.

SUGGESTIONS.—Much can be made out of this by a trained voice, suiting its action to each division of life. Pure tones, thin high pitch, rising inflexions are to be used for the opening verses, and gradually develop into the opposite toward the end.

The wee and weakling years !

When time is new and sweet unto the lip ;
 When steps are toddling, doubtful little things ;
 When stronger fingers lead us, lest we slip ;
 When curls fall o'er our brows in fair, wild rings,
 And kisses press the pure-eyed dears—
 The wee and weakling years !

The light and laughing years !

When summers are as gay-gilt butterflies ;
 When winter's hurry past the Christmas-tide ;
 When ocean seems so friendly, as it lies
 Light-laughing, dimpled, soft and kind and wide ;
 When young Joy in the sunlight steers—
 The light and laughing years !

The bright and bursting years !

When love first falls into the fond, free heart ;
 When passion plays and sways the waxing soul ;
 When lights and shadows o'er our life-way start ;
 When we set aim for our fair-thoughted goal,
 And kiss the Future void of fears—
 The bright and bursting years !

The limped, loving years !

When, flushed with Hope's full rising in our east,
 We glad behold the bright bloom of our home ;
 When ties link 'round and sweeten love's pure feast,
 And heaven o'erhead lifts blue a star-smit dome,
 Through which the sun's soft yellow peers—
 The limped, loving years !

The strong and sturdy years !
 When strength and purpose hold our shoulders straight,
 And, hand to hand, we hew our way along ;
 When misty mornings lift their woeful weight,
 As prayers and deeds pierce starward like a song,
 And our mid-life sweet childhood cheers—
 The strong and sturdy years !

The rich and ripening years !
 When toil has been the sorest in the past ;
 When mellow grow our hearts and hands and eyes !
 When bulwarks of our bearing 'round us cast,
 The tender wall of care, and yonder skies
 Hold records of our toils and tears—
 The rich and ripening years !

The slow, sad-footed years !
 When staff must lend support, and eyes grow dim ;
 When frost hath nipped the raven of our brows ;
 When we are lonely, looking o'er the rim
 Of two worlds—Here and There ; when bent life bows
 And from hid lips the last cail hears—
 The slow, sad-footed years !

The "Thin Red Line."

It is a bit of history, as well as is the "Charge of the Light Brigade," that during the Crimean War, the Ninety-third Scotch Highlanders stood at the mouth of the valley of Balaklava, and repulsed a fearful charge made by Russian Cavalrymen, who seemed to threaten them with sure and total destruction. One who saw that body of brave Scotchmen as they stood at "charge bayonets," while the heavy-hoofed brigade came thundering on, has described them as the "thin red line tipped with steel."

Who could tell, though they stood so well,
 So firm and so fast, at the "mouth of hell,"
 How those few could stay the fearful heel
 Of Heavy Horse that came crushing the sand
 In the deadly vale toward that sentinel band,
 That "thin red line" just "tipped with steel?"

“Steady, lads!”—and a silence fell,
 As, nobly barring the “mouth of hell,”
 Those manful men, like a nation’s keel,
 Stood stolidly while that Russian sea
 Rolled up with destruction and wreck in its glee
 Toward their “thin red line” just “tipped with steel.”

Oh, who can blame, as Death came on,
 If some eyes grew misty, like the dawn
 Upon the Grampian slopes far away,
 As the heathered hills with their perfume came,
 And sweet gone days, and some sweeter name,
 And crowded their memories that terrible day?

It was not fear that dimmed their eyes,
 But the thought—perhaps of the last of the skies
 Of Bonnie Scotland, and olden weal;
 It was not fear, for those Highlanders stood
 On the battle-racked plain like an oaken wood—
 Though a “thin red line” just “tipped with steel.”

Here and there, as the Cavalry rode,
 The break in the “line” too truly showed
 How the aim of the Russians’ thunderous peal
 Had touched the life of the Highland braves,
 Filling Balaklava with graves
 From that “thin red line” just “tipped with steel.”

On, on—great God—no order still!
 The Russians ride victors up the hill!
 Must they die, with no word, ’neath that murderous
 heel?

No!—“Fire!”—and well they fired, and well
 They drove the Northmen back to hell—
 Did that “thin red line” just “tipped with steel.”

Back, back, the Russians rode and fell,
 Back from the “line” through the mouth of hell,”
 As sheep ’neath the lightning fly and reel!

* * * * *

O brave, strong men! to stand so fast,
 Then drive the foeman back with the blast
 Of your “thin red line” just “tipped with steel.”

But some must lie where they fell that day,
 In that death-glutted vale in a land far away—
 No more to fire, no more to feel,
 While the war-smoked few go back to tell
 How the Russian hordes were scattered to hell
 By that "thin red line" just "tipped with steel."

I'll Kiss Him For His Wife.

An incident, during the late War, in the Life of Col. Geo.
 D. Alexander of the Third Arkansas Regiment.

The long-stemmed battle o'er and lost,
 The order came, "Retreat!"
 But many hearts lay cold and still
 On beds of daisies sweet,
 And thrilled no more at the onset bold,
 Nor heard returning feet.

The living left the lonely dead
 Upon the spot they fell,
 And turned with saddened faces back
 The tale of rout to tell;
 But on the kindly daisies there
 The dead slept soft and well.

The steady tramp wore through the night
 Into the cheerless day.
 And wearily they kept the pace
 That led away—away,
 For who could face an iron foe
 That swept their ranks like hay?

Beside the road an officer
 Lay wounded like to death—
 All pallid, faint, and helpless he,
 With scarcely strength for breath;
 And 'twas his company plodding by,
 As one to the others saith:

“ Be easy, boys ; there lies the man
Who led us in the fight ;
We love him, and we won't pass on
Until we've done him right ;
Come softly, shake our Captain's hand,
For he'll be dead ere night.”

And boys, the flower of Arkansas,
From text-books to the ranks,
Filed past, with misty eyes, upon
The Shenandoah's banks,
And gently pressed their Captain's hand—
And meanwhile damned the Yanks.

A big, gruff, bearded Irishman
Brought up the rearmost file,
And knelt beside the suffering man,
And sobbed and sobbed the while ;
And as that farewell band looked on,
Through tears there came a smile.

The Sergeant turned unto the boys,
His face with grief full rife :
“ Begorra ! boys,” while they gazed down
On that fast-waning life,
“ We'll niver see the Cap'n agin—
I'll kiss him for his wife !”

The kiss of that rough soldier there
Thrilled through the Captain's soul,
And started fresh the sluggish life
From heart-fount to its goal :
And one less grave kind Nature sods
By Shenandoah's roll.

The Isle of Love.

SUGGESTIONS.—Use a pure quality of voice, with slow and quiet gestures.

I know an Isle of wondrous light
Uprisen on the bosom bright
 Of yonder sea of Pleasure,
Whose laughing wavelets, ne'er at rest,
Break soft from its beripple-d breast
On that white-washed shore to test
 The music of their measure.

Through emerald vales the vagrant brooks
Search out the daisy-banks, and nooks
 Where lilies bloom the whitest ;
Then wander on with sweet refrain,
With laughter that hath ne'er a pain,
Until they join the laughing main,
 Where sunshine is the brightest.

Fair-mated to the dales are hills
Whose gentle height my vision fills
 With tender dreams of bliss ;
For from their top one cannot find
Aught other shore his sea hath lined—
That Isle alone hath been entwined
 With Pleasure's lavish kiss.

This gentle Isle?—'Tis far away ;
But I can hear the sea-song play
 Upon its shelly shore.
I ne'er have seen it but I know
It by the dreams that come and go—
The visions bright that o'erflow
 My lone heart evermore.

Perhaps, alone in my fair dreams,
I'll sail beneath the lucid beams,
 That glorify that spot ;
Perhaps, with spirit-ken alone,
When I have passed earth's restless moan,
I'll gaze where its pure stars have shone
 On some who won that lot.

A Traveling Liar.

SUGGESTIONS. The following is an excellent selection of a humorous nature for public readers who desire to study the art of personating a variety of characters. The book entitled "Lessons in Facial Expression" gives a full course of instruction in the art of impersonation.

One afternoon in September, as I was toiling over a rocky trail in the Smoky mountains, which range of the Blue Ridge separates Tennessee and North Carolina for many miles, a girl about 13 years of age, bareheaded, barefooted and having on a single garment made of cheap stuff, suddenly jumped into the road a few feet ahead of me, fell down, rolled over, lost her ho'd on a bundle of roots and barks and was up and off like a shot. She passed me without seeming to see me, and next minute a bear came rolling out of the bushes upon the spot she had covered. I had a big revolver, and I had it handy, and bruin was dead before he could suspect how my hair stood on end and my legs wobbled. He wasn't fifteen feet away, and he looked as big as a yearling calf and even if I did shoot with my eyes shut he would have been ashamed of me if I had failed to kill him. He was kicking his last when the girl came back, regarded him with bulging eyes for a moment, and then said :

"Lordy ! but I thought I was a goner. Who be you'un ?"

"Oh, I happened along here. Why didn't you scream ?"

"Couldn't. I hadn't wind 'nuff."

"How far did he chase you ?"

"A right smart."

"Well, who are you ?"

"Susan. Come up to the house."

She picked up the lost bundle and started on ahead, and a quarter of a mile above we came to a cove and the inevitable mountaineer's cabin.

We had just arrived when the husband came home, having been off on a hunt, and the girl braced up, got a rest for her back against the house, and told the story as follows :

"Got my roots tied up. B'ar cum for me. Took a run. Met he 'un. He 'un never run 'tall. Heard him shoot—pop! pop! pop! Went back. B'ar was dead. Told he 'un to come up and see we 'uus. Gin him yer paw, pap."

"Stranger," said the man as he came over to me with outstretched hand, "put it thar! Recon you saved that gal's life for shuah. Mam, give him yer paw."

"Ize thankful, shore I am," she said as we shook hands.

In the evening three or four mountaineers dropped in, one of whom was accompanied by his wife. The women used their snuff sticks, the men lighted their pipes, and as a starter the host turned to me with :

"Stranger, we 'uns want to know if—if"——

He couldn't get it out.

"You want to know what I'm doing here," I suggested.

"That's it."

"Well I'm traveling for health and to see how you people live."

"Whar' from?"

"Michigan."

"Stranger, whar' is that Michigan?"

"North of Ohio."

"Many people up thar?"

"P.enty."

"Twenty Thousand?"

"Detroit alone has ten times that number."

He winked at each man in turn, and I heard the visiting female exclaim to herself :

"Oh, Lord! please forgive him fur lyin'."

"Been on a steamboat, I reckon?" queried the host, after a time.

"Yes."

"More'n one?"

"Fifty, I presume."

He winked again, and the visiting female sighed :

"Oh, my soul, but what a dreadful liar."

"Mebbe you have seen the ocean?" remarked one of the men after a signal to the rest that he would draw me out.

"I have."

"Regular ocean?"

"Yes."

There were three whistles of astonishment, the visiting female clasped her hands and appealed :

"Oh, Lord! don't lay it up agin him this time, for he killed the b'ar!"

It was now the turn of an old man, who had thus far preserved the strictest silence. He cleared his throat, uncrossed his legs and observed.

"And I reckon you may hev' sawn the President?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! You hev!" exclaimed all in chorus.

"Certainly, and shaken hands with him."

"Oh, Lordy! Oh, my soul! but how has he got the nerve to lie so?" whispered the women, while the others uttered a sort of a groan over my wickedness.

There was a deep silence for several minutes, and then the visiting female leaned forward and said to her husband across the room:

"Joseph, ax him about balloons an' telephones."

"I have seen a balloon." I replied.

"Lands! but listen to him!"

"And I have talked through a telephone."

"How many times?"

"Five hundred."

The women dropped their snuff sticks, and each man half started up. They looked from one to another and then at me, and by and by the visiting female slipped off her chair with the words.

"Poore an' needy feller sinners, let us pray for him."

And I'm stating the solemn truth when I tell you that prayer went clean around the room, and it was all for my benefit.

Next day when I was ready to go the mountaineer gave me a hearty shake of the hand, called the children up to bid good-by, and as I started off he whispered:

"If you stop with any of the boys to-night, cut it off short whar' ye saw the ocean. The hull of it is too much for one dose!"

The Female Missionary.

SUGGESTIONS. The following selection was recently rendered as an encore with very fine effect by an elocutionist. It is one of many hundreds of selections which depend, not on itself, so much as on the individuality of the reader. In fact many a dull and apparently uninteresting piece is worse than tedious in the hands of a careless or untrained reader, while a skillful person, or one of very strong individuality

is able to keep an audience in a roar. The present selection will require considerable study to bring good results from it, and for that reason it has been published. The individuality of a person is one half the genius of a good reading. Obscure pieces will develop it. Practice the following aloud for a month, going over it carefully and slowly two or three times each day.

She went around and asked subscriptions,
For the black Egyptians,
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did ;

For the tribes around Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did.

She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians
And the Borriobooli-Ghali-ans,
And the poor dear Amahaggar,
Yes, it did ;

And she loved the dark Numidian,
And the ebon Abyssinian,
And the charcoal colored Guinean,
Oh, she did !

And she said she'd cross the seas
With a ship of bread and cheese
For those starving Chimpanzees
Sure, she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian
And the poor half-melted Feejeean,
And the dear Mo-lucca Islander,
She did ;

She sent fruit and canned tomato
To the tribes beyond the Equator,—
But her husband ate potato,
So he did ;

The poor helpless, homeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

Lasca.

SUGGESTIONS. The first portion of this dramatic selection should be given with fire and enthusiasm. On the mention of Lasca, the voice and action should become very tender and beautiful until the drawing of the dagger, when the tones are aspirated, the face full of horror, and the hands come to the heart as though stabbed. The voice brightens and darkens all through the selection and should pass through a dozen, at least, of the Shaftesbury Qualities,*—(forty-two in all).

On the words "The air was heavy, the night was hot," the voice suddenly becomes dark and aspirate, and slightly guttural. From this on the action very gradually becomes more intense and excited, accompanied by a slowly growing climax of voice, which culminates with terrific thunder tones on the line "For we rode for our lives!" The last line, "Lasca was dead" is given with stifled sobs.

I want free life and I want fresh air ;
 And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
 The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
 The mellow of horns and hoofs and heads
 That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads ;
 The green beneath and the blue above,
 And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca ! Lasca used to ride
 On a mouse gray mustang, close to my side,
 With blue *scrape* and bright-belled spur ;
 I laughed with joy when I looked at her !
 Little knew she of books or creeds ;
 An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
 Little she cared, save to be by my side,
 To ride with me, and ever to ride,
 From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
 She was as bold as the billows that beat,
 She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
 From her little head to her little feet
 She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
 By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,
 That grows on the edge on a Kansas bluff,
 And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
 Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

*See Lessons in "VOICE CULTURE," Two Dollars, in Book Form. Address Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,

One Sunday in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her clothing a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp !—it made me stagger,
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night ;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown ;
Her hair was darker than her eye ;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot—forgot ;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest ;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon ;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight ;
And woe to the rider and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede !
Was that thunder ? No, by the Lord !
I sprang to my saddle without a word,
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away on a hot chase down the wind !
But never was fox-hunt alf so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on ;
 There is one chance left, and you have but one—
 Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse ;
 Crouch under his carcass and take your chance ;
 And if the steers, in their frantic course
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
 You may thank your star ; if not good-by
 To the quickening kiss and the long drawn sigh,
 And the open air and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us and then I felt
 For my old six-shooter, behind my belt,
 Down came the mustang, and down came we,
 Clinging together, and—what was the rest ?
 A body that spread itself on my breast,
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed ;
 Then came thunder in my ears
 As over us surged the sea of steers ;
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise
 Lasca was dead.

NOTE. As the climax is reached here, it is better to end the selection at this place. The last verse, although beautiful, is tiresome after the action just given.

The Cobble-uns 'll git you.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is only for a young lady, who can impersonate the mannerisms of a child. Children generally raise the brows and purse the lips while telling "news." The shoulders are also active. The eyes are full of wonderment and the face lengthens in the solemn parts, which should be given staccato. The children's methods of emphasis are generally by drawing a word.

Little orphan Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an'
 sweep
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board
 an' keep ;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun,
 A list'nin to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you,
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

Onct there was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs
 An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
 His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
 bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivers down he was't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby hole an'
 press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I
 guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-a-bout!
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin,
 An' onct, when they was "company," an' ole folks was
 there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care !
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great, big, black things a standin by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
 what she's about.
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' little Orphan Annie says when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp wick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lighten' bugs in dew is all squenched away,
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
 An' cherish them 'at loves you an' dry the orphan's tears,
 An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you,

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Sweet Pansies.

(AN EASTER RECITATION.)

SUGGESTION.—This beautiful selection has few equals in the world of recitations. The character of the reader will give it a tender, pathetic, solemn rendering, if such character is present; otherwise all efforts will be lost in the attempt to recite it

A little Flower Girl (hungry oft and cold)
 With wistful eyes, and locks of tangled gold:
 She sold fresh pansies in the city street:
 So sweet her face, her little voice so sweet,
 Crying "Sweet Pansies! Pansies!" up and down,
 Folks called her "Little Heartsease" in the town.

The happy Easter-time had come again,
 The streets were full of eager, busy men,
 With hurrying feet, that still would come and pass,
 Too busy now to heed the little lass,
 Though "Pansies" still "Sweet Pansies" was her cry.
 Poor little Heartsease! no one stayed to buy.

Now night drew on, the west glowed bright with gold
And purple light, and yet, with flowers unsold,
Wee Heartsease wandered in the waning light
Still pleading for her pansies fresh and bright.
Her load seemed heavy, and her little feet
Ached on the pavement of the crowded street.

“Poor Pansies!” said the weary little maid,
“I love you so, and yet you all must fade,
For they are too busy now to buy
Too glad and busy—I remember why—
Ah! yes, I know, for I have heard folks say,
That our dear Lord will rise on Easter-day.

And someone told me once for sure they knew,
He loves the flowers and the children too,
With flowers, I know they make the churches fine,
Would he I wonder care for mine?”
She smiled and whispered as the day grew dim
“Yes I will take my pretty flowers to him.”

So Heartsease hastened through the grave-yard gate,
And leaned upon a low green mound to wait,
She laid her pansies on a grey stone tomb.
“I will wait here,” she said “and he will come,
Then I will say to him: Lord Jesus! see
The flowers a little child has brought for Thee.”

She raised her hands, and cried, “Lord Jesus! take
The flowers I carried here for thy dear sake.”
The master smiled and took her by the hand,
“Come, little one,” He said, “My garden-land
Grows trees and blossoms lovelier by far,
Than any earthly trees or blossoms are.”

And when the day dawned, and the East was red,
The sun touched lovingly the golden head,
The sweet, shut eyes, and mouth that softly smiled,
So very weary was that little child!
Her body sleeps—(those eyes will ne'er uncloze)
For Heartsease left it when the Master rose.

Bill Nye's Defence of Shakespeare.

AN ORATION.

SUGGESTIONS. A person who owns any book on "Facial Expression," will be enabled to impersonate Bill Nye in this piece. All others should render it after the style of a bombastic orator.

Trusting that it will not in any way impair the sale of Mr. Donnelly's book, I desire to offer here a few words in favor of the theory that William Shakespeare wrote his own works and thought his own thoughts. The time has fully arrived when we humorists ought to stand by each other.

I do not undertake to stand up for the personal character of Shakespeare, but I say that he wrote good pieces and I don't care who knows it. It is doubtless true that at the age of eighteen he married a woman eight years his senior, and that children began to cluster about their hearthstone in a way that would have made a man in a New York flat commit suicide. Three little children within fourteen months, including twins, came to the humble home of the great Bard and he began to go out and climb upon the haystack to do his writing. Sometimes he would stay away from home for two or three weeks at a time, fearing that when he entered the house some one would tell him that he was again a parent.

Much has been said of Mr. Shakespeare's coarse, irregular and vulgar penmanship, which, it is claimed shows the ignorance of its owner, and hence his inability to write the immortal plays. Let us compare the signature of Shakes-

peare with that of Mr. Greeley, and we notice a wonderful similarity. There is the same weird effort in both cases to out-cryptogam Old Cryptogamus himself, and enshrine immortal thought and heaven-born genius in a burglar-proof panoply of worm fences, and a chirography that reminds the careful student of the general direction taken in returning to Round Knob, N. C., by a correspondent who visited the home of a moonshiner with a view toward ascertaining the general tendency of home-brewed whiskey to fly to the head.

If we judge Shakespeare by his signature, not one of us will be safe. Death will wipe out our fame with a wet sponge; John Hancock in one hundred years from now will be regarded as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and Compendium Gaskell as the author of the New York Tribune.

I have every reason to believe that, while William Shakespeare was going about the streets of London, poor but brainy, erratic but smart, baldheaded but filled with a nameless yearning to write a play with real water and a topical song in it, Francis Bacon was practicing on his signature, getting used to the full arm movement, spoiling sheet after sheet of paper, trying to make a violet swan on a red woven wire mattress of shaded loops without taking his pen off the paper and running the rebus column of a business college paper.

Poets are born, not made, and many of them are born with odd, and even disagreeable characteristics. Some men are born poets, while it is true that some acquire poetry while others have poetry thrust upon them. Poetry is like the faculty, if I may so denominate it, of being able to voluntarily move the ears. It is a gift. It cannot be taught to others.

The thing that has done more to injure Shakespeare in the eyes of the historian than aught else, perhaps, was his seeming neglect of his wife.

Shakespeare in his own will gave to his wife his second-best bed, and that was all. When we remember that it was a bed that sagged in the middle, and that it operated by means of a bed-cord which had to be tightened and tuned

up twice a week, we will be forced to admit that William did not passionately love his wife.

I cannot show Shakespeare's talent better at this time than by telling of his first appearance on the stage as I remember it. He came quietly before the footlights with a roll of carpet under one arm and a tack-hammer under the other. In those days it was customary to nail down stage carpets, and while doing so "Shake," as we all called him, then, knocked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the audience.

During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Bacon's sphere was different from Shakespeare's. While Bacon was in the senate, living high and courting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantaloons and play Falstaff at a one night stand. Is it likely that Bacon, breathing the perfumed air of the capitol and chucking the treasury girls under the chin ever and anon, hungered for the false joys of the underpaid and underscored dramatist? Scarcely! That is one reason why I prefer to take the side of Shakespeare rather than the side of Bacon.

The Jealous Wife.

SUGGESTIONS—The change of voice from a very loving, tender, confiding tone, to an aggrieved, indignant one requires skilful work. As each mode of death is determined on the face and action should show an immediate intention of doing it; then the objection should be given slowly and with repugnance. The super-politeness of the French druggist should be given with much gesticulation, smiling and blandness. This is a very interesting selection.

John loved his young wife as the flower loves dew,
 She felt she could not live without him,
 He vowed that to her he would ever be true—
 He vowed as the rest of young husbands do,
 She vowing she never would doubt him.

One morning John left, through a habit pernicious,
 His overcoat down in the hall :
 "Ahem !" quoth the wife, "the occasion's propitious
 To test John's fidelity ; though not suspicious,
 I'll peep in his pockets, that's all !"

"A bundle of letters ? and tied with a bow ?
 The perfume is attar of roses !
 Ah, they're from his mother, who worships him so ;
 Although not inquisitive, I'd like to know
 Just how she begins, and how closes."

"My precious love ! Just what I used to say !
 'From Helen, your own until death !'
 Why, that's not his mother's name—"Caroline May" ?
 And why has he torn off the envelopes, pray ?
 Suspicion quite shortens my breath !"

"The goose that I am—"Tis some sweet heart of old !
 Oh, I'm not suspicious or weak !
 How foolish to doubt him,—the date would have told ;
 And yet they're not musty, there's no trace of mold,—
 Great heavens ! they're dated this week !"

"They're burning with love ! Oh, my poor heart will
 break !
 While I'm scarcely more than a bride,
 My John to prove false !—O the villian, the rake !
 I'll quickly repair to my chamber and take
 That last step in life—suicide !

"I'd leap from the window—but as it's not dark
 I'd look such a fright in the fall !
 I'd die by his pistol, but when cold and stark
 There'd be on my temple a black powder-mark,
 And a horrid great hole from the ball !"

"My corpse mutilated would spoil the effect,
 For I must look lovely in death !
 'Cut my throat with his razor ?—O, let me reflect—
 'Twould sever my windpipe, and then, I expect,
 I never could draw my last breath !"

“Should I drown myself down where the water runs clear,
 By the mill in the deep placid race,
 The fishes would eat me !—no ! no ! then I fear
 I’ll have to hang up by the big chandelier,
 But then I’ll turn black in the face !”

“I’ll ask the French druggist, just over the way,
 For something to poison the cat.
 The gripings and spasms are dreadful, they say,—
 But poison I’ll take without any delay,
 Though it do puff me up like a rat !”

“O, tell me, thou prince of all druggists and leechers,
 What poisons you keep in this place
 For rats, those unhappy—I mean pesky creatures,
 To let them die easy, not puff up their features,
 Nor make them turn black in the face !”

“Ah ! madam, I geeve you ze grandest powdaire
 Zat make ze rat sweetaire ven deat ;
 Zo much you feel sorry you keel him, *by* gaire !
 Ze rat die so zgently, you see him, you swear
 He vas only asleep in ze bet !”

“Vairs small, leetal pinch eez a dose ;—Vat you geef
 Depend on ze size of ze rat.
 Ze rat, ven he leetal eez vaire sen-sa-tief ;
 Von biege rat, deesconsolate, no vish to leef,
 Zjust gief him a teaspoon of zat !”

At home in her chamber, the poison she took ;
 And rolling in agony lay,
 When John coming back for that coat on the hook,
 Fast mounted the stairs with an agonized look
 Where his wife groaned in sweet disarray.

“Why, Mame, what’s the matter ?” “O John ! pray explain

These letters I found in your coat ?”

“That coat is my partners, worn home in the rain !”

“Not yours ? [screams] quick ? I’m poisoned ! ’tis rack-
 ing my brain !

To the druggist ! get some antidote !”

To the druggist he rushed—"quick! you've poisoned my Mame!"

Said the Frenchman—"Keep on ze apparel!
She vant ze rat poison—oh! I know ze game—
Vat don't black ze face of ze rat! Ven she came
Ze powdaire of sugaire I gave! All ze same
She vill live, eef she eat ze whole barrel."

Kissing.

BY PROF. L. R. HAMBERLIN.

SUGGESTIONS—To be rendered with Dundreary lisp and drawl. Each "s" is pronounced "th". Thus "once" is "onth". "Was" is "wath". "R" is "w"; Thus dreary is "dweawy". A slight stammer is effective. Prof. S. S. Hamill of Chicago says: "It is worth the price of admission to an evening's entertainment to hear Prof. S. S. Hamberlin's recitation of his poem, "Kissing," a parody on the "Raven."

Once upon a midnight dreary, ere December's winds grew weary,

I was sitting on a sofa with my girl behind the door;
Vainly there I had been trying, with entreaties and with sighing,

And my soul was almost dying, for the kiss I did implore;
Oh, to kiss that pretty creature! merely this I said before,
i "Only this and nothing more!"

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

While each separate corn-cob ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,

How I tried, till near the morrow, how I tried, in vain, to borrow

Just one smáck—but, oh! I sorrow, sorrow as I think it o'er:

"Just one little kiss, my Darling!" this I pleaded o'er and o'er,

But she answered, "Talk no more."

Here, the doggone, quick, uncertain rustling of a window curtain

Thrilled me, filled with paternal terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the breathing of my heart, I stood repeating :

“’Tis some stranger, cold, entreating entrance, but he’s missed the door ;

Some poor stranger, cold, entreating entrance, but he’s missed the door—

Probably this and nothing more.”

There awhile I stood to listen, and I thought I saw eyes glisten,

Thought I saw the old man’s frownings through the window shutters pour ;

And the fact is, I was frightened, when, all suddenly, it lightened,

And the window by it brightened, while a light fell ’cross the floor,

For I thought it was a lantern throwing light across the floor—

But ’twas lightning, nothing more.

But I tell you I was “skeered” up, and my brain was slightly stirred up—

Dreamings of that old man’s boots aroused me then as ne’er before ;

For I oft had been forbidden, by her father been forbidden Ever to be found there hidden with that girl behind the door,

And I thought that he had caught me with his girl behind the door,

But ’twas lightning, nothing more.

Backward to the sofa turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I took to begging for the boon I asked before ;
For, that beauteous girl beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
I sraightway went to piling stronger prayers than e’er before ;

And she tumbled toward me, saying, “only one, then ask no more”—

Then we kissed behind the door !

Whoop! ye gods! and fiends of evil!—May I never see the
Devil,

If I did not feel that minute, nettles hot that made me
roar!

I had knelt to kiss a maiden, and my soul was in an Aidenn,
When my back was sudden laden with whip-lashes falling
sore!

And my soul recoiled within me at those lashes falling
sore—

These I felt and nothing more.

But that whip was sign of parting, and I quickly set to
starting,

With no hat in double-time, too, out the opening of that
door:—

I had blue stripes as a token of that anger never spoken;
And, sometimes, there is a broken, funny itching as of
yore

Now I vow I'll kiss no other till I've closed and locked
the door—

Oh, no! never—nevermore!

La Belle Tromboniste.

SUGGESTIONS.—This exquisite little poem is capable of the finest order of talent. The descents from the sublime to the ridiculous should be marked by sharp changes of voice and manner, in the first two stanzas. In the third, on the words "She's awake," the face lights up with expectant pleasure; but on the words "Goodness sake," the hands go to the ears, and the features show violent pain. The changes of Facial Expression* are requisite for a truly PROFESSIONAL rendering of the selection.

How grave she sits and toots

In the glare!

From her dainty bits of boots

To her hair,

Not the sign remotest shows

If she either cares or knows

How the beer-imbibing beaux

Sit and stare.

*Lessons in the art of FACIAL EXPRESSION, Price Ten Dollars, in Book Form; fully illustrated from photographs. Address Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

She leans upon her chin
 (Not a toot),
 While the leading violin
 And the flute
 Wail and plead in low duet
 Till, it may be eyes are wet,
 She her trombone doth forget—
 She is mute.

The music louder grows ;
 She's awake !
 She applies her lips and blows—
 Goodness sake !
 To think that such a peal
 From such throat and frame ideal,
 From such tender lips could steal—
 Takes the cake !

The dinning cymbals shrill
 Kiss and clash.
 Drum and kettle drum at will
 Roll and crash.
 But that trombone over all
 Toots unto my heart a call ;—
 Maid petite, and trombone tall
 It's a mash !

Yet, I hesitate for lo,
 What a pout !
 She's poetic : and I know
 I am stout.
 In her little room would she
 On her trombone, tenderly,
 Sit and toot as thus to me ?—
 Ah, I doubt !

The Murderer.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be recited in a sitting position, as though in chains ; and suddenly springing to the feet on

the words :—"Away, ye fiends," and, later on, while uttering the words "they come, they come," staggering back as though to avoid them. The last line should be accompanied by the stage fall, if there is a curtain.

Ye glittering stars ! how fair ye shine to-night,
 And O, thou beauteous moon ! thy fairy light
 Is peeping thro' those iron bars so near me.
 How silent is the night—how clear and bright !
 I nothing hear, nor ought there is to hear me.
 Shunned by all, as if the world did fear me ;
 Alone in chains ! Ah, me ! the cursed spell
 That brought me here. Heaven could not cheer me
 Within these walls—within this dark, cold cell,
 This gloomy, dreary, solitary hell.

And thou, so slow, O Time ! so passing slow ;
 Keeping my soul in bondage, in this woe
 So torturing—this uncontrollable pain ;
 Was I to blame ? I was, they say. Then so
 Be it. Will this deep sanguinary stain
 Of my dark crime forever haunt my brain ?
 Must I live here and never, never hear
 The sweetness of a friendly voice again ?
 Must I this torture feel year after year ?
 Live, die in hell, and Paradise so near ?

Away, ye fiends ! Why at me now ? Am I
 Not hardened yet ? Am I not fit for hell ? Why
 Test me again ? O, horrors, hear the groans
 Of tortured victims ! Ah ! see them lie
 Bleeding and in chains ! Hear the mocking moans
 Of the madden'd demons, in deep, wild tones !
 See them hurl their victims into the hot mire !
 Now see the devils dance ! What ! Are they stones !
 Have they no hearts, no love, no kind desire ?
 Fearfully revelling midst Jehovah's fire !

Cries, cries ! horrible cries assail my ears !
 I see her ! My murdered victim now appears
 Before me ! Hear her pleading for mercy ;
 Ah ! see her stare, with eyes swollen with tears ;

But he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main ;
"What is wealth ?" the King would say,
"Even this will pass away."

'Mid the pleasures of his court,
At the zenith of their sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests ;
Seated midst the figs and wine
Said the King : "Ah friends of mine ;
" Pleasure comes, but not to stay—
"Even this will pass away."

Woman, fairest ever seen,
Was the bride he crowned as queen.
Pillowed on the marriage bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said :
"Though no monarch ever pressed
Fairer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh is only clay—
Even this will pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javlin pierced his shield :
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him, bleeding, to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried ;
"But, with patience, day by day,
Even this will pass away."

Towering in a public square,
Forty cubits in the air,
Stood his statue—carved in stone—
And the King, disguised, unknown,
Gazed upon his sculptured name,
And he asked him—"What is fame ?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this will pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
 Waiting at the gates of gold,
 Said he, with his dying breath,
 "Life is done, but what is death?"
 Then, as answer to the King,
 Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
 Showing by a heavenly ray,
 "Even this will pass away."

Aunt Charity Ruminates.

BY MRS. T. R. JONES.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is excellent for negro dialect, and stands in the front rank in this line. A negro voice is oral, and the consonants are mostly swallowed by the vowels.

I jes want to be religious.
 In along wid all de rest,
 And jine de church, and be baptized,
 And forever more be blest.
 But I'll declar to goodness,
 I am flusterated so,
 Dat I'm all mixed up and pestered,
 And I don't know whar to go.
 First, de Presbyterians tell me
 Not to kick up any row,
 If de Lawd is gwine to save me,
 He will do it anyhow ;
 Hits no use to make a racket,
 Er to holler, er to cry ;
 Dat when de ship of Zion
 Comes a-sailin' grandly by
 If I'se been "pretesternated"
 And is one of de elect,
 Dat dey'll reach way down and grab me,
 And den hist me on de deck ;
 And, dat when I gets good started,
 I'se to keep straight on de way,
 Fer I'll never cross de ocean,
 If I starts new every day.

Den de Baptists next, dey gits me,
 And dey takes me to de pool,
 And dey say to me : "Now Charity,
 Don't you go and be a fool,
 You sati'fy your conscience,
 And be sure you do what's right ;
 You go into dat water, child ;
 Clean under—out er sight ;
 Den come along and 'mude wid us,
 And peace and comfort find."
 But I tought I'd see de Mefodists,
 'Lore I made up all my mind.

Den de Mefodists, day takes me
 To de new bush arbor tent,
 And dey puts me wid the moaners
 Fer to weep and to repent,
 And dey tells me when I's happy,
 Jes to let it pop right out ;
 Not to be feared ob no one
 But to turn right loose and shout.
 Den part on 'em dey tells me,
 When I does climb into grace,
 I must cling dar like a turkle,
 Er I'll fall down from my place ;
 Den some say dat dey wouldn't sin,
 Not eveu if dey could ;
 And a right smart un em couldn't
 Not even if they would.
 But I does de family washin'
 Fer a man dats sanctified,
 And his wife makes all de fires,
 And splits all the wood beside.
 So I goes home to my cabin,
 And I falls down on my knees,
 And I raise my hands to heav'm,
 And I ask de Master please
 To forgive me for de many
 And de wicked tings I done.
 And to overlook my meanness
 Fer de sake of his dear Son.

And I tells de heav'mly Fader
 Dat I don't know nothing 'bout,
 Dere 'lections, and dere 'mersions
 And ere fallins "in and out."

Den it seemed all in a minute,
 Dat de load was took away ;
 And I felt all good and easy
 And I heard a soft voice say :
 "Charity, poor old cretur,
 Don't you bodder your old head
 Wid dere creeds, belief, and doctrines,
 But jes look to me instead,
 And dough your sins be scarlet,
 And your skin black as a coal,
 Your Savior who redeemed you,
 Will surely save your soul.
 Thust in God, and pay your debts
 Do all the good you can,
 And you'll have the best religion
 Dat was ever given man.

And I understand dat preachin
 And I's learned wid all de rest,
 Dat, dough religious talkin's good,
 Religious livin's best.

Too Many Of We.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a sweet, sad, mournful selection, capable of bringing tears to all eyes. The voice must be quiet in tone, and full of sighing inflections.

"Mama, is there too many of we?
 The little girl asked with a sigh,
 Perhaps you wouldn't be tired you see,
 If a few of your child's should die."

She was only three years old—this one
 Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
 As she saw the mother's impatient frown
 At the children's boisterous play.

There were a half dozen who round her stood
And the mother was sick and poor ;
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,
And fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place,
For the little one least of all :
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face,
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Claire
In her tiny white trundle bed
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so,
When there ain't so many of we.

And the dear little daughter who went away,
From the home that for once was stilled
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

The Hero of the Tower.

SUGGESTIONS.—This poem by Will Carleton is one of the author's best. It is published by Harper and Brother of New York, in the new collection of poems by the author, called *City Legends*, and is used in this book by permission, as is the next recitation. It is after the style of "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night," but is much newer. The decrepitude of the old man, and the life and fire of the lover must be carefully distinguished.

THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Long time ago, when Austria was young,
There came a herald to Vienna's gates,
Bidding the city fling them open wide
Upon a certain day; for then the king
Would enter, with his shining retinue.

But the old sexton of St. Joseph's Church
Moped dull and sulky through the smiling crowd,
A blot upon the city's pleasure-page.
The old man slowly walked until he came
Unto the market-place; then feebly stopped,
As if to talk; and a crowd gathered soon,
As men will, when a man has things to say.

And thus he spoke: "For fifty years and more,
I have been sexton of St. Joseph's Church;
And no procession, in these fifty years,
Has marched the streets with aught like kingly tread,
But on the summit of St. Joseph's spire
I stood erect and waved a welcome flag.
But I am old;
What can I do?—the flag must not be missed
From the cathedral's summit! I've no son,
Or he should bear the banner, or my curse.
I have a daughter; she shall wave the flag!

"And this is how my child shall wave the flag:
Ten suitors has she; and the valiant one
Who, strong of heart and will, can climb that perch,
And do what I so many times have done,
Shall take her hand from mine at his descent.
Speak up, Vienna lads! and recollect
How much of loveliness faint heart e'er won."

Then there was clamor in the callow breasts
Of the Vienna youth; for she was far
The sweetest blossom of that city's vines.
Many a youngster's eye climbed furtively
Where the frail spire-tip trembled in the breeze,
Then wandered to the cot wherein she dwelt;

But none spoke up, till Gabriel Petersheim,
Whose ear his proclamation strange had reached,
Came rushing through the crowd, and boldly said :

‘I am your daughter’s suitor, and the one
She truly loves ; but scarce can gain a smile
Until I win her father’s heart as well ;
And you, old man, have frowned on me, and said
I was too young, too frivolous, too wild,
And had not manhood worthy of her hand.
Mark me to-morrow as I mount yon spire,
And mention, when I bring the flag to you,
Whether ’twas ever waved more gloriously.’

High on the giddy pinnacle, next day
Waited the youth ; but not till evening’s sun
Marched from the western gates, that tardy king
Rode past the church. And though young Gabriel’s nerves
Were weakened by fatigue and want of food,
He pleased the people’s and the monarch’s eye.

Now, when the kingly pageant all had passed,
He folded up the flag, and with proud smiles
And prouder heart prepared him to descend.
But the small trap-door through which he had crept,
Had by some rival’s hand been barred ! and he,
With but a hair-breadth’s space where he might cling,
Was left alone, to live there, or to die.

He shouted, but no answer came to him.
Not even an echo, on that lofty perch,
He waved his hands in mute entreaty ; but
The darkness crept between him and his friends.

Hour after hour went by, and still he held—
Weak, dizzy, reeling—to his narrow perch.
It was a clear and queenly summer night ;
And every star seemed hanging from the sky,
As if ’twere bending down to look at him.
And thus he prayed to the far-shining stars :

“O million worlds, peopled perhaps like this,
 Can you not see me, clinging helpless here?
 Can you not flash a message to some eye,
 Or throw your influence on some friendly brain,
 To rescue me?”—A million sweet-eyed stars
 Gave smiles to the beseecher, but no help.

And so the long procession of the night
 Marched slowly by, and each scarce hour was hailed
 By the great clock beneath; and still he clung.
 He moaned, he wept, he prayed again; he prayed—
 Grown desperate and half raving in his woe—
 To everything in earth, or air, or sky:
 To the fair streets, now still and silent grown;
 To the cold roofs, now stretched 'twixt him and aid;
 To the dumb, distant hills that heedless slept;
 To the white clouds that slowly fluttered past;
 To his lost mother in the sky above;
 And then he prayed to God.

About that time,
 The maiden, who, half anxious and half piqued,
 That her through all the evening he not sought,
 Had sunk into a restless, thorn-strown sleep,
 Dreamed that she saw her lover on the tower,
 Clinging for life; and with a scream uprose,
 And rushed to the old sexton's yielding door,
 Granting no peace to him until he ran
 To find the truth, and give the boy release.

An hour ere sunrise he crept feebly down,
 Grasping the flag, and claiming his fair prize.
 But what a wreck to win a blooming girl!
 His cheeks were wrinkled, and of yellow hue;
 His eyes were sunken; and his curling hair
 Gleamed white as snow upon the distant Alps.

But the young maiden clasped his weary head
 In her white arms, and soothed him like a child;
 And said, ‘You lived a life of woe for me
 Up on the spire, and now look old enough
 Even to please my father; but ere long
 I'll nurse you back into your youth again.’”

And soon the tower bells sung his wedding song.
 The old-young man was happy ; and they both,
 Cheered by the well-earned bounty of the king,
 Lived many years within Vienna's gates.

True to Brother Spear.

SUGGESTIONS.—No selection of this character has ever excelled the following humorous poem of Will Carleton's. The cracked guttural falsetto tone is the most appropriate for the character. This quality of voice was the source of an immense fortune to Mr. Sol Smith Russell, who uses it a great deal. It may be learned from the book on "Voice Culture" by Edmund Shaftesbury.*

I can't decide why Brother Spear
 Was never joined to me ;
 It wasn't because the good old dear
 Hadn't every chance to be !
 If Poetry remarked, one time,
 That "Womanhood is true,"
 It's more than probable that I'm
 The one it had in view ;
 For search the city, low and high,
 Inquire, both far and near—
 There's none will say but what that I
 Was true to Brother Spear !

I mothered all his daughters when
 Their mamma's life cut short,
 Although they didn't—now or then—
 So much as thank me for't ;
 I laughed down my interior rage,
 And said I didn't care,
 When his young son, of spank'ble age,
 Reduced my surplus hair ;
 I called and called and called there ; why
He was not in, seemed queer ;
 The neighbors, even, owned that I
 Was true to Brother Spear !

*Lessons in Voice Culture, Price Two Dollars. Address Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

I hired a sitting in the church,
 Near him, but corner-wise,
 So his emotions I could search,
 With my devoted eyes ;
 And when the sermon used to play
 On love, divine and free,
 I nodded him, as if to say,
 It's hitting you and me !”
 He went and took another pew—
 Of “thousand tongues” in fear ;
 I also changed, and still was true
 To good old Brother Spear !

Poor man !—I recollect he spoke,
 One large prayer-meeting night,
 And told how little we must look,
 In Heaven's majestic sight ;
 He said, Unworthy he had been,
 By Conscience e'er abhorred,
 To be a door-keeper within
 The temple of The Lord ;
 And that his place forevermore,
 Undoubtedly and clear,
 Was mainly back *behind* the door,
 Poor humble Brother Spear !

And then *I* rose and made a speech,
 Brimful of soul distress ;
 And told them how words could not reach
 My own unworthiness ;
 Though orphanage I tried to soothe,
 And helpless widowerhood,
 To tell the incandescent truth,
 I too felt far from good ;
 And that a trembling heart and mind
 Compelled it to appear
 That **my** place was also behind
 The door, with Brother Spear ?

Poor man ! he ne'er was heard, they say,
 Again to gladly speak ;
 He took **down** sick the following day,

And died within a week.
 One prayer they often heard him give :
 That, if his days were o'er,
 I still upon the earth might live,
 A hundred years or more.
 As his betrothed I figure, now,
 And drop the frequent tear ;
 And his relations all will vow
 I'm true to Brother Spear !

Last Christmas Was a Year Ago.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, IN CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SUGGESTIONS.—This selection is in the same vein and with the same voice as the last one, excepting the addition of the *Hoosier* dialect. It has been abridged and adapted by Professor Webster Edgerly and is recited by him in the costume and make-up of an old lady.

The Old Lady Speaks.

Last Christmas was a year ago
 Says I to David, I says-I,
 ' We're goin' to mornin' service, so
 You hitch up right away : I'll try
 To tell the girls jes what to do
 Fer dinner. We'll be back by two."
 I didn't wait to hear what he
 Would more'n like to say back to me,
 But banged the stable door and flew
 Back to the house, jes plumb chilled through.
 Cold ! Wooh ! how cold it was ! My oh !
 Frost flyin', and the air, you know—
 "Jes sharp enough," heerd David swear.
 "To shave a man and cut his hair !"
 'At beat it anywheres I know—
 Last Christmas was a year ago.
 I've always managed David by
 Jes sayin' nothin. That was why
 He'd chased Lide's beau away--'cause Lide
 She'd allus take up Perry's side

When David tackled him ; and so
Last Christmas was a year ago,—
David and Perry'd quarr'l'd about
Some tom-fool'argyment, you know,
And Pap told him 'Jes git out
O' there, and not to come no more,
And, when he went, to shet the door!"
And as he passed the winder, we
Saw Perry, white as white could be,
March past, unhitch his hoss, and light
A see-gyar, and lope out o' sight,
Then Lide she come to me and cried,
And I said nothin'—was no need.
And yit, you know, that man jes got
Right out o' there's ef he'd been shot—
P'tendin' he must go and feed
The stock er somepin'. Then I tried
To git the pore girl pacified.
But gittin' back to—where was we?—
Oh, yes—where David lectured me
All way to meetin', high and low,
Last Christmas was a year ago.
Fer all the awful cold, they was
A fair attendance ; mostly, though,
The crowd was 'round the stoves, you see,
By time we'd "howdyed" round, and shuck
Hands with the neighbors, must 'a' tuck
A half-hour longer ; ever' one
A-sayin' "Christmas-gift!" afore
David er me—so we got none.
But David warmed up, more and more,
And got so jokey-like, and had
His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,
I whispered to him : S'pose you ast
A passel of 'em come and eat
Their dinners with us.—Girls got
A full and plenty fer the lot
And all their kin. So David passed
The invite round. And ever' seat
In ever' wagon-bed and sleigh
Was jes packed, as we rode away—

The young folks, mild er so long,
A-strikin' up a sleighin' song,
Tel David laughed and yelled, you know,
And jes whirped up and sent the snow
And gravel flyin' thick and fast—
Last Christmas was a year ago.
But I was purty squeamish by
The time home hove in sight and I
See two vehickles standin' there
Already. So says I, "Prepare!"
All to myse'f. —nd presently
David he sobered, and says he
"Haint't that-air Squire Hanch's old
Buggy," he says, "and claybank mare?"
Says I, "Le's git in out of the cold—
Your company's nigh 'bout froze." He says,
"Whose sleigh 's that-air standin' there?"
Says I, "It's no odd's whose—you jes
Drive to the house and let us out,
'Cause we're jes freezin', nigh about."
Well, David swung up to the door
And out we piled. And first I heerd
Jane's voice; then Lide's—I thought afore
I reached that girl I'd jes die, shore;
And when I reached her, wouldn't keered
Much ef I had, I was so glad,
A-kissin' her through my green veil,
And jes excitin' her so bad
'At she broke down herse'f—and Jane
She cried—and we all hugged again.
And David—David jes turned pale!—
Looked at the girls and then at me,
Then at the open door—and then
"Is old Squire Hanch in there?" says he,
The old Squire suddenly stood in
The doorway, with a sneakin' grin.
"Is Perry Anders in there, too?"
Says David, limberin' all through,
As Lide and me both grabbed him, and
Perry stepped out and waved his hand
And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes

Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I guess
 Your mother's much to blame as you.
 Ef she kin resk him, I kin too."
 The dinner we had then hain't no
 Bit better'n the one to-day
 'At we'll have for 'em. Hear some sleigh
 A jinglin' now. David, for me,
 I wish you'd jes go out and see
 Ef they're in sight yit. It jes does
 Me good to think, in times like these,
 Lide's done so well. And David he's
 More tractabler 'n what he was
 Last Christmas was a year ago.

The Proposal.

SUGGESTIONS.—A light vein of humor runs through this selection. The climax should be made highly dramatic.

I knew by his looks what he'd come for : I plainly had seen
 from the first,
 It must come to this sooner or later ; and I'd made up my
 mind for the worst,
 So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving pair
 couldn't see me,
 In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he said
 unto she.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suffering
 pain,
 By the way that he fussed with his collar, and poked all the
 chairs with his cane ;
 Then he blushed ; then he wouldn't look at her, but kept
 his eyes fixed on the floor,
 And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat near the
 door.

He began, "It is—er—er—fine weather,—remarkable weath-
 er for May."

"Do you think so?" said she "it is raining."—"Oh ! so it is
 raining to-day.

I meant, 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered; "er—er—do you skate?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "at the season; but isn't May rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful: he continued, "I see a sweet dove

('Twas only an innocent sparrow: but blind are the eyes of true love),—

"A dove of most beautiful plumage, on the top of that wide-spreading tree,

Which reminds me,"—she sighed,—“O sweet maiden! which reminds me, dear angel, of thee.”

Her countenance changed in a moment; there followed a terrible pause;

I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped on all fours,

In order to see the thing better. His face grew as white as a sheet;

He gave one spasmodic effort, and lifelessly dropped at her feet.

She said— What she said I won't tell you. She raised the poor wretch from the ground.

I drew back my head for an instant. Good heavens! Oh! what was that sound?

I eagerly peered through the darkness;—for twilight had made the room dim,—

And plainly perceived it was kissing, and kissing not all done by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter: I know it was terribly mean;

Still I could'nt resist the temptation to appear for a while on the scene.

But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she kissed him again with a smile,

And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that—she'd known I was there all the while.

Archie Dean.

SUGGESTIONS.—This magnificent selection is now for the first time reduced and adapted for practical use before an audience. It has no superior in the entire literature of recitations. Quite recently, before a vast audience of the best critics a young lady received a double encore on reciting it. The artless ingenuous manner of a girl "with a beau on her hands," was portrayed to perfection. As it now reads the selection is capable of winning the highest laurels.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
 Would you break your heart and die,
 If you had a dashing lover
 Like my handsome Archie Dean,
 And he should forget his wooing
 By the moon, the stars, the sun.
 To love me evermore,
 And should go to Kittie Carrol,
 Who has money, so they say—
 And with eyes love-filled as ever,
 Win her heart, that's like a feather,
 Vowing all he had before?
 Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
 And grow very sad and die?

True, I do love Archie Dean,
 Love him, love him, oh! how true;
 But see, my eyes are bright,
 And my lips and cheeks are red,
 (Archie Dean put that in my head!)
 And I don't know what to do,
 Whether to lie down and weep
 Till the red is faded out,
 And my eyes are dull and dim,
 Maybe blind, and all for him.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 'Tis the sweetest name I know,
 It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
 Is drifting the cold snow.
 Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 There's a pain in my heart while I speak;

I wonder if always the thought of your name
 Will make me so saddened and weak.
 Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
 I remember that you said
 Your name should be mine and I should be
 The happiest bride e'er wed.
 I little thought of a day like this
 When I could wish I were dead.
 But there goes the clock, the hour is near
 When I must be off to the fair :
 I'll go and dance and dance and dance
 With the bonny lads who are there,
 In my dress of blue with crimson sash
 Which *he* always liked to see.
 I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
 I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
 And I know that before the morn
 He'll wish that Kittie Carroll had never been born,
 And that he could be sitting again
 Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
 Vowing his love in a tender strain.
 But when I see him coming,
 I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
 On somebody else—then off in the dance—
 And if he should happen to get the chance,
 For saying how heartily sorry he is
 For having been false to me he loves true,
 I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

What you'd better do, Jenny Marsh,
 Break your heart for Archie Dean?
 Jennie Marsh ! Jennie Marsh !

Not a bit.

'Tis the very thing he's after.

Now if I were a man for a day—

Jennie Marsh ! Jennie Marsh !

If I only were a man for a day—

I'm a maiden, so I can't

Always do just what I want,

But if I *were* a man, I'd say,

Archie Dean, *Go to thunder!*

But Jennie, charming Jennie,
 You're a tender little woman,
 And I expect you'll say that is
 So shockingly inhuman ;
 And beside you'll never dare,
 You little witch, to swear !
 But, when you're at the fair,
 Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
 Because, perhaps, you'll rue it ;
 And do not dance too merrily,
 Because he may see through it.
 And if, with Kitty on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
 Don't agonize your pretty mouth
 With *Mr Arthur Dean* ;
 But every throb of pride or love
 Be sure to stifle,
 As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle ;
 And make believe, with all your might,
 You'd not care a feather
 For all the Carrolls in the world,
 And Archie Dean together.
 Take this advice, and get him back,
 My darling, if you can ;
 But if you can't, why right-about,
 And take another man.

What I did.

I went to the fair with Charlie—
 With handsome Charlie Green,
 Who has loved me many a year,
 And vowed his loving with a tear—
 A tear of the heart, I mean.
 But I never gave a smile to him
 Until to-night,
 When full in sight
 Of Kittie Carroll and Archie Dean.
 Now, Archie knows that Charlie has
 A deal of money, and has lands,
 And his wealth is little to him

Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,—
And with softest tone and glance,—
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?

No, no, indeed!

That would not do.

Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh! he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait

A little while,

Saying, I would not forget

That I was to dance with him.
He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
Who was sitting all alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes,
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.
There he waited patiently,
And, he said, most wearily,
For the dancing to be done ;
And although my heart was aching,
And very nigh to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there
Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair ;
Why not hie to Kittie Carrol!

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand but I heeded not,
And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
But I did not heed at all,

For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
 And the tears began to fall.
 He led me out beneath the stars,
 I told him it was vain
 For him to vow. I had no faith
 To pledge with him again.
 His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
 And my pride flew away,
 And left me to weep,
 And when he said he loved me most true,
 And ever should love me,
 "Yes, love only you," he said,
 I could not help trusting Archie,—
 Say, could you?

Mr. Mann Gets Left.

SUGGESTIONS.—This selection is now condensed and adapted for audiences. It requires a good impersonation of a married man in his various moods, and of a married woman in her calmest moments of irritating power.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said.

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way upstairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on a corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge in his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malacious triumph, "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat; didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he enquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know, unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door-knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signalling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

The Spanish Duel.

SUGGESTIONS.—The quaint, rich sentences of this remarkable poem are freighted with possibilities of great art. The median stress is beautifully illustrated in the greater portion of the piece. The Spanish caballero is very pompous. An crotund voice, low in pitch, and very gruff and heavy should be used. "Peter Brown," may be brought out with a nasal tinge. In the fighting the reader should use a foil.

Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago—
 Dwelt a lady in a villa
 Years and years ago :—
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry bright ;
 Olives on her brow were blooming,
 Roses red her lips perfuming,
 And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy ;
 When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
 'Twas the trilling of a linnet ;
 When she sang, you heard a gush
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush.
 Skills it little now the telling
 How I wooed that maiden fair,
 Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
 And obtained an entrance there.
 Ah ! that lady of the villa—
 And I loved her so,
 Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago.

Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night recalling
Years and years ago.

Once again I'm sitting near thee,
Beautiful and bright ;
Once again I see and hear thee
In the autumn night ;
Once again I'm whispering to thee
Faltering words of love ;
Once again with song I woo thee
In the orange grove
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve ; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender.
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver grey,
Toned the golden clouds, sun painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.

There we sat—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquiver,
Famed in many a song.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees.

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
 Fairest of the maids of Spain—
 How the Christian's lance, so steady,
 Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
 Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
 "Say, are maids as fair and loving—
 Men as faithful in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
 Counted fairest of the fair;
 Like the swans on yonder river
 Moving with a stately air.

"Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
 But, when won, forever true;
 Trial draws the bond more tightly,
 Time can ne'er the knot undo.

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
 Are—quien sabe? who can say?
 To make love they're ever ready,
 Where they can and where they may;

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
 Who can answer that they are?
 While we may we should be happy."—
 Then I took up her guitar,
 And I sang in sportive strain,
 This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE."

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
 That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair.
 Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
 That you know not the region from which it is come?
 Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes
 Hither and thither and whither—who knows?
 Who knows?
 Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?"

From his breast he flung his capa
 With a stately Spanish air—
 [On the whole, he looked the chap a
 Man to slight would scarcely dare]

“Will your worship have the goodness
 To release that lady’s hand?”—
 “Senor,” I replied, “this rudeness
 I am not prepared to stand.”

“Magdalena, say,”—the maiden
 With a cry of wild surprise,
 As with secret sorrow laden,
 Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
 Bowed with haughty courtesy,
 Solemn as a tragic hero,
 And announced himself to me.

“Senor, I am Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y ”—“No more, sir,
 ’Tis as good as twenty score, sir,”
 Said I to him, with a frown ;
 “Mucha bulla para nada,
 No palabras, draw your ’spada ;
 If you’re up for a duello
 You will find I’m just your fellow—
 Senor, I am Peter Brown !”

By the river’s bank that night.
 Foot to foot in strife,
 Fought we in the dubious light
 A fight of death or life.
 Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
 With the pain I grew the bolder,
 Close, and closer still I pressed ;

Fortune favored me at last,
 I broke his guard, my weapon passed
 Through the caballero's breast—
 Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y—One groan,

And he lay motionless as stone.
 The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown!

Kneeling down, I raised his head ;
 The caballero faintly said,
 "Senor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.
 If he be living still or dead.

 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing,
 Musing half, and half a dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.

Does she walk at evenings ever
 Through the gardens by the river?
 Guarded by an old duenna
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
 With her goggles and her fan
 Warning off each wicked man?
 Is she dead, or is she living?
 Is she for my absence grieving?
 Is she wretched, is she happy?
 Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien Saba?*

The Gypsy Flower Girl.

SUGGESTIONS. Commence and end this selection with song, if possible. The action is very excited and frenzied in the strong description.

PRIZE RECITATION.

[The pupil reciting the following selection received a valuable gold medal as the First Prize for Dramatic Recitation in the Martyn College of Elocution and Oratory, Washington D. C., in the Graduation Exercises of June 3, 1889.]

Buy my roses, senorita, you senor, you fair Inglees maiden,
 Not like the mountain rose with perfume laden;
 Only tame roses with the morning blush gone,
 Like wild Zingarella whose lover has flown.

What is my name?
 Wild Zingarella,
 Daughter of the Nevadas am I called.
 Where was I born?
 Aloft and beyond the eagle's nest,
 Far up in yon Sierra Nevadas.

My childhood was a wild-cat life.
 From early morn until the stars shone o'er the Mediter-
 ranean
 I nothing did but laugh and sing and dance with
 My wild gypsy belled tambourine and fling
 Defiance in the face of death and swing

Far out from cliffs and mountain peaks
 Where sea gulls build and wild-cats shriek,
 Shrieks that my wild heart loved to hear,
 Nor dreamed of such a thing as fear.

Fear ?

Climbing to where the Sierras lift
 Their snow-draped foreheads against the skies,
 Then swing off and down on a swift snowdrift
 To where the summer queen reigns and the ice king dies.

Fear ?

Hunting the leopard in dark sunless glades,
 Whipping the tiger with my wild-cat braids,
 'Midst the innermost dangers that beset gypsy tribes
 Whose life is but strife and whose law is the knife,
 There was I born.

There lived I ;

There was I named Zingarella.

Then Don Jose came ; he of the Sierra Morena tribe ;
 And camped near the grape hills of old Malaga ;
 Yes, Don Jose came ; and I, I, Zinga,
 Wild Zingarella, fawned even at his feet.

But O, when love is not returned,
 Meeting with looks but sternly kind,
 It turns the heart to fire then ashes,
 And makes a ghost-walk of the mind.

In the kingly majesty of Don Jose's presence,
 I stood as one entranced, bewildered yet
 Joyously amazed at my too-fond heart's deep
 Bewilderment ; aye, as a broken winged bird
 I fluttered at his feet

Then Egypta came, she of the proud Cordova tribe,
 And camped on the slopes above the roar of the sea ;
 Egypta came, and dared to come between my love and me.
 She stood before my king, my idol, my adored, with
 Imperious brow and mocking airs, she dared to stand
 Before him, with her enchanting, snaky eyes aglow,

Unbashed, defiant and unawed she stood.
 And, and, and Don Jose' heart and head
 O, I cannot, cannot, tell the rest ;
 There, at the foot of you mountain pass,
 Don Jose met Egypta.

There she stole my lover from me,
 There she palmed her faith into his soul ;
 She practiced on Don Jose' palms, and read
 His fate as foreordained with hers.
 She forged him tales of their twin destinies
 Till Jose' soul was at her feet,
 His every thought her slave :
 Thus wooed they.

One dark and starless, storm-portending night,
 I, with my faithful Afric lion,
 Sought forgetfulness in the mountains.
 Sought in vain to cool my feverish burning blood.
 A sudden flame of lightning startled me ; frightened
 My soul with a sense that I had wandered too near
 The purple cliffs of Malaga, too near the spot I hated most,
 And prayed to keep most distant from

My Zhock, my faithful Afric lion, my childhood's
 Faithful lover and trusty, true, and only friend,
 My faithful Zhock—
 Whose native fierce and fiery nature seemed
 Now most like my own—was at my side.
 Thrice, as we moved along the slope,
 Had Zhock growled hard, and snapped his glittering teeth
 And crouched, as 'twere to spring,
 And thrice had I, as fiercely, yet more silently,
 Warned him back and down.

But when I heard Egypta's cursed kiss,
 And saw her snaky, coiling arms around
 Don Jose' neck,
 And heard him swear by Egypta's gods
 That he was her's alone—
 "Sic, sic ! upon them Zhock !" I cried,
 With all my wild-cat nature

Boiling, seething, hissing hot,
 Through all my veins,
 Hissing through my lips and brain,
 "Sic, sic! upon them Zhock!" I cried,
 And urged my Afric lion on.

The thunderous heavens now stormed,
 And lightnings flashed,
 But storm nor thunder peals were aught
 To the roar of my kingly lion,
 Or the flashing, blazing eyes of that defiant God-like man.

Don Jose' long stiletto flashed athwart
 The lightning's lurid gleams.
 Thus armed he stood covering Egypta with his left,
 His right well sinewed arm
 Upheld and daggered.
 Thus armed, he stood sternly,
 Waiting the attack.
 Zhock sprang and bore Don Jose to the ground.
 "Back Zhock! back Zhock! back to thy mistress, back!"
 In vain I cried, I cried in vain
 Through the glare of the storm.
 Lo, Egypta has siezed Don Jose' dirk,
 Quickly it falls across my Afric lion's eyes
 Zhock reluctantly releases his weakened hold,
 And sneaks away with hurt, blood blinded eyes.
 Now Don Jose and Egypta fly toward the sea,
 Thank heaven they reach the cliff, now disappear.

"Help! Why Zhock how you startled me;
 Why, Zhock, how you glare; how you stare.
 Down, shame, shame!—Ha. I know now, Zhock is mad.
 Hungry with the taste of Don Jose' blood,
 My Afric lion now returns, eager for mine own.
 Where shall I flee?"

Back down! sic! upon them Zhock,
 Yonder, Zhock, down by the sea.
 Zhock, how dare you, peace Zhock,
 I am wild Zingarell, thy mistress, fair boy,
 Down, back, away, down, down.

I feel his thorny claws around my neck,
 His hot breath on my throat,
 Thrice with my stiletto do I cut the monster down.
 Backward toward the cliffs of Malaga
 I fight my horrible way.
 I near the cliffs, keeping the frenzied beast at bay,
 Backwardly fighting, parrying, evading
 With supernatural strength, I hold
 The treacherous wretch at bay.

At length I reach the cliffs.
 Twice thrice my good steel pierces
 The raging, foaming lion's side.
 Then, with a prayer to the Christians' God,
 I plunge far down in the roaring tide.
 Zhock's eyes like crackling gypsy camp-fires shine,
 Or as twin danger-signals out on the sea,
 With a roar of rage far out he leaps :
 But the Christian's God was kind to me ;
 For e'en as Zhock sprang some hunter's gun spake,
 And Zhock from the sea will never awake.

That was the day my wild spirit fled.
 See these roses bear the stains
 Of the deep wounds which bled.
 Oft my brain grows wild and my tame body shrinks
 'Neath the terrible glare of Zhock's eyes—there
 Methinks I see them again—see there ; see : how he blinks.

Now he smacks his blood dripping hunger set jaws ;
 Now he tenses his muscles till his uncovered claws
 Spread out and scratch fire from the flint surfaced rocks.
 Now he springs—boom—boom goes the gun ; I am saved,
 I am free.
 And Zingarella—wild Zinga—is fished out of the sea.

So now buy my flowers ;
 Not like the mountain rose with perfume laden ;
 Only tame roses with the mountain blush gone
 Like wild Zingarella, whose lover has flown.

Mad Mag.

LEONARD WHEELER.

SUGGESTIONS. This is a stronger selection than the "Maniac," and has the great advantage of that of not having been used much before the public. It calls for all the wild, fierce ravings of a mad-woman; but these should not be ranted. The quiet, tense, rigid attitudes, and quieter tones, full of weird moaning form the best background for the piercing screams which intersperse the selection.

Ye ask me why I'm mad—again
 Ye ask me why I weep,
 And why I wander up and down
 This rocky mountain steep
 I'll tell thee—ye may know the tale—
 I'll tell thee once again :
 I'm seeking for my little child
 O'er mountain, field, and plain.
 I was not always Crazy Mag,
 The mad witch of the glen ;
 I did not always haunt the hills,
 And roam through lowland fen :

I rave—ah, yes! I rave--but still
 I did not always rave ;
 I'm Crazy Mag, and will be till
 I sleep within the grave
 The grave! ho, ho! Sleep in the grave—
 Will Mad Meg *ever* sleep?
 No! But until I've found my child
 I'll roam this mountain steep!
 Ye start and tremble--do not fear—
 Poor Mag will do no harm,
 Although when roused she has the strength
 Of many in that arm.

Listen! I'll tell it o'er again
 Let poor Mag tell her tale,
 And curse the man that spurned a wife
 And scorned a mother's wail,
 The night was dark as night could be,

A storm rolled in the west.
 A mother went all peacefully
 With her sweet babe to rest ;
 But, soon as sleep had settled o'er,
 The mother screaming wild,
 Rose from her couch and madly screeched :
 " O God ! where is my child ? "

My child ! my child ! great God, my child !
 I cannot tell the tale.
 Away, away ! I'm wild ! I'm wild !
 Hark ! Is that but the gale ?
 No, no ! Ah ! yes, my poor, poor brain
 What fancies you do form !
 What's that ? Ah ! yes, 'tis but the thunder
 Of the distant storm.
 See yonder flashing lightning gleams ;
 How those dark waters pour !
 They mock and jeer me in my dreams,
 And murmur ah, no more !

Good-bye, good-bye ! Farewell ! I go.
 See how yon clouds arise ;
 The laughing streamlet answers still,
 The mocking echo cries :
 Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! Good bye, good-bye !
 Farewell, Mad Mag ! farewell !
 Ha, ha ! ho, ho ! Good bye, I cry,
 Ye demons of the dell !
 The storm cloud down the mountain sweeps,
 The lightning dances wild ;
 Ho, ho ! ha, ha ! again I cry--
 My child ! my child ! my child !

Ha, ha ! ye wild fiends of the storm,
 Welcome ! ha, ha ! ho, ho !
 Flash on ye blasting lightning gleams.
 Blow on ! ye wild winds, blow !
 Rush on within your hollow bed,
 Dark stream, rush on and roar !
 The rolling thunder overhead

Still groans ; ye black floods pour !
 Howl on, ye winds ! pour on ye floods !
 Roll on, ye thunders wild !
 Mad Mág will cry : “ Farewell ! Good bye !
 My child ! my child ! my child ! ”

School Days.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SUGGESTIONS.—The quiet pathos of the following selection goes to the heart and must come from it. It was recently read with such feeling as to hold a large audience enchained.

Still sits the school house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official ;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
 It's worn door-sill betraying ;
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting,
 Lit up its western window panes
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her chi'dish favor singled ;
 His cap pulled low upon his face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered.
As restlessly her tiny hands
Her blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I am sorry that I spelt the word ;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to the grey-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing ;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lived to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

Entertaining Sister's Beau.

BY BRET HARTE.

SUGGESTIONS.—The manner of the child which is applicable to "The Gobble-Uns 'll Git you," will be required here.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait
if you please ;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise never to
tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense,
for how would I know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and
truly think so ?

“And then you’d feel strange here alone! And wouldn’t know just where to sit; For that chair isn’t strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit. We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack said it would be just like you To flop yourself right down upon it. and knock out the very last screw.

“’Spose you try? I won’t tell. You’re afraid to! Oh! you’re afraid they would think it was mean! Well, then, there’s the album—that’s pretty, if your fingers are clean. My sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she’s cross. There’s her picture. You know it? It’s like her; but she ain’t as good looking, of course!

“That is me. It’s the best of ’em all Now, tell me you’d never have thought That once I was little as that? It’s the only one that could be bought— For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat— That he wouldn’t print off any more till he first got his money for that.

“What? Maybe you’re tired of waiting. Why, often she’s longer than this, There’s all her back hair to do up, and all her front hair to friz. But it’s nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you’ll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don’t come like Tom Lee.

“Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night, Till the folks thought he’d soon be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright, You won’t run away, then, as he did? for you’re uot a rich man, they say;

Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are you?
And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know
your hair isn't red.

But what there's left of it's mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go! Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait, just to see

If she ran up to you and kisssd you in the way she used to
kiss Lee.

Ben-Hur's Chariot Race.

BY GEN. LEW WALLACE.

—Arranged for Reading by—

PROF. WEBSTER EDGERLY.

SUGGESTIONS.—Save the strength of the voice until the climax is reached. The time is quick throughout. The action must accurately describe the movements around the ring, as an intelligent person, sitting among the spectators would do, with his hands, following the races. This action is transferred to the occupants of the Chariots at critical moments. On the words:—"And now to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left hand steeds," the voice must be firm, rapid, excited, but very thin as to force. Make the audience keep deathly still in order to hear. These low tones continue until the words "That moment Ben Hur leaned forward." From this on the force increases very gradually but steadily until the utmost limit of vocal power is reached on the words "On, Atair! On Rigal!" This continues to the words "'Tis done!" when the voice gradually comes back to soothing tones, and the horses come to a stand still.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp. The starters, one for each chariot, leaped down, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six contesting fours—the Corinthjans', Messala's, the Athenians', the Byzantines', the

Sidonian's, and Ben-Hur's—and up the vast assemblage rose, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited, this the moment of supreme interest.

Each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. With all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. The crossing was about 250 feet in width, and quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. The fours neared the rope together. Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look, and saw the soul of the man, cunning, cruel, desperate, in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In that brief instant all his former relations with Messala came vividly before him. First, happy childhood, when, loving and beloved, they played together. Then manhood that brought a change in Messala, and the Roman's inborn contempt of Jews asserted itself and broke the friendship. It was Messala's influence that had banished him to the galleys for life, that had consigned his mother and sister to an uncertain fate, whose very uncertainty was more torturing than their certain death would have been. It was his own bravery that had released him from the galley life, where Messala even now supposed him to be, released him in time to take vengeance against Messala for his cruelty.

Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden at these thoughts. At whatever cost he would humble his enemy. He saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall. It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it; Ben Hur yielded the wall for the time. Just then the trumpeter blew a signal vigorously. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of the one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. The Roman shook out his long lash, loosened the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trail of his opponents, and

took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. The pedestal of the three pillars there made a stone wall in the form of a half circle, around which the course bent. Making this turn was considered the most telling test of a charioteer. A hush fell over the circus; so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the mau flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted whirling his lash. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and gave the Arab steeds of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter. The silence deepened, and the boldest held his breath. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. The affrighted four sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. The chariot trembled with a dizzy lurch, but Ben-Hur kept his place, and gave the horses free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. Even Messala with all his boldness felt it unsafe to trifle further.

On whirled the cars. Three rounds were concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the competitors followed as before. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened, and men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near. The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

"A hundred sestetii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the

Romans! There was no reply.

"A talent, or five talents, or ten ; choose ye !"

"I will take thy sesterii," answered a Roman youth.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons, then look at the Jew!"

"By Hercules!" replied the youth. "I see, I see! If the gods help him not, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet! Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

If it were true that Messala had gained his utmost speed, he was slowly but certainly beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. The good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound. They screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with their wagers. Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car! All the factions except the Romans joined hope in him, and openly indulged their feeling,

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, "Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let Messala not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balcony they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him. Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; the Roman genius was still supreme. On the three pillars only 600 feet away were fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the

many folded lash in his hands; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both stinging and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them along side the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakenings portended. He was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track in a forward direction. The thousands on the benches understood it all.

The people arose and leaped, and shouted and screamed. But above the noises of the race arose one voice, that of Ben-Hur, calling to his steeds.

"On Atair! On, Rigal! On Antares! Good horse! Oho! Aldebaran! I hear them singing in their tents. I hear the children singing and the women singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigal, Aldebaran, victory! and the song will never end. Well done! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! we have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha! ha! steady! The work is done! soho! Rest!"

And Ben-Hur turned the goal of victory, and the race was won!

Reminding the Hen.

FOR TEACHERS.

SUGGESTIONS.—This solitary selection will aid in teaching children the art of elocution.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think mamma happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut—cut!' she'd say quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut—cut!' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

“And then she would say it all over,
 She did look so mad and so vexed ;
 For, mamma, do you know she'd forgotten
 The word that she ought to cluck next.

So I said, ‘Ca-dah cut, ca-dah-cut,’
 As loud and as strong as I could,
 And she looked round at me very thankful,
 I tell you, it made her feel good.

Then she flapped, and said, ‘Cut—cut—ca—dah—cut;
 She remembered just how it went then,
 But it's well I ran into the garden,
 She might never have clucked right again !”

The Thirty-second Day.

BY S. W. FOSS.

SUGGESTIONS.—This has proved an excellent encore. It should be rendered with great seriousness and solemnity.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,

On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land—a cloud island resting in air,

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the valley of Overthere,

On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair.

And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet
of Hocus Po,

We shall see all the things that we want to see and know
all we care to know ;

For there the old man will never lament, the babies they
never will squeak,

In the Cross-Road Corners of Chaosville in the County of
Hideandgoseek.

In the Cross-Road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of
Hideandgoseek,

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the
eighth day of the week,

We shall do all the things that we please to do and accom-
plish whatever we try

On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the beautiful
Bay of Bimeby.

The Goddess of Liberty.

DISCUSSED BY FOREIGNERS.

SUGGESTIONS.—The following selection is published for
the benefit of pupils who desire a piece for practice, con-
taining a VARIETY OF DIALECTS.

For the purpose of *practice* it is unequalled. As a recita-
tion it will succeed only after considerable hard work.

Wherever it has been recited by good readers it has
proved a great success.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,

Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,

To vent their opinions on matters and things,

On this side the Atlantic,

In language pedantic

'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;

"See ze Liberte Statue enlighten ze world!

Ze grandest colossal zat evair was known!

Thus Bartholdi, he speak:

Vive la France—Amerique!

La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

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

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

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

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

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

Said the Cornishman : “ That’s a ‘shillalah,’ ye scaamp !
 Looaks to I like Diogenes ’ere wi’ is laamp,
 Searchin’ haard fur a ’onest maan.” “ Faith, that is true,
 Muttered Pat, “ phat ye say,
 Fur he’s lookin’ moi way,
 And by the same favor don’t *recognize* you ! ”

“Shust vait unt I dolt you,” said Hans ; “vat’s der matter ;
 It vas von uf dem mermaids cooned ouwd fun der vater :
 Unt she hat noddings on ; unt der vintry vind plows,
 Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
 She vent to der cidy,
 Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo’s.”

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

“Oh !” cried Sambo amazed, “Dat’s de cullud man’s Lor’ !
 He’s cum back to de earf; somefin’ he’s lookin’ for.
 Allus knowed by de halo surroundin’ he’s brow ;
 Jess you looken dat crown !
 ’ess you looken dat gown !
 Lor’ ‘a’ mussy, I knows I’s a gone nigg’ now !”

Said the Yankee : “I’ve heerd ye discussin’ her figger ;
 And I recon you strangers haint seen nothin’ bigger.
 Wall, I haint much on boastin’ but I’ll go my pile ;
 When you surreners cum
 You’ll find her to hum !

Dew I mean what I say ? Wall somewhat—I should smile !”

John Wesley’s Peroration on John Huss.

SUGGESTIONS.—This grand peroration is an example of the very best oratory. It is full of vigor, fire and eloquence. Its manner of delivery should be lofty and spirited. The grandest orators cut every consonant clearly and beautifully.

From the whole of this transaction we may observe: First, that John Huss was guilty of no crime, either in word or action. Second, that his real fault, and his only one, was in opposing the Papal usurpations. Third, that this most

noble prince was a bigoted, cruel and perfidious murderer; and that the fathers of the Council deserve the same praise, seeing that they laid it down as a maxim that the most solemn promise made to a heretic may be broken. But what then! If the public faith with heretics may be violated in one instance it may be in a thousand. Away then with your witticisms on so awful a subject! What! do you sport with human blood! I take burning men alive to be a very serious thing. And this they humorously compare to roasting a piece of beef. With equal tenderness, I suppose, they would compare the singeing the beards of heretics to the singeing a fowl before it is roasted. Would I then wish the Roman Catholics to be persecuted? I never said or hinted such a thing I abhor the thought! It is foreign to all I have preached for these fifty years. I would wish them to be allowed both civil and religious liberty; not to be persecuted or hurt their neighbors, and gently restrained from hurting themselves.

The Execution.

SUGGESTIONS.—This highly dramatic selection is wildly emotional. The terrible strain on an over-wrought brain breaks forth in a fiercely struggling heart, and is best shown by a hesitating, broken voice. There must be no force, no ranting. The poor fellow who deserted takes his approaching death quietly, and his remarks are from a placid heart.

I! What are you talking of? I to stand

Facing my friend, whom I love as I love no other:

Facing my friend with a musket held in my hand,

To point at his heart? Oh, God! my friend, my brother!

If he must die, he dies. But the cruellest foe

Could not ask *me* to point my gun at his breast.

Why, the very inanimate thing would kill all the rest

Before it would turn its muzzle on him, I know.

Horror of horrors! They order the line of march,

And bring him out to be shot. Ah! let me go.

Let me die for his sake. A deserter, see under the arch,

Karl! Karl! Let me go to him, die for him, even so,

He speaks! Ah, heaven! let me listen! Tramp slow!
Karl, I have loved you for years! Speak to me now!

Now that they bid me go with the men to slay.

Turn to me once your kind eyes, noble brow.

Bid me to run—to fly: ah! not to stay.

Not to stay in the ranks, to see you killed.

Oh, for my saddened life with its heartache filled!

Let me go forth! Nay! Nay!

Back from the prisoner's eyes flashes brotherhood's ray,

Back comes the prisoner's answer, "Friend, my friend, stay!

"Point your musket straight at my heart," he says.

If it were loaded with deadliest fire and ball

It could not hurt me; and when at the last I fall,

I know, by the memories of all our friendship's days,

That your shot has missed me. Hark to the bugle call!

Friend do your duty! Point with the rest at me.

Goodbye and your bullet will fly far over my head.

And think of me, comrade, once, when you see me dead!"

Do you know what happened? I fired—speak low! speak
low:—

My bullet alone was the one through his heart to go!

To-morrow at Ten.

SUGGESTIONS—This is somewhat in the spirit of "Archie Dean," which has been heretofore spoken of.

How the band plays to-night all those lovely Strauss airs.

That I danced here last year, or sat out on the stairs

With Mulready, and Blakesley and Beresford Brett—

"Little Brett," he was called by the rest of the set.

Tum-ti-tum—there's that perfect "Blue Danube;" oh dear!

How I wish that Mulready or Blakesley were here!

What's to-day or to-night to the nights that are fled?

What's the rose that I hold to the rose that is dead?

But speaking of roses reminds me of those

That I wore at the French-frigate ball at the close

Of the season 'Twas early in breezy September,

Just a little bit coolish and chill, I remember,

But a heavenly fair night; and the band how it played!

And how to its music we waltzed there, and stayed
Deep into the midnight, or morning, before
We thought of departure. That rowing to shore
In the chill and the dark I shall never forget ;
At my left hand sat Blakesley, and at my right Brett,
Whispering soft foolish words—Brett, not Blakesley, I mean,
For Blakesley was dumb. But under the screen
Of the sea-scented darkness I saw him quite clear
Kiss the rose that I wore above my left ear.
Ah ! as soft on my cheek I felt the light touch
Of his breath as he bent there, my heart beat with such
A wild pulse for a moment, that, giddy and faint,
I turned to the breeze with a sudden complaint
Of the air I found close : and the air was like wine,—
A strong western wind from a sky clear and fine.
It was just at that moment our boat came to land,
And I stumbled and fell as I stepped on the sand,
And 'twas Brett's arm that caught me : I never knew quite
What I said in that instant ; I thought in the night
It was Blakesley who held me, and Blakesley, it seems,
Was somewhere behind, and—oh, foolish old dreams
Of that dead and gone time ! for what do I care
For the things of last year, its mistakes or despair,
When to-day and to-night show such untroubled skies,
And laid at my feet is the season's great prize
For my taking or leaving ; to-morrow at ten,
I'm to give him my answer,—this prize amongst men.
Of course, I have made up my mind to accept,
And to-night I must burn up that rose I have kept,
And the notes, signed "T. B.," and must cease to recall
That foolish old time of the French-frigate ball.
Tom Blakesley, indeed ! just as if I should care
For that stupid—hark ! there's a step on the stair,
And I told John to night to say, "Not at home,"
To any and all of my friends that might come ;
And he's hunting me out with some card he has brought,
The donkey ! Now, Tom,—Mr. Blakesley ! I thought,—
Oh, Tom ! Tom ! let me go. How can you—how dare—
What ! you thought that I chose little Beresford there
That night in the boat, and that you—let me go, sir.

You're the stupidest man—a whole year! Don't you know
 sir,
 That to-morrow—what's that?—in Egypt and Rome
 All this year, and a meeting with Brett sent you home
 In hot haste—and 'twas love, love, you say,
 And despair that sent you and kept you away?
 H-m—well, it may be; But you see other men
 Have not been so dull, and to-morrow at ten
 I'm to give—what is that? You've been ill all this year?
 Come home but to die?—oh, Tom, Tom, my dear,
 Not to die but to live; and I my refusal I'll give
 To-morrow at ten; and you, and you'll stay, Tom, and live?

The Dead Mother.

(A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.)

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a mixture of the weird and pathetic. It is one of those selections that occupy the first rank among dramatic recitals. Being a monologue, the voice and action should be as nearly as possible appropriate to the idea of a dead woman speaking.

I had been buried a month and a year
 The clods on my coffin were heavy and brown,
 The wreaths at my headstone were withered sere,
 No feet came now from the little town;
 I was forgotten, six months or more,
 And a new bride walked on my husband's floor.

Below the dew and the grass-blades lying,
 On All Souls' Night, when the moon is cold,
 I heard the sound of my children crying,
 And my hands relaxed from their fold;
 Through mould and death-damp it pierced my heart,
 And I woke in the dark with a sudden start.

I cast the coffin-lid off my face,
 From mouth and eyelids I thrust the clay,
 And I stood upright from the sleeper's place,
 And down through the graveyard I took my way.
 The frost on the rank grass shimmered like snow,
 And the ghostly graves stood white in a row.

As I went down through the little town,
The kindly neighbors seemed sore afraid,
For Lenchen plucked at the cross in the gown,
And Hans said ' Jesu,' under his beard,
And many a lonely wayfarer
Crossed himself, with a muttered prayer.

I signed the holy sign on my brows,
And kissed the crucifix hid in my shroud,
As I reached the door of my husband's house
The children's clamor rose wild and loud ;
And swiftly I came to the upper floor,
And op'ed, in the moonlight, the nursery door.

No lamp or fire in the icy room ;
'Twas cold, as cold as my bed in the sod.
My two boys fought in that ghostly gloom
For a mildewed crust that a mouse had gnawed ;
"Oh, mother, mother !" my Gretchen said,
"We have been hungry since you were dead."

They did not fear me, my babies sweet.
I lit the fire in the cheerless stove,
And washed their faces, and hands, and feet,
And combed the golden fleeces I love,
And brought them food, and drink, and a light,
And tucked them in with a last "Good-night."

Then softly, softly I took my way,
Noiselessly over the creaking stair,
Till I came to the room where their father lay,
And dreamed of his new love's yellow hair ;
And I bent and whispered low in his ear,
"Our children were cold and hungry dear."

Then he awoke with a sob at his heart,
For he thought of me in the churchyard mould.
And we went together—we, far apart—
Where our children lay in the moonlight cold ;
And he kissed their faces, and wept and said—
"Oh dead love, rest in your quiet bed."

"Tomorrow shall these be warm and glad,
 With food and clothing, and light and wine."
 I heard the break in his voice, and went—
 'Twould soon be cock-crow; the dawn was near—
 And I laid me down with full content,
 That all was well with my children dear.

Lullaby.

SUGGESTIONS—Sweet and pathetic, in the midst of lowliness of life,—a diamond in the rough,—this selection has few equals. The man is ignorant; his garb and dress may show that. A sitting posture in a large chair is very good. Gradually his complaining tones change to an indifferent, then willing endurance, till at last he recalls his own youth. Thus, overpowered with emotion he falls asleep, and the curtain drops.

I was loung'n' amongst m' pillows,
 Coax'n' sleep with many a sigh,
 'N' soon some one 'n th' room above me
 Was a-singin' a lullyby;
 'N' I cud hear th' cradle a-rock'n'—
 Creakety, creakety, to 'n' fro,
 'N' th' woman a-singin' "Hush--thee--
 Go t'-sleep t'-sleep e-e-go."

Ther' wasn't a mite of a carpit
 Awn th' floor o' thet room, yuh bet,
 'N' th' reg'ler swing o' th' cradle,
 W'y I kin almos' hear 't yet
 'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
 Thet was bein' swung to 'n' fro,
 T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush--thee--
 Go-t'-sleep--t'-sleep-e-e-go."

Yuh wouldn't a thought thet a feller
 Thet's got down s' low 's I
 Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
 Was a-sing'n' a lullyby!
 'N' first I felt jist like swear'n';
 Thet a hotel shud treat me so,
 For I cudn't hear nuth'n' but "Hush--thee--
 Go t' sleep t'-sleep-e-e-go."

Bu't seemed ter git soft'r 'n' low'r,
 'N' kinder familyer too,
 Wi'th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
 Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
 Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
 Rock-a-by rock-a-by to 'n' fro,
 'N' my mother a sing'n' "Hush—thee—
 Go-t'-sleep-t'-sleep-e-e-go."

'N' 't set my heart all ter ach'n',
 'N' th' tears to com'n' too ;
 'N' I jest *wisht* I cud slouch back thar,
 'N' my mother cud set thar'n' sew,
 'N' I cud hear her, jist oncet, sing'n' "Hush—thee—
 Go-t'-sleep-t'-sleep-e-e-go."

A Frenchman on Macbeth.

SUGGESTIONS.—Raising the upper lip, showing the upper teeth, smiling blandly, and winking in the act of raising the features to smile,—these help to portray the face of a Frenchman. The use of grease-paint to blacken the brows and pencil the lashes, and a false mustache put on in a few seconds, make the disguise complete.

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is gr-aa-nd—myste-riuse -so-blime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess?—ze seene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch,—eh? Superb soobli-mitee! W'en he say to ze Vitch, "Ar-r roynt ze, Vitch"! she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She *say* she will do s'omesing dat aves got no na me! "Ah, ha!" she say, "I go like ze r r-aa-t vizout ze tail, *but* I'll do! I'll do! I'll do! *W'a't* she do? Ah, ha!—Viola le graand myste-riuse Mossieu' Shak es-pier! she not *say* vat she do!"

This *was* "grand," to be sure: but the prowess of Macbeth in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the Mercurial Frenchman's martial ardour:

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by: he say, (proud *empressment*). "Come o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say *Enoffs!*" Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha!—viola! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-i-ght r-r-a-

pier "pink" him, vat you call, in his body. He 'aves got's mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité', *Enoffs!* What for he say "Enoffs?" "Cause he *got* enoffs—plaaainty; and he expire, r r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty quick: Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

Lorraine Lorree.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SUGGESTIONS.—This recitation requires the radical stress, with sharp falling inflections, and tinges of the guttural

"Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree?

You're booked to ride your capping race to day at Coulter Lee.

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see; To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree:

"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee.
He's killed a boy! he's killed a man! and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulter Lee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,

It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands can be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,

"That husbands can be cruel I've known for seasons three;
But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Viudictive, oh ! the gallant lass was
 she,
 And kept him straight and won the race as near as near
 could be ;
 But he killed her at the brook, against a pollard willow-tree:
 He killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to
 see,
 And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree!

The Diver.

THE FINEST POEM OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

SUGGESTIONS—This poem of Schiller's is ranked by the best judges as the finest poem in the German language. Some, indeed, claim it to be the grandest in all literature. It is now, for the first time, arranged so as to be suitable for recitation.

“ Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling Charybdis below :
 I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow :
 Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

And all those around heard in silence the king—
 Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
 'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle ;
 And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
 On the stately boy cast all their looks of deep wonder.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again—
 Hark ! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the
 shore,
 And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
 And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
 What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
 Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
 They battle,—the man's with the element's might.
 It is he,—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
 As a sign,—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
 And thus spake the diver,—“Long life to the king!”
 May the horror below nevermore come to me,
 Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
 Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the mirror,
 The veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

“Quick brightening like lightning—it tore me along
 Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
 In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
 As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
 Vain, vain were my struggles,—the circle had won me;
 Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me,
 “And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
 In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath,
 And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
 And I clung to it, trembling,—and baffled the death!
 And, safe in the perils around me, behold
 On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
 That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
 Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
 A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
 And darted,—O God! from the far flaming bough
 Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
 And it siezed me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
 It seized me to save,—King, the danger is o'er!”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled—
 quoth he,

“Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine,

And this ring will I give a fresh guerdon to thee,—
 Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,—
 If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
 To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main !”

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion,
 “Ah! father my father, what more can there rest?
 Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
 He has served thee as none woul', thyself hast con-
 fess.
 If nothing can slack thy wild thirst of desire,
 Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the
 squire !”

The king seized the goblet,—he swung it on high,
 And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide ;
 “ But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
 And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side ;
 And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
 The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

In his heart, as he listened, there leaped the wild joy,—
 And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in
 fire—
 On that bloom. on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy ;
 The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire !
 Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath ;
 He resolves !—To the strife with the life and the death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell ;
 Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
 They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
 Rearing up to the cliff,—roaring back as before ;
 But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

NOTICE.—Every selection in this book will appear in proper turn, in the United States Monthly Journal of Elocution and Oratory, as the subject of a “ LESSON IN RECITING.” Each lesson will thoroughly ANALYZE the Selection; give all the EMPHATIC words; describe every GESTURE; state the qualities of VOICE MODULATION, and STYLE of delivery required; and contain much valuable instruction in the art of READING and SPEAKING. This great paper costs only One Dollar per year. The “LESSONS IN RECITING” commence with the issue of June, 1890. Subscribe at once so as not to miss any numbers. Address:—U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Aux Italiens.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a mixture of the weird and beautiful. The voice must be intense, with dash form and pure quality.

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night.
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls of purgatory.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot) ;
And her warm white neck in its golden chain ;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again ;

And the Jasmine flower in her fair young breast ;
(Oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine flower !)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest ;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring ;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over :
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her !"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are the best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

And I turned and looked : she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage ; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast !

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then ;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still ;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass ;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best ;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

The Famine.

SUGGESTIONS —This beautifully sad poem is now, for the first time, condensed and adapted for recitation. It is mournful throughout—the wild tremolos prevailing in the stronger parts, and the fourth degree of the intermittent stress in the remainder,

Oh the long and dreary winter !
Oh the cold and cruel winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river ;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Oh the famine and the fever !
Oh the wasting of the famine !
Oh the lasting of the fever !
Oh the wailing of the children !
Oh the anguish of the women !
All the earth was sick and famished ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwag,
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy ;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the door-way,
Sat there without word or welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.
 And the foremost said : "Behold me !
 I am famine, Bukadawin !"
 And the other said : "Behold me !
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"
 And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face but made no answer ;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness,
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.

"Gitche Manitou, the mighty !
 Give your children food, O Father !
 Give us food, or we must perish !
 Give me food for Minnehaha !"
 For my dying Minnehaha !"
 Through the far resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 "MINNEHAHA ! MINNEHAHA !"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests that watched her,
 With the Famine and the Fever,
 She was lying, the beloved,
 She the dying Minnehaha.
 "Hark !" she said, "I hear a rushing,
 Calling to me from a distance !"

“No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the night wind in the pine trees !”
“Look !” she said, “I see my father
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs !”
“No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the smoke that waves and beckons !”
“Ah !” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness !
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !”

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,
Calling to him in the darkness,
“HIAWATHA ! HIAWATHA !”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy hearted.
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him.
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water.

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha ;
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the Land of the Hereafter !”

Poverty Flats.

BRET HARTE.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is designed only for ladies. A coquetish style with some sighs, and a few regretful tones will help.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire,—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, “ the belle of the season ”
 Is wasting an hour on you.

“ And how do I like my position ? ”
 “ And what do I think of New York ? ”
 “ And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ? ”
 “ And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that ? ”
 “ And aren't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? ”

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernatnrally grand,—
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that,—
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the grand chandelier,
 In the bustle and glitter befitting
 The "finest *soiree* of the year,"—
 In the mists of a *gaze de chambery*,
 And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "ferry,"
 And the dance that we had on "The Fork ;"
 Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill, when the time came to go ;
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow ;
 Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest ;
 Of—the something you said at the gate,—
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress,
 To "the best-paying lead in the State."
 Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.
 But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste still is low),
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
 Whatever's the meaning of that,—
 Oh ! why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?
 Good-night,—here's the end of my paper ;
 Good-night,—if the longitude please,—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

Harmosan.

SUGGESTIONS.—The proud manner of a conquered hero is necessary here. The Caliph's last utterance should be given grandly.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,

And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.
Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,

Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed the noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;

Give me but one drink of water, and then arrive the worst!"
In his hands he took the goblet, but, awhile, the draught forebore.

Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest,—for, around him
angry foes

With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.
"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph, "is it, friend, a
secret blow?

Fear it not!—our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealings know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not
die before

Thou hast drunk that cup of water,—this reprieve is thine,
—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with
ready hand,

And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that
cup

I have drained: then bid thy servants that spilled water
gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions
stirred,—

Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's
word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian
give:

Drink, I said before, and perish,—now I bid thee drink and
live!"

Carcassonne.

SUGGESTIONS.—The faltering, loving tones of old age must be given here, with a coloring of sad regretfulness. Slow, falling slides of the voice help to develop this color. .

“How old I am ! I’m eighty years !
 I’ve worked both hard and long ;
 Yet patient as my life has been,
 One dearest sight I have not seen,—
 It almost seems a wrong.

A dream I had when life was new :
 Alas, our dreams ! they come not true :
 I thought to see fair Carcassonne,—
 That lovely city,—Carcassonne !

“One sees it dimly from the height
 Beyond the mountains blue,
 Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—
 I do not mind the road’s fatigues,—
 Through morn and evening’s dew.
 But bitter frost would fall at night ;
 And on the grapes,—that yellow blight !
 I could not go to Carcassonne,
 I never went to Carcassonne.

“They say it is as gay all times
 As holidays at home !
 The Gentiles ride in gay attire,
 And in the sun each gilded spire
 Shoots up like those of Rome !
 The bishop the procession leads,
 The generals curb their prancing steeds.
 Alas ! I know not Carcassonne—
 Alas ! I saw not Carcassonne !

“Our vicar’s right ! he preaches loud,
 And bids us to beware ;
 He says, O guard the weakest part,
 And most the traitor in the heart
 Against ambition’s snare,
 Perhaps in autumn I can find
 Two sunny days with gentle wind ;
 I then could go to Carcassonne,
 I still could go to Carcassonne.

"My God my Father! pardon me
 If this my wish offends!
 One sees some hope more high than his,
 In age, as in his infancy,
 To which his heart ascends!
 My wife, my son have seen Narbonne,
 My grandson went to Perpignan,
 But I have not seen Carcassonne,
 But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
 Half-dreaming in his chair;
 I said, "My friend, come go with me
 To-morrow, then thine eyes shall see
 Those streets that seem so fair."
 That night there came for passing soul
 The church-bell's low and solemn toll,
 He never saw gay Carcassonne,
 Who has not known a Carcassonne?

'Ostler Joe.

SUGGESTIONS.—This recitation has been condensed and arranged, so that now for the first time it is presentable to an audience. It is capable of very effective rendering. In its present shape few selections can excel it.

I stood at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a
 woman lies,
 Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin, with the light
 of her wanton eyes;
 Who sang the song that the Siren sang on the treacherous
 Lurley height,
 Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose heart
 was as black as night.
 Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden
 above her dust—
 Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red
 rose of lust,
 But a pure white blossom of holy love that grew in the one
 green spot
 In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched
 and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue
and red,
Joe, the hostler of the "Magpie," and fair Annie Smith were
wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty; with cheek as white
as snow;
He was anything but handsome, was the "Magpie" hostler
Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a
cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's
brow.
Sped the months and came a baby,—such a blue-eyed baby
boy;
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his
joy.

Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloud-
less sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed
them by.
Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er
their home.
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to
roam.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards had
sung,
'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting
tongue;
Annie listened and was tempted,—she was tempted and
she fell,
As the angel fell from heaven to the blackest depths of hell.

Home one eve came Joe the hostler, with a cheery cry of
"Wife,"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter,—through the cruel scrawl he
spelt;
Then he sought his lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands
and knelt.

“ Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to blame,”
he cried ;
“ For I owt t'a seen her trouble, and 'agone away and died.
Why, a wench like her,—God bless her ! 'twasn't likely as
her'd rest
With that bonny head forever on a hostler's rugged breast.

Ne'er a line came to the cottage, from the woman who had
flown ;
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told the horses,—saving what he told his
God.

Far away, in mighty London, rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in
her shame.
Quick from lord to lord see flitted, higher still each prize
she won.
And her rival's paled beside her, as the stars beside the
sun.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at
its height,
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned
to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from
her brow ;
Of the thousands who had worshipped never one came near
her now.

One there was who read the story in a far off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his
face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped
her years ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of hostler
Joe.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit
fled ;

And his tears came down in torrents, as he knelt beside her
dead.

Never once his love had faltered, through her base unhal-
lowed life ;

And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of
wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day, from the gar-
den above her dust ;

Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red
rose of lust ;

But a sweet white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one
green spot,

In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched
and hot

He and She.

SUGGESTIONS.—The magnificent modulation of which this
beautiful piece is capable can hardly be equalled. The play
of the voice in pitch and force will furnish splendid practice
to the reader, and delight an audience.

“She is dead !” they said to him ; “come away ;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay !”

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair ;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair ;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and marriage lace,

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
“Come away ! they said ; ‘ God understands.’”

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it,—alone again,—he and she.

He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she ; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she ; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Said he ; I will listen with soul, not ear :
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

“Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

“And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is ?

“Oh, perfect dead ! Oh, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

“I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

“There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

“I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.”

Ah, foolish world ! Oh, most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way :

“The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

“And I am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died.”

NOTICE. — Every selection in this book will appear in proper turn, in the United States Monthly Journal of Elocution and Oratory, as the subject of a “LESSON IN RECITING.” Each lesson will thoroughly ANALYZE the Selection; give all the EMPHATIC words; describe every GESTURE; state the quantities of VOICE MODULATION, and STYLE of delivery required; and contain much valuable instruction in the art of READING and SPEAKING. This great paper costs only One Dollar per year. The “LESSONS IN RECITING” commence with the issue of June, 1890. Subscribe at once so as not to miss any numbers. Address:—U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Love's Sacrifice.

SUGGESTIONS.—The early portion of this selection is descriptive and, while light, is tinged with sadness. After the line "Twas my old friend, Ellen, etc." the rendition should be dramatic to the highest degree, but not forcible.

I have not blamed him ; I shall not blame ;
It is best for him, though bitter for me,
Whose poor heart holds the past the same
As a box of gems with a missing key !

For Philip was born to shine, you know ;
I can never help ; through my darkest pain,
Being glad he should win the world, and so
Gain early all that he ought to gain.

But 'twas pleasure to know him well above
The throng of his fellows, I avow ;
For woman's pride is to woman's love
More closely wedded than leaf to bough !

And so when the summer came at last
Which made the old house on the hill look gay,
Its silence being a thing of the past
And its shadowy chambers blest with day.

And his welcomers chose, for their fine part,
So to scatter favors about his feet.
That I grew at length to be sure in heart
Of just the nights when we would not meet.

But as summer died amid waning wealth,
A something in Phil seemed also dead,
And now and then I would weep by stealth,
For my soul grew dark with a nameless dread !

'Twas my old friend, Ellen, who spoke and showed
The truth, one morn, with her true bold tongue,
As we met on the same elm-bordered road
Which had led to school when we both were young.

“There is one who rules him with fatal sway,
Who turns his heart from its loyal place ;
A girl with brown hair waving away
From a clear-cut, pale patrician face.

“They were strolling slowly, this very morn,
On the lonely roadside where I came,
And before my kindling look of scorn
He dropt his eyes with a flush of shame.”

So Ellen spoke ; and an eager kiss
Came warm from her lips against my own ;
But nothing is quite clear after this,
Till I stood in my little room alone.

That night he came, and I met him just
At the old porch-steps worn wry with years.
The air was keen, but I would not trust
A light on the traces of my tears.

I remember the night so well, so well ! . . .
The foliage moved with a sad unrest,
And a large deep crimson crescent fell
Through the pale blue air of the starry West.

“Philip ” I said, “’twas a bitter wrong
To have done your soul, that for such as I
You should trifle with sacred truth so long,
And soil white honor, and live a lie !

“Had you frankly warned me when love first died,
While you turned in spirit from her to me,
Can you doubt what my lips had then replied,
’Though it dealt me death to set you free ?”

Now I paused, and now for a little space
I watched him tremble and try to speak,
And saw, as the moonlight struck his face,
The white we see on a dead man’s cheek.

“Ah, Kate,” he murmured, “you cannot guess
How this heart of mine, as it hears you, feels
To its guilty centre the shock and stress
Of the blow your noble pardon deals !

“But, Kate, if shame can the past repair,
From this life you were blameless to despise,
Take all that your just contempt can spare,
And let it serve you until it dies !

“And perhaps your love, with its deeps untold,
Shall have gained the power, I dream not how,
To see the man you knew me of old
In the worthless traitor you know me now !”

As he ceased, I thrilled with a yearning thrill,
But I said, in words that were cold and slow,
“Answer me what I shall ask of you, Phil ;
On your honor answer it,—yes or no !

“Which of us two has your heart this night ?
Speak truth : is it here or yonder, Phil ?
Here, where we stand in the mellow light,
Or yonder,—at the house on the hill ?”

I questioned thus, though I did not dare
Look once on his white face, vague to see,
But with dropt eyes felt, as I waited there,
That the world stood still till he answered me !

My hand on a sudden he caught and pressed,
While he said, in a whisper strange and rough ;
“Yes, Kate,—God help me !—I love *her* best.
You ask for truth : I have lied enough.”

(So the prayer was vain ! So the hope was fled !)
Then I sighed, though he did not hear me sigh,
And I let him keep my hand as I said,
“The truth is better. Good-night, good-by.”

It was dark by this, for the moon hung low ;
And I heard the katydid's wild clear cry,
As it rang from meadow : reaches, grow
Like an echoing voice, . . . *Good-night! good-by!*

If I Were You.

SUGGESTIONS.—The person reciting this must take both characters. When Nellie talks the reciter should turn to the right. When Frank talks turn to the left. A knowledge of the rules of Grace* is necessary in order to conduct oneself with ease before an audience, and to make good gestures. The play of the features in Facial Expression will also add much to the rendering of the piece.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
 Beckon and nod a melodrama through,
 I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
 If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected
 Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
 I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
 If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
 Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
 I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
 If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
 Whiff of the best—the mildest "Honey Dew,"
 I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
 If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
 Even to write the "Cynical Review:"

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
 If I were you!

*Lessons in GRACE in Book Form. A thorough course. Price Two Dollars. Address Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? To China, or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *pique*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you.

The White Squall.

SUGGESTION.—This is one of Thackeray's most humorous descriptions. It should be given in burlesque, which breaks the rules of Grace. The voice should be imitative throughout, and the action should be such where it is possible.

On deck beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning ;
 It was the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose ;
 And above the funnels's roaring,
 And the fitful wind's deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 Strange company we harbored ;
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
 Jews black, and brown, and gray ;
 With terror it would sieze ye,
 And make your soul uneasy,
 To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did naught but scratch and pray ;
 Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.
 To starboard, Turks and Greeks were,—
 Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,—
 Enormous wide their breeks were,
 Their pipes did puff alway ;
 Each on his mat allotted
 In silence smoked and squatted.
 And so the hours kept tolling,
 And through the ocean rolling
 Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
 Before the break of day—

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
 Came o'er the waters scudding ;
 And the clouds began to gather,
 And the sea was lashed to lather,
 And the lowering thunder grumbled,

And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion,
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing ;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle ;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them ;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins ;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorr'd ;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children ;
The men prayed "Allah ! Illah !
Mashallah Bismillah !"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.
Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury ;
This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September ;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers

(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
 Came on the deck astonished,
 By that wild squall admonished,
 And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
 Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
 And looked at Captain Lewis,
 Who calmly stood and blew his
 Cigar in all the bustle,
 And scorned the tempest's tussle.
 And oft we've thought thereafter
 How he beat the storm to laughter;
 For well he knew his vessel
 With that vain wind could wrestle.

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea,
 I thought as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

The Portrait.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is terribly weird. Its effect may be horrible if rendered with dramatic action, and proper facial expression. It has not often been recited. At that place where the two friends meet over the corpse the reciter should hold an attitude of perfect repose, both of body and features, a repose of frozen horror! Any movement of the body, however slight, will destroy the effect. This absolute stillness may be broken on the words, "We found the portrait there."

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
 Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
 I sat by the dying fire, and thought
 Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.
 Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
 And grief had sent him fast to sleep
 In the chamber up above.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone :
 I thought of the pleasant days of yore :
 I said, "The staff of my life is gone :
 The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
 Which next to her heart she used to wear,—
 Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
 When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
 For each ruby there, my heart hath bled :
 For each pearl, my eyes have wept."

And I said, "The thing is precious to me :
 They will bury her soon in the church-yard clay ;
 It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
 If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
 And crept up the stairs that creaked from fright,
 Till into the chamber of death I came,
 Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet.
 There, stark she lay on her carved bed :
 Seven burning tapers about her feet,
 And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath ;
 I turned as I drew the curtains apart ;
 I dared not look on the face of death :
 I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first as my touch fell there,
 It had warmed that heart to life, with love ;
 For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
 And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow
 O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side ;
 And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
 "Who is robbing the corpse ? " I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers 'light,
 The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
 Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
 And neither of us moved.

“What do you here, my friend?” . . . The man
 Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
 “There is a portrait here,” he began ;
 “There is It is mine,” I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, “Yours no doubt,
 The portrait was, till a month ago,
 When this suffering angel took that out,
 And placed mine there, I know.”

“This woman, she loved me well,” said I.
 “A month ago,” said my friend to me :
 “And in your throat,” I groaned, “you lie !”
 He answered . . . “Let us see.”

“Enough !” I returned, “let the dead decide :
 And whose soever the portrait prove,
 His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
 Where death is arraigned by Love.”

We found the portrait there, in its place :
 We opened it, by the tapers' shine :
 The gems were all unchanged ; the face
 Was—neither his nor mine.

“One nail drives out another, at least !
 The face of the portrait there,” I cried,
 “Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
 Who confessed her when she died ”

The setting is all of rubies red,
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
 For each ruby there my heart hath bled :
 For each pearl my eyes have wept.

Cato's Soliloquy.

SUGGESTIONS —This fine soliloquy is fully as impressive as that uttered by Hamlet. A table and small dagger will help. The reciter should sit.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well! —
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction? —
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! —thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

Rienzi's Address to the Romans.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is highly dramatic. The tones must be full of intense feeling, moving rapidly from hate to love, each in its extreme. The oath, solemn vow at the end, should be given kneeling, with uplifted hand.

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

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

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once, and son! He left my side;—
 A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile

Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 That pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! rouse, ye slaves !
 Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored ; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash !

Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king ! and once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus ! once, again, I swear
 The eternal city shall be free !

Shylock in a Passion.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Scene I. Act III.

SHAKESPEARE.

SUGGESTIONS.—The proud Jew is in anger ; his passion overwhelms him. At news of Antonio's loss he is in passionate joy ; which is several times changed to passionate hatred of his daughter.

Sol. How now, Shylock ; what news among the merchants ?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sol. That's certain ; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged ; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sol. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel !

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shy. There I have made another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

So! Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands ; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is ? If you prick us do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now :—two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she was hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ?—Why so :—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find

the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge ; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs but o' my breathing ; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God :—is it true ? is it true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal ;—good news, good news : ha ! ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my tortoise : I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal. meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Bill Nye's Spartacus.

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be recited in the strong, full voice of a Roman Gladiator, the attitude and face showing the heroic.

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish and

yet has never lowered his arm. I do not say this to brag, however, but simply to show that I am the star thumper of the entire outfit.

If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it and I will spread him around over the arena till the Coroner will have to gather him up with a blotting paper. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomy such cupolas and royal cornices and Corinthian capitals and entablatures, that their own mothers would pass them by in the broad light of high noon unrecognized.

And yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher—the savage chief of still more savage men.

My ancestors came from old Sparta, the county-seat of Marcus Aurelius county, and settled among the vine-clad hills and cotton groves of Sarsaparilla. My early life ran quiet as a clear brook by which I sported. My boyhood was one long happy summer day. We stole the Roman muskmellon and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was one continuous hallelujah.

When at noon I led the sheep beneath the shade and played "Sweet Bye and Bye" on my shepherd's flute, there was another Spartan youth, the son of a neighbor to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and together picked the large red nuts out of our indestructible sandwiches.

One evening, after the sheep had been driven into the corral and we were all seated beneath the persimmon tree that shaded our humble cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra and George Francis Train and Dr. Mary Walker and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans, under General Howard, had withstood the regular army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go on the warpath.

But my mother kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on

our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranch, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke house, and rode their war horses over our cucumber vines.

To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his patent clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend.

He knew me, smiled some more, said "Ta, ta," and ascended the golden stair. I begged of the Prætor that I might be allowed to bear away the body and have it packed in ice.

Ay, upon my bended knees, amidst the dust and blood of the arena, I begged this poor boon, and the Prætor answered "Let the carrion rot. There are no noble men but Romans and Ohio men. Let the show go on. Bring in the bobtail lion from Abyssinia." And the assembled maids and matrons and the rabble shouted in derision.

And so must you, fellow gladiators, and so must I, die like dogs.

To-morrow we are billed to appear at the Coliseum at Rome, and reserved seats are being sold at the corner of Third and Corso streets for our moral and instructive performance while I am speaking to you.

Ye stand here like giants as ye are, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis with a sealskin cap will pat your red brawn and bet his sesturces upon your blood.

O, Rome! Rome! Thou hast been indeed a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle timid shepherd lad who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart like the adamantine lemon pie of the railroad lunch room. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the palpitating gizzard of his foe, and to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as to the smooth-cheeked Roman Senator looks into the laughing eyes of the girls in the Treasury department.

And he shall pay thee back till the rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. You doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

Hark! Hear ye the lion roaring in his den?—'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it, and he will sling your vertebræ about his cage like the star pitcher of a champion nine.

If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, arise and follow me.

Strike down the warden and the turnkey, overpower the police and cut for the tall timber.

O, comrades! Warriors!! Gladiators!!!

If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue sky and by the still waters, and be buried according to Gunter instead of having our bones polished off by Numidian lions amid the groans and hisses of a snide Roman populace.

Mary's Little Lamb.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a dainty bit of fun of the choicest kind. Each dialect and character should be impersonated. The ability to impersonate well is the foundation of a fortune. Facial Expression* teaches this.

The following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb:

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too.

We heard a son of Eriu trying to surround Mary and her little lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it:

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white intoiry ;
An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
The young shape would follow her complately.

So celebrated a poem should have a French version :

La petite Marie had le jeune muttong,
Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow !
And everywhere La Belle Marie went,
Le jeune muttong was zure to go.

*Lessons in Facial Expression and Impersonations. A thorough course in Book Form, full of illustrations. Price Ten Dollars. Address, Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Oui Monsieur ; you avez un very large imagination ; mais comment est this, pour Deutsche :

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf ;
 Mit hair yust like some vool ;
 Und all der place dot gal did vent,
 Das schaf go like ein fool.

We inscribe the following version to the dear girls of Boston.

Tradition testifies, and history verifies the testimony, that one Mary was at one time possessed of a youthful member of the genus sheep, whose excellence of blood and neatness of manner rendered his, or her, exterior fringe as beautifully translucent as the driven, beautiful snow. And it is stated in the most authentic manner (pp. 2 and 3, vol. 1 Nursery Rhymes, q. v.) that nowhere did the charming little lady (probably a Boston girl) perambulate, but the aforementioned quadrupedal vertebrate did with alacrity approximate thither.

The Widow Bedott's Poetry.

BY F. M. WHITCHER.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is best rendered in a cracked voice. The language should flow with wonderful rapidity.

Yes, he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jenkins says (she 'twas Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's just a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his memory, nobody wouldn't think I didn't set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it ; it generally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up my feelin's ; but I'll try. Dident know I ever writ poitry? How you talk ! Used to make lots on't ; hair't so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheese, and writ a piece o' poitry, and pasted on top on't. It begins as follers :

I never changed my single lot,—

I thought 'twould be a sin—

(though widder Jinkins says it's because I never had a chance) Now 'tain't for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they were a mind to; why, this poitry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three years after husband died. I guess the generality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Major Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"—seein' he couldn't get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get,—but I goes on to say—

I never changed my single lot,

I thought 'twould be a sin,—

For I thought so much o' Decon Bedott

I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke

His anger dident last,

But vanished like tobacker smoke

Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be

The wife of such a man,

Tell the men that's after me

To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single Jot

He called the doctor in—

That's a fact—he used to be scairt to death if anything ailed me. Now only just think,—widder Jinkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that she guessed the Deacon dident set no great store by me, or he wouldn't a went off to confrence meetin' when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldn't git along without him no way. But where was I? Oh!—

If I was sick a single jot

He called the doctor in—

I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott

I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
 That felt for all mankind,—
 It made him feel amazin' bad
 To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—

That's true as the Scripturs,— but if you'll believe it, Betsy, Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house, how't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin! Did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself; but its a long story, I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkius is eternally runnin' me down. See,— where had I got to? Oh, I remember now.—

Whiskey and rum he tasted not,—
 He thought it was a sin,—
 I thought so much of Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

But now he's dead! the thought is killin',
 My grief I can't control—
 He never left a single shillin'
 His widder to console.

But that wasn't his fault—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he dident lay up nothin'—however, it dident give him no great oneasiness,—he never cared much for airthly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back, —begrudged folks their vittals when they came to his house! Did you ever! Where was I? Oh! “His widder to console,”—ther ain't but one more verse, 'tain't a very lengthy poem. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he,—“What did you stop so soon for?”—But Miss Jinkius told the Crosby's *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun,—she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poitry o' hern'—I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wasn't a word o' truth in the hull on on't,

—said I never cared tuppence for the Deacon. What an everlastin' lie! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on't. I will conclude as follers:—

I'll never change my single lot,—
 I think 'twould be a sin,—
 The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
 Don't intend to get marrled agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcome me so when I say that poetry—O-o-o o-o!

Brother Gardner on Liars.

SUGGESTIONS —This is a quaint, honest, directly told lecture in a rich negro dialect. A high pitch, oral tone, is the very best, modulating in a middle pitch dark in form.

“Who am a liar?” asked the old man, as he stood up in his usual place and glared around him,

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin, and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardner continued:

“An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar, an' de liars? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawnin' and lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry-goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De ice-man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs and lies. De painter paints and lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dress-maker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, an' de man who wont lie doan' stan' auy show.

“An' yet, my frens, whar will we bring up in de eaud?

When Waydown Bebee axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it, an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out de last shillin' fur a washbo'd, an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I ax Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me, he lies when he says he promised his dyin' gran'mudder nebber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we can afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orte be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become a red hot, go-ahead, dust-aroun' nashun, but we has also become a nashun of liars, cheats, and false pretenders. Our religion furnishes a cloak for hypocrites, an' our charity am but a high-soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. I doan' know what de principal wickedness of Sodom consisted of nor wheder de folks in Gomorrow told lies or pitched pennies, but if either one could beat an American town of de same size fur lyin' an' decepshun dey mus' have got up werry airly in de mawnin', an' stayed awake all night long. We lie an' we know we lie. We play the hypocrite we cheat and deceive, an' yit we want the world to pick us out as shining examples of virtue, an' we expect our tombstones to bear eulogies gorgious 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into doin' better! Let de kickin' begin just whar it happens, for we can't hit anybody who doan' need it!"

Waydown Bebee arose to inquire if he had ever borrowed a dollar of the President and neglected to return it on the date specified.

"You has, sah!" was the prompt reply.

Waydown scratched his head, looked around for a soft spot to break his fall, and finally sat down with a look of meloncholy creeping over his complexion.

NOTICE. Every selection in this book will appear in proper turn, in the United States Monthly Journal of Elocution and Oratory, as the subject of a "LESSON IN RECITING." Each lesson will thoroughly ANALYZE the Selection; give all the EMPHATIC words; describe every GESTURE; state the quantities of VOICE MODULATION, and STYLE of delivery required; and contain much valuable instruction in the art of READING and SPEAKING. This great paper costs only One Dollar per year. The "LESSONS IN RECITING" commence with the issue of June, 1890. Subscribe at once so as not to miss any numbers. Address:—U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

The Weather Fiend.

SUGGESTIONS.—The fiend opens with the usual assurance of his class, but gradually weakens, until, at the close of the selection, he is quite subdued. The man in the corner is sharp, decided and aggressive.

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the South Hill car was coming down the Division street steps.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man with the thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begun it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather any different from any other?"

The man in the thin clothes looked nervously at the dumb mule and said "it was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind; "no, it's warmer in some places, and in some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than its colder in others?" remorsefully pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said piteously, "the sun, with the effects of the sun's heat"

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner, indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man in thin clothes hastened to explain. "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in the thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said slowly, he guessed "it was the ice."

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

“Why,” the victim said, with all symptoms of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice; “the ice that was—frozen—frozen by the frost”

“Did you ever see any ice that wasn’t frozen?” howled the man in the corner in a burst of derision.

The man in thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said: “No; that is, he believed he didn’t.”

“Then,” thundered the man in the corner, “what are you talking about?”

The man in thin clothes then made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he was trying to “talk about the weather?”

“And what do you know about it?” triumphantly roared the man in the corner. “What do you know about the weather.”

The man in the thin clothes lost his grip again, and feebly said “he didn’t know very much about it, that was a fact.” And then he tried to be cheerful and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about the weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

“No, sir! I should say you didn’t. You come into this car and force yourself on the attention of a stranger, and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though you owned it, and I find that you don’t know a solitary thing about the matter yourself selected for your topic of conversation; you don’t know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles of phenomena; you can’t tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don’t know icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don’t know why the earth grows colder as it comes near the sun; you can’t tell why a man can be sun-struck in the shade; you can’t tell me how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn’t find the calm centre of a storm if your life depended on it; you don’t know what a sirocco is nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don’t know the average rainfall in the United States for the past and current year; you don’t understand the formation of fog, and you can’t explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don’t know why a wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you

don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like a thousand and one other people who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the cave of Boreas, sir they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passengers in the South Hill car, but no man durst answer him. And as for the man in thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him whether he had a sunstroke or an ague chill. He on'y knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the Jefferson Street Crossing.

The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.

From the "Century Magazine."

SUGGESTIONS.—The reciter, Cassandra, should be burlesqued. The extracts from her elocutionary efforts should be greatly over done.

Though I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies
round at ease,

As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to love,

While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of
the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious
lines,

Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest
reader's wise,

Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens that
were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not understand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
When she said that she would study Elocution in the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vain ;
 She began with "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against
 the paayne,
 And the beacon-light a-trrremble,"—which, although it
 made me wince,
 Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she'd rendered
 since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melt-
 ing Mo-oan,
 And the way she gave "Young Greyhead" would have li-
 quefied a stone.
 Then the sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
 And she tore my taste to tatters when she siew "The Polish
 Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
 Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in
 frenzy roll :
 What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me griev-
 ous pain
 That she rose in social gatherings and Searched among the
 Slain.

I was forced to look upon her in my desperation dumb,
 Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
 She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very
 least,
 As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah ! once I fell a dreaming ; some one played a polo-
 naise
 I associated strongly with those happier August days
 And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs for-
 gotten quite.
 Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish : "Curfew SHALL not
 ring to night !"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy warm ro-
 mance ;
 Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in
 France ;
 Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting
 hope came down.
 I am still a single cynic ; she is still Cassandra Brown !

Ben Deene.

BY G. R. BLANCHARD.

SUGGESTIONS.—For the cultivation of Personal Magnetism* of the thrilling order, this selection, combined with the study of the book, may be made very great.

The Pacific Express,
Dashing into the West,
Should have left "Mountain Junction" at half past eight,
But with pushing and switching a crippled night freight,
She was an hour late

There were thirteen cars in her train, all told,—
And all of them filled.
The schedule was fast,
The night was steel cold,
And the glittering daggers that flashed from the stars,
Cut the air into blasts
As sharp as wolves teeth or like flying glass.
They chilled the great boiler
Of the racer and toiler,
Stanch old "89 "

And though her engineer was the best on the line,
(Long-bearded Ben Deene),
She wouldn't make steam,
So he couldn't make time.

For nineteen miles—twelve near the river's side—
The track was as straight as a railway can be
'Till it reached a sharp curve near a leaning oak tree.
Here the engineers always said: "Now let her glide,"
And made up the time
Perhaps lost on the climb.

Down the "run" she flew with her thirteen cars,
Her driving-wheels looking like million-rayed stars,
Surging on o'er the ground with loud thrumming bounds
Ran this metal muscled and steam-drinking hound.

*Lessons in Personal Magnetism in book form. Price Three Dollars.
Address Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

With hand on the lever, her brave engineer
 Peered into the night
 Through the dancing arc of her yellow head light ;
 Every muscle alert,
 With vigilant care untroubled by fear,
 To make up his time without mishaps or hurt.

He at last struck the curve near the "leaning Oak,"
 Had just leaned out, proudly patting her cab,

When an axle broke
 On her forward truck ;

She reeled for a second as if she were struck,
 Then began to thump,
 And to bump, hump and jump
 Over the live oak ties, as if they were stumps.

Dene set the air brakes ; he reversed ; gave her steam ;

Then, grasping her throttle
 As a drunkard a bottle
 And his hand were a vice,
 Saw below him the river

Half filled with floe ice.

How her speed sends her smashing on over the ties !

Will she never stop ! How she shakes and shivers !

How every inch of his train seems to quiver !

No ! a glance back tells him each car runs as still

As it did on the upward side of the hill.

Good ! only the engine is off the track—

But she's off to the right ! Great God, that's the side

Where the deep iced river rides.

"Here Jack ! climb this tank ! Quick as hell, man, get back,

And pull that pin

When I reverse again,

Or when she goes over she'll pull 'em all in."

Stumbling over the wood, clamoring over coal

As he engine limped, then staggered, now rolled,

Jack Ford pulled the pin, just as "89" lunged

Down into the stream with a hissing plunge.

But there stood the cars as still as if stopped

At some signal switch when a red light's dropped.

The fireman stood on the baggage car step
 Peering into the stream
 Where the engine leapt,
 As we fixedly stare in some aching dream.
 What is that creeps slowly over the tank
 From the half frozen flood?
 Then crawls like a worm up the stony bank?
 'Tis the engineer covered with ice, while his blood
 Flows fast through a cruel gash in his head,
 That is horribly red.
 But his great steadfast soul, supreme till it fled,
 Illumined the blood as he whispered, "Jack,
 Get a red light, somewhere : quick, run up the track—
 Think--the east-bound express--I'm all right--hurry back."

As the two expresses stood nose to nose,
 Deene lay down between them, in frozen clothes.
 He had saved two trains—
 And babes, fair maidens, fond mothers, strong men,
 Rode unchilled by the flood,
 Slept unwounded of blood.

When the Omnipotent Ken
 Scans eternity's realms to give crowns to true men,
 And the angel of records calls "Deene, engineer!"
 Can you doubt that then
 He will answer there as he did at the oak
 When the axle broke--
 "I am here."

The Little Handmaiden.

SUGGESTIONS.—This requires the pure quality of wice, light, airy and sparkling. The gestures require the utmost grace and ease. For the development of these excellent qualities the selection is very valuable.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

The King's son walks in the garden fair--
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
 He little knows of his toil and care,

That the bride is gone and the bower is bare.

Put on garments of white my maidens!

The sun shines bright through the casement high—

Oh the maidens heart is merry!

The little handmaid with a laughing eye,
Looks down on the king's son strolling by.

Put on garments of white my maidens!

“He little knows that the bride is gone,

And the earl knows little as he,

She is fled with her lover afar last night,

And the king's son is left to me.”

And back to her chamber with velvety step

The little handmaid did glide,

And a gold key took from her bosom sweet.

And opened the great chests wide.

She clad her body in spotless white,

With a girdle as red as blood.

The glad white raiment her beauty bound,

As the sepals bind the bud

And round and round her white neck she flung

A necklace of sapphires blue ;

On one white finger of either hand

A shining ring she drew

And into the garden sweet she sto'e—

The little birds carolled loud—

Her beauty shone as a star might shine

In the rift of a morning cloud.

The king's son walked in the garden fair,

And the little hand maiden came,

Through the midst of a shimmer of roses red,

Like a sunbeam through a flame.

The king's son marvelled, his heart leaped up,

“And art thou my bride?” said he,

“Far North or South, I have never beheld

A lovelier maid than thee ”

“And dost thou love me?” the little maid cried,

“A fine king's son, I wis!”

And the king's son took her with both his hands,

And her ruby lips did kiss.

“O king's son, foolish and fooled art thou,

For a goodly game is played.

Thy bride is away with her lover last night,
 And I am her little hand maid."
 And the king's son sware, a great oath said he—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
 "If the Earl's fair daughter a traitress be,
 The little handmaid is enough for me."
Put on garments of white, my maidens!
 The king's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
 And the little handmaiden walketh there,
 But the old Earl pulleth his beard for care
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

An Appeal to the Sexton for Air.

SUGGESTIONS.—The costume of an old "hay-seed" farmer, with a cracked voice, and easy natural drawl, not too nasal, will render this selection very effective. As a good reader said "It is peerless." There are touches of mock solemnity in it. The style is didactic, with some staccato movement. A school boy style is also good.

O Sextant of the meetinouse which sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to! and make fiers,
 And lites the gas, and sometimes leaves a screw loose,
 In which case it smells orful—wus than lampile :
 And wrings the bell and toles it, and sweeps paths ;
 And for these servases gits \$100 per annum :
 Wich them that thinks deer let em try it ;
 Gittin up before starlite in all wethers, and
 Kindlin fiys when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins,
 (I wouldn't be hierd to do it for no some;)
 But But o Sextant there are one kermody
 Wuth more than gold which don't cost nuthin ;
 Wuth more than anything except the Sole of Man!
 I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are !
 O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flize about
 Scaterin leaves and bloin off men's hats ;
 In short its jest as free as Are out doses ;

But o Sextant ! in our church its scarce as piety,
 Scarce as bankbils when ajunts beg for mishuns,
 Wich some say is purty often, taint nothing to me,
 What i give aint nothin to nobody ; but O Sextant !
 You shet 500 men women and children
 Speshily the latter, up in a tite place,
 Some has bad breths, none of em aint too sweet,
 Sum is fevery, some is scroflus, some has bad teeth
 And sum haint none, and sum aint over clean ;
 But every one of em brethes in and out and out and in
 Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half breths an hour;
 Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
 I ask you ; say 15 minnets, and then what's to be did ?
 Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin and so on, till each has took it down
 At least 10 times and let it up agaiu, and what's more
 The same individible doant hev the privilege
 Of brethin his own are and no one else,
 Each one must take wotever comes to him.
 O Sextant ! doant you know our lungs is bellusses
 To blo the fier of life and keep it from
 Going out ; and how can bellusses blo without wind ?
 And aint wind are ? I put it to your konshens
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an Injun doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omepath,
 Or Boze to gerls. Are is for us to brethe.
 What signifies who preaches ef I cant brethe.
 Whats Pol ! Whats Pollus to sinners who are ded ?
 Ded for want of breth ! why Sextant when we dye
 Its only coz we cant brethe no more—that's all.
 And now o Sextant ! let me beg of you
 To let a leetle are into our church ;
 (Pewer are is sertin proper for the pcws,)
 And dew it week days and on Sundys tew—
 It aint much trubble--only make a hoal
 And then the are will come in of itself,
 (It loves to come in where it can git warm.)
 And o how it will rouze the people up
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps

And yorns and fjjits as effectool
 As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tels
 Of.

Taking an Elewator.

SUGGESTIONS.—This selection may be aided by the costume of a country woman, with large bonnet, and spectacles. The voice may be the cracked high pitch.

I had heerd considerable about this 'ere store, but I warn't in no way prepared for all I see there. Sakes! It was like a dozen villages like Nandusenberg acomin' out of meetin' all at once. Such a crowd I never see, and the women maulin' of the goods without buyin', and the clerks lookin' on sarcastic just like you see in any ornery store. Well, I went about better'n an hour gettin' a couple o' pair of good domestic hose for my son Jabez, and seven-eighths of a yard of stuff for cheese bags; and sudden, bein' uncommon tired, I felt a weak spell comin' on, and I hadn't hardly strength to ask for chintz for the sitting-room sofa.

"Next story, ma'am," says the clerk, kind o' lookin' sharp at me. "Wouldn't you like to take an elewator?"

Well, I *was* beat! It seemed a most uncommon proceeding, and what I never heerd no gentleman do before, to ask me to take an elewator. I had my misgivings what it meant, for our Jabez with his jokes and what nots, though his father end me is most strong temprince folks, persists sometimes in takin' what he calls elewators, which is glasses o' speerits and water, calkerlated, as he says, to raise droopin' feelius and failin' strength.

'Sir,' says I, as lofty as I could, "I prefer not, and to my mind you'd do better for a respectable shop not to be offerin' elewators, leastwise not to me."

So I kept walkin' around, not likin' to ask questions showin' my country ways, and still feelin' that awful feelin' of goneness which them as has weak spells is subject to, when another clerk, hearin' me ask for chintzez, said something again about my takin' an elewator. By this time I felt

dreadful, and so, says I, makin' up my mind it was a York fashion and it warn't best to seem too back country :

"Thanks to you, sir," says I, "I don't mind trying some thing of the kind, bein' most remarkable thirsty."

"Certainly, ma'am," says he, a bowin' careless toward a stand holdin' a faucy pail with a spigot to it, full of what I might took to be water, judgin' by the taste, but I knew well enough it was some deceitful genteel kind of liquor with the taste and smell taken out like they do to benzine and castor oil. No sooner had I swallowed a goblet of it than the young man pointed to a little room which, if you'll believe me, give the queerest kind of a jerk you ever see just as I looked in, and seein' comfortable sofas all around the walls of it, I steeped in. There was other ladies goin' in too, so we all set down, and I couldn't help wonderin' whether the poor things had not been takin' elewators like me.

"It won't do no harm," says I to myself, "to sit here a minute or two till this weak spell passes off," when, massy on me! if I didn't feel myself AGOIN' UP! Yes, agoin' up, and with me the room and sofas and ladies and all! I clutched a hold of the cushion and stared kind o' wild, like as not, for one of the ladies bit her lip as if contemplating to laugh, and still we was all agoin' up, leastwise so it seemed.

"It's all on account o' takin' that elewator," thinks I to myself, and then it come upon me how uncommon appropriate the word was, meanin' a drink, though I had heard Jabez's pa scold him for using that vulgar expression. But I couldn't help feelin' scared, particular when I see, all of a suddent, men and women kind o' walkin' about in the air. Once I jumped up to go out of the room, but a man workin' some clock works in the corner held out his hand.

"In one moment, madam," said he, a-pushin' me back with *such* an air.

"Did you take an elewator?" I whispered to the lady set ting alongside of me. She nodded her head without saying nothing, and from her queer look I reckoned she was worse affected even than I was.

"It's the first one I ever took in my life here in York," continues I. "Our country elewators is more positive to

take, but they don't have nothing of the effect, though I must say such things never ought to be took except in sickness.

"*Now, madam,*" says the clock man, very pompous, "you won't have no difficulty now."

Sure enough I didn't have no difficulty. For a minit the effect of the elewator passed off suddener than it came. I followed the ladies out lively enough, but sakes alive! what a time I had findin' the street door! I never was so bothered in all my life, though I knowed all along what was the matter, but just kept on without asking no questions of nobody and finally a-goin' down-stairs, and down stairs, and expectin' nothin' else but to find myself in the kitchen, if Mr. Stewart's family lives anywhere in the buildin', which is most likely, there bein' enough room I should think. Well, to make a long story short, how I ever got out of that store I don't ever expect to know, but after I once ketched sight of them glass doors, I didn't turn neck nor heel till I stood out on the sidewalk explainin' private to the police that I'd been takin' an elewator, and wouldn't he put me in a down-town stage. To this day I haven't said a word about the business to Jabez, nor husband, nor no one to home. Some things had best be by-gones. But I feel it a bounden duty to warn all respectable females, great and small, not to be led into takin' elewators when they go into them York stores, least of all this new-fangled kind which is equal fatal in consequences to pure speerits, and tastes like nothin' on earth but water, which leads you to takin' too much.

The Witch Cat.

SUGGESTIONS.—This selection is weird, unique and remarkably beautiful. It is the old time favorite of a well-known tragedian. In the hands of a good reciter, it is capable of great results. The descriptive brogue is only half Irish, but as the teller of the story is Irish, all the parts, as well as the descriptions, should be kept in the half Irish brogue, except that of the magistrate, which may be of a richer

dialect. The soul of the cat must be depicted as talking with terrible earnestness, so a dash, oral tone would suit.*

There was a man called Tom O'Connor, and he had a cat equal to a dozen rat-traps and worth her weight in goold, in savin' his sacks of meal from the thievery of the rats and mice. This cat was a great pet, and was up to iverything, and had so sinsible a look in her eyes, Tom was sartin' sure the cat knew ivery word that was said to her.

She used to sit by him at breakfast ivery morning, and the eloquent cock in her tail, as she used to rub against his leg, said, "Give me some milk, Tom O'Connor," as plain as print; and the plentitude of her purr spoke a gratitude beyond language. Well, one morning Tom was going to the neighboring town to market, and to bring home shoes to the childhre out of the price of his corn; and sure eno', before he sat down to breakfast, there was Tom takin' the measure of the childre's feet by cuttin' notches on a bit of stick; and his wife gave him, so many cautions about a nate fit for "Billy's purty feet" that Tom, in his anxiety to nick the closest possible measures, cut the child's toe. That disturbed the harmony of the party, and Tom had to breakfast alone, while mother was tryin' to cure Billy--to make a *heal* of his *toe*. Well, all the time Tom was takin' measure, the cat was observin' him with that luminous peculiarity in eye for which her tribe is remarkable; and when Tom sat down to breakfast the cat rubbed against him more vigorously than iver, and whin he kept never mindin' her, she made a sort of caterwaulin' growl, and gave Tom a dab of her claws that wint clane through his leathers. "Now," said Tom, with a jump, "by this and by that, ye dhrew the blood out iv me," says he. "You wicked divil! tish, go 'long!" makin' a strike at her. With that the cat gave a reproachful look, and her eyes glared like mail-coach lamps in a fog. The cat gave a mysterious "miaou," fixing a penetrating glance on Tom, and distinctly uttered his name.

Tom felt every hair on his head as stiff as a pump-handle; he returned a searching look at the cat, who quietly proceeded with a sort of twang.

*All these shades of tones are fully described in the new book on Voice Culture. Price \$2.00. Address Webster Edgerly—P.O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

"Tom O'Connor," says she.

"Och, the saints be good to me," says he, "if it is'nt spakin' she is."

"Tom O'Connor," says she again.

"Yis, ma'am," says Tom.

"You're goin' off to the town," says she, "to buy shoes for the childhre, and never thought on getting me a pair."

"Is it a cat to wear shoes?" says Tom. "But, ma'am, I don't see how you cu'd fasten a shoe on you!" says he.

"Lave that to me," says the cat.

"As for the horses, mem, you know their shoes is fastened on wid nails!"

"Ah, you stupid thafe," says the cat, "an' haven't I ille gant nails of my own?" an' wid that she gave him a dab wid her claws.

"Och, murther!" roared Tom. "Tare an' ouns, what 'ill become ov me if I am to get shoes for me cats?"

So Tom wint off to the town, as he pretended—for he saw the cat watchin' him thro' a hole in the hedge. But whin he came to a turn in the road, the dickens he minded the market, but went off to the squire's to swear examinations agin' the cat. But when he was asked to relate the evints of the morning, his brain was so bewildered between his corn an' the cat an' the child's toe, that he made a confused account.

"Begin your story from the beginning," said the magistrate.

"Well, plaze yer honor," says Tom, "I was goin' to market to sell the child's—corn—I beg your pardon—my own toes—I mane, sir—"

"Sell yer toes?" said the squire.

"No, sir; takin' the cat to market, I mane."

"Take a cat to market?" said the squire; you're drunk, man."

"No, yer honor, only confused, for when the toes began to spake to me—the cat, I mane—I was bothered clane—"

"The cat speak to you?" said the squire. "Phew! worse than before—you're drunk."

"No, yer honor, it's on the strength ov the cat I come to spake to you!"

"I think it's on the strength ov a pint ov whiskey, Tom!"

“By the vartue ov my oath, yer honor, it’s nothing but the cat.” Then Tom told him about the affair, an’ the squire was astonished. The magistrate pulled down all the law-books in his library, and looked over the laws, but he found nothing agin’ cats.

“I’ve a fresh idea,” says the magistrate.

“Faix, it won’t kape frish long this weather,” says Tom.

“We’ll hunt her under the game laws,” says the magistrate. “Meet me at the cross-roads in the mornin’, an’ we’ll have the hounds ready.”

Well, off went Tom home, racking his brains for an excuse for not bringin’ the shoes; an’ he saw the cat cauntering up to him, half a mile before he got home.

“Where’s the shoes, Tom,” says she.

“I’ve not got ’em to-day, ma’am,” says he.

“Is that the way you keep your promise, Tom?” says she. “I’ll tell you what it is, Tom, I’ll tear the eyes out ov the childhre if you don’t get me shoes.”

“Whist, whist!” says Tom, frightened out of his life. “Dou’t be in a passion, pussy! The shoemaker had’nt a shoe nor a last to make one fo fit you, an’ he says I must bring you into town for him to take your measure.”

“An’ whin?” says the cat.

“To-morrow,” says Tom.

Tom thrimbled at the wicked look she gave him.

Well, sure eno’, the nixt mornin’ there was the cat lickin’ herself as nate as a new pin, to go into the town, an’ out came Tom wid a bag under his arm.

“Now, git into this, an’ I’ll carry you into town,” says Tom, opening the bag.

Well, the cat got in the bag, an’ off set Tom to the cross-roads, whin the squire an’ the huntsmen an’ the houns an’ the pack ov people were waitin’.

“What’s that bag you have at yer back?” says the squire, makin’ believe he knew nothing.

“Oh, nothin’ at all,” says Tom, with a wink.

“Oh, there’s something in that bag” says the squire. “Let me see it!”

“Is it doubtin’ my character you’d be, sir?” says Tom.

“Tom, your sowl!” says the voice in the sack, “If you let the cat out ov the bag I’ll murder you!”

The squire insisted on searching, an' laid hold of the bag, Tom pretending to fight all the time; but, before two minutes they shook the cat out ov the bag, an' off she wint wid her tail as big as a sweeping brush, an' the squire, wid a thunderin' view haloo afther her, clapt the dogs at her heels, an' away they wint far their bare life. Never was there seen such a runnin' as that. The cat made for a shakin' bog, an' there the riders were all thrown out, barrin' the huntsman, who had a web footed horse, an' the praist; an' they stuck to the hunt like wax; an' they said the cat gave a twist as the foremost dog closed with her on the border of the bog, for he gave her a nip in the flank. Still she wint on, towards an old mud cabin in the middle ov the bog; an' they saw her jump in at the window, an' up came the dogs an' set up a terrible howling. The huntsman alighted an' wint into the house, an' what should he see but an old hag lying in bed in the corner.

How Girls Fish.

SUGGESTIONS.—This delightful selection must be given with apparent innocence. The voice should change for each character. Facial expression will have much to do with its effective rendition.

There are generally about six in the bunch, with light dresses on and they have three poles with as many hooks and lines among them.

As soon as they get to the river's brink, they begin to look for a good place to get down on the rafts, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot heel in the bank and makes two careful step downs, then suddenly finds herself at the bottom with both hands in the water and a general feeling that everybody in the wide world is looking at her, and she never tells any one how she got there. The other girls profiting by her example, turn round and go down the bank on their hands and toes backwards.

Then they scamper over the rafts until they come to a shallow place where they can see the fish and shout, "O, I see one!"

"Where?"

"Why there!"

"O my! so it is!"

"Say, lets catch him."

"Who's got them barts?"

"You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole."

"Show me the wretch that stole my worm!"

All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens the echoes for a mile around and sends every fish within three acres square into galloping hysterics.

Then the girls, by superhuman exertions, manage to get a worm on the hook and throw in with a splash like the launching of a wash-tub and await the result. When a silver fin comes along and nibbles at the bait they pull up with a jerk, that, had an unfortunate fish weighing less than fifteen pounds been on the ends of the hook, they would have landed it in the neighborhood of three or four miles out in the country.

After a while a feeble-minded sunfish contrives to get fastened to the hook of a timid girl and she gives vent to her tongue. "O my! somethings got my hook!"

"Pull up, pull up, you little idiot! shout five excited voices as poles and lines are dropped and they rush to the rescue.

The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk that sends the unfortunate fish into the air the full length of forty feet of line, and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp flop, that sets the girl to clawing as though there were bumble bees in her hair.

"Oh! murder! take it away! ugh! the nasty thing.

Then they hold up their skirts, and gather about that fish, as it skips over the damp logs; one all time holding the pole with both hands with her foot firmly planted on the line as though she had an evilly disposed goat at the other end; they talk over it.

"How ever will he get off the hook?"

"'Ain't it pretty?"

"Wouder if it ain't dry."

"Poor little thing, lets put it back."

"How will we get the hook from it?"

"Pick it up, pick it up," says a girl who backs rapidly out of the circle.

“Good gracious, I’m afraid. There, its opening its mouth at me !”

Just then the sunny wriggles off the hook and disappears between two logs into the water.

Then the girls try for another bite.

But the sun comes down and fries the back of their necks, and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies. If an unwary chub dares show himself in the water, they poke at him with their poles, much to his disgust.

After a time they get mad all over, throw the poles away, hunt up the lunch basket and climb up into the woods where they sit around on the grass and the caterpillars, and eat enough of dried beef and rusk and hard boiled egg to give a wood-horse the night-mare.

Then they compare notes about their beaux until sundown, when they go home, plant envy in the hearts of all their friends by telling what “a splendid time they had fishing.”

The Dawn of Patrick Henry’s Genius.

SUGGESTIONS—This simple narrative, in descriptive form, should commence in a quiet, colloquial manner, and gradually unfold in voice and action until the climax is reached. The last half of the recitation is very thrilling if sufficient spirit is shown.

Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. The array before Mr. Henry’s eyes was now most fearful. The court house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this ; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry’s strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered very much in his exordium.

The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement ; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other ; and his father is described as having

almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now was witnessed that mysterious and almost super-natural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him.

For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the exuviae of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner in which language cannot tell*. Add to all these, his wonder working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it.

In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end." The people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled

from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seemed to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the Act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house.

From that time the name of Patrick Henry was on the lips of every man who loved American Liberty.

The Organist.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is sad, pathetic, beautiful. The voice will find the selection excellent for the development of those moaning tones which are requisite to good delivery in this style of recitals.

In his dim chapel day by day
 The organist was wont to play,
 And please himself with fluted reveries.
 One day as he was wrapped, a sound
 Of feet stole near; he turned and found
 A little maid that stood beside him there
 She started, and in shrinking wise
 Besought him with her liquid eyes
 And little features, very sweet and spare.
 "You love the music, child," he said,
 And laid his hand upon her head,
 And soothed her matted hair.
 She answered, "At the door one day
 I sat and heard the organ play;
 I did not dare to come inside for fear:

But yesterday, a little while,
I crept half up the empty aisle
And heard the music sounding sweet and clear
"You love the music then," he said,
And still he stroked her golden head,
And followed out some winding reverie ;
"And you are poor?" said he at last ;
The maiden nodded, and he passed
His hand across her forehead dreamingly ;
"And will you be my friend? he spake,
"And on the organ learn to make
Grand music here with me?"
And all the little maiden's face
Was kindled with a grateful grace ;
"Oh, master, teach me ; I will slave for thee!"
She cried ; and so the child grew dear
To him, and slowly year by year
He taught her all the organ's majesty ;
And gave her from his slender store
Bread and warm clothing, that no more
Her cheeks were pinched to sec.
And year by year the maiden grew
Taller and lovelier, and the hue
Deepened upon her tender cheeks untried.
And sometimes at his work a glow
Would touch him, and he murmured low,
"How beautiful she is?" and bent his head ;
And sometimes when the day went by
And brought no maiden he would sigh,
And lean and listen for her velvet tread ;
And he would drop his hands and say,
"My music cometh not to-day ;
Pray God she be not dead!"
At last one summer morning fair,
The maiden came with braided hair
And took his hands, and held them eagerly.
"To-morrow is my wedding day ;
Dear master, bless me that the way
Of life be smooth, not bitter unto me."
He stirred not ; but the light did go
Out of his shrunken cheeks, and oh !

His head hung heavily.
"You love him, then?" "I love him well,"
She answered, and a numbness fell
Upon his eyes and all his heart that bled
A glory, half a smile, abode
Within the maiden's eyes and glowed
Upon her parted lips. The master said,
"God bless and bless thee, little maid,
With peace and long delight," and laid
His hands upon her head.
And she was gone ; and all that day
The hours crept up and slipped away,
And he sat still, as moveless as a stone.
The night came down, with quiet stars,
And darkened him in colored bars
Along the shadowy aisle the moonlight shone.
And then the master woke and passed
His hands across the keys at last,
And made the organ moan
The organ shook, the music wept ;
For sometimes like a wail it crept
In broken moanings down the shadows drear,
And otherwhiles the sounds did swell,
And like a sudden tempest fell
Through all the windows wonderful and clear.
The people gathered from the street,
And filled the chapel seat by seat—
They could not choose but hear.
And there they sat till dawning light,
Nor ever stirred for awe. "To-night,
The master hath a noble mood," they said.
But on a sudden ceased the sound :
Like ghosts the people gathered round,
And on the keys they found his fallen head.
The silent organ had received
The master's broken heart relieved,
And he was white and dead.

How "Ruby" Played.

SUGGESTIONS.—This magnificent recitation requires three distinct qualities in the reciter: Pathos, Humor, and an appreciation of the Beautiful. Its great length has prevented its being often recited. It is now condensed—the tedious portions having been removed. The reciter must suit much of the action to the supposed conduct of the player. Treating the width of the stage as the key-board of the piano will render the delivery more effective.

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did: but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leede'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodied some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift.

"Now" I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' it, but he ain't got no idec, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heerd a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashing diamonds of dew,

and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

Then it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother. and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a-sniv'lin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face and not afraid of nothin'. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a goin', and not being able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, my Rube."

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit one by one ; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from world's end to world's end, all the angels went to prayers. * * * *

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Than he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition ; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadder of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd he crost over first gentleman, he chassed right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there. back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand double bow knots.

And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceiling come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, taupenny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree

'Hello!' Nopody shpeaks to me. She rings again, und I says, 'Hello? like dunder. Den der Central Office tells me to go aheadt, und den tells me to holdt on, und den tells mein whife dot I am gone avhay. I yells out, 'Dot ish not so,' und somepody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchman doan' keep shtill?' You see.

Und vhen I gets in bedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas ou fire, und vhen I shumps oudt und says hello, I hear somepody saying, 'Kaiser, doan' you vphant to puy a dog?' I vphants no dog, und vhen I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing, 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?

Und so you dake it out, und vhen somepody likes to shpeak mit me dey shall come right avhay to mein saloon. Oof my brudder ish sick he shall get bedder, und if somepody vphants to puy me a dog, he shall come vere I can punch him mit a glub."

Lessons in Cookery.

SUGGESTIONS.—The style of the young lady's expression should be that of ultra-refinement and polished grace. It is the case of an undue development of these qualities at the expense of the brain. Bridget corrects her in Irish brogue, but she receives all the information with a blank face. An awkward person could not recite this.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school, and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or housework, is going to take a few lessons in culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty French kid heels, like some graceful wind blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped, prettily, "please introduce me to your assistant?"

Whereupon, mamma says: "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of

everything in the kitchen, and how to make cocoanut rusks and angels' food before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but as she looks at the young lady, relents and says, "I'll throy."

"And now, Bridget dear" tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this old kitchen lovely? What makes this ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Shmoke," answers Bridget, shortly, "and me ould ould eyes are put out with that same."

"Shmoke—I must remember that, and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers!—tin kivers for pots and kittles."

"Kivers?—oh, yes, I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in the basket?"

"Praties! (For the Lord's sake where hez ye lived niver to hear of praties?) Why, them's the principal mate of Ireland where I kim from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Biddie?—it is more euphonious and modernizes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan here?"

"Och, murder! Where wuz ye raised? That's millick, fresh from the cow."

"Millick? That is the vernacular, I suppose, of milk, and that thick, yellow coating?"

"Is crame. (Lord, such ignorance.)"

"Crame! Now, Biddie, dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget (aside): "It's dead he is sure, if he ates it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, twenty eggs, two pounds of sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well; but wont that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break them this time if I were you, Miss Cicely; they might not sot well on Mister Henry's stomach if ye did'nt," said Bridget, pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people. Now, what next? Oh, I'm so tired! Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I've learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but you might give it to the pigs. It's meself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget, very crustily.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I'm just dying to have one for a pet. I saw some canton flannel ones at a fair and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and then she went up stairs in her chintz apron and mop cap, with a little dab of flour on her tip-liftee nose, and told Henry she was 'earning to cook, and he told her she must not get overheated or worried out, for he did'nt care for anything to eat, except her love.

The Man Who Apologized.

SUGGESTIONS.—The voice must assume the characters. The laughter should be hearty, with an apparent attempt to suppress it.

It was at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Congress Street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at 200 pounds was walking along with bright eyes and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next

thing was a slim man with bone colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break:

"I can knock yer jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! no! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none of your penitence and none of your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:

"Sir I ask your forgiveness, I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued :

“ You see we are all—ha ! ha !—liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha ! ha ! ha !—struck an icy spot and—ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha !—gone down to grass—ah ! ha ! ho ! ha ! ho ! ha ! ”

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

A Deserter.

SUGGESTIONS—The tone of the victim should be low in pitch but strong and brave. He should prove his bravery *now*, to atone for his fault before. The selection should end in deep pathos.

“ Deserter ! ” Well, Captain, the word's about right,
 And its uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
 Or the chance of a fight ; I, raised in the land
 Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand,
 And who've fought all my life for the right of my ranch,
 With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run a way,
 “ Drunk ? ” No sir ! I'd not tasted a drop all day ;
 But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night,
 And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright
 And went for my horse ; 'twas up and away :
 And I rode like the wind like the break of the day.

“What was it I dreamt?” I dreamed of my wife—
 The true little woman that's better than life—
 I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten,
 The youngest is four—all brave little men—
 Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
 The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine.
 And I knew that around it the grass had been mown,
 For I felt, in my dream, the sweet breath of the hay—
 I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray ;
 And the dog that I loved heard my whispered command,
 And whimpered and put his big head in my hand.

The place was so still ; all the boys were at rest ;
 And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast,
 I saw the fair scene for a moment ; then stood
 In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
 The Comanche had the place—Captain spare me the rest ;
 You know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—
 To save or revenge them—my head was aflame,
 And my heart had stood still ; I was mad I dare say,
 For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day ;
 Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart broken breath,
 When the boys found me out I was praying for death.

“A pardon !” No, Captain, I did run away,
 And the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay
 With my life. It is not hard to be brave
 When one's children and wife have gone over the grave.
 Boys, take a good aim ! When I turn to the west
 Put a ball through my heart ; its kindest and best.

* * * * *

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head
 And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—
 Shouted: “Comrades, adieu !”—spread his arms to the west—
 And a rifle ball instantly granted his rest.
 But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
 Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree,
 And maidens bring roses and tenderly say ;
 “It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier away.”

The Hat.

BY COQUELIN.

A Monologue from the French.

SUGGESTIONS.—This elegant recitation should be given by a gentleman, aided by a silk hat.

[It has become quite popular in France and England to introduce at soirees, dinner parties and other social gatherings, a well-acted monologue or recitation. The following has proved very popular. It is by Coquelin, translated by Miss E. W. Latimer, in *Harper's*.]

MISE EN SCENE: *A gentleman holding his hat.*

Well, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—
Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied,
I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view.
Before two witnesses, good men and true,
I'm licensed, stamped; undo the deed who can;
Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Who would have thought it! Married! How? What
for?

I, who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I, who declined—and gave lame reasons why—
Five, six good, comfortable matches; I,
Married! A married man! Beyond—a—doubt!

How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What prompted me to dare connubial bliss?
Imagine. Guess. You give it up!

A hat!

A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—
A plain, silk, stove-pipe hat. This did for me.
A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.

One day, this winter, I went out to dine.
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.
A concert afterward—en regle—just so.
The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,
My heels together. Then I placed my hat

On something near, and joined the general chat.
 At half-past eight we dined. All went off well.
 The concert was announced for half-past ten,
 And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
 The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
 Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
 I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
 A stout, fierce gentleman got up with care
 (A cuirassier I set him down to be),
 Leaned on the door post, hard by me,
 Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
 Sang, with her love lorn ringlets out of curl
 Some trashy stuff of love, and love's distress ;
 I could see nothing, and could hear still less.
 Still, I applauded for politeness' sake.

Next, a dress-coat of fashionable make
 Came forward and began. It clad a poet.
 That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
 Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses
 To serve you up some efforts of the muses,
 Recited with vim, gestures, and by-play,
 By some one borrowed from the great Francais.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
 All make me sleepy ; and it was so now,
 For as I listened to the distant drone
 Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
 And a strange torpor I could not ignore
 Came creeping o'er me.

“Heavens ! suppose I snore !
 Let me get out,” I cried, “or else——”

With that

I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
 Under a candelabrum, shiny bright,
 Smooth as when last I brushed it, in full sight,
 Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
 Whether I could not lure it to my side.

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearly on, till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me :

“Come, my hat—fresh air !”

Here a voice cried :

“Sir,

Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove ! sir.”

My astonished glance here met

The angry, red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said politely,

“Pardon, sir, but I

Do not so much as know her.”

“What sir ! Why,

My daughter’s yonder, sir, beside that table,
Pink ribbons, sir. Don’t tell me you’re unable
To understand,”

“But, sir——”

“I don’t suppose

You mean to tell me——”

“Really——”

“Who but knows

Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir ?
I’ll have no trifling, if you please, with her.”
“Trifling ?”

“Yes, sir. You know you’ve jilted five :
Every one knows it—every man alive.”

“Allow me——”

“No, sir. Every father knows

Your reputation, damaging to those
Who——”

“Sir, indeed——”

“How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter’s face ?”
Sapristi, monsieur ! I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her.”

“Indeed ! What were

You looking at then ?”

“Sir, I’ll tell you that ;

My hat, sir."

"Morbleu! Looking at your hat!"

Yes, sir, it was my hat."

My color rose ;

He angered me' this man who would suppose

I thought of nothing but his girl.

"It was my daughter, sir."

"No, sir—my hat."

"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some near,

"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"

"Of course, sir."

Then, before the world's astir

You'll get my card, sir."

"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?

A moment after, all exclaimed "Bravo!"

Black coat had finished. All the audience made

A general move toward ice and lemonade,

The coast was clear, my way was open now;

My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,

And hastened, fast as lover could have moved.

Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing that I loved.

I tried to reach it.

"Here's the hat, I think,

You are in search of."

Shapely, soft and pink,

A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out

My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,

I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.

"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess

What made you look this way. You longed to go.

You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.

Ah, how I wished to help you if I could!

I might have passed it possibly. I would

Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,

To send it to you, but you understand,

I felt a little timid, don't you see?—

For fear they might suppose—Ah! pardon me,

I am prone to talk. I'm keeping you,

Take it. Good night."

Sweet angel, pure and true,

My looks to their real cause she could refer,
 And never thought one glance was meant for her.
 O, simple trust, pure and debasing wiles!
 I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
 And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
 Exclaiming :

“ Hear me, sir. Before I go,
 Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
 'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
 Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
 I love your daughter, and I gazed at her.”
 “ You, sir ? ”

He turned his big, round eyes on me,
 Then held his hand out.
 “ Well, well, we will see.”

Next day we talked. That's how it came about,
 And the result you see. My secret's out.
 It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
 Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.
 Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
 Holds a high office—is no cuirrassier.
 Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command,
 He is a widower—so—you understand.

Now, all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
 By this silk hat I hold, was brought about,
 Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
 Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
 They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, may be;
 But I, for all thou hast done for me,
 Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
 With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

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Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold.

BY GEO. LIPPARD.

SUGGESTIONS.—This requires a low pitch in dark tones. The wild mad words of Arnold should be given with aspirations, and at times, in whispers. The facial expression will aid very much in depicting this thrilling scene.

Fifty years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half-dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with grey: lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: "Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood: yonder the green on which I sported as a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring in his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington: this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear: "Now help me, priest; help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow: no wife, no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

The awe stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb beats the death watch, in the shattered wall, "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town—we will meet there in victory or die—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours!"

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips he stands there; ah! what a hideous picture of despair; erect, livid, ghastly; there for a moment, and then he falls—he is dead! Who is this strange man lying there alone in this rude garret—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man whose memories seem to link something with heaven and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unroll that faded flag: it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—

there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there to sever that good right arm from the corse ; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past. For that right arm struck many a blow for freedom ; yonder at Ticouderoga, at Quebec, Champlain and Saratoga, that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.

The Flying Dutchman.

BY J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

SUGGESTIONS.—This poem takes rank among the-sublime productions of the age. Its rendition requires a tone color of superstition. The curse should be given in awful thunder tones, low in pitch, but very strong in force.* These powerful, awe inspiring tones are taught in the book on "Voice Culture."

Long, long ago, from Amsterdam a vessel sailed away,
 As fair a ship as ever rode amidst the dashing spray.
 Upon the shore were tearful eyes, and scarfs were in the
 air,
 As to her o'er Zuyder Zee they waft adieu and prayer.
 Her captain is a stalwart man—an iron heart has he—
 From childhood's days he sailed upon the rolling Zuyder
 Zee :
 He nothing feared upon the earth, and scarcely heaven
 feared,
 He would have dared and done whatever mortal man had
 dared ;
 He turned him from the swelling sail, and gazed upon the
 shore—
 Ah ! little thought the skipper then 'twould meet his eyes
 no more.

*Lessons in Voice Culture Book Form. The perfect Method. Price Two Dollars. Address, Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Away, away, the vessel speeds, But sea and sky alone
Are round her as her course she steers across the torrid
zone.

Away, away, the North Star fades, the Southern Cross is
high,

And myriad gems of brightest beam are sparkling in the
sky.

The tropic winds are left behind ; she nears the cape of
Storm,

Where awful tempests sit enthroned in wild and dread
alarm,

Where ocean in his fury, heaves aloft his foaming crest,
And races past the slender ship that rides upon his breast.
Fierce swelled the winds and waves around the Dutchman's
gallant craft,

A crested mountain struck the ship, and like a frightened
bird

She trembled 'neath the awful shock. When Vanderdecken
heard

A pleading voice within the gale—his better angel spoke,
But fled before his scowling look. Then mast-high billows
broke

Around the trembling, fated ship ; the crew with terror
paled,

But Vanderdecken never flinched, nor 'neath the thunders
quailed.

With folded arms and stern-pressed lips, dark anger in his
eye,

He answered back the wrathful frown, that lowered o'er
the sky.

With fierce defiance in his heart, and scornful look of
flame

He spoke, and thus with impious voice blashemed God's
holy name :

“ Howl on, ye winds ! ye tempests, howl ! your rage is spent
in vain ;

Despite your strength, your frowns, your hate, I'll ride upon
the main ;

Defiance to your idle shrieks ! I'll sail upon my path ;
I cringe not for thy Maker's smile—I care not for his
wrath ! ”

He ceased. An awful silence fell; the tempest and the sea
Were hushed in sudden stillness by the Ruler's dread
decree.

The ship was riding motionless within the gathering gloom;
The Captain stood upon the deck and heard his awful doom.
The hapless crew were on the deck in swooning terror
prone—

They, too, were doomed—their heart's blood froze! in an-
gered thunder tone

The judgment words swept o'er the sea—"Go, wretched!
accursed! condemned!

Go sail forever on the deep by shrieking tempests hemmed.
No home, no port, no calm, no rest, no gentle fav'ring
breeze

Shall ever greet thee. Go, accursed! and battle with the
seas!

Go, braggart! struggle with the storm, nor ever cease to
live,

But bear a million times the pangs that death and fear can
give.

Away! and hide thy guilty head, a curse to all thy kind
Who ever see thee struggling, wretch, with ocean and with
wind.

Away, presumptuous worm of earth! Go teach thy fellow
worms,

The awful fate that waits on him who braves the King of
storms!"

'Twas o'er. A lurid lightning flash lit up the sea and sky
Around and o'er the fated ship; then rose a wailing cry
From every heart within her, of wild anguish and despair;
But mercy was for them no more--it died away in air.

Again the lurid light gleamed out—the ship was still at
rest,

The crew were standing at their posts, with arms across
their breast;

Still stood the Captain on the deck, but bent and crouching
now,

He bowed beneath that fiat dread, and o'er his swarthy
brow

Swept lines of anguish, as if he a thousand years of pain
Had lived and suffered. Then across the heaving, angry
main

The tempest shrieked triumphant, and the angry waters
 hissed
 Their vengeful hate against the toy they oftentimes had
 kissed.
 And ever, ever through the storms that hapless crew must
 speed ;
 They try to round the Stormy Cape, but never can succeed.
 And oft when gales are wildest, and the lightning's vivid
 sheen
 Illumines the ocean's anger, still the phantom ship is seen,
 Unrelenting, unforgiving, and 'tis said that every word
 Of his blasphemous defiance still upon the gale is heard.
 But heaven help the ship near which that dismal sailor
 steers—
 The doom of those is sealed to whom that phantom ship
 appears :
 They'll never reach their destined port—they'll see their
 homes no more—
 They who see the Flying Dutchman never, never reach the
 shore.

A Hero of 1780.

BY BRET HARTE.

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be rendered in the style of heroic colloquialism, full of spirit.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
 Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
 Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
 You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
 Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
 Pretty much as they did ninety-four years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment ; you've heard
 Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word
 Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—that's bad ! Why
 he had

All the Jerseys aflame ! And they gave him the name
 Of the " rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
 For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George !

He had cause, you might say ! When the Hessians that
day

Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way
At the " Farms," where his wife with a child in her arms
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot ! Enough !—there she lay
And Caldwell, the Chaplain, her husband, away !
Did he preach—did he pray ? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day ;—think of him and that band
Of militant plowboys ! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat !
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you—what should you, what would *you do* ?

Why, just what *he* did ! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the
road

With his arms full of hymn-books and threw down his load
At their feet ! Then, above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice—" Put Watts into 'em—boys, give 'em
Watts !"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-four years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

Love at the Seaside.

BY A. ST. JOHN.

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be made enjoyable by the visible humor of the reader.

Summer at the seaside. At the base of the cliffs a beautiful girl, who is as handsome as she is pretty, sits sketching, sits catching the soft sea-breeze that floats from the sea. Her cheek is like the peach, her brow like rich sweet cream, and he whose form is stretched at her feet casts time and again, and frequently, a longing look upon the peaches

and the cream. His marble brow is white as snow; his raven locks are black.

“Behold the reclining orb of day,” said the fair sketcher—she was sketching for a fair—“does it not remind you of a sunset?”

“More than aught else,” he answered, “only the sun never sets here.”

“O!” she sighed, spasmodically, “Are we in Great Britain?”

“No,” he replied, slowly arising and winding his arm about her, “but at the romantic seaside the sun never sets. It reclines.”

“As the son so does the daughter,” she faltered, and her head gently reclined upon the lappel of his marseilles vest.

“The little wavelets kiss the sands that sparkle at our feet,” he exclaimed, as he sawed the air with the one arm still left at his disposal, and his mellow voice rang out in a pulpit-oratorical tone; “the wavelets kiss the sands, and the parting sunbeams kiss the brow of the cliff that guards the shore, and—”

“Ah!” she interrupted, in accents so tremulous and low that they were scarcely perceptible, much less audible, “happy wavelets; thrice happy sunbeams!”

Her terra-cotta hat was tipped back, temptingly disclosing her fair face; her closed eyes were shut, and from her half-open mouth a suppressed sigh escaped between her parted lips.

It was a case calling for prompt and immediate action, and the young man, to the credit of his sex be it recorded, was equal to the emergency. Some men would have faltered, others would have hesitated, and still others would have held back, but this young man was never known to quail—except on toast.

Slowly she opened her eyes, like one recovering from a dream or awakening from a sleep, and smiling feebly said:

“I feel better now.”

Silence stole upon the scene, and all was still. Quiet reigned; no sounds were heard. She listened only to the thumping of his heart and was satisfied. But not he, for hunger was gnawing at his soul.

"Ah!" he lowly breathed, "I have my longings."

"Do you sigh for, O! do you sigh for the infinite?"

"No," he answered, "I don't cipher that way this time. My heart's yearning is for clams. Alas! I can live upon romance through all the shimmering afternoon; I can subsist upon sentiment until the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky and the sweet tintinnabulations of the supper-bell vibrate upon the evening air, then hunger asserts itself, and when I get hungry I want to eat."

"How strange!" she said; "how fearfully and wonderfully made is man!"

Then taking her lily-white hand in his, he gazed into her eyes as though he would pierce her very soul with his glance.

"Fair creature," he gasped, "do you never eat?"

"Perish the thought," she replied, with a shudder. "Sometimes I partake of refreshments, but I never eat."

Slowly, with tardy steps, and somewhat leisurely, they strolled across the gleaming sand to where the white-washed front of the hostelry strove to outstare the sea. There the delicate girl sought the refectory and called for clams, which she swept with a charming grace between her rosebud lips, and then she called for clams. These also went over from the minority and joined the silent majority, after which she musingly wiped her pretty mouth upon a scarlet-fringed napkin and called for clams.

A young man gazed upon her through the lattice in speechless admiration.

"She is partaking of refreshments," he whispered to himself.

That night he sat upon the edge of his bed, fanning mosquitoes away with one hand, and casting up countless rows of figures upon the backs of old letters with the other.

"I never could stand the racket," he said at last.

When the mists crept up from the sea in the morning, he had departed. He was no longer there. He had gone.

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The Pathway of Gold.

BY HOMER GREENE.

SUGGESTIONS.—Queen Victoria, being asked what she considered the most beautiful recitation she ever heard, replied "The Pathway of Gold." The person who seeks to render this should be graceful.* Grace in the carriage of the body, and in gesture, adds a charm to both sexes that fascinates all who behold. The tender pathos, and sublime beauty of this selection are rarely equalled.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
 As I sit on the sand and she on my knees
 We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter;
 My sweet little daughter Louise.
 We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
 That broadens away to the limitless west,
 Leads up to;—she minds her of some pretty story
 And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
 Then I say: "It must lead to the faraway city,
 The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
 Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
 And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
 My womanly daughter Louise.
 She steps to the boat with the touch of his fingers,
 And out on the diamond pathway they move;
 The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers,
 It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
 That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
 The magical City of Love.

In the light by the moon, by the side of the water,
 I wait for her coming from over the seas;
 I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
 To weep for my daughter Louise.
 The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
 Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
 I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
 Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
 But *she* rests, at the end of the path, in the city
 Whose "builder and maker is God."

Johnny Judkins.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

SUGGESTIONS.—Watch the manner of a street corner peddler and imitate the assurance, ease and volubility of the best you can find.

Johnny Judkins was a vender
 Of a patent liquid blacking ;
 Johnny Judkins he was witty,
 And for "cheek" he was not lacking.

Johnny stood uppn the corner,
 Selling polish day by day,
 And would "polish off" a party
 Who had anything to say.

Johnny's stereotyped expression
 Was : "Now, gents at the beginnin',
 I would state this magic polish
 Will not soil the finest linen."

Hans Von Puffer bought a bottle,
 And upon his shirt-front white—
 As he used it without caution—
 Left a spot as black as night.

Back to Johnny went Von Puffer,
 Saying : "Vot vos dot you zay,
 'Twill not soil der vinest linen?"
 See my shirt-vrond righd away !

"Vot vos dot upon mine bosom,
 Von't you dold me ef you blease !
 Shust you gife me pack mine money,
 Or I goes vor der boleese?"

Johnny looked upon the Deutscher
 With a bland and child-like smile ;
 Then upon the crowd before him—
 Who enjoyed the sport meanwhile.

"Gentlemen," says Johnny Judkins
 "As I said in the beginnin',
 This 'ere patent liquid polish
 Will not soil the *finest* linen ;

"As for that," says Johnny Judkins,
 Pointing where the spot of crock
 Showed upon Von Puffer's bosom
 Like a black sheep in a flock.

"As for that," repeated Johnny,
 "If you call *that* linen fine,
 I would merely say, my hearers,
 Your opinion is not mine."

Johnny Judkins still continues
 Selling blacking by the ton.
 Hans Von Puffer chalks that bosom
 Every time he puts it on.

Mine Vamily.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

SUGGESTIONS.—After having recited some good Dutch Selection, the following will make an excellent encore. A costume, consisting of large clothing, stuffed with pillows, helps very much.

Dimbled scheeks mit eyes off plue,
 Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew.
 Und leetle teeth shust peekin' droo,—
 Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full of glee,
 Drowsers all outd at der knee,—
 He vas been blayin' horse, you see,—
 Dot s leedle Otto.

Von hundord seexty in der shade,
 Der oder day when she vas veighed,—
 She beets me soon I vas avraid,—
 Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed head, und pooty stoudt,
 Mit grooked legs, dat vill bend oudt,
 Fond off his bier und *sauer kraut*,—
 Dot's me himself.

Von schmiall young baby, full of fun,
 Von leedle pright-eyed, roguish son,
 Von *frau* to greet when vork vas done,—
 Dot's mine vamily.

Toussaint L'Ouverture.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SUGGESTIONS.—This magnificent peroration is one of the grandest in modern oratory. The voice is orotund.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunder-bolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe,

the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered ; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet ; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

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

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

The Benediction.

SUGGESTIONS.—The style of this monologue is rough but sad, the tones regretful. The action must be quick and strong in the early part, and subdued and horrified in the last part.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
 That we took Saragossa. What a day
 Of untold horrors ! I was sergeant then,
 The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
 All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
 Raining down shots upon us from the windows
 " 'Tis the priest's doings ! " was the word passed round ;
All at once
 Rounding a corner, we were hailed in French
 With cries for help. At double quick we joined
 Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,

A gallant company, but beaten back
 Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
 Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
 Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
 The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
 Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
 Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
 Our men went down before them. By platoons
 Firing we swept the place ; in fact, we slaughtered
 This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
 Being in us than in executioners

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
 And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
 Under the huddled masses of the dead,
 Rivulets of blood trickling down the steps ;
 While in the background solemnly the church
 Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
 It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
 The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
 Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
 Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
 In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
 White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
 Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
 Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
 That, as I speak it comes before me now,—
 The convent built in old time by the Moors ;
 The huge brown corpses of the monks ; the sun
 Making the red blood on the pavement steam ;
 And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest ;
 And there the altar brilliant as a shrine ;
 And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
 Almost afraid.
 I was awed,—so blanched
 Was that old man !

“ Shoot him ! ” our captain cried.
 Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
 Heard ; but, as though he heard not turning round,
 He faced us with the elevated Host
 Having that period of the service reached

When on the faithful benediction falls.
 His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings ;
 And as he raised the pyx and in the air
 With it described the cross, each man of us
 Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
 Than if before him the devout were ranged.
 But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
 The words came to us—

Vos benedicti

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
 Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
 Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours a dastard,
 Leveled his gun and fired. Up-tanding still,
 The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
 Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,
 What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
 Another shot, I know not ; but 'twas done.
 The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
 Held himself up ; and strenuous to complete
 His benediction, in the other raised
 The consecrated Host. For the third time
 Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
 With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
 But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said ; and ending
 His service, fell down dead.

Little Ned.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SUGGESTIONS—This requires the utmost grace and gesture, with ease and smoothness of voice and action. The dramatic ending is quite a study.

All that is like a dream. It don't seem *true!*
 Father was gone, and mother left, you see,

To work for little brother Ned and me ;
And up among the gloomy roofs we grew—
Locked in full oft, lest we should wander out,
 With nothing but a crust of bread to eat,
While mother charred for poor folk round about,
 Or sold cheap odds and ends from street to street.
Yet, Parson, there were pleasures fresh and fair,
To make the time pass happily up there—
A steamboat going past upon the tide,
 A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,
 The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,
The small white moving clouds that we espied,
 And thought were living in the bit of sky—
 With sights like these right glad were Ned and I ;
And then we loved to hear the soft rain calling,
 Pattering, pattering upon the tiles ;
And it was fine to see the still snow falling,
 Making the house-tops white for miles and miles,
And catch it in our little hands in play,
And laugh to feel it melt and slip away !
But I was six and Ned was only three,
And thinner, weaker, wearier than me ;
 And one cold day in winter time, when mother
Had gone away into the snow, and we
 Sat close for warmth and cuddled one another,
He put his little head upon my knee
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
 But looked quite strange and old ;
And when I shook him, kissed him, spoke to him,
 He smiled and grew so cold.
Then I was frightened, and cried out, and none
 Could hear me, while I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the whitened window, while the sun
 Peeped in upon his face, and made it red.
And I began to sob—till mother came,
Knelt down, and screamed, and named the good God's
 name,
 And told me he was dead.
And when she put his night-gown on, and, weeping,
 Placed him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,

And took his little hand and felt no fear,
 But when the place grew grey, and cold, and drear,
 And the round moon over the roofs came creeping,
 And put a silver shade
 All round the chilly bed where he was laid,
 I cried and was afraid.

Forgive?—No, Never.

SUGGESTIONS.—A rough, determined voice, with hard features, is required. The last three lines are full of surprise, pathos and joy.

Well, Dominie, thank you for comin'—
 They told you, I s'pose, I was wild
 When I found that a store keepin' feller
 Had just run away with my child ;
 My baby, my motherless Nancy—
 She's a baby, you see, to me, now.
 And to think she would cheat her old father !
 "When was it?" you ask me, "and how?"
 Well, 'long about hayin' she told me—
 Her apron half over her cheek—
 That a lad from the town came a courtin'.
 "Might she see him?" I tried not to speak,
 But I couldn't keep still, an' I told her
 I'd shoot him as quick as a hound,
 If he ever came near her to court her
 When me and my gun was around.
 Well, after that, all through the summer,
 She seemed sort o' solemn and shy.
 She said nothin' more of her lover,
 And nothin' about him said I.
 Last night, when the milkin' was over,
 An' I sat by the stoop all alone,
 Little Nancy came softly beside me,
 And took my old hand in her own.
 Her face was as red as the roses.
 I know now she tried to confess
 That her mind was made up to the weddin',
 But she hadn't the courage, I guess.

Well, sir, when I called in the mornin'
 No sleepy "Yes father," I heard ;
 I opened the door of her chamber,
 And pillow and blanket wa'n't stirred.
 All her poor little duds she had taken—
 There wa'n't such a wonderful sight—
 And a shabby and faded old pictur'
 Of me and her mother in white.
 She left me this scrap of paper :
 She's married by this time, you see.
 "You married her?" Well, sir, how dare you
 Come over here talkin' to me ?
 "Forgive her?" No, never! no, never!
 "She wants me to bless her?" The jade!
 "She is waitin' out yonder?" No matter,
 She must lie in the bed she has made.
 I'll never—no, never—forgive her.
 Who's comin'? O Nancy, my child!
 Ah, me! she is like her dead mother!

 Well, parson, we've got reconciled.

The Flight for Life.

BY WM. SAWYER.

SUGGESTIONS—The quiet action of the early part must gradually develop into the strong, rapid, frightful movement of the piece. One of the chief differences between amateurs and professionals is in the transitions of the force of the voice, and the development of the action. The book on VOICE CULTURE treats of the former, and the book on ACTING of the latter.*

Let me remember it all: 'Twas late—
 The burning end of day—
 The trees were all in a golden glow,
 As with the flame they would burn away.

The joyful news of our clearing came,
 Came as the sun went down ;

*Circulars describing all our books sent free on application to Webster Edgerly, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

A ship from England at anchor lay
In the bay of the nearest town.

In that good ship my Alice had come—
Alice, my dainty queen !

Sweet Alice, my own, my own so near,
Where was only the woods between !

Now, three days' journey we counted that,
The days and nights were three ;
But for thirty days and for thirty nights
I had journeyed my love to see.

Before an hour to the night had gone,
Into the wood I went ;
The pine tops yet were bright in the light,
Though below it was all but spent.

The moon rose redder than any sun,
Through the straight pines it rose ;
But glittered on keener eyes than mine—
On the eyes of deadliest foes !

To sudden peril my heart awoke—
And yet it did not quail ;
I had skirted Indians in their camp,
And the fiends were upon my trail !

Three stealthy "Snakes" were upon my track,
Supple and dusk and dread ;
A thought of Alice, a prayer to God,
And like wind on my course I sped.

Only in flight in weariest flight,
Could I my safety find ;
But fast or slow, howe'er I might go,
They followed me close behind.

Lost in the heart of the hideous wood,
My desperate way I kept ;
For why? They would take me if I staid,
And murder me if I slept.

But brain will yield and body will drop ;
And next when sunset came,
I shrieked delirious at the light,
For I fancied the wood in flame !

I shrieked, I reeled ; then venomous eyes
 And dusky shapes were there ;
 And I felt the touch of gleaming steel,
 And a hand in my twisted hair.

A cry, a struggle, and down I sank ,
 But sank not down alone—
 A shot had entered the Indian's heart,
 And his body bore down my own !

Yet an Indian gun that shot had fired—
 Most timely, Heaven knows !
 For I had chanced on a friendly tribe,
 Who were watching my stealthy foes.

And they who fired had kindest hearts :
 They gave me nursing care ;
 And when that my brain knew aught again,
 Lo, my Alice, my own was there !

The Galley-Slave.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a masterpiece. The reader must depict the characters accurately. The climax should be made magnetic.

There lived in France, in days not long now dead,
 A farmer's sons, twin brothers, like in face ;
 And one was taken in the other's stead
 For a small theft, and sentenced in disgrace
 To serve for years a hated galley-slave,
 Yet said no word his prized good name to save.

But best resolves are of such feeble thread,
 They may be broken in Temptation's hands.
 After long toil the guiltless prisoner said :
 "Why should I thus, and feel life's precious sands
 The narrow of my glass, the present, run,
 For a poor crime that I have never done ?

Such questions are like cups, and hold reply ;
For when the chance swung wide the prisoner fled,
And gained the country road, and hastened by
Brown furrowed fields and skipping brooklets fed
By shepherd clouds, and felt 'neath sapful trees
The soft hand of the mesmerizing breeze.

Then, all that long day having eaten naught,
He at a cottage stopped, and of the wife
A brimming bowl of fragrant milk besought.
She gave it him ; but as he quaffed the life,
Down her kind face he saw a single tear
Pursue its wet and sorrowful career.

Within the cot he now beheld a man
And maiden also weeping. "Speak," said he,
"And tell me of your grief; for if I can,
I will disroot the sad, tear-fruited tree."
The cotter answered : "In default of rent
We shall to morrow from this roof be sent."

Then said the galley-slave ; Whoso returns
A prisoner escaped may feel the spur
To a right action, and deserves and earns
Proffered reward I am a prisoner !
Bind these my arms, and drive me back my way,
That your reward the price of home may pay."

Against his wish the cotter gave consent,
And at the prison gate received his fee,
Though some made it a thing for wonderment
That one so sickly and infirm as he,
When stronger would have dared not to attack,
Could capture this bold youth and bring him back.

Straightway the cotter to the mayor hied
And told all the story, and that Lord
Was much affected, dropping gold beside
The pursed sufficient silver of reward ;
Then wrote his letter in authority,
Asking to set the noble prisoner free.
There is no nobler, better life on earth
Than that of conscious meek self sacrifice.
Such life our Saviour, in His lowly birth

And holy work, made His sublime disguise,
Teaching this truth, still rarely understood :
'Tis sweet to suffer for another's good.

The Spanish Page.

SUGGESTIONS.—This quaint, sad piece requires median stress and half dark tones. It should be given intensity.

She was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive boy,
Yet playmates and companions they shared each childish
joy ;

Their dark hair often mingled, they wandered hand in hand,
But at last the golden ransom restored him to his land.

A lovely town is Seville amid the summer air,

But though it be a little town, Xenilla is as fair ;

But its pleasant days are over, for an army girds it round,

With the banner of the red cross and the Christian trumpets
sound ;

They have sworn to raze the city that in the sunshine stood,
And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with Moslem
blood.

Fierce is the Christian leader, a young and orphan lord,

For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish sword.

Himself was once a captive, till redeemed by Spanish gold,

Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an hundredfold.

The sound of war and weeping reached where a maiden lay.

Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from earth away ;

She called her friends around her, she whispered soft and
low—

Like music from a wind touched lute her languid accents
flow.

Then upon her crimson couch she laid her weary head ;

They looked upon the dark-eyed maid—they looked upon
the dead.

One evening, ere the sunset grew red above the town,

A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly down ;

They come with mournful chanting, they bear the dead
along,

The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy song ;
To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid it at his
feet—

Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale, sweet face to meet.

“Bring ye here a ransom for those devoted walls?”

None answered—but around the tent a deeper silence falls :
None knew the maiden’s meaning save he who bent above,
Ah ! only love can read within the hidden heart of love.

There came from those white, silent lips more eloquence
than breath,

The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of death.

He felt their old familiar love had ties he could not break—
The warrior spared the Moorish town for that dead maiden’s
sake.

Cats.

BY A GIRL.

SUGGESTIONS.—Follow the style of “The Gobble’uns’ll
Git you,” in the early part of this book.

Cats is an insect what has no wings and has a long tail. It
looks like fishworms, only fishworms hasn’t got no hair on
it like cats has. Cats is black, and sets on back fentses and
buzzes its wings, which it hasn’t got any. Cats is like locust
'bout this, 'sept locust es got wings, an' cats waves its talze
'bove its head, and don't set on trees. Cats was a Nameri-
can invention made by a Mr. Pharaoh, of Egypt Illinois,
'bout one thousand years ago or so ; I expect it has so or
maybe more so. Anyway this man didn't get no patent on
cats, and they was copied by some fulish man who carried
'em to New Yorick where they have ruled things at night
with a tight pair o'strings, fur some daze. Cats has a hump
back with long bristles onto it. It has a pair o' lungs, which
extends clean back to its tail, which is long. It uses all o'
these yere lungs in singin' low, sweet melodies to the pail,
watery mune, 'bout 1 o'clock in the morning. Cats some-
times sits on the comb of a slippery roof, an' sizen sobs an'
squalls an' strokes each other's whiskers. Cats uses two
legs to set on, one to stand on an' t'other to fan his partner

with I know two cats what did this on our wood shed. I guess they did it because they would shed. I know they got up there to shed, for me an' Jack found half a hatful of catfur, an' a pocketful o' claws there the next mornin'. Wonder why they don't shed in the daytime? Must be mune had something to do with it. Cats, unlike the insecs, don't have no stingers. The bumblebee has. I onc't caught a bumblebee an' gave it to a cat. Cats don't like bees, espeshly them what hez splinters in ther talez, wich this had. The thing stung all the way down an' half way back again; the cat run about seventeen miles an' then dropped down by the shady side of a stay-hack an' quickly, without warnin' he hastily died a sudden death all at once, for want of breath.

Onc't when Jack an' me was playin' fishin' in our well with a tom cat tied to a string. Jack got hurt. He had the cat down in the well, waitin' for a bite, an' when his back was turned it crawled up the brick and clawed the sap outen him. After that Jack didn't fule with cats.

I once knew a man who was wicked enough to throw a stove-lid through a big tom-cat at night, an' the very next day he heard that his grandmother had broke her leg in New Orleans and several other places, which prove how wicked and sinful it is to disturb the critters; an' that's all I know about cats.

No Kiss.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is intended for encore. There are but two or three short pieces in this book.

“Kiss me, Will,” sang Marguerite,
 To a pretty little tune,
 Holding up her dainty mouth,
 Sweet as roses born in June.
 Will was ten years old that day,
 And he pulled her golden curls
 Teasingly, and answer made—
 “I'm too old—I don't kiss girls.”

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
 Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,

Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, " Won't you kiss me sweet? "
' Rite is seventeen to day,
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies :
" I'm too old -I don't kiss boys."

The Veterans.

SUGGESTIONS.—This extract from Rob't G. Ingersoll's great speech has been in demand. It will be thoroughly analyzed, and every modulation of the voice, every attitude, and every gesture will be fully described in a very long and thoroughly exhaustive lesson in the U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory, published in Washington. This will be the case with every selection in this book. See notice on the inside of front cover.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators ; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men ; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings, and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with those who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at a turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly awa

under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of the war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed down with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

The Woman I Loved.

SUGGESTIONS.—This piece is intended for practice in Facial Expression, as well as voice, showing the moods of disgust and relief.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,
With nothing to trouble me here.
I've seen at a window, just over the way,
The changes of many a year;
When the curtain is down at the close of the day,

There are shadows that often appear.
Shall I tell you the story? Ah, well! you will find
It is only a tale of the commonest kind

I was romantic and young—you may smile—
A very "Beau Brummel" in manner and style;
My features were ruddy, my teeth were like pearls;
I was handsome, and fond of the beautiful girls,
Till an incident happened I faintly recall:
I loved and I lost, but I lived through it all.

What comfort it was, in those moments of gloom,
As I sat in the shade of my desolate room,
When my labor was done, at the close of the day,
And gazed at a window just over the way,
Where a pair of young lovers, devoted and true,
Had built them a nest, and were hidden from view.
The curtain was down, and nobody could see;
But their "tattle-tale" shadows presented to me
Such pictures of rapture, of joy and delight,
I forgot my own grief at beholding the sight.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,
I've toiled and I've prospered in trade;
My wishes are heeded; my servants obey;
My bills are all settled and paid.
There's nothing on earth that I know of to-day
To trouble or make me afraid.

Many months passed away; many changes and cares
I could see, o'er the way, in my neighbors' affairs;
Their kisses grew scanty, their curtain unclean,
And seldom together the lovers were seen.
Then came o'er the curtain new forms of delight,
Like "imps in a bottle," that danced in my sight.
Some chidings, low spoken, were brought to my ear
That I was reluctant and sorry to hear;
And loud cries of children in rage and affright
Were wafted away on the winds of the night.
There were shadows of care that were novel to me,
That made me rejoice that my spirit was free,
That my life was untrammelled by fetters and bars,
That my peace was unbroken by family jars.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,
 With no one to love but myself ;
 I know I am old, I know I am gray--
 I've plenty to eat on the shelf.
 My nephews and nieces are kindly to day ;
 They love me and long for my pelf.

The window is down, but my neighbors are there ;
 The lover is living, without any hair—
 His ringlets have vanished and gone to decay,
 For fingers, once loving, have plucked them away ;
 And his shadowy head, both behind and before,
 Is as smooth and as bare as the knob of a door.

The daughters are married, the sons all are grown,
 The lovers are left in the mansion alone,
 And sounds of contention are brought to my ear,
 Discordant, unpleasant and frightful to hear.
 I see her triumphant, I hear her command,
 I see him submit at a wave of her hand ;
 And the sounds that I hear and the sights that I see
 Bring comfort, delight and contentment to me,
*For the woman I loved is still living to-day,
 The wife of my neighbor, just over the way.*

The Nine Suitors.

SUGGESTIONS The reader must enter into the jollity of this. Do not try the old method of being sober in *all* funny pieces.

A British ship at anchor lay
 In the harbor of New York :
 The stevedores were packing her
 With Yankee beef and pork,
 Nine slim young men went up the plank,
 And they were tall and good ;
 But none of them had ever loved,
 They said they never would.
 But whether they wouldn't,
 Or whether they couldn't,
 Or their mothers said they shouldn't,
 The world will never know.

The passengers were all on board :
The vessel got up steam,
And floated down the river, like
The—ah—something of a dream.
A pretty girl came up on deck,
And near the railing stood :
She never loved a fellow-man,
And said she never would.
But whether she couldn't
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her father said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men came up on deck,
Each in his Sunday clothes,
And went abaft the wheel house,
In order to propose.
The lady had no preference,
But said that, if she could,
She'd marry every one of them,
But it wasn't any good.
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or that custom said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The lady asked the captain how
She ever should decide.
Said he, "The love of those young men
Should certainly be tried."
So, when they all were present,
She fell into the sea ;
And eight of them jumped after her,
The ninth—oh ! where was he ?
Now whether he couldn't (jump),
Or whether he wouldn't (swim),
Or the captain said he shouldn't (try),
The world will never know.

Once fairly out of the water, she
Went up to him, and said,
"Dear sir, you are a solid man,

And have a level head ;
 So, without further parley,
 Or hint of a pretence,
 I agree to marry you, sir,
 For you have common sense."
 So her father said he couldn't,
 And her mother said she wouldn't,
 And the captain said he shouldn't—
 Refuse to give consent.

Answered.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

SUGGESTIONS.—The chief element in this touching recitation should be that magnetic power which thrills and captivates audiences—in other words "Personal Magnetism."*

"Madam, we miss the train at B——."
 "But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
 "Impossible; it leaves at three,
 And we are due a quarter past."
 "Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,
 Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
 "And are there none among the men
 Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
 I think this fellow over here,
 Oiling the engine, claims to be."
 She threw upon the engineer
 A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
 "Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
 All the long way, that God will stay,
 That God will hold the train at B——?"
 "'Twill do no good, it's due at three
 And'——" "Yes, but God *can* hold the train.
 My dying child is calling me,
 And I *must* see her face again.

*Lessons in the Art of Personal Magnetism, \$3.00. Address Webster Edgerly—P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Oh, *won't you pray?*" "I will," a nod
 Emphatic, as he takes his place.
 When Christians grasp the arm of God
 They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train,
 On time, swept on past wood and lea;
 The engineer with cheeks aflame,
 Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——,"
 Then flung the throttle wide and like
 Some giant monster of the plain,
 With panting sides and mighty strides,
 Past hill and valley swept the train.
 A half, a minute, two are gained;
 Along those burnished lines of steel,
 His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
 And still he prays with fervent zeal,

Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
 Work while his prayer ascends to heaven,
 "Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
 And I'll make up the other seven."
 With rush and roar through meadow lands,
 Past cottage homes, and green hillsides,
 The panting thing obeys his hands,
 And speeds along with giant strides.
 They say an accident delayed
 The train a little while; but He
 Who listened while His children prayed,
 In answer, held the train at B——.

A Culprit.

SUGGESTIONS —Pretend severity of the aunt, and simple
 innocence for the girl.

The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
 With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
 And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
 Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
 Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
 With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
 And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt : Will you please explain
 What your heads were doing so close together ?
 You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
 Have knocked me down with a feather !

“ When I think of your bringing up—my care,
 My scrupulous care—and its come to this ! you
 Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
 And letting a young man kiss you !

“ Now tell me at once just what he said,
 And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
 So do not stand there and hang your head,
 Or attempt the least denial !

“ If I catch you once more in such a fix,
 Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
 I shall treat you just as if you were six,
 And send you to school again !

“ Are you going to tell me what he said,
 And what you said ? I'll not stand this trifling.
 So look at me, Jane ! Lift up your head !
 Don't go as if you were stifling ! ”

Her voice was shaken, of course, with fear.
 “ He said—he said, ‘ Will you have me, Jane ? ’
 And I said I would. But indeed, aunt dear,
 We'll never do so again. ”

Let Down The Bars.

SUGGESTIONS —The blunt but kind farmer must be personated. His surprise may be made capital.

“ I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
 Is worth her weight in gold ;

She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And ain't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-coming now ;
He wants her, I know that—
Be-be-be careful girl, you're spillin' it !
Do save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in !"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her—

She's kind and gentle as a lamb—
Jest where I go she follers ;
And though its cheap, I'll let her go—
She's yourn for thirty dollars.

You'll know her clear across the farm
By them two milk-white stars—
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest let down the bars.

An' when you've owned her, say a month,
And *learnt* her, as it were,
I'll bet—Why, what's the matter, Dick ?"
" 'Taint *her* I want, it's *her* !"

"What ! not the gal ! Wall, I'll be b-b-blessed
There, Kate, don't drop that pan—
You've took me mightily aback ;
But then a man's a man—

She's yourn, my boy. But jest a word—
Kate's gentle as a dove ;
She'll follow you the whole world round
For nothin' else but love ;

But never try to drive the lass—
Her nature's like her ma's ;
I've allus found it worked the best
To jest let down the bars."

Jake.

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

SUGGESTIONS.—The highly dramatic nature of this great poem requires strong attitude, sharp facial movements, and magnetic intensity.

Old Grizzley Jake was our leader,
 And the bravest in all the train ;
 His home was among the mountains,
 His camp was the rolling plain ;
 But his heart bore a heavy burden,
 And his face wore wrinkles of care,
 But his eyes were as bright as the eagle's
 Though frosted his once golden hair.
 Great drops stood in beads on his forehead,
 And tears rolled away from his eyes,
 As he answered : " My Jean and my Flora
 Are waiting for me in the skies.
 Yes, darling, I had a sweet Flora,
 And Jean was her mother—my wife.
 Aye, dead ! Oh God ! it was fearful !
 Cut down in the morning of life.
 "And still—but why should I think it—
 My Flora may still be alive ;
 Yet I saw in her breast the cold arrow—
 No, no ; she could never survive."
 " Good-night, and God bless you, my angel !
 " Oh, God ! " said the old pioneer,
 Thou only can know my deep sorrow :
 And, God ! Thou art all whom I fear.
 Nor hell, with its fury can daunt me,
 And, death, I would welcome thee still ;
 But the fiends have not all departed,
 And one there is left, I *must kill*."

* * * * *

The camp was as still as the night wind—
 Not a sound save the stirring of leaves—
 As the scout strolled off to the river,
 And walked to and fro 'neath the trees,
 Until long after midnight, still walking,

He saw (yet he seemed not to see)
 The head of a Sioux in the willows.
 "It was Flora who sent me," said he.
 "Twenty men," said the old man of sixty,
 Fleet-footed, with nerves that are steel,
 Follow me while the morning is darkest
 Good angels are with us I feel,
 Don't fire till within twenty paces—
 By that time each face you can see.
 They believe all are sleeping; and, comrades,
 Just aim 'twixt the shoulder and knee,
 While we strike for their rear in the sage-brush
 No fear by the time we are seen,
 You will have struck for the living,
 And I for my Flora and Jean."

* * * * *

On the field are fifty GOOD Indians,
 And all looking peaceful and bland.
 Perhaps they have gone to be angels,
 Perhaps they have gone to be damned;
 And perhaps Grizzly Jake will recover,
 And look on his angel and queen,
 For Flora is smoothing his ringlets,
 And bathing his temple—his Jean.

Some Day.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

SUGGESTIONS.—The rendering of the following beautiful selection will require study and practice. The medium stress and slow action are necessary. The last two stanzas are subjective and depend upon the principles of dramatic action.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street,
 With idle, heedless pace,
 Unlooking for such grace,
 I shall behold your face!
 Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
 Or winter's icy chill
 Touch whitely vale and hill ;
 What matter? I shall thrill
 Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
 And for a moment there
 I shall stand fresh and fair
 And drop the garment, care ;
 Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
 How, face to face, each soul
 Will slip its long control,
 Forget the dismal dole
 Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
 The past with all its fears,
 Its silence and its tears,
 Its lonely yearning years,
 All vanish in the moment of that meeting.

Clarence's Dream.

SUGGESTIONS.—This horrible monologue may be made highly dramatic. Those who are familiar with the principles of Acting [see Shaftesbury's new work entitled "Lessons in Acting," in last pages of this book] will at once learn that outward action is *decreased* in proportion as the feelings are intense, and that over action is poor Acting. The present selection is altogether a piece of the drama.

O, I have passed a miserable night !
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time !
 Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,

And in my company, my brother Gloster :
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches, thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us.

As we paced along,
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
 My dream was lengthened after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?*
 And so he vanished : Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeing, perjured Clarence,—
 That stabbed me in the field of Tewksbury ;
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !*
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
 Such terrible impression made my dream !

Catiline's Defiance.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is dramatic. An intense passive hatred is necessary. Facial expression adds much to the powerful rendition of the lines. The study of this Selection is, to-day, relied upon by many good actors, to keep certain dramatic conditions in the voice and action.

Conscript Fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words ;
 Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not my trade ;
 But here I stand for right--let him show proofs—
 For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there !
 Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves !
 His charge is false ;—I dare him to his proof.
 You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, and hide my sense of wrong !
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword !
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me--turning out
 The Roman from his birth right ; and, for what ?
 To fling your offices to every slave !
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
 And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below !
 Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones ;
 Fling down your scepters ; take the rod and ax
 And make the murder as you make the law !

Banished from Rome ! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact with the things I loathe ?

“Tried and convicted traitor !” Who says this ?
Who’ll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Banished ! I thank you for’t. It breaks my chain !
I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;
But now my sword’s my own Smile on, my lords !
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart’s hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you ! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face !
Your consul’s merciful—for this all thanks ;
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline !

“Traitor !” I go ; but I return. This—trial ?
Here I devote your senate ! I’ve had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant’s sinew’s strong as steel.
This day’s the birth of sorrow ! This hour’s work
Will breed proscriptions ! Look to your hearths, my
lords !

For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus !—all shames and crimes !
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother’s cup ;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome’s eternal grave !
I go ; but not to leap the gulf alone.

I go ; but, when I come, ’twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well !
You build my funeral pile ; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame ! Back, Slaves ! I will return !

Murcutio’s Description of Queen Mab.

SHAKESPEARE.

SUGGESTIONS.—When we come to study this selection in

the U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory (See first inside page of cover) we shall see how rich it is in imitative action and modulation. The fine, thin melodies of the voice are essential to the successful rendition of this account of sleep. It is not difficult to fill the largest theatre with quiet tones, if the voice is clear. Aspirations, or waste air accompanying the voice, injure it, and render force a necessary evil.

O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!

She comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn by a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazlenut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtiers' knees that dream on court'sies straight.
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice ;
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 And healths five fathoms deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

Platonic Love.

SUGGESTIONS — This should be recited in a cold, didactic style, as though above the feelings of love. The gradual unbending of the stiffness will require skillful coloring in the voice.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.
Besides I had my higher aims, for science filled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in her
art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship
cannot live

'Twi'x man and woman, unless each has something else to
give.

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man
and man,

I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.

We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped and
feared,

With common purpose sought the goal which young ambi-
tion reared.

We dreamed together of the days, the dream bright days to
come,

-We were strictly confidential and called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—

I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills.

And rustic bridges and the like, which picture makers prize

To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,

We floated down the river or loafed beneath the trees.

And talked in long gradation from the poet to the weather,

While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out to-
gether.

But through it all no whispered word or telltale look or sigh

-Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy,

We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulae,

And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good bye, old fellow," I took her hand, for the time
 had come to go,
 My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know,
 I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy
 heart,
 For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for
 friends to part,
 "Well, good-bye, old fellow; don't forget your friends
 across the sea,
 And some day, when you've lots of time. just drop a line to
 me."

The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind
 Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind;
 And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of
 blue,
 Full to the brim and running o'er, like violet cups with dew;
 One long, long look, and then I did what I never did before
 Perhaps the look meant friendship, but I think the kiss
 meant more.

Settled for Life.

BY ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND,
 (Sister of Ex-President Cleveland.)

SUGGESTIONS.—This should be rendered in the style of an
 undecided, questioning woman who wonders at the myster-
 ies which lie on the other side of the marriage veil. The
 fullest compound inflexions will help the rendering very
 much.

Settled for life! Be still thou traitor,
 Wavering heart, with rebellion rife!
 Gone thy vocation of watcher and waiter!
 I'm to be Charlie's wife.
 All the journey through Dreamland over,
 Ended managing mamma strife,
 A ring on my finger—a primrose—a lover,
 And I am settled for life!
 Charlie! the honest, homely fellow,
 Cordy of muscle clear of eye,
 With his rolling acres, broad and yellow

Under the harvest sky.
On the whole 'tis a chance for a girl to settle
That doesn't come every day.
But just this once, with the stars up yonder
Pinning the night, like crepe, to the sky
No one will know if I pause and ponder
Before I cease to be I,
In my own little room. In the one just under
Steadily pulses paternal snore.
Does—every man snore in his sleep, I wonder?
Charlie just stepped from the door.
Just for this once I'll forget I am settled,
Bound with a promise, yoked with a ring,
To a tame team-trot, like the colt, high mettled
That Charlie broke in the spring.
Now in the harness she paces mildly.
Starts at g'langs and stops at whoas!
The colt that in pasture pranced so wildly
Is settled down I suppose.
That's all gone; and its awfully silly
To mop thus and wipe thus a lachrymose eye,
And all on account of a chestnut filly
And—I'm sure I don't know why,
For I'm settled for life. Papa is placid
(Very the contrary can he be!)
Mamma is sweet (she can be acid!)
And Charlie is—ecstasy!
What with his thoughts that he "cannot utter!"
Feeling unworthy and looking so meek,
I suppose I ought to be all in a flutter
With the wedding day next week.
He is happy. I'm not unhappy.
People say he's the best of men.
That's not certain. What is certain?
When all is settled and said and done.
What is settled! Drop the curtain,
The clock below strikes one!
The stars, they are very far and lonely,
Very lonely and long seems life,
Too high and too deep for me; I am only
Charlie's promised wife!

The Maiden Martyr.

SUGGESTIONS.—Insert some well known, religious hymn, as "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," or any other you please, in place of that given, if you prefer it. This is a touching incident in the history of the Scotch Covenanters

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
 A crowd of people gathered in the street,
 Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
 And flashed into their faces. Then the door
 Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
 Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
 Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
 A woman full of tears and full of woes ;
 The other was a maiden in her morn,
 And they were one in name, and one in faith,
 Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
 That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on ; and down the sunny street
 The people followed, ever falling back
 As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
 But in the midst the women simply went
 As if they two were walking, side by side,
 Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn,
 Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
 But as they went about their daily tasks :
 They went to prison and they went to death,
 Upon their Master's service.

On the shore.

The troopers halted ; all the shining sands
 Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had
 Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
 And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
 That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
 Drew nearer by a hair breadth. " It will be
 A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
 As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
 Dismounted, and the people passing near
 Then heard the pardon offered, with the oath

Renouncing and adjuring part with all
 The persecuted, covenanted fold.
 But both refused the oath : " Because," they said,
 " Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
 We have no part with Him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Unto the farthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there ;
 And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
 That He would firm uphold her in their midst
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
 There paces the provost and the Laird of Lag—
 Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham ;
 And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
 And in the midst the maided meekly stood
 Waiting her doom delayed, said she would
 Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves. But even to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace :
 " If God be for us, who can be against ?"
 " Who shall divide us from the love of Christ ?"
 " Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
 A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
 " O, Margaret ! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret !
 Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
 Gie in, and tak' the oath !"

The tide flowed in ;
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon ;
 And every fire went out upon the hearth,
 And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
 And still the tide was flowing in ;
 Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
 They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea,

Where something white was floating—something
 White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave ;
 But as she looked it sank ; then showed again ;
 Then disappeared : and round the shore
 And stake the tide stood ankle deep.

Then Grierson

With cursing vowed that he would wait
 No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
 Down, and tied her hands ; and round her
 Slender waist, too roughly cast the rope, for
 Windram came and loosed it while he whispered
 In her ear, "Come take the test, and ye are free,"
 And one cried, 'Margaret, say but 'God save
 The King!' " "God save the King of His great grace,"
 She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
 And drove the people back and silenced them.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
 She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul ;"
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
 " To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face —
 And there was glory over all the sky,
 And there was glory over all the sea—
 A flood of glory,—and the lifted face
 Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

On the Ice.

SUGGESTIONS.—Purely conversational. Impersonate the several characters, and let the interruptions be sudden and wholly unexpected.

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, " I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic,"—that was all ; but I heard some one

bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity ; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say : " I have only my two hands to depend on ; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world "—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the " heathen Chinese," and he was grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he : " My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support ; your—" he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate ; and as I passed by she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court-house next attracted my attention. " Ah," said one, " Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and—" his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

The Gladiator.

SUGGESTIONS.—Endeavor to give this thrilling sketch in a natural manner, with clearness, force and energy. Strive to make your hearers *feel* as well as *understand*.

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious enclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending, as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offence? Why, forsooth! I am a *Christian*. But know, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of ire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he

stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing and with the quickness of lightning leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary ; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe aware of his design, precipitated himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration ; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist and regaining his falchion which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound ; but it was too late ; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

Up the Aisle.

SUGGESTIONS.—Dress as a bride in every respect. Have music play the wedding march. Go through the full action of a bride at a marriage ceremony.

Take my cloak and now fix my veil, Jenny
 How silly to cover one's face !
 I might as well be an old woman,
 But there's one comfort, its lace
 Well, what has become of those ushers ?
 Oh, Pa, have you got my bouquet ?
 I'll freeze standing here in the lobby,
 Why doesn't the organist play ?
 They've started at last, what a bustle !
 Stop, Pa, they're not far enough, wait
 One minute more, now ! Do keep step, Pa !
 There, drop my trails, Jane ! Is it straight ?
 I hope I look timid and shrinking ?
 The church must be perfectly full.
 Good gracious ! please don't walk so fast, Pa !
 He don't seem to think that trains pull.
 The chancel at last; mind the step, Pa !
 I don't feel embarrassed at all.—
 But my ! what's the minister saying ?
 Oh, I know, that part 'bout St. Paul.
 I hope my position is graceful,
 How awkwardly Nellie Dane stood !
 "Not lawfully be joined together,
 Now speak"—as if anyone would.
 Oh, dear, now it's my turn to answer,
 I do wish that Pa would stand still.
 "Serve him, love, honor, and keep him,"
 How sweetly he says it. I will.
 Where's Pa ? there, I knew he'd forget it
 When the time come to give me away,
 "I, Helena take thee, love, cherish—
 And"—well, I can't help it— "obey."
 Here, Maud, take my bouquet, don't drop it,
 I hope Charley's not lost the ring !
 Just like him ! oo, goodness, how heavy !
 It's really an elegant thing.

It's a shame to kneel down in white satin,
And the flounce is real old lace, but, I must,
I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
They're usually covered with dust.
All over, ah, thanks! now don't fuss, Pa!
Just throw back my veil, Charley, there!
Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me
Without mussing up all my hair!
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ,
Who'd think there would be such a crowd!
Oh, I mustn't look 'round, I'd forgotten,
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?
Why, its Nelly Allaine, with her husband,
She's awfully jealous, I know,
Most all of my things were imported,
And she had a home made trousseau.
And there's Annie Wheeler,—Kate Herman,
I didn't expect her at all,
If she's not in that same old blue satin
She wore at the charity ball!
Is that Fanny Hyde? Edith Pommerton,
Aud Emma, and Jo—all the girls!
I knew that they'd not miss my wedding,
I hope they'll all notice my pearls
Is the carriage there? give me my cloak, Jane,
Don't get it all over my veil,
No! you take the other seat, Charley,
I need all this for my trail.

NOTICE. Every selection in this book will appear in proper turn, in the United States Monthly Journal of Elocution and Oratory, as the subject of a "LESSON IN RECITING." Each lesson will thoroughly ANALYZE the selection; give all the EMPHATIC words; describe every GESTURE; state the qualities of VOICE MODULATION, and STYLE of delivery required; and contain much valuable instruction in the art of READING and SPEAKING. This great paper costs only One Dollar per year. The "LESSONS IN RECITING" commence with the issue of June, 1890. Subscribe at once so as not to miss any numbers. Address: U. S. Journal of Elocution and Oratory, P. O. Box 291, Washington, D. C.

Bells of Notre Dame.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

SUGGESTIONS.—This is a sweet, quiet selection, requiring vocal changes and some imitative modulations.

What though the radiant thoroughfare
 Teems with the noisy throng?
 What though men bandy everywhere
 The ribald jest and song?
 Over the din of oaths and cries
 Broodeth a wondrous calm,
 And mid that solemn stillness rise
 The bells of Notre Dame.

“Heed not, dear Lord” they seem to say,
 ‘Thy weak and erring child;
 And thou, O gentle mother, pray
 That God be reconciled;
 And on mankind, O Christ our King,
 Pour out thy gracious balm’—
 ’Tis thus they plead, and thus they sing,
 Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God bending down
 To ken the things of earth,
 Heeds not the mockery of the town
 Or cries of ribald mirth;
 Forever soundeth in his ears
 A penitential psalm—
 ’Tis thy angelic voice he hears,
 O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
 May still forever be
 An intercession to rejoice
 Benign divinity;
 And that thy tuneful grace may fall,
 Like dew, a quickening balm
 Upon the arid hearts of all—
 O bells of Notre Dame!

Arkansaw Witness.

SUGGESTION.—The drawl and style of a backwoods Arkansaw settler, should be contrasted to the dignity of the judge and the sharpness of the lawyer. This is a fine selection for practicing the change of voice.

“What is your name?” asked a United States attorney of an old “squatter,” who had been summoned before the court as a witness.

‘Which name, ‘Squire?’

‘Your right name, of course.’

“I ain’t got none.”

“What, you d n’t mean to say that you haven’t got a name?”

“Oh, no sir.”

“This summons says that your name is Ananias Peters. Is that so?”

“Reckin it is.”

“Thought you didn’t have a right name?”

“I ain’t.”

“Look here, sir. Don’t trifle with this court. Your prevarication will not be tolerated here. Why did you say that Ananias Peters was not your right name?”

“‘Case it wan’t right to name a boy Ananias, therefore it ain’t a right name. The Bible, I believe, sorter called Ananias a liar.”

“Which,” interposed the judge ‘makes it peculiarly applicable in your case.’

‘Look a-here, judge, I don’t want to progic with you, ‘case you’ve got the upper hand of me, but I don’t want you to hit me with the Bible. A man’s in a bad enough fix when yer fling the law at him, but when yer fling the law an’ the gospel both, he ain’t got no show.’

“Where do you live?” asked the attorney.

“At home.”

“But where is your home?”

“In the neighborhood o’ whar I live.”

The judge turned away to conceal a smile, and the attorney giving the “squatter” a look of extreme severity, said,

“Do you know where your are, sir?”

“Yes sir; I’m here.”

"You won't be here much longer, unless you answer my questions."

"I'm answerin' your questions, 'Squire, go on with your rat killin'."

"Where were you when Mr. Jasen, the defendant, cut timber from government land?"

"When did he do the cuttin'?"

"That's what I want to find out. I think it was sometime in October."

"Wal, sometimes in October I was in one place an' sometimes in another."

"Did you ever see him cutting government timber?"

"I believe I did."

"When?"

"Durin' the war when he was in the army."

"None of your foolishness now. Didn't you come along the road one day in October and talk to the defendant while he was choppin' down a tree?"

"No, sir."

"Remember you are under oath. So you didn't see him while he was chopping down a tree?"

"Didn't say, that, 'Squire, for I did see him choppin' the tree."

"Did you stop and talk to him?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Thought you said you didn't stop and talk to him?"

"Didn't say it."

"You did."

"Didn't say it."

"What did you say?"

"Said I didn't talk to him while he was choppin', fur when I come up an' spoke, he quit choppin'."

"How long have you been living here?"

"Too long."

"How many years?" -

"Been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?"

"The year I come here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived, he would have been the oldest until yit but, as he died, Jim's the oldest."

"How old is Jim ? "

"He ain't as old as the one what died."

"Well, how old was the one that died ?"

"He was older than Jim."

"What do you do here for a living ?"

"Eat."

"That will do," said the lawyer.

"Is there anything else you want to know!" asked the witness.



INDEX.

	PAGE.
Answered	218
Appeal to the Sexton for Air, An.....	158
Arkansaw Witness.....	241
Archie Dean.....	70
Aunt Charity Ruminates.....	56
Aux Italiens	113
B.	
Ballad of Cassandra Brown, The	152
Baltimore Lover, The	9
Ben Deene	154
Benediction, The.....	201
Ben Hur's Chariot Race.....	93
Bill Nye's Defense of Wm. Shakespeare.....	42
Bill Nye's Spartacus.	141
Brother Garduer on Liars.....	148
Bells of Notre Dame.....	240
C.	
Carcassonne	121
Catiline's Defiance	226
Cato's Soliloquy.	137
Cats: By a Girl	211
Clarence's Dream.....	224
Culprit, A	219
D.	
Dawn of Patrick Henry's Genius.....	168
Dead Mother, The.....	105
Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold	188
Deserter, A.....	181
Diver, The	110
Dolce Far Niente.....	22
Dutchman's Telephone, The.....	176

	PAGE.
II.	
E.	
Entertaining Sister's Beau	91
Execution, The	102
F.	
Famine, The	115
Female Missionary, The	34
Flight for Life, The	206
Flying Dutchman, The	190
Forgive? No Never	205
Frenchman on Macbeth, A	108
G.	
Galley Slave, The	208
Gobble Uns'll Git You, The	38
Goddess of Liberty, The	99
Gypsy Flower Girl, The	83
Gladiator, The	236
H.	
Harmosau	120
Hat, The	183
He and She	125
Hellish Death, A	52
Hero of 1780, A	193
Hero of the Tower, The	59
How Girls Fish	166
How Ruby Played	173
I.	
If I Were You	130
I'll Kiss Him For His Wife	29
Isle of Love, The	31
J.	
Jake	222
Jealous Wife, The	44
Jeannette	23
Johnny Judkins	158
John Wesley's Peroration on John Huss	101
K.	
Kissing	47
King's Ring, The	54
L.	
La Belle Tromboniste	49
Lasca	36
Last Christmas Was a Year Ago	65

III.

	PAGE.
Last String Broke	20
Lessons in Cookery	177
Let Down the Bars	220
Little Hand Maiden, The	156
Little Ned	203
Love at a Seaside	194
Lorraine Lorree	109
Love's Sacrifice	127
Lullaby	107
M.	
Mad Mag	88
Maiden's Martyr, The	232
Man Who Apologized, The	179
Mary's Little Lamb	144
Mercutio's Description of Queen Mab	227
Mine Vamily	199
Mr. Mann Gets Left	74
Murderer, The	50
N.	
Nine Suitors	216
No Kiss	212
O.	
On the Ice	234
Organist, The	170
Ostler Joe	122
P.	
Pathway of Gold, The	197
Platonic Love	229
Portrait, The	134
Poverty Flats	118
Proposal, The	68
R.	
Reminding the Hen	97
Rienzi's Address to the Romans	138
Royal Bowman, The	16
S.	
School Days	90
Settled for Life	230
Shylock in a Passion	139
Some Day	223
Song of Songs, The	8
Spanish Duel.	77
Spanish Page, The	210
Sweet Pansies	40

IV.

PAGE.

T.

Taking an Elevator.....	160
Thin Red Line, The.....	27
Thirty-Second Day.....	98
To-morrow at Ten.....	103
Too Many of We.....	58
Toussaint L'ouverture.....	200
Travelling Liar, The.....	32
True to Brother Spear.....	63

U.

Uncle, The.....	12
Up the Aisle.....	238

V.

Veterans, The.....	213
--------------------	-----

W.

Weather Fiend, The.....	150
Weird Visitor, The.....	5
Widow Bedott's Poetry, The.....	145
Witch Cat, The.....	162
Woman I Loved, The.....	214
White Squall, The.....	132

Y.

Years of Life, The.....	26
-------------------------	----

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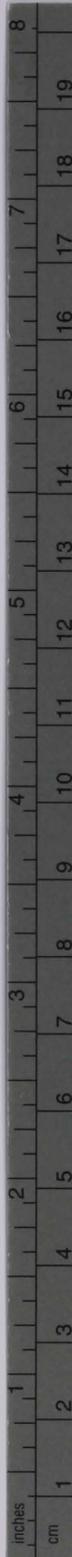
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