HELEN POTTER.
HELEN POTTER'S

IMPERSONATIONS

—BY—

HELEN POTTER

NEW YORK

EDGAR S. WERNER

1891
Copyright,
1891,
By Edgar S. Werner.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Illustrations</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Studies of Persons and of Pieces</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author's Preface</td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How to Prepare Impersonations</td>
<td>xi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Care of the Voice, Health, etc</td>
<td>xv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Artist's Make-up and Toilet</td>
<td>xviii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explanation of Signs, Abbreviations, etc</td>
<td>xxiii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After the Ball. Samuel Minturn Peck</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After the Wedding. William L. Keese</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All. Francis A. Durivage</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Art. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Feast, The.</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apostrophe to the Watermelon</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballad of the Lost Bride</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballet Girl, The</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle-Hymn of the Republic. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatrice. As rendered by Adelaide Neilson</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blunders. John B. Gough</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brutus's Address. As rendered by E. L. Davenport</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camp-Meeting Hymn, A.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardinal Richelieu. As rendered by Edwin Booth</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassius to Brutus. As rendered by Lawrence Barrett</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chemist to His Love, The</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese Sketch</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra. As rendered by Helen Potter</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Declaration of Rights of the Women of the United States. Elizabeth Cady Stanton</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dogberry and Verges. As rendered by Helen Potter</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dona Sol. As rendered by Sarah Bernhardt</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening, At. J. T. Newcomb</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Your Own Sakes. Anna Dickinson</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth of July</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From the Sublime to the Ridiculous</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls. Olive Logan</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet. As rendered by Edwin Booth</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ike Partington After the Opera</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Told You So.</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jakey and Old Jacob</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jubilee Song</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juliet. As rendered by Adelaide Neilson</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katharine of Aragon. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady-Killer, The Frederic Maccabe</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Musica Trionfante. T. W. Parsons</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large and Small Bosses</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lecture on Art. Oscar Wilde</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Curiosity, A.</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord's Prayer in Welsh.</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Stuart. As rendered by Helen Potter.</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meg Merrilies. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Angelo. William Parsons</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Own Own Native Land</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro Boatman's Song. The</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newspapers. Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage.</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii. Lord Lytton</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Rest Thee, Babe</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Trial For Voting. Susan B. Anthony</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ophelia. As rendered by Mme. Helena Modjeska</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello. As rendered by Tommaso Salvini</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passions, The. William Collins</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Gray and Lizianny Querl</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pious Punster, A</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portia and Nerissa. As rendered by Mrs. Mary F. Scott-Siddons</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portia at the Bar. As rendered by Miss Ellen Terry</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Arthur. As rendered by Helen Potter.</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen Elizabeth. As rendered by Mme. Adelaide Ristori</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reading-Class, The</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosalind. As rendered by Mme. Helena Modjeska</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russian Soldier, Rest. Robert J. Burdette</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scenes from &quot;The Tempest.&quot; As rendered by Fanny Kemble</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea Bird's Fate, The John Boyle O'Reilly</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sermon on Lincoln. Henry Ward Beecher</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

Silent Letters. A Study of Visible Expression; A Study of Audible Expression; Tripartite Expression .................. 212
Sisters, The. John G. Whittier ........................................... 192
Sleep-Walking Scene. As rendered by Helen Potter ............ 83
Song. Aubrey De Vere ....................................................... 22
Speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg ....................... 115
Tableaux, A Series of. Arranged by Helen Potter ............. 207
Tale of Two Cities, A. O. E. Melichar .............................. 144
Temperance. John B. Gough ............................................. 7
Ten Commandments in Welsh, The .................................. 39
Ten Sevens, The ............................................................. 71
Toast, A ........................................................................... 151
Tramp's Soliloquy, The .................................................... 16
Trial of Queen Katharine, The. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman ......................................................... 20
Two Good Points .............................................................. 111
Vision of War, A. Robert Ingersoll. (With tableaux.) ...... 122
Wolsey's Soliloquy. As rendered by George Vandenhoff ...... 28
Women All At Sea ............................................................. 59
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Illustrations</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beecher, Henry Ward. Portrait</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Booth, Edwin. Costumed as <em>Hamlet</em></td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickinson, Anna. Portrait</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingersoll, Robert G. Portrait</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kemble, Frances Anne. Portrait</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln, Abraham. Portrait</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modjeska, Helena. Costumed as <em>Rosalind</em></td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; Ophelia</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neilson, Adelaide. Portrait</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsons, William. Portrait</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potter, Helen. Portrait</td>
<td>FRONTISPIECE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; Costumed as John B. Gough</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; a Chinese Mandarin</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; Lawrence Barrett as <em>Cassius</em></td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; Sarah Bernhardt as <em>Dona Sol</em></td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; Charlotte Cushman as <em>Meg Merrilies</em></td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; Susan B. Anthony</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; <em>Cleopatra</em></td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; <em>Queen Katharine</em></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ristori, Adelaide. Portrait</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott-Siddons, Mary F. Costumed for reading</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton, Elizabeth Cady. Portrait</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talmage, T. Dewitt. Portrait</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terry, Ellen. Costumed as <em>Portia</em></td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilde, Oscar. Portrait</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
STUDIES.

OF PERSONS.

Anthony, Susan B.: Speech, "On Trial for Voting.".............. 12
Barrett, Lawrence: As Cassius...................................... 125
Beecher, Henry Ward: Sermon on Lincoln.......................... 120
Bernhardt, Sarah: As Dona Sol. (French and English text)...... 108
Booth, Edwin: As Hamlet. (With music)............................ 158
          " " As Richelieu. (In two parts).......................... 62
Cushman, Charlotte: As Queen Katharine........................... 20
          " " As Katharine of Aragon................................. 23
          " " As Meg Merrilies. (With music)......................... 152
Davenport, E. L.: As Brutus......................................... 129
Dickinson, Anna: Lecture, "For Your Own Sakes."................ 190
Gough, John B.: Lecture, "Blunders."............................. 1
          " " "Temperance.".......................................... 7
Howe, Julia Ward: Lecture, "American Art."....................... 17
Ingersoll, Robert: Speech, "A Vision of War.".................... 122
Kemble, Frances Anne: Readings from "The Tempest."............ 50
Lincoln, Abraham: "Gettysburg Speech."............................ 115
Logan, Olive: Lecture, "Girls.".................................. 69
Maccabe, Frederic: Lecture, "The Lady-Killer."................... 69
Modjeska, Helena: As Rosalind...................................... 72
          " " As Ophelia. (With music)............................ 165
Neilson, Adelaide: As Juliet.......................................... 78
          " " As Beatrice........................................ 179
Parsons, William: Lecture, "Michael Angelo."..................... 41
Ristori, Adelaide: As Queen Elizabeth. (Italian and English text).......................... 132
Salvini, Tommaso: As Othello. (With music)......................... 216
Scott-Sidsons, Mary F.: Reading, "Portia and Nerissa."......... 98
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady: Address, "Declaration of Rights."...... 91
Talmage, T. Dewitt: Lecture, "Newspapers."......................... 95
Terry, Ellen. As Portia........................................... 103
Vandenhoff, George. In "Wolsey's Soliloquy."....................... 128
Wilde, Oscar. Lecture, "Art.".................................. 195
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chinese Sketch. Music by Edgar S. Kelley</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dogberry and Verges</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Stuart, in the “Garden Scene.”</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passions, The. William Collins. (With tableaux.)</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Arthur</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silent Letters. A Study of Visible, Audible and Tripartite Expression</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep-Walking Scene</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In all ages we have had artists and orators; people who held the "sacred fire" as their inheritance among men—an inheritance more powerful than gold, or wonderful jewels, or landed estates. These men and women were leaders of their time, and even unto this day are held in great veneration and esteem. And the works of artists in clay, marble, and iron, and on canvas are enduring, and eagerly sought for. But the most wonderful of all, the power of the human voice, goes to the winds and is lost forever. Seek as we may, the winds tell us not of these masters of oratory and song. Their master tones reach not our ears, and we know of their power only by tradition.

Now, with what skill we have, we will endeavor to perpetuate some of the work of our own time. The work of a few of the best orators and artists of this age and people, we will record, as accurately as our methods of annotation will allow. Yet, work as we may, our works perish to the outer senses. But there is an inner sense that supersedes all other senses, as far as mountains excel molehills. This sense is sometimes called "intuition;" sometimes "the sixth sense." That we have this sixth sense can be proven; but the power is dumb from neglect and abuse. If we seek for it aright, we may reasonably expect it to become manifest, and serve us as a guide in after years. Truth is eternal. That we do not know the truth is our misfortune and affects it not at all. The blind may doubt the existence of light, but the fact remains. So with our latent powers—that we are wholly unconscious of them proves nothing. That we have dormant faculties which may yet become factors for
untold pleasure and pain, is more than possible. Who can say after the advent of the phonograph, that we may not yet be able to extract music from the walls that surrounded the great masters of ages past. Then what a privilege would be ours; then could we go, as did the students of old, and receive their lessons again and again.

As yet, we are a young nation, and, heretofore, our opportunities for special training in artistic work have not been all that we could desire. Hence our native talent has been largely thrown upon its own resources for development, and crude work has often been the result. But if our artistic work has been crude, it has been full of life and vigor. The natural current, untrammeled by ancient custom and conventional processes, has been left free to flow out, and develop its own individuality. Then, too, the public has been good-natured and indulgent, for which we are truly thankful.

The writer, although unusually well received and sustained by both the public and the press of this country, has never reached her ideal in her platform work; and it is with a sincere desire to be of service to students of dramatic art and oratory that she has been led to prepare this oft-solicited volume of "Impersonations." Other matter, relating to oratory and dramatic art, and still more practical hints to beginners, will probably follow. The students of to-day have many advantages over those of a quarter of a century ago. Then we knew nothing of the great master, François Delsarte, and his wonderful science and art of expression. We had no "Werner's Voice Magazine," devoted exclusively to vocal culture, and filled with finely illustrated articles from our ablest teachers and critics. For all these things we should be grateful, and apply ourselves diligently to attain "the heights."

THE AUTHOR.
TO STUDENTS.

HOW TO PREPARE IMPERSONATIONS.

TO STUDY A LECTURER.

Provided with a small note-book and several short, sharp pencils, repair to the lecture-room, and take a seat in the middle of the hall, and directly in front of the speaker.

1. *Note his entrance upon the platform.*—Does he come on hurriedly, and nervously arrange his desk and papers; or does he enter deliberately, and be seated? Does he recognize his audience before or after he arrives at the desk? Is the recognition formal and dignified, or off-hand and familiar?

2. *Observe the general characteristics of the speaker.*—Note his dominant controlling spirit, before you begin taking notes. Is he modest or pretentious; self-conscious or lost in his theme; does he reason or assert; is he master of his subject or is he bandying words; is he earnest and sincere in what he says, or is he practicing upon the credulity of his hearers; is he transparent or concealing his true motive? Having obtained some definite notion of the speaker as a whole, jot it down briefly. A few explicit adjectives will prove sufficient, and save time for a more strictly analytical study of him and his peculiarities.

3. *Note his dress, and make some sketches.*

4. *Note his attitudes and gestures.*—Does he stand with a wide or narrow base (*i.e.*, with his feet close together, or far apart)? Does he stand firm, with his weight on both feet, or limp and aesthetic, or is his position easy and firm, without being either? As to his gestures, are they varied or stereotyped? If stereotyped, what are they? Are they
HOW TO PREPARE IMPERSONATIONS.

up and down, oblique or horizontal, with closed fist or index
finger? Does he pound the desk, or shake his hand, with
spread fingers, high above his head? And, finally, is he
all action, or no action?

5. Notice his peculiarities of voice, etc.—Is his voice nasal or
pure, sharp or flat, heavy or light, metallic or liquid, rough
or smooth, high-pitched or low-pitched, agreeable or disa-
agreeable? Then, does he hold the vowels or the conso-
nants? Are they the nasal-continuants (m, n, ng) only, or
do they include r, l, and other consonants (e. g., opening
nasal-continuants, mm̪uve, nn̪ö, rr̪ise, ll̪ife, vv̪āste; closing
nasal-continuants, bl̪āmme, begānn, sīngng, thrill̪, rāsh̪h, mūłe, etc.)? Holding vowel-sounds is far more common and
more easily detected; as wōe-ful, wr-ū-th, Mō-ses, arri-val,
pēace-ful, etc.

6. Does he speak two or three syllables rapidly, then dwell
upon one?—Does this occur somewhat rhythmically; i. e.,
at regular intervals?

7. Do his sentences generally end with the rising inflection, or
the falling, or with compound inflections?—You may have but
one opportunity to study a speaker, and all your observa-
tions must be taken at one sitting. A preacher affords
greater opportunity for study, yet it is much better to take
all possible notes at one discourse; then if the sermon or
lecture be published, or reviewed at length, you can easily
obtain the required text, and apply your notes and marks
thereunto, and your impersonation is finished and ready
for use. In case the text remains unpublished, it can be
procured by a stenographer, or perhaps by personal in-
fluence.

TO STUDY AN ACTOR.

This is far more difficult, because the one you desire to
study is connected with and dependent upon other people,
and you are obliged to make a monologue out of all of these
combined situations, movements, and tableaux. You have
HOW TO PREPARE IMPERSONATIONS

to portray the unseen characters by your action and delivery while identifying yourself with only one. It may be necessary to see the play three times. The first time, for the plot or story, and to discover the strongest situations, climaxes, etc.; the second time for the costumes, special walk, attitudes and gestures; the third time for the peculiarities of the artist's elocution, his voice, pitch, force, time, etc.

Sometimes it is necessary to take all your notes at a single performance. In that case, you should procure a copy of the play beforehand, if possible, and select one or more monologue scenes to study. Sketch the costumes, and write the colors and materials upon the sketches before the artist arrives at the monologue text, dividing your attention between the play-book and the stage. At this point, cease all writing and sketching, and concentrate your mind upon the stage, and follow the artist you are studying every moment until the scene is over. Let his every expression, attitude, gesture, voice, and all, enter your brain to stay there; let it be "burnt in." As soon as he has finished the text selected for the monologue, write out all you can recall of the manner, action and elocution of the artist, and number the notes to correspond with numbers you will place upon the text where the notes apply. After the performance, retire to some quiet place, and go over the notes and text, adding such notes of action, voice, and manner, as may have been omitted in the hurry of the performance. Do not fail to do this while it is fresh in your mind; to-morrow the pictures will not be so vivid, and the day after they may be faded nearly away. Afterward, copy and elaborate your work for use, and file away the original text or play-book for future reference.

Next comes the costuming of the impersonation. In buying material, it is economy to buy goods made of a single material; i.e., all silk, or all wool, etc. Mixed goods, as a rule, soon look shabby and mean. Of one thing
be assured at the outset, and that is, that the prettiest costumes are not necessarily the most expensive. Taste and judgment in selecting colors, styles and combinations, complementary to your own individual self, is the key to charming attire. Soft, delicately-tinted cashmeres, draped in antique style, are exceedingly becoming for evening wear, and with simple ornamentation are quite inexpensive. Young persons should avoid velvets and heavy silks, as they detract from the youthful appearance, and make one look heavy, dull, and uncomfortable. And, again, if you select characters suited to your youth—which it is sincerely hoped you will—you will not require them. Do not, while young, try to impersonate old or disagreeable characters. There will be time enough for that when your youth is past; and, beside, the world delights to look on youth, and prefers to carry away from an entertainment only thoughts of gladness, joy, and sunshine. Therefore, however much you may desire to do heavy tragedy, or raving maniacs, “Don’t!” and be persuaded to do only bright and agreeable things, and comedy.*

The dress should be the setting and not the gem. A golden angel could not sing, or thrill us with eloquent discourse, though set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires; it is the living angel, with the living voice, that wafts us from earth on wings of eloquence or song. Therefore, let your voice be attuned, your text well committed, your costumes suitable and artistic; then, forgetting all these things, let your soul shine forth. This is the conclusion of the whole matter.

* The writer, with scores of others, made this mistake, and also the mistake of putting too much money into costumes. The most expensive things were not found available, and lie a dead investment even to this day.
CARE OF THE VOICE, HEALTH, ETC.

1. Avoid exposure, sudden changes of temperature, draughts, lake winds, damp linen, cold or damp extremities, etc. Keep the body at as even a temperature as possible.

2. Do not abuse the voice. Use but not abuse it, and protect it at all times. It is said that Adalina Patti carries a tablet, and communicates only by writing, on the day she is to sing in opera. And this extraordinary singer is the wonder of the world, because of the continuity of her powers; after years of use, her voice is as fresh and clear as ever. Singers appear and disappear; to-day, "Wonderful;" to-morrow, "Her voice is gone." Yet here comes the well-preserved and matchless diva, year after year, with her beauty, her smiles, and her songs.

3. Do not sit in cold rooms. In going from heated rooms to cold places, keep the mouth closed, and put on extra wrappings; also in fog, rain, wind, etc.

4. Avoid singing or reciting in damp or cold night-air, driving, boating, serenading, etc. (See 11.)

5. Breathe through the nose. This is most important. A great artist gave that alone as the key to his fine voice and its marvelous preservation. When dying, he bequeathed the secret to a dear friend, saying: "You can support yourself by selling this information to artists." And so, indeed, he did for many years. There is also a volume written, advocating this as a prevention to throat and lung-troubles, and setting forth various means of acquiring the habit of breathing through the nose while asleep (e.g., a bit of plaster across the lips to keep them closed, etc.).
6. Avoid indigestible food, strong tea and coffee, cake, pastry, confectionery, candies, etc.

7. Avoid stimulants, drugs, tonics, and medicines generally.

8. Avoid lozenges of all kinds.

9. Avoid drinking while singing or speaking. Especially avoid cold drinks, iced-water, ices, ice-creams, etc., at or after vocalizing. (See 11.)

10. Do not partake of heavy food before a concert. When about to use the voice (in the evening), dine before five P. M., and refrain from heavy and late suppers. If you dine early, and require it, take a light supper of food that is easily digested before, and a similar lunch after the concert, such as unbolted wheat gems, bread and milk, cream toast, a raw egg in a glass of good, pure milk, or in unfermented wine, poached eggs on toast, fresh raw oysters. Uncooked oysters are very easily and quickly assimilated, and will not interfere with the immediate use of the voice, nor keep one from sleep. On the contrary, fried oysters are hard to digest, and a properly prepared roast or stew is seldom found; usually the oysters are shriveled and tough, the broth greasy and poor.

11. Keep the mouth closed, en route to and from the lecture or concert-room. Especially when going from the auditorium close the mouth, and cover the lower part of the face and throat with a silk scarf, or firm texture of wool. This warms the air before it reaches the vocal organs, which, being in a heated condition from recent use, should not be cooled too suddenly. There is always an unusual flow of blood to the throat when considerable vocalization is going on, and congestion is imminent unless it is cooled slowly. This is why iced-water, ices, etc., are to be avoided at and after concert or lecture; also, why one should avoid using the voice, to any great extent, when driving, boating, or in serenading, etc. (See 4.)

12. Drugs and stimulants never build up, but, on the contrary, destroy natural power. Avoid them all. They do not make blood, nor purify the blood which you have; they only set it in violent motion, to try to throw off the poison. And, again, when you work under the lash of spirits or
drugs, you are not conscious of your true condition, and, hence, are liable to overdo. Your chosen work is a sufficient strain upon the nerves, without whipping them into unnatural action. If the artist finds stimulants (even strong tea or coffee) necessary to his or her work, then he needs rest and recreation.*

Professional singers and speakers are often tempted to do themselves violence in order to "make a voice," or to present a "lively appearance." If you value life and health, set your mind strongly against extreme measures; and do not hastily submit to surgical operations. Some physicians have a mania for using the knife. "Your palate is too long, and should be trimmed;" or you are told you need a solution of carbolic acid injected into the head or throat; and you are lumbered up with instruments of all sorts, for spraying, gargling, steaming, etc. Before consenting to any of these things, consult a conscientious surgeon or physician, one who has no hobby. Nine times out of ten, the trouble can be met by simpler and less heroic treatment. Hot water compresses, homœopathic and hygienic care will not reduce you or confine to a sick bed, as powerful nostrums and drugs are likely to do; and then you will be able, under favorable circumstances, to continue filling your engagements without interruption. Some simple suggestions are herein given, in the hope that youth and inexperience may escape unfortunate mistakes. In case you are not within reach of a competent physician, you can often tide over a difficulty by proper knowledge of the means.†

The Throat.—For a constant desire to "hem," or scrape the throat, persist in swallowing instead of hacking or scraping. This is an opera trainer's rule, and well worth observing.

If the throat is congested after a concert (dark red and

* The writer has traveled every day, and spoken six evenings a week, for nine consecutive months, and is happy in being able to say, in verity, that not once, in all that time, nor in the period covering the eighteen hundred evenings she has given to platform work, has she ever taken a dose, however small, of the drugs and stimulants called opium, morphine, laudanum, hashish, valerian, cocaine, quinine, etc. In case of extreme prostration, a sponge bath of warm water, with a little alcohol or ammonia, has been taken with good effect. This, with massage, will prove quite refreshing, and has not the deleterious effect upon the vital organs that internal stimulants have.

† The writer, in fifteen years' travel, never called a physician but once.
swollen). Apply a warm water compress before retiring. Cover it well with dry woolen cloth to keep it moist and warm. In the morning, remove the bandages and bathe the throat in cool water; rub with dry hands until it feels dry and comfortable; then dress as usual for the day.

For a rough or hoarse voice, instead of taking a trochee, before a concert or lecture, take a little glycerine, or honey, or raw egg, or loaf sugar saturated with lemon-juice.

The Eye.—If you have a cinder in your eye, refrain from rubbing it, but, in absence of an eye-glass, pull the upper or lower lid (as the case may be) over the other lid, by means of the eyelashes, and let it slide back; this will often remove the particle from the inner surface. Failing in this, wink the eye in water; this will cause the tears to start, and thus help to wash out the obstruction. If these do not answer, press the end of a pencil into the lid (over or under the eyeball) and twist it around, rolling up the lid, so that the inner surface is outside; remove the speck with a soft handkerchief.

To save the eyes, avoid exposing them to uneven light; i. e., with the bright glare full upon one eye while the other is in shadow. Shade the eyes, if possible, from strong or flickering light. If no other means can be found, cut out a semi-circle of paper and fasten about the brow.

The Artist's Make-up and Toilet.

The better the workman, the fewer the tools. So with an artist; the better the artist, the less number of things is required to make up the face, etc. White, red and brown powder, grease-paint to blend the wigs to the forehead, and to line the face, Indien farde for shading about the eyes and brows, and oil (cold cream or cocoa butter) to remove cosmetics, are the staple articles for a make-up.

The soft tip of a finger will answer in place of a hare's foot to apply rouge, and a bit of soft chamois is better than a puffer to apply white powder, since one can touch up in lines and spots, when required, much better with the former than the latter. The puffer sifts the powder all over the face, and costume as well. The grease-paint comes in
sticks, and can be used in that form. Indien farde requires a pointed stump or roll of kid (which can be bought wherever artists' materials are kept) to make a narrow line next the lashes and darken the brows. India ink is better than Indien farde where quick changes are to be made, since it is easily removed with a moist cloth, while the farde can scarcely be removed with soap or oil. India ink, if used, requires a sable brush, such as is used in painting in water-colors.

Before beginning to make up, oil the skin and wipe with a soft cloth; after the performance, clean thoroughly with oil (or very fine soap and oil after). In this way only can you hope to keep a fine complexion. Ladies prefer flesh cream to grease-paint, as it is of finer material and blends readily. Use as little as possible to cover a given surface; a bit the size of a pea, taken in the palm of the hand, will cover the entire face.*

Violets.—For a warm bath, equal parts of wheat bran, orris powder and castile soap, sewed in a bag and used in place of a sponge, will soften the skin and leave an odor of violets.

Protection from Wind and Sun.—For boating, driving and other exposure to wind or sun, anoint the face and apply rice powder freely, making a coating over the face and neck. Remove with soft, hot water, and Coudray's glycerine soap, followed by cold cream. Vaseline should not be used upon the face, as its tendency is to stimulate the growth of hair, and will cover the face with a soft down.

To Remove Wrinkles.—Before retiring, wash the face with soft water, as hot as you can bear, in which a small bit of bi-carbonate of soda has been dissolved; wipe with soft linen and apply cream, or cold cream. The soda cleanses the pores, the hot water puffs the skin, and the oil keeps it so. Another method of removing wrinkles is: The white of an egg beaten up, and applied to the face over night, and washed off with tepid water in the morning.

A Hand-wash, and fragrant disinfectant: \( \frac{1}{2} \) pint of rose-water; 2 teaspoonfuls best glycerine; 5 drops each.

* For special information, address the author, in care of Werner's Voice Magazine, New York City.
of camphor and carbolic acid. If this recipe is followed exactly, the odor will be of rose-water only, and no oil appreciable. Cleanse the hands with warm water and fine soap; then apply the wash.

Cold Cream for the Complexion.—2 oz. oil of sweet almonds; ½ oz. spermaceti; 1 dr. white wax. Melt together, and stir while cooling, not boil. Add two oz. rose-water, stirring it in a little at a time. The value of the cold cream as a beautifier depends largely upon the oil of sweet almonds. This oil, being expensive, is rarely found, even at wholesale druggists, in its genuine pure quality.

To Stop a Cold Sore.—At the first indication of a cold sore, press the spot with a thimble or other hard substance, and apply tincture of camphor; repeat every five minutes until the swelling is controlled, that is, until it ceases to increase; in a few hours it will go away.

Gloves.

Draw and stroke them on, for if they are pushed on in wrinkles they will never after fit smoothly over the joints. When the fingers of left glove are well on, pull back the hand of the glove, and insert the thumb. Before fastening it, slide the thumb of the right hand far into the palm of the left, and, turning it toward the little finger, slide it outward and downward to the wrist, thus stretching it with the thumb and forefinger, and bringing it to place. Fasten, and reverse the process for the right hand. To remove the gloves, unfasten, and turn them off (wrong side out) until you come to the middle of the fingers; then take them off by the tips, and, while warm, smooth and straighten them. If the gloves are cold before putting them on, or when smoothing and stretching them to place in the glove-box, blow breath into them until they are warm and soft.

Hose.

If the feet and ankles are likely to be cold in silk stockings and slippers, wear a pair of fine lisle or cotton hose under the silk ones. It will make no difference in the general effect, and will save a deal of discomfort and colds. Many opera singers who have to match the stockings to
each costume, put on two or three pairs at the outset, and remove the outer ones as they proceed. It saves time, and is not uncomfortable. Of course, the bare-foot or toed stockings cannot be put on over other hose, but other hose can be put on over them, provided the bare-foot scene comes last in the order of costumes. It has been found that some people cannot wear colored stockings, as the ordinary dyes seem to irritate and cause the feet to swell.*

Bare-foot Sandals.—The nearest effect to bare feet can be produced by sole-leather cut the shape of the bottom of your feet, and fastened on with flesh-colored elastic bands, garter width. To obtain the pattern, stand with the weight on the right foot, and, with a pencil held upright, draw a mark around it. Reverse the pattern for the left foot. When you have the soles cut, have also a pair of thick white kid duplicates cut for linings, and have eight small holes punched in the margin of the leather soles, and a groove pressed in, connecting them in pairs. The holes are for the wire to pass through to make fast the elastic bands, and the grooves to sink the wire into the leather. Put the kid linings in after the elastic bands have been made fast, and finish by connecting the bands on the instep with the sole beneath the toes. This is done by passing the silk tape between the big toe and the next one, and fastening it above and below. This keeps the sandal from sliding back; if it slides forward, a small band of the same color as the hose should be put around the heel. These home-made, inexpensive sandals, when worn over flesh-colored toed stockings, give the effect of bare feet, and at the same time serve to keep the feet from the floor.

It is conforming to true art to dress the feet to correspond with the race, person, and time which are being represented. French heels and satin slippers on an Indian or Arab is distressing to an audience. Dress, also, according to the necessities of the occasion; if fishing, dress for fishing, not for a ball. It must be exceedingly trying for the actors in a play like the "Danites" (a very strong, historic play, which will be better and better appreciated as the years roll by), to have to pretend ignorance of the fact that the boy stranger is really a woman, when every child in the audience recognizes the fact from first to last. To wear

* Bathe tired or swollen feet in alcohol and water, equal parts.
corsets and exaggerate the distinctive form of woman when disguised, is as absurd as it is inartistic.

**Lights.**—The experienced artist is aware, that the poorer the light on a platform or stage, the fresher and better must be gloves, slippers, and, indeed, everything she wears; and the brighter the lights, the less conspicuous will be any imperfections in the outfit. Please bear this in mind, and if there is scanty or feeble light, no foot-lights, wear your freshest, newest gown, gloves, etc. It is like a daylight matinee; the usual evening make-up, or an excess of powder, becomes grotesque and ridiculous. An artist should not approach the footlights within a distance equal to his or her height.
### Abbreviations, etc.*

#### Sounds of Letters.

**Units.**
- 1 ë as in eve.
- 2 å as in ale.
- 3 å as in arm.
- 4 å as in all.
- 5 ö as in old.
- 6 ë as in do.
- 7 ï as in it.
- 8 ë as in met.
- 9 å as in at.
- 10 ö as in not.
- 11 û as in up.
- 12 û as in full.
- 13 th as in thin.
- 14 th as in this.
- 15 n, as in no.
- 16 n, ng as in \{ink.
- 17 g (hard) as in go.
- 18 g (soft) as in gem.

#### Diphthongs.
- 1 i (üë) as in rice.
- 2 ü (üê) as in flute.
- 3 j (dür) as in joy.
- 4 ö, öy as in oil, boy.
- 6 ch (isë) as in church.
- 7 wh (hw) as in when.

#### Signs for Pitch, Force and Time.†

| 1 (%) high pitch. | 3 (o) low pitch. |
| 5 (q.) quick. | 6 (sl.) slow. |
| 7 (p.) soft. | 9 (acc.) quickening speed. |
| 8 (f.) loud. | 10 (rit.) slackening speed. |

### Signs Placed Before, and Applying to, Words and Phrases.

- Bar, means a halt, or short rhetorical pause.
- Double bar, means a longer rhetorical pause.
- (--) monotone, to the next bar or change.
- (\>') rising pitch, to the next bar or change.
- (\<') downward pitch, to the next bar or change.
- (s<)†(s<) increase in force, to the next bar or change.
- (s>) decrease in force, to the next bar or change.
- (~) tremulous voice, to the next bar or change.
- (\<.) go down and up on the phrase or sentence.
- (\<.) go up and down on the phrase or sentence.
- (~) go up, down and up on the phrase or sentence.
- (~) go down, up and down on the phrase or sentence.

* Used as a guide to rendition. For letter sounds see Webster.
† Any one of these signs over a word or syllable applies to that word or syllable only.
‡ (s<) means increase in force through the entire series, or sentence.
ABBREVIATIONS, ETC.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.

1 oro. (deep) orotund.
2 gut. (rough) guttural.
3 asp. (whispered) aspirate.
4 ora. (head-voice) oral.
5 $ (sharp) falsetto.
6 $ (flat) nasal.

ABBREVIATIONS INDICATING GESTURE.

(r. h. s.) right hand supine
(palm up) To receive, give, support, rescue; things floating, good, successful, etc.

(r. h. p.) right hand prone
(palm down) to put down, bury, suppress, forget, quiet, hush; sinking, hopeless, etc.

(r. h. v.) right hand vertical
(palm vertical) to repel, banish, resist; lost, past, forgotten; fear, fright, dismay, horror.

(b. h. s.) both hands supine larger area, more extended than with one hand only.

(b. h. p.) both hands prone.

(b. h. v.) both hands vertical.

(d. f.)... descending front toward the floor, in front of speaker.

(h. f.)... horizontal front toward the wall, in front of speaker.

(a. f.)... ascending front toward the ceiling, in front of speaker.

(d. e.)... descending extended toward the floor, right or left of speaker.

(h. e.)... horizontal extended toward the side-walls, right or left of speaker.

(a. e.)... ascending extended toward the ceiling, right or left of speaker.

(d. o.)... descending oblique downward, between front and extended.

(h. o.)... horizontal oblique horizontal, between front and extended.

(a. o.)... ascending oblique upward, between front and extended.
OLUMES could be written upon blunders and not exhaust the subject. Blunders which make us laugh, and blunders which make us shudder. Human experience is full of them. We laugh at phases of drunkenness. I do not blame people for laughing. Man is the only animal that can laugh, and he ought to enjoy his privilege. One poor fellow, somewhat the worse for drink, fell down a flight of thirty or forty steps,—in Erie, Pa., and when a man rushed to help him up, he said, [drunken voice] "Go away, I don’t want your help. That’s the way I always come down stairs." We laugh at the man who came home at four o’clock in the morning and said it was one. "But," said his wife, "the clock has just struck four." "I know better," he replied, "for I heard it strike one repeatedly."

Absent-mindedness is often the source of ludicrous blunders, as in the case of the cooper, who put his son into the barrel to hold up the head, and found when he had finished that the boy was in the barrel, with no way of escape.

Blunders often occur in efforts to correct them. A speaker once said, (5) "You ask us to work for posterity;
what, I would ask you, have posterity ever done for us? Which caused his audience to laugh,—and he corrected himself thus: "I don't mean those who come directly before us, but those partially and subsequently." Another one said, "Mr. Chairman, I deny the allegation, and definitely the alligator."

We are apt to call all blunders in words "bulls;" but I believe the pure bull to be a contradiction in terms; as, "I met you this morning and you didn't come; now I'll meet you to-morrow morning, whether you come or not." An invalid once said, "If I'd stayed in that place till now, I'd have been dead two years ago."

I once saw a notice on a ferry-boat: "Persons are requested not to leave this boat until made fast to the dock." A minister once announced to his congregation, that, (--) "A woman died very suddenly last Sunday, while I was preaching the gospel, in a beastly state of intoxication." Blunders in advertisements are unlimited: "All persons in this town owning dogs, shall be muzzled." "Two young women want washing." "A young man wanted to take care of a horse of a religious turn of mind." "To be sold a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

But it is of great importance, while we are moved to laughter by the blunders that are made, at the same time we remember not to count it an irksome task to avoid making mistakes. Look at our vast continent, with its various climates and soil, its mountains and valleys, its wonderful wealth underground, and above ground. Look at the space we occupy upon the surface of the earth, and the space we must occupy in history.

Have we blundered in the past? Yes, we have blundered in the past, and we are blundering now. We blunder when we lay waste our grand old forests, our coal-fields, our vast mineral wealth. We blunder when
we waste the public money, and increase our taxes. We blunder when we elect bad men to office. We blunder when we fail to care for the poor and the suffering of our land.

Imagine, if you can, all the children of this great nation, properly cared for, for a single generation. What would be the result? Six hundred and forty-eight little ones, under five years of age, died in one week, in the city of New York, among the poorer classes.

Come with me, and I'll show you a scene I once witnessed. Turn from this street of palaces and look upon a new world. Every step you advance brings you in contact with scenes darker, filthier, and more degraded. Sickening odors, heavy with disease, come from open cellars; oaths ring out from subterranean dens. Here on the filthy sidewalk are children, that are walking heaps of rags. Children who never hear a mother pray, but often hear her swear. Children who must inevitably fill our prisons, penitentiaries, poor-houses and worse. Can they be rescued? Hear how keen their cutting sarcasms; how sharp their rough criticisms! What if all this acuteness, all these sharp intellects, were trained for humanity and Heaven, instead of being trained to prey upon society! Do we not blunder, in doing nothing for their rescue?

Come with me, and see where they live! Come from your pleasant homes, where children play and prattle around you, and climb your knees! Come from your family altars! Come from the comforts and luxuries, that God has given you, and see where these children live! Jesus loved little children; and whoso giveth a cup of cold water to these little ones shall not lose his reward.

See that broken door, hanging by a single hinge! No fear of burglars here! Enter! Is this a cage
of wild animals? No! men, women and children, not beasts, dwell here! Every square foot of the filthy floor has its occupants! Here are the wretched beggars; the drunken in their debaucheries; gray hairs and auburn locks; old and young; black and white; sick and suffering; innocent and guilty, all herding together!

Here the robber brings his plunder! Here the murderer hides! Here the poor girl (God help her) brings her horrible earnings! Here, amidst fumes of poisonous liquors, they spend their lives in darkness!

And such scenes are to be witnessed in every large city, and that, too, within the sound of church bells! Oh, they are a hard set! Yes, they lie and steal.

Their sins of commission are awful, but what are our sins of omission! As we gaze in horror into the abyss where they live, and shudder at their degradation, do not some of us think "I am guilty of neglect toward my brother?" Reports of "News-boys' Lodging-houses," "Homes for the Friendless," and "Charity Schools," show much has been done for them, but they need something more than instruction. Let rich men, out of their abundance, invest in clean and cheap lodging-houses; provide cheap and wholesome recreation. Let them have music, without lager beer; amusement, without vice and crime.

Society must pay for the blunders it makes. It is the inevitable. We may put seed into the ground and command it not to grow, but it will, and will bring forth fruit according to its kind. No power of ours can prevent it. And so the seeds of vice and crime, that we allow to enter into the soil of society, will sprout and grow there! and will bring forth fruit according to its kind.

The middle of August, 1875, ended a strike in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The miners received their wages;
and what was the result? Why, the press of the whole country rang with accounts of the pandemonium which followed. People shut themselves within doors, and hid themselves; because MURDER was loose, and life was not safe. The whiskey shops had a night of it. Oh, if the miners had only struck against the liquor business then!

I am not an advocate of strikes, but with all my heart, and soul, and might, and mind, and strength, I do advocate a unanimous and persistent strike against this business. Strike against it at home! Strike against it at public receptions! Strike against it of the cut glass and decanter of the tipler, the whiskey-flask and rum-jug of the inebriate! Strike in the name of justice, purity and HUMANITY! Strike for the love of your country, and in behalf of drunkards' wives and children! Strike against it at the ballot-box! Strike against it in your churches! Strike against it at the family altar in the hour of prayer! Strike! Strike! Strike! Till you die! and by God's help we may do something to repair the most awful blunder of the nineteenth century!

John B. Gough, a celebrated lecturer on temperance, was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817, and died at Frankford, Pa., February 18, 1886. He was lecturing in the First Presbyterian Church when he was attacked with cerebral apoplexy, and died two days later. He came to America in 1823, and while learning the bookbinding business in New York fell into habits of intemperance, and finally sank to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. Having been induced about 1840 to sign the total abstinence pledge, he became deeply interested in the temperance reform, and soon distinguished himself as one of the most eloquent and successful advocates of the cause. From 1843 to his death, he devoted himself almost without interruption to lecturing on temperance, in the United States, Canada, and the British Islands. He has spoken nearly one hundred times on the subject of temperance in Exeter Hall, London. Mr. Gough combined in an eminent degree the qualities of an actor with those of a great orator. His autobiography was published in 1846 and a volume of his orations in 1854.

In appearance Mr. Gough was of medium size and height, with a
kind and sympathetic magnetism, which could not be resisted. He
won his hearers at the very outset and held them to the last. In his
later years he wore his gray hair long, reaching to the edge of his
collar, and his beard, also nearly white, was worn uncut and flow-
ing down over his bosom. His head was largely developed in
the region of perception, giving greater depth to his eyes. His
international popularity renders any attempt to portray his won-
derful oratorical power futile. He told a story and acted it inimi-
tably; you not only saw the scene but felt it all. Any attempt to
impersonate his rare gift of mimicry, his pathos and humor, must,
perforce, fall short of the original. He was an eccentric comedian of
the rarest sort, and he lectured more years and to more people than
any other speaker of whom we have any account. He was called the
Prince of the Lyceum, and merited the title. He often closed a lecture
by saying, "May I die in the harness;" and so he did die. He was
taken from the platform before he had completed his lecture, and
never recovered.

Costume and Rendition.—A gray wig and full, long whiskers; an
evening suit of black broadcloth, (dress coat); a narrow, black silk
neck-tie, a turn-down collar, and a watch and chain. Enter with an
overcoat on your arm, place it over a chair, sit down and look about.
Then rise, take a sip of water, wipe your mouth with a white hand-
kercchief, replace it in the coat pocket (rear), straighten up, and
begin your lecture. If you are not in full sympathy with your sub-
ject, do not attempt this impersonation, as neither the subject nor the
lectorer should be caricatured; and, furthermore, the public will not
accept it. Mr. Gough is cherished in the hearts of the people, and
his memory revered. You should be as earnest and honest in your
work as was that "prince of lecturers." The writer never undertook
the impersonation without a silent invocation, or prayer, for the right
spirit to go out with the words, that they might bear the power of con-
viction with them, and reach the souls of all within reach of her voice.

In attempting male impersonations, a lady should wear the dress
coat and vest, with linen attached, over a plain, black broadcloth
skirt; and a low curtain or screen should run from the entrance to
the desk, so as to conceal the skirt nearly to the waist-line.

There is a strong climax, commencing "See that broken, etc." Point
and look at an imaginary door, and shrink from it as you go on. Exclaim in consternation, "Is this a cage of wild animals!" Answer
your question with an intense "No!" running down half an
octave from a high start, and quickly add, "Men, women and child-
ren, not beasts, dwell here!" giving the downward inflection on
"children" and up on "beasts."

Another climax commences with "Here are the wretched beggars!" and ends with "Spend their lives in darkness." Speak the lines
rapidly, and increase in force as you proceed, bringing out the words

The third and last climax commences with a series of "strikes." Commence in ordinary declamatory pitch of voice; at each strike in-
crease the volume and pitch until you finish with "STRIKE TILL YOU
DIE!"
E want public sentiment against the liquor traffic; public sentiment backed by law to protect society. We want public sentiment to banish liquor from private tables; there's where half the drunkards learn to drink!

Can I teach a young man to drink by showing him the results of drink? No, I can't do it! It's impossible!

I have a fine boy just merging into manhood and I take him out to teach him to drink. We go into a gin-shop and call for glasses of beer, and my boy says to me, "Father, what makes these men look so!" and I answer, "It's liquor, my boy, come have a glass, won't you?" and he says, "No! I won't touch it!"

I take him to an insane asylum, and he looks in upon the inmates there; and he says to me, "Father, what sent this young man here?" "Liquor brought him here, have a glass, won't you?" and he says, "No! No! why this is dreadful!"

I take him to a club house; he hears the jest and song; he hears words he never heard before, words of which he knows not the meaning. His natural purity asserts itself. "Let us go away from here; I don't like to stay here; what makes these men talk so?" "Oh, they've been drinking, my boy, take a drink, won't you?" "No, no! a thousand times No! by the memory of my
mother; by the purity of my sister,—No! I won't touch it!"

I take him to a prison and he looks in upon the convicts there; and my boy says to me, "Father, what sent this fine-looking old man here? he don't look like a bad man at all!" and I say, "He's not a bad man at heart, my boy, but he committed an awful crime when he was under the influence of liquor; and so there he is for life.

I have a glass of liquor, my boy! "No, NO! father, take me home; I'm sick!" Can I teach him to drink, by showing the results of drink? No, I can't do it. It can't be done; but let me conceal the results and he'll drink. The minister and the judge are to dine with me and I order pure wine for the occasion. I pour out a glass of wine for the minister and another for the judge and another saying: "Have a glass of wine, my boy?" And he says, "Yes, father, thank you," and he takes it and drinks it. He likes it. He drinks more and likes that, he becomes a drunkard and dies in the despair of delirium; and who taught him to drink?

We want public sentiment to banish liquor from private tables, for I tell you there's where half the drunkards learn to drink.

Men who talk very sensibly on all other subjects talk like fools on the subject of temperance. A man said to me only the other day, [thumbs in armholes]: "Well," said he, "I consider the liquor traffic a legitimate business; I guess I've a right to sell liquor if I want to—men needn't come and buy my liquor unless they please; I'm not responsible for them." You are not responsible for them! Let's see.

There was a boy down in Connecticut sick unto death from alcohol, and when he was able to understand what was said to him the doctor said, "Johnny, my boy, I
HELEN POTTER AS JOHN B. GOUGH.
IMPERSONATIONS.

think I can pull you 'tho' this time, | but I may as well
tell you now, Johnny, no | power on earth can save you |
if you drink again—even a single glass, Johnny.|

[Weak and pausing.] "Oh, doctor, | you don't know what
I've suffered; | I'm mad for drink; | I don't feel as
though I could ever let it alone, doctor; | I've | suffered
so, | that if I knew | there was no physical torment for
me in hell, | I'd commit suicide; I've suffered 'twenty
deaths. Why, doctor, | I've felt great black spiders |
drag their damp bodies | and hairy legs | all over my
face and (/) into my mouth! [tearing the hair, and breathing short and hard] "Oh, doctor! I'll never drink any
more, "never, "never, "never!"

After a while this poor boy was able to get out of
doors; | he was convalescent; weak and tottering on two
sticks, | he took his first walk; | and where do you think
he went? | He went straight across the street to a dram-
shop | and drank a glass of liquor; | and that | ended
him.

That liquor-dealer (/) knew this young man | personally—knew he had just escaped death | from drink; knew
another drink would kill him, and yet he sold him the
liquor; | he was pursuing legitimate business; lawful trade!
(/) Was that liquor-dealer a murderer? Yes, | he was a
murderer! and that young man's blood will cry from out
the ground in the day of judgment | and accuse him of
murder.

No man has a right to pursue a business which ruins his
neighbor; | which is a plague in the land.

You all laugh at the antics of a drunken man; you laugh
at thought of the poor inebriate who blundered into church
on Sunday morning, thinking it a theatre, just in time to
hear the minister say (--) "Who in this audience is willing to be a goat? Who, I repeat, in this vast (/) audience is
willing to be a goat?"
No one responding, and thinking there must be something wrong behind the scenes, the poor drunkard rose to his feet, saying, [reeling] "Look' u here, mister, if now rather'n to have the play stop, I'll be the goat myself!"

And of the other poor fellow, when the minister said, "Where's the drunkard; where's the drunkard?" rose to his feet saying, "Here I am, Sir, here I [hic] am!" The minister went on to say, "Where's the hypocrite; where's the hypocrite?" No one responding, the poor fellow rose again and pointing to a man in the audience, said: "Deacon Smith, why don't you git up? I did [hic] when they called me!"

But it's no laughing matter after all; and if this cause is right it will succeed; if it's good it will win.

It will come °bye °and °bye, when the hosts we have labored for, come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving in golden grain, °never || to be crushed in the distillery.

It will come °bye °and °bye, when the trellised vines hang thick with their purple glory, °never || to be pressed into that which can degrade a man.

It will come °bye and °bye, when men give their labor elsewhere, and their orchards hang thick with pulpy, luscious fruit, °never || to be pressed into that which can destroy society.

°Bye and °bye, we shall come to the last fire in the last distillery and shall put it out.

°Bye and °bye, we shall come to the last stream of liquid death, and shall seal it up forever.

°Bye and °bye, we shall come to the last little child (°) and shall lift it up and stand it where God intended it to stand.

°Bye and °bye, we shall come to the last heart-broken wife, and shall wipe her tears away!

°Bye and °bye, we shall come to the last poor drunkard |
and shall nerve him to strike off his burning fetters, and shall help him make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains!

(--) Bye and bye I the pale horse with Death for a rider will receive a check, which will throw him (\) back upon his haunches, and the loud shout of deliverance shall be heard yonder [pointing to Heaven], and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of this, and every other great moral enterprise shall usher in the triumphs of the cross of Christ! I believe it, and for this I work; and when I die, may I die (\) in the harness, with the prayer ever fervently upon my lips, "God bless the Right!"

[For description of costume, etc., see page 6].

A CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

The following quaint hymn was sung at a negro camp-meeting in Illinois:

REMEMBER ME.

Why don't you do as Peter did,
   A-walking on the sea?
He threw both arms about his head,
   Crying, "Good Lord, remember me!"
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
   And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering round,
   Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
   And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
   And I'd go for the milk-white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
   And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering round,
   Then, good Lord, remember me.
ON TRIAL FOR VOTING.

A STUDY OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

ARGUMENT.—The following speech is taken from the stenographic Official Report of the proceedings at the trial of Susan B. Anthony, in Rochester, N. Y., for voting for President Grant. She cast a vote for the General, to test the 15th Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, in regard to universal franchise, and was arrested, tried, and convicted of misdemeanor. Miss Anthony prepared an elaborate defense to read when called upon by the judge for reason why sentence should not be pronounced. She rose to make some preliminary remarks, before reading her paper; but the remarks covered the entire ground of controversy; therefore she resumed her seat. The "remarks" constitute the text of this impersonation.

MISS ANTHONY [seated upon the platform].

Voice b. (—) Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?

Miss A. [rising.] Yes, your honor, I have (\_) many things to say; for in your ordered verdict of guilty, you have trampled under foot | every | vital | principle | of our (\_) government. (s<) My (\_)°natural rights | my (\_)°civil rights, my °political rights, | my (\_)°judicial rights | are all alike | ignored. Robbed of the fundamental privilege of citizenship, | I am degraded | from the status of a citizen to that of a subject; | and not only myself individually, but all of my sex, | are, by your honor’s verdict, doomed to political sub°jection | under this, so-called, Re°publican form of (\_) government. (s<) Your denial of my citizen’s right to vote, | is the denial of my right of consent | as one of the governed; | the denial
HELEN POTTER AS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
of my right of representation | as one of the taxed; | the
denial of my right | to a trial by a jury of my °peers | °as
an offender against law, | therefore, | the denial of my
sacred rights | to life, | liberty,—property. |

Voice b. (—) The Court orders the prisoner to sit down.
Miss A. [still standing.] But your honor will not deny me
this one and only poor privilege of protest against this high-
headed outrage | upon my citizen's rights. May it please
the court to remember | that since the day of my arrest last
November, | this is the first time | that either myself or
°any °person | of my disfranchised class | has been allowed
a word of defense before judge or jury—

Voice b. Sit down! Sit down!
Miss A. [still standing.] All of my prosecutors, | from the
8th ward corner grocery politician, who entered the com-
plaint, | to the United States Marshal, | (s<) Commissioner,
District Attorney, | District Judge, | your honor on the
bench, | not °one °is my °peer, | but each and all are my
political °sovereigns; and had your honor submitted my
case to the °jury, | as was clearly your duty, | even °then
| I should have had just cause of °protest, | for not one of
those men | was my °peer; but, native or foreign born, | white
or black, | rich or poor, | educated or ignorant, | awake
or asleep, | sober or drunk, | each and every °man
of them | was my political °su°perior; | hence, in °no sense
°my °peer. A commoner of England, | tried before a jury
of °Lords, would have far less cause to complain | than
should I, | a °woman, | tried before a jury of °men. Even
my °counsel, | the Hon. Henry R. Selden, | who has argued
my cause so ably, so earnestly, so °un°answerably before
your honor, | is my (/) political °sovereign. Precisely as
no disfranchised person is entitled to sit upon a jury, | and
no woman is entitled to the franchise, | so, | none but a
regularly admitted °lawyer | is allowed to practice in the
courts, | and no °woman °can gain admission (/) °to the °bar
—hence, jury, judge, counsel, must all be of the superior class.

*Voice b.* (-->) The Court must insist—the prisoner has been tried according to the (>) established forms of law.

*Miss A.* "Yes, your honor, but by forms of law all made by men interpreted by men, (>) administered by men, in favor of men, and against women; and hence, your honor's ordered verdict of "guilty," against a United States citizen for the exercise of "that citizen's right to vote," simply because that citizen was a woman, and not a man. But, yesterday, the same man-made forms of law, declared it a crime punishable with $1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment, for you, or me, or any of us to give a cup of cold water, a crust of bread, or a night's shelter to a panting fugitive as he was tracking his way to (>) Canada.

And every man or woman, in whose veins coursed a drop of human sympathy, violated that wicked law, reckless of consequences; and was justified in so doing.

As then, the slaves who got their freedom had to take it over, or under, or through the unjust forms of law, precisely so, now, must women, to get their right to a voice in this government take it; I have taken mine, and mean to take it at every possible opportunity.

*Voice b.* (-->) The Court orders the prisoner to sit down.

*Miss A.* When I was brought before your honor for trial, I hoped for a broad and liberal interpretation of the Constitution and its recent amendments, that should declare all United States citizens, under its protecting agis, that should declare (>) equality of rights the national guarantee to all persons born or naturalized in the United States. But (>) failing to get this justice failing, even, to get a trial by a jury not of my
peers | I ask no leniency | at your hands | but I demand | the full | rigors | of the law. [Sit.]

Voice b. (—) The Court orders the prisoner to stand up. [Rise.]

The sentence of the Court is | that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars | and the costs | of the prosecution.

Miss A. (s < ) May it please your honor, | all I possess | is a $10,000 debt, | incurred by publishing my paper | “The Revolution” | four years ago, the sole object of which | was to educate all women | to do precisely as I have done, | rebel | against your man-made, unjust, unconstitutional forms of law, | that tax, fine, imprison | and hang women, | while they deny them the right | of representation in the government; | and I shall work on | with might and main | to pay every dollar | of that honest debt, | but, so help me Heaven, | I’ll never pay a dime | of this unjust penalty. And I shall earnestly and persistently continue | to urge all women | to the practical recognition of the old revolutionary maxim, | that “Resistance to tyranny is (\) obedience | to God.” [Exit.]

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the well-known advocate of woman’s suffrage, was born in 1820. She is a trifle above medium height and weight, is well-proportioned and comely. Upright and straight-forward in mind and spirit, if she thought a thing wrong no power on earth could make her accept it or compromise with it; and her bearing obtains somewhat of the same directness; hence, she is often called angular. Nevertheless, her nature is gracefully unselfish, sympathetic and merciful; and no one could be more sensitive to unjust personal criticism than this devoted champion of womanhood. Her friends realize how her timidity is overruled by duty, and have often seen her stand blushing and shrinking in the ante-room when about to appear before an audience. In fact, she represents the most admirable qualities of both man and woman, viz.: Strength, courage, tenderness, fidelity. There is a prevailing idea among people who have no acquaintance with Miss Anthony, that she is hard and unwomanly, with little claim to personal attraction. This is an erroneous notion obtained through efforts at raillery and derision of the cause she advocates. Pen and pencil caricatures of this noble champion of woman’s rights were formerly industriously circulated to dis-
may the weak and amuse the crowd; but the exponent of "equal rights" has lived to see an unpopular subject command the respectful thought of the world's great and gifted ones.

Miss Anthony lately celebrated her seventieth birthday, and was never clearer, never keener, never more eloquent than to-day; the same hopeful, generous, great nature that she was twenty years ago. And she has shown such absolute and continued devotion to the cause she espoused while yet in her youth, as to cause every true and thoughtful woman's heart to throb with gratitude and love.

**Costume and Rendition.**—A good dark silk or wool walking dress with a rich plain bonnet to match; point lace at the throat and wrists; a shawl or wrap over the left arm and a roll of paper in the hand; dark brown hair combed smoothly down over the sides of the face, covering the tops of the ears; gold spectacles or eye-glasses.

Two voices are required for this speech; one for Miss Anthony, another for Judge Hunt. The former rather sharp (♯), the latter flat (♭). Keep the position and appearance of Miss Anthony throughout the entire speech, and disguise your voice when speaking for the Judge, so as to make it appear to proceed from some other quarter. This is important. Take short steps upon entering and retiring from the platform. Throw the wrap or shawl over the chair-back and sit down, but never lean back. Intense natures like hers sit forward. Make few gestures, and those of the emphatic sort only, and leave the platform the moment you are done speaking. If recalled enter quickly, bow abruptly and retire.

---

**THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.**

Beside a straw-stack sat a tramp,
A jolly tramp and wise,
Who, while he patched his tattered coat,
Did thus soliloquize:

"It seems sew sad that my lone life
Doth ever downward tend,
And rags me into wretchedness;
But still I'm on the mend.

"And when I needle little cash
I make no loud laments,
But by a straw-stack sit me down
And gather in my rents."
IMPERSONATIONS.

17

AMERICAN ART.

A STUDY OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Note.—Text taken from the N. Y. Herald's report of the first "Woman's Congress," at the Union League Club Hall, New York, in 1863.

"THINK, | (- -) °when American art | is held up | to satire | and °con°dem°nation, || it is °well, | .al°so, | to give it °due °credit | °for what it has °done. (- -) Sir Benjamin West, | . and Bradford, || are °now | °in °England. In °Rome, | ° there are °no German °or It°al°-ian (/) °stud°ies | as °prominent | °as °those | °of °A°meri°can || (- -) men | °and women.

Domestic (/) architecture | ° has ° made ° great ° prog-ress | °here. ° The ° mass | ° of ° A°meri°can ° people | °have ° better ° dwell°ings | ° than ° any ° ot°her ° people | ° in the world. ° As I ° passed | ° through | °Ven°ice, || the °cit°y °of °pala°ces, || I °longed for the (\) °scrubbing°brush, || °so ° great | ° was the ° filth. (- -) °Russel Gurney | ° said to me | °recent°ly, || that there were °no | °dwell°ings || at °Eng°lish (/) °watering°places, || (- -) °equal | ° to the ° mag°nifi°cent | ° villas || ° at | ° Newport. (- -) °Let us, | then, | ° stand by °A°meri°can ° art | ° and | ° artists.
Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

By Julia Ward Howe.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword;

   His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps,
They have builted Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps;

   His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
   Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
   Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
   While God is marching on.
MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, of Boston, is a representative New England woman; a cultured and accomplished society leader; a reformer and a poet. She was born in New York, May 27, 1819. She is tall and erect, stately and dignified; with a repose born of conscious superiority. When addressing an audience she seldom changes her position or expression. Her hair is light and complexion pale.

Costume and Rendition.—A plane walking-dress of dark, rich material; old thread-lace wherever available—at throat, wrists, and comprising the head-dress, or ornamental portion of the hat. Raise the eyebrows; cross the hands at or near the girdle; elevate the shoulders, and bring the elbows close to the sides; speak in a high key, with close teeth, and you have the salient points of this most distinguished American.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I've roved over mountain, I've crossed over flood;
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft I have grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland,
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
The birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
The birth-place of freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

PART FIRST.

From "King Henry VIII."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Argument.—History informs us that Henry VIII., of England, had six wives, five of whom he successively caused to be put away or executed. His first wife, Katharine of Aragon, held her place some twenty years; but was put away to make room for Anne Boleyn, who succeeded her as Queen. The King petitioned the Pope to set aside the marriage as illegal; hence the famous plea set forth by the Queen, showing their marriage to have been well advised and legal.

Act II. Scene IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right | and justice;
(\.) And to bestow your (\.) o'pity on me, | for I am a most poor woman, and a o'stranger,
Born (\.) o'out of your dominions; having here |
No judge indifferent, | nor no more o'assurance |
Of equal friendship | and proceeding. Alas, sir, [rise]
In what | have I offended you? | what cause |
Hath my behavior | o'given to your displeasure, |
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? (\.) o'Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true | and humble wife, |
At all times | to your o'will | conformable.

Sir, | call to mind |
That I have been your wife, | in o'this o'obedience, |
Upward of twenty years, | and have been blest (1)
With many children by you. If, in the course

(1) Press your hand to your breast, and bow the head somewhat, lowering the voice at the last phrase, "with many children by you."
HELEN POTTER AS QUEEN KATHARINE.
And process of this time, | you can report, |
And prove it too, | against mine honor aught, |
My bond to wedlock, | or my love and duty, |
Against your sacred person, | in God's name, |
Turn me away; | and let the foul'st contempt |
Shut door upon me, | and so | give me up |
To the sharpest | kind | of justice. | Please you, sir,
The king, your father, | was reputed | for
A prince most prudent, | of an excellent |
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: | Ferdinand,
My father, | King of Spain ('), was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, | that there had reign'd | by many
A year before. | It is not to be question'd |
That they had gather'd a wise council to them |
Of every realm, | that did debate this business, |
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
Beseech you, sir, | to spare me, | till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel |
I will implore; if not | i' the name of God, |
Your pleasure | be fulfill'd!
Cam. [1st Voice,†] She's going away.
King. [2d Voice,†] Call her again.
Clerk. [3d Voice,‡] Katharine, Queen of England, come |
into the court.
Guil. [4th Voice,¶] Madam, you are called back.
Queen. What need you o'note it? Pray you, | keep your |
way:
When you are called, | return. (')

(2) Attain to full height, make an outward gesture at "Spain," bring the hand to the zenith on "wisest," then across you to the left shoulder, as if to say, "respect my father and me;" then assume the argumentative to, "It is not to be questioned," etc.; the supplicating to "implore," and proudly carry yourself to the end of the scene.

(3) As if this man was in your way, halt and motion him to go on; he does not move; pause as if thwarted, then turn toward the audience, brows contracted, and eyes upward (not the face), and in a vexed manner add: "Now, the Lord help," etc.

(†) Ordinary voice.

(‡) Heavy, commanding voice.

(¶) Monotonous, sonorous, far-off voice of a crier.

(§) Servile, yet peremptory voice.
[Loud] °Now the Lord help, |
They vex me past my °patience! [louder] °°Pray you, |
   pass on.
I will °not °tarry; [slowly] no, | nor ever | more, |
Upon °this °business, | my appearance make | [haughtily]
In (\) °°any of their courts.  [Exit with the right arm up-
lifted, in indignation and defiance.]

Imaginary Scene and Characters.—In the foregoing impersona-
tion, imagine the court convened, the King on his throne right, the
judges seated in the rear.  You will enter left, and with measured
steps approach the dignitaries, facing the rear of the stage.  Bow in
courteous fashion three or four times, as if bowing to real persons, ad-
vancing a step between the bows.  You are now well to the rear of the
scene, and have an opportunity to turn and face the audience; now,
with outstretched hand, approach the King.
Having reached the centre of the stage (or a little in front and right
of centre), kneel and make the appeal.  After the speech, turn to
make your exit left, and, as you go, carry on the following conversa-
tion, being careful to conceal, as much as possible, the fact that you
are talking for them all.

Song.

Aubrey de Vere.

When I was young, I said to Sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee."
He is near me now all day;
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again to-morrow,
I will come and stay with thee."
Through the woods we walk together;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
To shield an unregarded head,
He hath built a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather,
I hear his gentle breathings by me.
KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

PART SECOND.

Act IV. Scene I.—A Gothic apartment in Kimbolton Castle.
Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick.

Kath. Oh, Cromwell, I am sick unto death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. [Sits in a large chair.]

Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led’st me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead? [Nod at his supposed answer and say "ugh!"]
Prythee, good Cromwell, tell me how he died?
If well, happily,

For my example. [Nod and change expression as if hearing a story.]

After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell;
Whom I most hated, living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor: Peace be with him!

[to the maid]

Patience, be near me still. Good Cromwell,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Compose yourself as for sleep, and, if convenient, have soft music from unseen musicians. Awake in tremor, and, looking up front and extending one or both hands, cry out in the words of the text.]
24 HELEN POTTER'S

Kath. "Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone |
And leave me here | in wretchedness | behind ye?

[Imaginary attendants come and kneel near you; look down
and shrink from them, saying:]

It is not (\) you I call for:
Saw ye none enter | since I slept?
No! Saw you not, (\) even now, | a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, | whose bright faces
Cast (\) upon me, | like the sun?
They promised me | eternal | happiness;
(\) And brought me garlands, | Cromwell, | which I feel |
I am not worthy yet | to wear; | I shall, ||
(\) Assuredly.

[Imagine Guilford speaks to you, and say his words for him
under cover of a handkerchief.]

Guil. (--) An't like your grace—[Start and look left.]
Kath. (\) You are a saucy fellow;
(\) Deserve we | no more | reverence?

[Under cover, speak for Guilford again.]

Guil. (--) I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
There is a gentleman sent from the King | to see you.

[Turn your eyes, but not the head, in the direction of Guilford,
and stare with open mouth some seconds, then slowly turn
them in the opposite direction, put out your hand in a little
motion of concession toward Cromwell and speak slowly.]

Kath. (--) Admit him entrance, Cromwell; | but this fellow | let me (\) ne'er see again. [Nervously close your robes about you as though much annoyed, and settle back into
your chair. Exit Guilford and Cromwell. Re-enter Cromwell
with Capucius.]

Kath. If my sight fail not, || [lean forward shading the
eyes with the right hand]
You should be lord ambassador | from the emperor, ||
My royal nephew, || (\) and your name | Capucius.

Voice. (--) The same, madam! [Settle back wearily.]
IMPERSONATIONS.

Kath. (—) Oh, my lord, The times and titles now are altered strangely. With me, since first you knew me. But, (—) I pray you, (—) What is your pleasure with me? |

Voice. (—) The King sends you his princely commendations, |

And heartily entreats you take good comfort. |

Kath. (feeble). Oh, my good lord | (\) othat comfort comes too | \late! |

'Tis like a pardon after execution; That gentle physic given in time, | (\) ohad cured me; But now I'm past all ocomforts here, | obut oprayers. How odoes \his highness? |

Voice. oWell! |

Kath. oSo may he oever \odo! and oever afloish |

When I shall dwell with worms. |

[p.] Patience, is that letter I causèd you to write | yet sent away? |

[Take a large envelope, addressed and sealed with red sealing-wax, from a secret pocket, and, as if just handed to you, hold it forth.]

Kath. Sir, | I most humbly pray you to deliver This to my lord, | the King; In which I have oomended to his ogoodness The model of our chaste loves, | his young daughter; |

[Press a large, soft handkerchief to your eyes and sob; after a moment, go on with the text, still sobbing with covered face.]

oBeseeching him | to give her ovirtuous obreeding: |

oAnd a olittle (\) oto love her for her omother's sake | that loved him, |

(\) oHeaven knows | ohow odearly. | (—) oMy next poor petition |

Is, | that his noble grace would have osome opity |

Upon my wretched women, | that so long Have followed oboth (\) omym fortunes ofaithfully;
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;
And good, my lord, lean forward as with effort
By that you love, the dearest, in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Voice. I will. [Sink back exhausted.]

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. [But] Remember me
In all humility unto his highness;
Say, his long trouble now, is passing
Out of this world; tell him in death
I blessed him,
For so—I will. [Farewell] Mine eyes grow dim!
Farewell,
My lord. Farewell! [pause] Patience, do not weep.

[Put out the hand, as if upon the head of some one kneeling
before you, then settle back as before.]

When I am dead,
Let me be used with honor: [strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know]
I was a chaste wife unto my grave! [pause]
Altho’ unqueen’d, inter me—a queen,
And daughter [try to rise] to a queen!

[With great effort, as if feeble, grasp the arms of the chair,
and try to rise; drop back limp; quiver or jerk twice; let
the head fall to one side and breathe far apart, until the
curtain closes upon you.]

Charlotte Saunders Cushman was born in Boston, Mass., July 23, 1816; and died there in February, 1876. She was buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, near Boston. Miss Cushman came from staunch
old Puritan stock. She inherited strength of character from no less a fountainhead than that of one of those citizens, who, fleeing from persecution two centuries ago, came to our shores for freedom to worship God. No luxury veiled in childhood the hardships of maturity. It was constant self-denial, struggle, and disappointment; but as the eagle, with eye aloft, mounts heavenward, so did this great and zealous servant of Time fix her gaze upon the heights, and search diligently for the noblest and best in art; and now her attainments stand forth a monument to her patience and perseverance. No woman of less courage and fortitude of soul, could have overcome such mighty obstacles as did this one. Yet some of her greatest achievements are unrecorded, and can never be known to us. She had a voice for song, and it was ruined by her teachers; she was homely, and had to compete with beauty; she was poor, and without influence of the great; and, therefore, could not choose as to time, place, or work. Notwithstanding all this, she towered above all her competitors, and stood alone in the field of histrionic art in two continents. Her name and fame will ever stand recorded with those of the greatest artists of the age in which she lived. For years she continued her work while suffering much physical pain of which the world knew nothing. Brave, cheerful, hopeful, even when the hand of death was upon her, this heroic and undaunted soul passed out from her earthly life.

In personal appearance, Miss Cushman was considerably above the medium size and weight; tall and majestic, she moved with stately grace. Her countenance was noble, and beamed with intelligence; while her prominent chin denoted a strength and firmness of character, not to be swayed nor trifled with. She was well fitted by nature, as well as by study, to assume the roles which made her famous. Katherine of Aragon, Lady Macbeth, Meg Merrilies, Hamlet and Cardinal Wolsey were among her greatest achievements. She played for the last time in Boston, May 15, 1875, although she afterward gave public readings in some of our large cities.

Costume. For Part First.—(Copied from Miss Cushman’s impersonation of Queen Katherine.) A crimson velvet robe (demi-train), and cloak with ermine border (full train); a crown and jeweled girroll with pendant to the feet; a necklace of pearls; a long white lace scarf over the back-head, and fastened each side with gold pins, the ends falling back over the crimson cloak. Hair a la pompadour.

For Part Second.—A loose white gown of soft material and large flowing sleeves; a rich shawl trailing from the shoulders in full expansion; the face bandaged in white, as if to hold up the chin; a large, soft white cloth, like the robe, across the forehead (as a Sister of Charity) and falling about the shoulders; a large soft handkerchief and a large, sealed envelope or letter in a pocket handy for use. A large arm-chair should be placed near the centre of the stage, close by a curtain or screen, so that you can take the chair with as few visible steps as possible; for, being ill and feeble, you could not take many steps alone; and, again, being well back upon the stage, the make-up and ensemble will be more effective.
WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.

From "King Henry VIII."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

Argument.—Cardinal Wolsey, Prime Minister of England in the reign of King Henry VIII., rose to the highest point of fame and power, only to suffer the King's displeasure, and end in humiliation and disgrace. Shakespeare, in his historical play, admirably portrays the Cardinal's character, his towering ambition, cunning, diplomacy, and fall.

ACT III. SCENE II.

[Full asp.] Fare well, a long farewell, (\(\wedge\)) to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And (1) bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; (2)
(-- And (\(<\)) when he thinks, (good) easy man! (3) Surely
His greatness is a ripening (4) nips his root
And then he falls (\(\wedge\)) as I do. (5) I have ventured,
(-- Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But (6) far beyond my depth: (\(<\)) (7) My high-blown pride

(1) Horizontal front, R. H. P.
(2) Hands to chest as if cold.
(3) R. H. vertical.
(4) Both hands up.
(5) Hands down and back to audience.
(6) Point with index finger.
(7) Go up the scale to "pride,"
At length broke under me: and now has left me, | Weary, and old with service, | to the mercy
Of a rude stream | that must forever | hide me.

(--) Vain pomp and glory of this world, | "I hate ye! |
I feel my heart | new opened: | Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes’ | favors; |
There is, | betwixt that smile we | aspire to, |
That sweet aspect of princes, | and our ruin, |
More pangs and fears | than wars or
women | have;
And when he falls | he falls like | Lucifer,

Never | to hope | again. ("") (†)

[Enter Cromwell.]

("") Why, how now | [hold the "l."]
Crom. [Disguised voice.] I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, | amazed |
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
(-- ) A great man should decline? Nay, an you
weep, |
I'm fallen | in deed.
Crom. [Disg. voice.] (-- ) How does your grace?
Wol. Why, | well; |
Never so truly | happy, | my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; | and I feel within me |
A peace | above all earthly | dignities. |
A still | and quiet | conscience.
The king has cured me—

(--) I humbly thank his grace; | and | from these shoulders |

(8) Step back, showing fear.
(9) Hand on the heart.
(10) B. H. up—the climax of force is on the word "women."
(11) Both hands spread; covers head and face with robe; slaps his head; falls upon the chair and table, limp and overcome.
(12) Raises his head.
(13) Turns his eyes to Cromwell and exclaims in surprise.
(†) For a monologue, continue from the words: "I did not think to shed a tear," etc., Page 31. For a reading, include the dialogue.
These ruined pillars, | (—) out of his pity, | [ / to the ;] taken
A load | would sink a navy; | too much honor.
Oh, 'tis a burden, [rises] Cromwell, | 'tis a burden |
Too heavy | (—) for a man that hopes | for heaven!
Crom. [Disg. voice] (—) I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope; (—) I'm able now, | methinks, (—) Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, |
(—) To endure more miseries, | and greater far, ||
( / ) Than my weak-hearted enemies, | dare offer.
( / ) (14) What news abroad?
Crom. [Disg. voice] (—) The heaviest, and the worst, | Is your displeasure with the King.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. [Disg. voice.] (—) The next is, | that Sir Thomas Moore | is chosen Lord Chancellor, | in your place.
Wol. [q. asp.] ( / ) That's somewhat sudden; [Eyes wide open;]
But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his highness' favor, and do justice For truth's sake, and his conscience; | that his bones (When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings) May have a tomb of orphan's tears | wept on them!
(16) What more.
Crom. [Disg. voice.] (—) That, Cranmer is returned with welcome, |
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. |
Wol. ( / ) That's news! [Surprise and pain.]
Crom. [Disg. voice.] (—) Last, | that the Lady Anne, |
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married, |
This day was viewed in open | as the queen,

(14) Waves R. H.
(15) Lightly spoken.
(16) Light and simple.
IMPERSONATIONS.

Going to chapel; and the voice is now | Only about | her coronation.

Wol. (17) (\) °There was the weight | that pulled me
down, | O Cromwell!

All my glories
In that °one woman | (--) °I have lost | forever: ||
(--) °No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, ||
Or gild again | the noble troops | that waited |
Upon my smiles. || Go, get thee from me, | Cromwell; |
°I am a poor, °fallen man, | unworthy now |
(--) To be thy lord and master. (q.) °Seek the King; 
(--) °I have told him
\What, | and how °true thou art; he will advance thee; 
°Some little memory of me | will stir him, |
°(I know his noble nature,) °not to let
°Thy °hopeful service | perish too: (\) °go, Cromwell.

Crom. [Disg. voice.] Oh, my lord, |
(\) °Must I, then, leave you? °Must I needs forego 
So good, so noble, and so true a master? 
[Crying.] Bear witness, | all that have not hearts of iron, |
With what a °sorrow | °Cromwell | leaves his lord.
The King | shall have my °service, | but my prayers |
Forever and forever | shall be yours. [Kneels.]

[Continue here the monologue.]

Wol. (18) (--) °I did not think to shed a tear | 
In all | my miseries; but thou hast (\) °forced me,
Out of my honest °truth [trem.], (19) °to play | the 
woman. || (20)
(--) °Let's dry our eyes: (21) and thus far [sits] °hear me, 
°Cromwell,
[Cromwell rises.] And — (--) when I am forgotten || (/) °as 
I shall be, |

(17) R. H. ascending; open fingers and shaking the hand.
(18) Hands clasped on the bosom.
(19) Pats Cromwell on the back.
(20) Weeps and drops his head on Cromwell's head.
And sleep in dull, | cold | marble || where no mention
Of me more | must | be heard || say | (\) °I taught thee. |
°Say (\°) °Wolsey — | that once trod the ways of glory, (\°)
(-) And sounded all the depths | and °shoals of °honor—
Found (\°) °thee a way, | °out of °his °wreck, (\) °to rise in;
A sure (\) and safe one, | though thy master || missed it.
Mark but °my °fall, | and that | that (\) °ruined me. [rises]
°Cromwell, I charge thee | fling away | °ambition; (\°)
(\) By that sin | fell the °angels; how can °man, °then, |
The °image °of his Maker, | °hope to win by’t?
(\) °Love thyself | °last; | (-) cherish those hearts | that
°hate thee;
(\) °Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, |
(-) °To silence | envious | °tongues. (\) Be just (\°) and
(\) °fear not.
(\) °Let all the ends thou aim’st at, | be thy °country’s,
°Thy God’s (\°) and °truth’s; °then, (\) if thou fall’st, |
(\) °O Cromwell, |
°Thou fallest | a °blessed °martyr. | (\°) °Lead me in;
(-) °There | take an inventory || of all | °I have, | [short and
half asp.]
To the last | penny; (\°) °tis | the King’s; | °my °robe, |
And my | °in°tegrity | to Heaven, | (\°) is all |
°I dare | °now | (\) call my own. | (\°) °Oh, °Cromwell,
Cromwell,
(\) °Had I but served °my °God, | °with (\) °half the zeal |
(\) °I served | °my °King, || °he | (-) °would not in mine
°age ||
°Have left me | °naked || (-) °to mine enemies! || (\°)

(\°) Handkerchief to the eyes; to end weeping.
(\°) R. H. ascending.
(\°) R. H. V.
(\°) R. H. aloft.
(\°) R. H. V.
(\°) R. H. V.
(\°) R. H. V.
(\°) Shakes Cromwell’s hand and looks anxious, staggers, and speaks as if
short of breath.
(\°) High asp. voice, as in pain.
(\°) Hands applied to the chin.
(\°) Turns to go, but turns back again.
(\°) Totters off with both arms up in intense agony of mind.
MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF, actor, son of the renowned English tragedian, was born in England, February 18, 1820; made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, London, October 14, 1839; came to this country in 1842, and retired from the stage November, 1856. He died at Bennington, Vermont, August 10, 1884. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and practised law in New York, occasionally appearing as a professional reader. He was a man of culture and education, having won five prize medals for scholarship, and was an authority on matters of English pronunciation. In the technique of elocution he was most superior; clear, crisp, intellectual; but he manifested little feeling in his artistic performances, and hence was not a sympathetic actor or reader.

He was slightly above the medium height and weight, finely proportioned and bore himself with ease and dignity.

This study was made during Miss Cushman’s last engagement in New York, when Mr. Vandenhoff played Wolsey to her Queen Katherine, in the production of “King Henry VIII.”


Enter slowly, with measured tread, and begin the soliloquy without delay, taking no notice of the audience unless compelled to do so.

THE AMERICAN FEAST.

BEFORE THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Happy, happy man!
Tripping gayly ’long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
Loaded down with turkey fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Happy, happy man!

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Aching, aching man!
Skulking sadly ’long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
With stuffed turkey, rich and fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Aching, aching man!
**Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii.**

As adapted from "The Last Days of Pompeii," and rendered by Miss Potter more than six hundred times.

Argument.—Nydia was born in Thessaly, of good family. She afterward became a slave. Her master, Glaucus, a young and wealthy Athenian, bought her to save her from cruel treatment, and was the object of her grateful adoration ever after. At this time, she was a prisoner in the palace of Arbaces, and Glaucus, falsely accused of murder, was condemned to meet the lions in the arena, in deadly combat. It was said, if a man was innocent, the beasts would not touch him, but if guilty, they would tear him in pieces. When the city was inundated with burning lava, Nydia, accustomed to walk in darkness, was able to lead her friends forth in safety, and to reach the sea.

Scene, Pompeii. The Palace of Arbaces, a Wealthy Egyptian. Sozia on Guard and Nydia a Prisoner.

**Hide me not** | (✓) kind Sozia, I cannot endure | to remain so long | a\(^{\text{alone.}}\) The solitude | appalls me. Come sit with me, I pray, a little while. Fear not that I should attempt to (✓) escape; | (✓) place thy seat before the door; (--) I will not stir from this spot. [Sighing.] Alas, (✓) why am I imprisoned here? I know not.

[Finding a high stool and sitting.] (✓) What is the hour? Noon, you say? What hast thou heard of the Athenian, Glauce? || [Listens, then, with surprise, repeats what she has heard.] (asp.) He's charged with shedding priestly blood! [rises quickly and drops all her flowers.] (✓) The gods forbid! 'Tis false, 'tis false, I say! (½ asp.) (✓) Arbaces | saw the deed? (⊂) Arbaces, the
Egyptian? [Clasps her hands in agony.] Arbaces hates the priest; hates Glaucus too. (f.) Come Truth! and triumph o'er thy foes! [Exit Sozia.]

What shrieks are those I hear; so near, and yet so far! (½ asp.) It seems this way, [feels her way to the wall and listens] here! [ah—yes! [ Calls. ] Who is it in distress? Who cries aloud? [ Listens again. ] (½ asp.) Calenus, the priest? What, you saw Arbaces! strike the blow! Then you can prove dear Glaucus innocent. But why are you here? [Aside.] Ah, me! If free to speak, he could save my master! [Calls again.] Listen! If you were free, would you give testimony against Arbaces, the rich and powerful Arbaces? Would you the truth proclaim? Would you save the Athenian? ( \ ) Your priestly word can save him. If I procure you liberty, will you not play me false? No, no! I will not doubt you; you could not be so cruel! Remember, Calemus, you have promised! [Turns and feels her way along quickly.]

How can I release the priest; how best the truth made known; how gain the praetor's ear; [wrings her hands] how escape \ ( \ ) this dreary place? [Stops to reflect, then brightens up as she takes her bracelets off.] Ah, these gems ( \ ) I've worn so long, may \ ( \ ) clear the way! [Kisses them. ] Sweet gems, ( ~ ~ ) I loved you \ ( \ ) more than freedom \ till I loved, and since \ ( / ) I love, I love ye more, \ ( ) presses them to her bosom \ for \ ( \ ) ye shall melt my bonds, \ and give me \ freedom! \ ( ~ ) I was not born a slave! no, no! My birth is equal \ his. \ Why then \ freedom \ ( q. ) would give me power to save, \ and the right to \ love \ dear Glaucus. [Returns to the outer door calling aloud.] Sozia! Sozia! ( \ ) Come hither, guard, thou, ( \ ) too, art slave. \ Wouldst thou this day be free? \ Behold these jewels on my neck and arms; \ they'd buy thy freedom thrice. \ Give me \ one hour—
I swear to straight return—[pauses] (— — ) you will not trust me? ( jov ) Nay, then, | ( jov ) thou shalt go | jov with me, | keep me in sight | ( jov ) and bring me back again. How could I flee from thee, | [in agony] ( jov ) against thy will? ( ~ ) I'm blind! [reaches both hands pleadingly, then staggers back saying] ( jov ) Thou sayst me nay? ( jov ) Is there no — hope? [trembles] ( ½ asp. ) Oh, he is going from me! I shall go — mad! — mad! || jov Come back! jov Come back! ( jov ) moment, | jov one — | thou wilt not refuse to take a letter for me; thy master ( jov ) cannot | keep thee for that! Take this tablet to me, | ( jov ) all these | are thine! ( q. ) Rings, bracelets | long kept to buy my freedom; | jov all, | jov all, | are thine; ( jov ) thou'rt free and jov rich! || You jov will? ( jov ) The gods be praised! [Kneels on one knee and writes upon a tablet which she takes from her bosom and places upon the other knee; now rises and holds the tablet out for him to take, then suddenly and in terror exclaims]:

— oh, | jov thou may'est | deceive me! — Thou may'st pretend — to take this letter to Sallust, | and ( jov ) not fulfill thy charge! — jov Place thy right hand of faith in mine! [holds out her hand] ( jov ) Swear | by the ground on which we stand; by the elements | which can give life, | or ( jov ) curse life; by jov Orcus, | the all-avenging; by the kj Olympian jov Jupiter, | the all-seeing; jov swear, | ( q. ) that thou wilt discharge my trust — and — deliver this — into the hands of Sallust! [pauses.] — Thou will? ( jov ) The gods be thanked! ( jov ) Dear Glaucus is saved! Ah, yes, | jov he's saved! [pauses and listens until Sozia's footsteps can no longer be heard; then anxiety is lost in sorrow. She drops into an attitude of hopeless grief and despair.] — And jov alas, jov I am a slave for evermore! ( jov ) No more can hope for freedom; no longer ( — — ) look for life, | for love. [weeps] || jov Tears, tears! || Why, why should eyes that cannot see, | ( — — ) have power to weep? [Covers her face with her hands and sobs aloud.]
IMPERSONATIONS.

(Asp.) Hark! the lion roars | as if in fear. It is the Amphitheatre, and the games are on! [Clasps her hands.]
°Haste, haste, good Sozia, or we may prove too °late!

(Asp.) I hear a cry—list, quick ear! || I hear a °voice—[listening attitude, yet throwing the voice off.] (→) "°The lion touches not the victim! The lion touches not the victim!"
(\) Aye, (\) even the wild beasts | °love °Glauce. Again that cry—[voice afar] (→) "°Arbaces, °the Egyptian, | is the murderer! (→) °Glauce is innocent! Set him °free! °Set him °°free!"

°He's saved, he's saved! [Falls; then, rising on one knee, listens.] What sounds of woe! What heavy breath in the air! Ah, the floor trembles under my feet! [Stoops and puts her hand on the floor.] °No, °'tis °I that trembles! My heart is in a tumult wild! My soul is filled with terror!

[A voice from afar.] "°The °mountain! °the °mountain! °flee for your lives! °to °the °sea, °to °the °°sea!" [In affright she goes to the wall and fumbles for the door.]

(Asp.) What does it mean? °Sozia, °°Sozia! Open the gate and let me out! Unlock the door! ah me, [listens]. °I hear a step—°the bolt withdraws—°and I—°°Sozia—[listens]
° alas, (→→) he's gone! °gone! Oh, light of love, | be °thou °mine eyes | (→) to lead me forth! (→) What thunder shakes the ground; what (\) °moaning—°what strange °noises. (\) The air is thick | °and °hot! I cannot breathe!

[Pulls at her throat, as if suffocating.]

Alone | and blind, | in this strange place, | how can I hope to escape! [Sudden joy.] Oh, Sallust! I hear (\) °Sallust's voice. The gods be thanked! [Goes forward to meet him.] Oh, dear Sallust, what hath befel! Speak!
[Repeats what Sallust tells her.] Vesuvius all ablaze, and growing dark? The sun gone down at noon? Hot cinders fall in showers? Alas, the gods are angry! °and °Glauce, (\) °where is he? (\) °Canst thou tell me of Glauce, °the °A°thenian? Where? (\) °Near the arch
of the Forum? Ah, then I can find him! (Asp.) Hark! a new cry comes wailing from afar—on, on, it comes, and oh, how sad! (--) It is the cry of the Christians, on their way to the temple to worship! [Intone in a disguised voice, at first softly, then more and more distinctly as the party approaches.]

[Disg. voice, chanting.] "The hour is come; The world must end; Woe to the proud ones who defy Him; Woe to the wicked who deny Him; Woe to the wicked, woe!"

How can I hope to reach his ears amidst this tumult. Glaucus, Glaucus! Art thou in the temple? (q.) I hear his voice! He answers back my call. [Joyously.] Ah, here he is at last! [Bends her head and kisses her hand, as if it were his, at the same time dropping upon one knee. Rises.] This way, this way (__) to the sea, to the sea; ah, here, take my hand! I will lead thee safely forth! I know the way, trust me, trust me! Ah, not so fast! This way, to the sea! to the sea. [Exit while saying the last words, one hand before feeling the way out; or, if preferred, the intoning may be reversed as if the parties were going away instead of approaching.]

[Disg. voice, intoning or chanting, dim. to the close.] Woe to the proud ones who defy Him; Woe to the wicked who deny Him; (--) Woe, to the wicked, woe!

Costume.—A Greek dress of white cashmere, with a Greek border, silk hose with toes, sole-sandals (see directions on Foot-Gear), armlets, bracelets, strings of pearls, and long flaxen hair. Enter with an armful of flowers; a tablet and bodkin in the bosom, ready for use.

In a full set stage, great additional effect may be given by use of colored lights and distant thunder. First, Dull red light growing brighter, and shifting; second, with blue alternating; and, third, full red lights to the end.
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN WELSH.*

Anrhyydedda dy dad a’th fam; fel yr estyner dy
An-rí-deth'-ã dü dáll áth vam; vêl ur ãs'-tín-ãr dü

ddyddian ar y ddaear, yr hon y mae yr Arglwydd
thuth'-të är i thîre, ur hôn ã maõ ur Ar-gloo'-lith

dy Dduw yn ei rhoddi i ti. Na ladd. Na
d à thew ûn õô rûth'-ê e të. Nà lâth. Nà

wena odiñe. Na ladratta. Na ddwg gam
wênâ õ'-dë-neb. Nà lú-dré'-të. Nà thw gâm

dystiolaeth yn erbyn dy gymmydog.
dís-tô'-lîth ûn er'pîn dû glîm-më-dôg'.†

Na chwennych dy dy gymmydog.
Nà shwêñ'-îch; dë dû glîm-më-dôg'.

Na chwennych wraig dy gymmydog.
Nà shwêñ'-îch rîg dû glîm-më-dôg'.

Na’i wasanaethwr, na’i wasanaeth-fcrch,
Nâ'õ wâs-nâ'-thûr, nâ’ë wâs-nîth'-fûr,

na’i ych, na’i asyn, na dim a’r sydd
nâ’õ õ-ch’, nâ’õ âs’-în, nà dim a’r seeth
eiddo dy gymmydog.
thô dü glîm-më-dôg’.†

* The alternate lines, in fine print, are the pronunciation of the text.
† g, as in go.
‡ Hold the tip of the tongue below the lower teeth and try to say each, and you have the ch of this word.
THE LORD'S PRAYER IN WELSH.

Ein Tad, yr hyn wyt, yn y nefoedd, Sancteiddier 
ie Tâl, ūr hoon oof, ūn ē neferth, Sank-tâ'-thū
dy enw. Deled dy deyrnas gwneler dy ewyllys, miges 
dū ē’noo. Dēl’ed dū dire’nēs nēl’ūr dū ē-wūth’-les, mē’gts
yn y nef felly ar y ddaear hefyd. Dyro i ni heddyw
un ūn nēf vēlch’-i ēr ū thīre hēv’-īl. Dī-rū’ ē nē hēth’yōu
ein bara bennyddiol. A maddeu i ni ein dyledion, fel
ūn bā’rā bēn-uth’yēl. ā māth’-ū ē nē īn ēl-lē-dā’-ōn, vēl
y maddeuwn ninnau i’n dyledwyr. Ac nāc arwain ni i
ē māth’-ē-ūnē nin’-i ēn dī-lēd’-wēr. āk nāk ēr’wān nē ē
brofedigaeth: either gwared ni rhag drwg. Canys
prū-yēl-īg’-ēth: ī’thūr gwār’ōd nē rāg droog. Kēn’īs
eiddot ti yw y deyrnas, a’r nerth, a’r gogoniant, yn
līth’ōt tē cū ē diē’nūs, ār nērth, ār gō gō nē’ ānt, ūn
oes oesoedd.
oīs oīs’sēth.

NOTE.—The pronunciation of these words was obtained by the editor while
on a visit to Wales.
th = th as in thin.                  dd = ōth as in seth (as a rule).
th = th as in this.                 f = v as in vine.
WILLIAM PARSONS.
MICHAEL ANGELO.

A STUDY OF THE HON. WM. PARSONS, M. P.

[Extract from a lecture before the ladies of "Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill., 1884.]

We are about to discuss the life and character of the greatest artist known to fame, Michael Angelo. Now, in order to be as practical as possible, we will first define art. Beauty is infinite. (\) Art is the infinite (\) in the fixed and finite. Art is transformation of mind into (\) matter; (\) philosophy is the transformation of (\) matter (\) into mind.

Now let me take you across the Atlantic to see a little child; the period, four hundred years ago; the place, the north of Italy. This child is playing in a stone quarry, and watching the stone-cutters. It is Michael Angelo. He was afterward sent to school in France, but he would not study. He delighted only in drawing. He (\) fed his infant mind on Dante; a man who pictured, in all the power of words, human woe and anguish, misery and death, fiends and devils. Men shrank from Dante in affright. They said: "There goes the man who has been to the (\) regions below and has returned."

Michael Angelo spent his time in the studios of different artists. His father remonstrated and punished him, but without avail; and so, at the age of fourteen, he was
bound to Grillandaji to learn to paint. Here he made such rapid progress, that even his master became jealous of him, and took the first opportunity to let him go.

When the Medici were driven from Florence, Michael Angelo went to Bologna. There he got into some difficulty about a passport. You may talk of your kings and your emperors, but the biggest man in a small town is the mayor or chief magistrate; and the smaller the town, the bigger the man. But our artist found employment, remained here a year, and returned to Florence. About this period there was a great prejudice in favor of the antique; and connoisseurs were often mistaken in their judgment, purchasing modern for ancient works of art. There are men who are astonished at nothing on principle; especially if the thing is modern. Michael Angelo determined to teach these critics a lesson. So he executed a sleeping Cupid and had it buried, with marks of age upon it produced by chemicals. It was discovered, resurrected, received great praise, and was actually sold to Cardinal St. Giorgio, for two hundred ducats.

Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were rivals; and as Michael Angelo saw the growing popularity of his rival, in 1492, he turned his eyes and steps to the East, and went to Rome. The other turned in the opposite direction, "Io solo!" (I alone!) Leonardo da Vinci, by his various attainments, was placed among the most remarkable persons of his time. Hitherto, Michael Angelo had chiefly devoted himself to sculpture; and, at the period he was at Florence, da Vinci, who was considerably older, had already obtained the first rank as painter. Some jealousy had existed between the two rivals, and an opportunity was now afforded to them of making an effort which should decide to whom the palm of superiority was to be awarded. Sodarini, whose admiration for the genius of Michael Angelo increased daily, determined to employ
him to paint one side of the council hall of the governor's palace; and Leonardo da Vinci was, at the same time, ordered to execute a picture for the opposite part. Da Vinci chose for his subject the victory gained by Angliari over the celebrated Piccinino, the General of the Duke of Milan. The principal objects in the foreground were a melee of cavalry, and the taking of a standard. This work, though it displayed great excellence, and has been designated by an eminent critic as exhibiting such talent as rarely occurs in the world, was, by common consent, admitted to be surpassed by the production of his rival. Michael Angelo's subject was the "Battle of Pisa." In the historical account of the battle it was stated that the day on which it was fought was particularly hot, and that a part of the infantry was bathing quietly in the Arno, when the call "to arms" was heard. The enemy was discovered in full march to attack the troops of the republic. The first impulse produced by this surprise was the moment of time selected by Michael Angelo. Neither artist, however, executed the paintings. Only the cartoons, or original drawings on paper, representing the composition, were prepared by them.

Michael Angelo afterward executed the picture in the Sistine chapel. Vasari particularly notices the expression of an old soldier, who, to shade himself from the sun's rays, had placed a chaplet of ivy on his head. He is sitting on the ground dressing himself; and the peculiar excitement and haste occasioned by the difficulty of passing his garments over his wet limbs, shown by the strong marking of the muscles, and an expression of impatience about the mouth, is described as unequalled. All the celebrated painters of the day attended to make studies from it. Michael Angelo repaired to the Council Hall of the governor's palace very early in the morning, to compare these two pictures alone, before the people were
out, and discovered that his work was cut in pieces and thrown upon the floor. "Ah," said he "now I perceive which was the better one." It is said the picture was destroyed by a pupil of da Vinci, who could not endure to see his master outdone.

Michael Angelo honored his profession; he was proud of it. A man who is ashamed of his profession will not succeed. His profession honors him and not he his profession. Oliver Goldsmith was ashamed of his profession. He was a doctor, an amateur. "I only prescribe for my friends!" said he. "Well," said his friend, "I'd advise you to prescribe for your enemies, and let your friends alone."

Once Michael Angelo set a fellow at some work, and returning, was surprised that it was not done. The fellow remarked that he was not made for an artist, he was cut out for a "loafer. "Well," said Michael Angelo, "whoever cut you out for a loafer understood his business!" Michael Angelo was painting in his studio when there entered a prince, and he said to Michael Angelo: "Come to the window and look out; isn't that a beautiful animal? That's my horse." "Yes," said the artist, "it is beautiful." And he took his brush and painted a portrait of the horse. He gave it the very fire, the very spirit of the noble animal. The prince was pleased. "What am I to pay you for this?" he said. "One hundred pieces of gold," answered Michael Angelo. "How," said the prince, "one hundred pieces of gold? You were not twenty minutes making it." Michael Angelo looked at the time and said, (\): "Just twenty minutes; but let me tell you, it took twenty years of labor, of anguish, of poverty, to be able to do that in twenty minutes."

He distinguished himself as a sculptor and a painter, and the pope said to him: "Picture and statue may pass away. (→) "Build here in Rome a colossal statue, a
great cathedral." He pauses. He is asked to be | an
architect. He is a great artist; what if he should try and
fail? But he is finally persuaded | to attempt | the stu-
pendous task, || and the result | is St. Peter's | at Rome.

He studied the architecture | of Egypt. It was massive.
He thought of the Doric | and the Ionic. The Doric
was the masculine, | and the Ionic the feminine | order of architecture. Temples to
Diana and Venus | were Ionic; those to Jupiter | were
Doric. Rome was not an originator, | Rome was an imitator. Architecture is massive in Egypt, | graceful in Greece, | and picturesque in Rome;
and the greatest of them all | is the great stone | dome | of St. Peter's, | in Rome. Here his work
is in contrast to all these. Here he is brought into
competition | with them all. Here is the massiveness
taken from Egypt; here is the grace brought from
Athens; here is the picturesqueness | of the masters of the past; | and here is this old man | to bring his work into competition | with all these.

To do a great work | requires the greatest earnestness, | the greatest love, | the greatest enthusiasm; || that's the word, | "enthusiasm," that you see in Dante; that's the word, | the "greatest enthusiasm," | that you see in Shakespeare, and Beethoven.

He remained | to the end of his life | a gruff old bachelor. There were two or three grand women at that time. There was Isabella of Spain; | and Vittoria Colonna, | the most beautiful woman | in the world. Raphael said
his brush could not paint her. The poet said | he could not | praise her. She had the offer of marriage | from three kings. She refused four crowns. Vittoria Colonna | was a widow; | and with a mind of rare culture, | fully appreciating the greatness of art, | she and Michael
Angelo | became friends; platonic friends, of course. But
when a man | writes odes to a fair lady, | and vainly essays | to produce her portrait, | and seeks her society | above all others, | you may be pretty certain it's all over with (\) platonic | (\) affection. Go to Italy; there you will see his staff leaning against the wall; there is his palette, with the colors still upon it; there is his last work, | the unfinished picture of a lady — || Vittoria | Colonna.

Taine says: "Michael Angelo is one of the four Immortals of art and literature; Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Michael Angelo." Vittoria Colonna "retired to weep, | (\) to pray, | (\) to study, | (\) to write, || to stretch out her (\) hands | (\) with benefits | to her kind."

Michael Angelo said: "I have a wife, | who is too much for me | already; | one who unceasingly | (\) persecutes me. She is my art, || and my works | are my children."

The Hon. William Parsons, of Dublin, Ireland, an unequalled biographical lecturer, came to the American lyceum platform about 1870, and has continued, for more than a half score of years, to visit us annually, and with increasing popularity. He has proved to be the most successful orator Great Britain has ever sent to us. Identified with all popular reforms, he is well known in England as a brilliant platform orator, and ranks in this country with our best Lyceum favorites.

His manner is quiet and refined, his voice and inflections are English; he speaks somewhat rapidly, with his eyes confined, for the most part, upon the manuscript before him, apparently more through diffidence than from a lack of familiarity with the text.

Costume.—A gentleman's modern English evening suit of black, is an appropriate costume.
HELEN POTTER AS A CHINESE MANDARIN.
**CHINESE SKETCH.**

**EXTRACT FROM A CHINESE PLAY.**

**ARGUMENT.**—A beautiful woman attempts to cross a dangerous flood in a frail boat. When about to perish, she prays the gods to save her, and is told that if she will pledge her unborn babe to the Herculean task of building a bridge across the torrent, she shall reach the shore in safety. The pledge is given and she is saved. The trials, difficulties and perils incident to the fulfilment of this pledge makes the thread of the play.

A.—*For Reciting.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chinese Script</th>
<th>Pinyin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tsoi chung hing san fo chung ün</td>
<td>Tsawî châ̄ng hên ghsän fâ̄w chîng yên</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing mò ming hi lok yeung k’iu</td>
<td>Sê̄ng mò mîng hâi lok yâ̄ng kʰâ̄o</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ts’in ngan m kau</td>
<td>Ts-hêen ng-gn m kow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kun yam p’o sât hâ fân</td>
<td>Kê̄-ǖn yâm p-hô sât hê fân</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kung k’ü ts’im ngan</td>
<td>Kê̄-üng kʰü ts-heem ng-gn</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

B.—*For Singing.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chinese Script</th>
<th>Pinyin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yau ko chung hing shun sing ts’oi</td>
<td>Yow caw châ̄ng hên ghsän sâ̄n ts-hawî</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kam pon piu ming, tâk chung chong ün</td>
<td>Kâm pông pû mîng tâk châ̄ng chîng yên</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To wai k’ü mo ka pan t’iu hop kwo hoi</td>
<td>Toe wî-kê mû kâ pâ̄n t’ēu hôp kwô hawî</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keuk pi mang long kwong fung</td>
<td>Ka uk pay mîng long kwông fûng</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chuk moon shên</td>
<td>Chîk moon shên</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

†The alternate lines in smaller type and diacritically marked, give the pronunciation.
For Protracted Singing.

Shap see kin à.
Sop see keen ah
Sa tak ngo a-ha-a-ha-a
Sä tee ngö a-ha-ä-ä-ä.

San yawn peau tang tang tang tang
Sun yawn peow tang tang tang tang
ä—ä—ä—ä—ä—ä!

Pitch indicated by position.

Costume and Rendition.—The costume is that of a Chinese man of rank, or mandarin; a richly embroidered, winged robe coming to the feet; boat-shaped, black satin boots coming to the knees; a metal crown, with two long pheasant feathers curving up and backward from the front; a wand of short peacock feathers, hung to the little finger of the right hand, and to be waved in token of supremacy as the performance proceeds. Cover the head, neck (behind), ears, and eyebrows with a fitted chamois-skin skull-cap. Crayon slanting eyebrows on the chamois, sew a circular piece of black cloth upon the crown of the cap and fasten the pigtail to the centre of the patch; leave the cap open up the back of the neck so as to get it on, and fasten with a couple of pins.

Walk with a wide base and a stride, swinging from side to side like an amateur heavy villain in a play. Pitch the voice high for the recitation part, and as high as possible for the singing. Give it a very sharp edge, with a nasal turn to it, and you have the personation fairly complete.
Directions for the Accompaniment.—These themes may be repeated *ad libitum* until the end of the melodramatic passages. If played upon a violin, the stopping should be done with one finger wherever practicable in order to give the glissando effect, produced by the Chinese violinists. If played upon the pianoforte, it will be much more effective if played by both hands; the left hand playing the notes as written, and the right hand playing the notes an octave above. It would be advisable to transpose to G flat major (for the pianoforte) which may easily be done by placing a flat before each note.—Edgar S. Kelley.

A.—For Reciting.

*Allegro moderato.*

B.—For Singing.
Argument.—Prospero, the banished duke of Milan, and his daughter, Miranda, were sent to sea in a rotten boat, by his usurping brother, Antonio. They were borne to a desert island, where Prospero practised magic. The only other inhabitants of the island were Ariel, a fairy spirit, and Caliban, a dwarf. Prospero raised a tempest by magic, to cause the shipwreck of the usurping duke, and his son, Ferdinand. They were washed ashore, and the latter fell in love with Miranda, and married her.

Act I., Scene I.—On a ship at sea. A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master. # Boatswain,—

Boats. [oro.]. Here, master: | What cheer?

Master. # Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.] [Enter Mariners.]

Boats. [oro.]. Heigh, my hearts, cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: 'Take in the topsail: 'Tend to the master's whistle. Blow | till thou burst thy wind, | if room enough!

[Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.]

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. [oro.]. I pray now | keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?


Gon. [thin]. 'Nay o good, 'be pa'tient.
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.
Boats. [oro.]. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roar ers for the name of king? (tut, tut) To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. [thin]. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. [oro.]. None that I more love than my self. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. (✓) If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts. (✓) Out of our way, I say.

[Exit.]

Gon. [thin]. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. (✓) If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]

[Re-enter Boatswain.]

Boats. [oro.]. Down with the topmast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [Make cries like a mingling of voices within, oh-oo-ah-oo.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

[Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.]

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A plague o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. [oro.]. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. [thin]. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.
Boats. [oro.]. "Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off, lay her off!

[Enter Mariners, wet.]

Mar. "All lost! to prayers, all lost! (oh-ah-o-o-o) [oro.]. Mercy on us! We split, we split! "Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!

[in terror] "We split, we split, we split!"

CALIBAN AFTER THE SHIPWRECK.

Act II., Scene II.—Another part of the Island. Enter Caliban(1) with a burthen of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease!(2) His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. For every trifle are they set upon me: Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues, Do hiss me into madness: Lo! now! lo!

[Enter Trinculo.] (3)

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me, For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat; Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'the wind; yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or

(1) Cal'ibân; voice monotonous and guttural.
(2) Hold e in "disease."
(3) Trînc'ulo; voice very thin and high; speaks fast.
alive? [Snuff's.] A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell. [Snuff's.] A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Leg'd like a man! And his fins like arms! 'Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

[Enter Stephano,(*) singing, a bottle in his hand.]

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
      Here shall I die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks and sings again.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate.

This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me. Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who

(*) Stēphā'no; voice broken; drunken style; sings in a stupid, thick sort of way.
hath o'got, as I take it, | an °ague. | °Where the devil should he learn our language? °I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him | and keep him tame, | and get to Naples with him, | he's a present | for any °emperor—r-r-r | that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pray thee; °I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his °fit °now; and does not talk | after the wisest. °He shall taste °of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; °he shall pay for him that hath him, and that °soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper | works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; (\(\) °open your mouth: here is that which will give °language °to you, cat; °open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, °I can tell you, and that soundly; °you cannot tell who's your friend; °open your chops again.

Trin. I should know that voice. °It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils. °O! defend me!

Ste. °Four legs, and two voices; | a most delicate monster! [Snuffs.] °His forward voice now | is to speak well of his friend; [snuffs.] °his backward voice is to utter °foul speeches, and to detract. °If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. °Come—°Amen! °I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. °Stephano,—

Ste. °Doth thy other mouth | call me? °Mercy! mercy! °This is a devil, and no monster. °I will °leave him; °I have no long | spoon.

Trin. °Stephano! if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; °for I am °Trinculo; °be not afeard,—thy °good friend °Trinculo.
If thou 'be'st Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very 'Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, (--) thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the 'storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'escaped!

Ste. Prythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.


Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. 'Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a 'goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the 'moon, I do as sure thee. I was the man-i'-the- 'moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, (_) swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.
HELEN POTTER'S

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. (/) I afeared of him! (\) a very weak monster. The man-(\) o' the moon! (\) a most poor, credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster; a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck the berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [Sings drunkenly.]

No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

'BAN 'BAN, 'CA—CALIBAN,

Has a new master—get a new man. [Exeunt.]

Frances Anne Kemble was born in London, England, November 27, 1809. She made her debut October 5, 1829, as Juliet. Her last appearance on the stage was in New York in June, 1834. The same year she was married to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.
Some years ago this extraordinary artist gave a series of Shakespearean readings in Steinway Hall, New York. It was the writer's good fortune to attend this course of very remarkable performances. Here was a plain woman, sixty years of age, in simple evening toilet of rich silk, with high corsage and long coat-sleeves, no cosmetics whatever, or make-up, her hair in a scanty French twist at the back, and combed smoothly over her ears in front (at a time, too, when ladies' chignons were imposing affairs of waterfalls and puffs), who, without scenery, music, or assistance of any kind, held audiences from three to four hours, to hear her read entire plays from Shakespeare, and this, too, while seated behind a low table. Such a thing was never done before, and will probably never occur again. No one left the hall, no one consulted a watch, no one yawned; and when, at last, the door closed upon her retiring form, the audience awakened as from a dream, and, with evident signs of regret, slowly arose and moved silently away. No one desired to speak or to be spoken to; such was the power of this most wonderful woman, the greatest reader America has ever known.

After many years, the writer can still hear the ring of Miranda's voice, the sustained and incomparable guttural of Caliban, the terrified cry of the wrecked mariners, and the rhythmical swing of Ariel's voice, saying.

"On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily," etc.

Her rendition of "The Tempest" can never be forgotten. No company of stars, with scenery and music complete, can ever present to the soul's eyes such a panorama of that great play as did this solitary, inspired reader. As a girl, Fanny Kemble was petite and beautiful. Her black hair, very brilliant eyes, and lithe, graceful figure attracted the attention of artists and playgoers everywhere, and she became a great favorite. At sixty she was still well preserved and beautiful. Her voice, full and elastic, was capable of infinite variety in quality, expression and power. A woman of education, culture and positive opinions, she raised her daughters to enjoy athletic exercises, and to a freedom from conventional training, not usual to persons in their station of life. She rejoiced in health and power of body and mind, and was proud of her ability to vault into a saddle without the aid of block or servant. At the same time, she was an aristocrat in every sense of the term. Her managers, even, were excluded from her presence, and reached her with difficulty, except by written messages. In travel, when sleeping-coaches were unknown, it was her custom to order and pay for two entire seats in the railway carriage for her individual use, in order to avoid contact with her fellow-travelers.

Costume and Rendition.—In her New York engagement, referred to above, Mrs. Kemble Butler, wore a different, though equally rich, costume each evening, and it is said selected one to suit the play she was about to read. For "Midsummer Night's Dream," she wore a bridal robe of white, etc. One of her costumes was a lavender moire antique, with full skirt and a sweeping train of unusual length; a
plain bodice, pointed back and front; a high corsage and long coat sleeves. A rich collar and cuffs of round point lace; white kid gloves and slippers; a filmy lace handkerchief, which could easily have been drawn through a thimble, completed this plain but elegant and expensive toilet.

The student will endeavor to keep the various persons in these scenes distinct, each one from all the others, both in voice and action. To confuse or let one quality of voice merge into another would spoil the dramatic effect, and fail to please the nearers.

At Steinway Hall, Mrs. Butler entered right, and bowed very low, holding up the sides of her ample skirt; then advancing to a chair, which was behind a small table near the front of the platform, she bowed again, in old-time courtly fashion, slowly and lowly; pulled back the chair and, still standing, opened the book and read the name of the play and "Dramatis Personae." This done, she seated herself, deliberately arranged her drapery, picked up the gauzy handkerchief and dropped it in a heap on the table beside her book, looked respectfully at the audience before her, and began to read. Her action, while sitting to read, was necessarily confined to her arms, shoulders and facial expression; yet it was effective and satisfactory. She turned right, increasing her height, and looked the haughty monarch. She turned left, and, sinking in stature and lifting the shoulders slightly, appeared the subordinate or slave. She shouted in tones of fear and despair when the ship was wrecked; she muttered and grumbled in guttural monotone for the savage Caliban; she spoke in softest, smoothest voice for Ariel or Miranda. When the program was half done, she rose from her seat, stepped out to the end of the reading-table, and bowed profoundly to the audience. Then she proceeded to the door of the ante-room, turned about and bowed a second time, as profoundly as before. At the expiration of precisely ten minutes, she repeated the entire routine of her first entrance, and at the close of the readings, repeated the exit of Part First.

---

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

Oh, come where the Cyanides silently flow,
And the Carburets droop o'er the Oxides below;
Where the rays of Potassium o'er the hill,
And the song of the Silicate never is still,
Come, oh, come! Tumti tum tum!
Peroxide of Soda and Uranium!

While Alcohol is liquid at 30°
And no chemical change can affect Manganese!
While Alkalies flourish and Acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet Polly, to thee!
Yes, to thee! Fiddledum deee!
Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth and H O × C,
WOMEN ALL AT SEA.

ENCORE PIECE.

HERE is no subject on which women are more helplessly afloat than on matters relating to marine architecture. Such knowledge don't stick in her brain. The captain who attempted teaching nauticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not long since, fared as follows: (1)

_Lady No. 1._ °Now, captain, what is a sloop?_  
_Captain._ A sloop has but one mast.  
_L._ [pointing to a schooner]. °Is that a sloop?  
_C._ No; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember, sloop one mast; schooner two.  
_L._ °Certainly. How many masts has a ship?  
_C._ Three.  
_L._ °How many masts did you say a sloop had?  
_C._ One. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.  
_L._ [pointing to a sloop]. °Is that a schooner?  
_C._ No; that's a sloop. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.  
_L._ °Oh, yes; I remember. [Pointing to a ship.] Isn't that a pretty schooner?  
_C._ That's not a schooner. That's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?

---

(1) This should be read in three voices: The first lady high and affected; the second lady low and lisping, taking breath after every word or two; the captain rotund and guttural.
L. °Oh, yes. Isn't that a big schooner lying at the wharf there?
C. Schooner? Now, how many masts | has that vessel?
L. °Three.
C. Well, what has three masts?
L. °A sloop.
C. [loud]. Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner two; ship three.
Lady No. 2. °Why, Thuthan, how stupid you are! A thkoonah alwayth hath one mast.
L. [chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity]. °What is a brig?
C. A brig has two masts, and is rigged like a ship, with square sails.
L. No. 2. °Thuthan, look at thith thloop | coming along.
C. [staccato and impatient]. °That's a schooner; don't you see the two masts? Sloop one mast; schooner two masts; ship three masts.
L. °Are those schooners there with three masts?
C. [abrupt]. Yes.
L. °I thought you said a schooner had but one mast?
C. [impatient]. Two! two masts! Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.
L. °But that schooner has three masts!
C. [louder]. Well, it is a °three-masted °schooner.
L. °Then a schooner can have any number of masts?
C. [excited]. No; sloop one mast; schooner two, and sometimes three masts; ship three masts.
L. °I'm sure I can't make it out. It's °awfully °puzzling. What is a bark?
C. [unable any longer to popularize nautical science falls back on technical expression, fast and loud]. Vessel with two masts ship-rigged, and one mast, sloop-rigged; square sails on fore and mainmast, and fore and aft sails on the mizzen.
L. °Mizzen! What is | a mizzen?
C. "Last mast aft.
L. "Aft! What's the aft?
C. "The stern, madam.
L. "Oh, I'm sure I can't make it out. How many masts has a man-o' war?
C. "Three.
L. "Well, what's the difference between a man-o' war and a smack?
C. [groans, and is silent]. Oh!
L. No. 2. ° What are those thick acroth the mathth of that thkoonah, captain?
C. °° That's not a schooner. [teeth closed ] That's a ship.
Those are the yards which hold the sails.
L. No. 2. °° O! I thee, I thee!
C. [encouraged]. Now, the first yard on the foremast is the fore yard; [patiently] the second is the fore topsail yard; the third is the fore gallant yard.
L. ° What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?
C. [low, guttural]. ° Great Scott! °° That's not a schooner; it's a sloop. What you call her yard is her mast.
L. No. 2. ° Thertainly, Thuthān. How thtupid you are! Captain, what are the namth of the other mathth on that thkoonah' th yardth you were pointing out to uth?
L. Isn't that a pretty ship sailing along?
C. [groans and tears hair]. °° Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ma'ām. °° Schooner ° two masts; °° ship three; sloop ° one, ° I tell you.
L. ° Can a sloop ° have two masts?
C. [shouting]. No! no! no! Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.
L. No. 2. ° How many mathth hath a theip, captain?
C. Ship three masts; schooner two; sloop ONE.
L. ° Yes, I know. Schooner one ° ° no, two masts; sloop two—no, three; ship one. There!
Argument.—Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of France, beset by intrigues and court struggles which required the subtiest inventions of self-defence, is recorded as vindictive, crafty, and unscrupulous; but he was devoted heart and soul to France, and if he was her dictator, he was also her benefactor, and left her in better condition than ever before. He was no less generous to merit, than severe to crime.

Act II., Scene II.—A room in the Cardinal’s Palace. [Enter as if speaking to some one with you.]

Richelieu. And you will engage | to give the Duke’s
dispatch | to whom I send?

Voice. Ay, marry!

Rich. [aside]. Huguet? || (') No; |
He will be wanted elsewhere. || Joseph? || zealous, |
But too well known; || too much | the elder brother.
Mauprat (?); || alas! his (\) wedding-day!

Frangois (') || (accel.) the man of men! unnoted, young,
Ambitious. [Go to the door and call.] Frangois! Frangois!
[Speak fast.] (\) Follow this fair lady. [Speak as to another person.]

(q.) Find him suiting garments, Marion; | [to Frangois]

take

My fleetest steed; arm thyself to the teeth;

(Accel.) A packet will be given you, with orders, |

(1) Hew’gā.
(2) Mō’přā
(3) Fran’swä.
No matter what! The instant that your hand
Closes upon it—clutch it, like your honor,
Which death alone can steal, or ravish; set
Spurs to your steed; be breathless, till you stand
Again before me. Stay, sir! You will find me
Two short leagues hence, at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe! for, note me, from the hour
I grasp that packet, think your guardian star

Rains on you! [Hold "n" in "fortunes,"
and run down the scale.]
Voice. If I fail—
Rich. Fail—[Sweep of an octave on "fail," and hold the "1;"
voice somewhat guttural.]
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word
As—fail! [hold the "1."] You will instruct him further,
Marion.

Follow her but at a distance. Speak not to her
Till you are housed. Farewell, boy! [point to door and
shake hand high.]
Never say
"Fail" a gain! [Hold the last "n," running down the scale
an octave, and change to a triumphant, low laugh.]
Ha, ha, ha! [without breathing from "never" till "ha, ha,
ha," is ended; then quickly change the voice and proceed.]
Voice. I will not!
Rich. [Rub your hands, in lieu of patting the locks of Fran-
cois.] There's my young hero! [Stand silent a
moment.]

So, they would seize my person in this place!
I cannot guess their scheme. But my retinue
Is here too large! A single traitor could
Strike impotent the fate of thousands; [confidentially]
Jo, seph.
Art sure of Huquet? Think, we hang'd his father!
Voice. You've heaped favors on the son.
Rich. Trash! those favors past (q.) that's nothing! In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favors
To come? he counts on? [Hold the "m" in "come;"
running down the scale.]
Voice. Yes, a colonel's rank, and letters of nobility.
Rich. What! Huguet! Colonel and nobleman!
My bashful Huguet! That can never be!
We have him not the less. We'll promise it!
And see the King withholds!
[Monologue can end here.]
You are right, this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect; but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall enrich the soil
Of power, and ripen such full sheaves of greatness
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn! [Pace up and down.]
[Solemnly.] Yes, for sweet France, Heaven grant it.
O my country,
For thee, only—tho' men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars! I
Have made thee great and fair; upon thy brows
Wreathed the old Roman laurel; at thy feet
Bowed nations down.
In the olden times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty. Beyond
The map of France, my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to the farthest verge;
And while I live, Richelieu and France are one.
IMPERSONATIONS.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

PART SECOND.

Act III., Scene I.—Enter slowly, reading a book. Francois hastily enters without the packet. Turn as if suddenly interrupted, and throw away the book.

Rich. Philosophy! thou liest! ha!
Quick—the dispatch! Power! Empire! Boy, the packet!
Voice. Kill me, my lord!
Rich. [guttural]. They knew thee—they suspected—
They gave it not! (\()^0\) Out with it!
Ha! [trembling] go on! || [Run the "n" up nearly an octave.]
[Impatiently.] (\()^0\) Speak not of me; thy country is in danger! ||
(\()^0\) Spare not thy life? (\()^0\) Who spake of life?
I bade thee grasp the treasure as thine. ^honorable,
(\()^0\) A jewel worth whole [guttural] hecatombs of lives.
[Hold the "m" in "hecatombs," and run down half an octave or more.]
Begone! redeem thine honor! Back to Marion, |
Or Baradas, or Orleans; track the robber;
(\()^0\) Regain the packet—or crawl on to age,
(--\()^0\) Age and gray hairs like mine, and know thou hast lost
That which had made thee great, and saved thy country!
(q.) See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.
Away! nay, cheer thee! thou hast not (\()^0\) failed yet;
(\()^0\) There's no such word as [guttural] fail! (l--l--l.)
[Point to door, and turn the eyes slowly as if watching some one go thence; then continue in soliloquy.]
Rich. The poor youth!
An elder | had asked | life! | I love | the young!
For as great men live not | in their own time,
But the next race, (--) so in the young | my soul
Makes | many | Richelieus. || [Walk up and down with stately
stride.] He'll win it yet [halt].
°François? || He's °gone! || So, °so! my °murder! Marion's
warning.
This brave's °threat! O for the morrow's dawn!
(--) I'll set my spies to work; (✓) I'll make all space, |
(✓) As does the sun, | an °universal eye. ||
(--) Huguet shall track | Joseph | °confess; °ha, ha; ||
[choke.]
Strange, | while I laughed | I shuddered, | and ev'n now,
[press hands to left side, one over the other]
(--) Thro' the chill air | the beating of my heart, |
(--) Sounds | like a °death-watch | by a sick man's
pillow.
If Huguet | could | °deceive me. ||
[Cough and exit, seeming feeble.]

---

EDWIN THOMAS BOOTH, an American actor, was born at Bel Air,
Md., November 13, 1833. He first appeared at the Boston Museum,
September 10, 1849, and the season of 1864-5 he played “Hamlet”
in New York 100 nights. Later he built “Booth's Theatre,” corner
of 23d street and 6th avenue, New York, and spent a fortune trying
to establish the legitimate drama. The laudable enterprise was not
a financial success, and was abandoned, to the regret of all lovers of
true art. He is at his prime in artistic work, as his continued popu-
larity and crowded houses bear ample testimony.
What can be said of this accomplished and brilliant artist, to add
to the universal praise accorded him? His photograph is in every
treasured album; his personal appearance and masterful, finished
work are familiar to all who make any claim to culture or information
among the English-speaking people of the world.
A student of histrionic art who has never witnessed one of his
impersonations, should make any reasonable sacrifice to do so. Go
alone; otherwise, engage to speak not one word, nor to take your
thought one moment from the play, during the entire performance;
look and listen with all your heart and soul, mind and strength, and you will have had a lesson which will abide with you as long as you live.

His peculiarities are, first, repose; a repose which, even in the intensest passion, gives the impression of vast reserve force, a self-control under accumulated provocations. There is no exaggeration of attitude, no strain of voice; yet the spectator holds his breath, anticipating an explosion which never comes. The storm rages dark and dangerous within, but never breaks forth in full force. Thus the hearers are kept in a state of thrilling suspense. Were the torrents let loose, then the worst has transpired; the suspense is over, and we breathe again, as in a storm, thunders cease, and we are not dead.

His second peculiarity is pitch-transition; a glide, or step of three to eight notes, on or between syllables and words.

His third peculiarity is a trailing walk, as if the foot was loth to leave the floor, and was pulled up until, by reason of the weight on the forward foot, it was forced to advance to restore equilibrium.

Fourth, a rich, low voice and distinct enunciation; never hoarse, never disagreeable, always understood.

Fifth, a mobile face, capable of successive instantaneous changes, although usually of the intellectual rather than the emotional type.

**Costume.**—For Part First.—A black robe, bound around the bottom and up the front with red; a broad red ribbon sash, with tassels, tied on the left side, and spread wider in front, like a child’s sash; red buttons about the size of a cent, set an inch apart down the entire front; a shoulder-cape to match the robe; about the neck a rosary; also a gold chain, with a cross two inches long attached; a seal ring upon the third finger of the right hand; a wide linen collar, and deep cuffs (outside the sleeves to the elbow); black hose and red kid shoes, or red hose and black low shoes, with rosettes and large bright buckles. Hair, gray and long, reaching to the collar, and slightly turned at the ends; gray moustache, imperial, and heavy eyebrows; a small black skull cap, bound with red, upon the back or crown of the head; a cloak, also black, may or may not be added.

**Make-up.**—Red about the eyes (over and under them), also a reddish tint about the nose and under lip. Whiten the cheek bones and forehead; shadows in the hollows of the cheeks, and lines across the forehead with brown grease paint. The wig should have a false forehead with the eyebrows attached, and blended at the temples with grease paint; the moustache and imperial fastened to the flesh by means of artist’s wax, made for the purpose.

**For Part Second.**—A red train dress, with red sleeves, and deep cuffs. The robe bound with white and white covered buttons, as in first costume. A white lace and muslin over dress; white fur cape, to the bottom of waist; a broad blue ribbon around the neck, over the cape and under a deep linen collar, from which depends a large cross of precious stones; also a rosary about the neck. Lace frills at the wrists of the muslin sleeves. Heavy red cord and tassels (a little left
of front) over the muslin and lace robe. If a cloak be added, it should be of red silk, long train, lined with white silk and bordered with ermine, or white fur, ten inches deep; a white fur hood, lined with red silk, attached to the cloak and hanging down the back, over the fur cape; red stockings and red kid shoes, with large red velvet rosettes and bright, large buckles; a cardinal's cap of red may be added, but can be omitted without doing violence to the ensemble.

Both scenes can be given in the same costume, giving only a minute or two between them. Nothing should intervene, unless it be instrumental classical music.

THE BALLET GIRL.

With complexion like the rose
'Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes,
And exhibits spangled hose
To her beaux.

When cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her bows,
She in garrets sits and sews
Furbelows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose,
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows!
ISS—ah—Stunnah,—may I ask the name—ú of the chawning song—ú you just gave us? How—the—oh yas, yas; I think—ah | I húd that—ú in Vienna. Yes! I suppose you ah (are) vewah fond of music? [Pause and listen.] (\) So am I, so am I! Are you fond of operah? °Yas—(\) So am I; its so full of—ah—°sentiment. I thought you were fond of °op°e°ra! [Listen.] Extravagantly (/>) fond of it, | ah! °yas, | °yas! As Shakespeah says, (—) “He that hath no music in his soul, is fit faw”—faw—is fit faw—ah || Wëähly, (really) now, | I forget just what he is fit faw-ah. “He that hath no music in his soul”—ah—ah—[Rub the forehead and try to think.] (g) °that’s it,—°yas, yas! I knew he was fit faw-ah something; and that weminds me, | of a conundrum—a fwend of mine | got off the othah evening. He’s a funny fellah,—vewy; and I’m sho-ah | you’d enjoy it immensely. [Listen.] Will I tell it to you? °Oh °certainly—°certainly; that is | I’ll twy; but of köähs (course) | I cân’t tell it | as my °fwend tells it, | you know. Indeed, I’m not vewah good | at conundrums; I nevah guessed one-ah | (\) in my life; but this | was so °vewah (>/) funny | I’m sho-ah, I can nevah forget it. It’s so vewah good, I’m sho-ah
it would-ah, | make you laugh. [Aside.] "It's vewy funny, vewy! | Let me see! [Thinking.] I'm sho-ah you'd laugh—yas—yas!

[Musingly.] "Why is the operah—of the Bohemian Gérli | * no-ah | that's not the way it begins. Why—
why are my whiskahs—yes—that's it—that's it; why are my whiskahs | like the operah | of the Bohemian Gérli?
Eh? You give it up? So did I—so did (ăhă) I! [Listen.]
Oh, yes—yes; | I will tell you. [Roll eyes upward, and repeat monotonously to yourself.] Why is the (/) operah | of the Bo—ah—no! that's not it! Why are my /whis(/) kahs | like the (\) operah | of the Bohemian Gérli? [Drop eyes to the imaginary person near you and answer quickly.]
Because there are so many chawming (/) 'airs in it! 'airs in it! see! [Laugh and rub hands together.] I knew you’d laugh, | so many chawming 'airs in it! That's vewy good! [Very soberly.] Let me see! Shakespeah didn't write that operah? No! I thought not, | I thought not? Miss Stunnah, | allow me to conduct you to the pianino? Ah, | thank you, thank you! [Exit, holding out one arm as if a lady was leaning upon it; look down upon her smingly, and pat your arm where her hand should be.]

Frederic Maccabe, an English eccentric comedian, came to this country some years ago, and gave a season of very unique and amusing monologue entertainments, in Steinway Hall, New York. He played the piano, guitar, flute, and other instruments, and sang songs; he recited dialogues, while dressed for both characters, alternately turning the right side (dressed for a lady) and then the left (dressed for a gentleman) to the audience. He spoke many dialects, and was reported to have taken a goodly pile of American money to England. Two expert valets were in constant attendance at the hall, to help him make his instantaneous transformations, or rapid changes of costume.

One particular performance is vividly recalled; "The Wandering Minstrels: First, Romance; second Reality." In this, he first appeared in an elaborate troubadour suit of lavendar satin, with lace frills, plumed hat, an inlaid guitar, swung from his neck by a rich ribbon, and proceeded to serenade an imaginary inamorata, at a

* Hold the l.
canvas window. He sang beautifully to a guitar accompaniment, and cast languishing eyes at the painted balcony above; next he disappeared with true artistic grace, to re-appear (in forty seconds) a veritable gutter-singer of the slums; dirty, ragged, uncombed, with an ominous red nose, and hilarious locks of unkempt hair struggling through a torn hat-crown, he sang again, in a wheezy, broken voice, interspersed with explanations and advice in inimitable Irish dialect. This of itself was irresistible comedy; he tossed pennies into the air and caught them in his hat, as if they had been thrown to him from the windows of a tenement house. These sketches required unusual versatility of talent, and drew large audiences.

He had the happy faculty of portraying the ridiculous in life without a tinge of vulgarity; e.g., in his explanations, he convulsed the audience by saying: "It's no throuble at all to sing, if ye'll only moind the top note. It's the top note that fitches yer audience. Now, I always moinds that; and I fitch the top note, if I have to fitch him in paces!" Then he sang a line or two, halted, saying confidentially to the audience and in a low voice, "now moind me top note;" then, resuming his former style, looking up askew, and curbing himself, he broke a note in paces sure enough. It splintered and flew in every direction, while he walked stiffly off, as if he had done a wonderful bit of artistic work, and was proud of it. The "Society Favorite" is an adaptation from one of this eccentric comedian's performances.

Costume and Rendition.—The "Society Favorite" can be dressed in the extreme of modern fashion, or after the fashion adopted by Oscar Wilde when lecturing in this country upon æsthetic Culture, etc.; i.e., hair parted in the middle, knee-breeches, etc.

Affect the English style of speech, many rising inflections, halts and "ah's." The quality of voice is made with the vocal organs in position as if about to yawn.

THE TEN SEVENS.

Seven years in childhood's sport and play......  7
Seven years in school from day to day...........  14
Seven years at trade or college life.............  21
Seven years to find and place a wife............  28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given.........  35
Seven years by business hardly driven..........  42
Seven years for fame, a wild goose chase.......  49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race.........  56
Seven years for hoarding for your heir..........  63
Seven years in weakness spent, and care........  70
Then die and go—you know not where.
ARGUMENT.—Rosalind, the daughter of a banished duke, was retained in her uncle's court as the companion of his daughter Celia; but when her uncle, the usurper, banished her also, Celia resolved to be her companion. For greater security, Rosalind dressed as a boy, and assumed the name of Ganymede; while Celia dressed as a peasant girl and assumed the name of Aliena. The two girls wandered forth, and lived in a hut in the forest of Arden. There they met Orlando, who confessed his love for Rosalind, which resulted in marriage.

ACT III., SCENE II.—The forest of Arden.

Rosalind. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well; what would you?

Rosalind. [Slow.] I pray you, [fast] what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o'clock; there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. [Fast.] By no means, sir. Time travels in divers pa.ses with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. [Fast.] Marry, he trots hard with a young maid |
between the contract (/) of her marriage | and the (\) day it is solemnized; | if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard | [rit.] that it seems the length | of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. [S\ow.] With a priest | that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; [accel.] for the one | sleeps easily because he cannot study; the other lives merrily, | because he feels no pain.

Orl. Who doth he °gallop withal?

Ros. [S\ow.] With a thief | to the gallows; for though he go as softly as °foot °can fall, | he thiuk\s himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. [S\ow.] With °lawyers | in the vacation; for they | sleep | between °term and °term, | and then | they perceive not | how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, | my sister; here | in the skirts of the forest, | like fringe | upon a °petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer | than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. [Alarmed for fear of being discovered.] I have been told so | of °many; but, | indeed, | an old religious [hesitating] °uncle of mine | taught me to speak, who was | in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there | he fell in love. [More confident.] I have heard him read °many | °lectures against °it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched by so many giddy °of°feminacies | as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils | that he laid | to the charge of women?
Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; each one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. [An octave.] No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. [Mischievous.] There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fantom, | I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so loved-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. [Slow.] A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not [laugh] (but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue); [fast] then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unhanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving your self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. [Octave.] Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, | in good sooth, are you | he | that
IMPERSONATIONS.

hangs the verses on the trees, | wherein | Rosalind | is so admired?

Orl. (\) I swear to thee, youth, | by the white hand of Rosalind, | I | am that | he, that | unfortunate | he.

Ros. [Laughs.] But | are you | so much in love | as your rhymes | speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason | can express how much.

Ros. (\) Love is merely | madness; | and (\) I tell you, | deserves as well a dark house and a whip | as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured | is, | that the lunacy is so ordinary | that the whippers | are in love too. | Yet I profess curing it | by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, | one; | and in this manner: He was to imagine me | his love, his mistress; | and I set him every day to woo me; [laughs] at which time would I, | being but a moonish youth, | grieve, be effeminate, changeable; | longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish; shallow, inconstant; full of tears, | full of smiles; for (\) every passion | some thing, | and for no passion truly anything, [fast] as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color; would now like him, | now loathe him; then enter, | then forswear him; now weep for him, | then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor | of madness; which was, | to forswear the full | stream | of the world, | and to live in a nook | merely monastic. And thus | I cured him; and this way | will I take upon me | to wash your liver | as clean | as a sound sheep's heart, | that there shall not be one spot of love in't. [Laughs.]

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, | if you would but call me Rosalind, | and come every day to my cote, | and woo me.
Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. [Octave.] Nay, | you must call me Rosa lind.

Come, sister, | will you go? [Execunt.]

Madame Helena Modjeska, Countess Bozenta, is descended from the Polish nobility. She first appeared upon the stage in a small town near her native city, Cracow; arrived here in 1876, appeared in San Francisco in 1879, and subsequently made a tour of the United States, ending in New York city, where she was cordially received, praised and feasted. In May, 1881, she played at the Court Theatre, London, where she received the commendation of royalty. Afterward she played successive engagements in the United States, winning honor and applause wherever she appeared. The season of 1889–90 she appeared in connection with Edwin Booth, to the delight of all lovers of legitimate drama. Few persons in public life have been so favored by fortune as Mme. Modjeska has; few command such an array of forces to create for themselves fame and honor. Her ability and culture, rare grace and expression, noble sincerity and purity of motive and life combine to present an almost ideal character in the profession.

Evidently she regards beauty and harmony as indispensable adjuncts of art, and cherishes both with equal fervor. Without vanity, she gives her person and its appointments due consideration, the same conscientious care that a great painter gives to his picture upon the easel, and with no more personal vanity in the result. It is a duty to art; it is beauty, harmony, art, but not the artist. So when she has made herself as beautiful as possible she ceases to think about it altogether, and devotes herself wholly to the spirit and expression of the character she has assumed. It is a living, talking picture. She is of medium size and weight, and more Greek than otherwise in figure and costume, since she never compresses the waist, and wears flowing draperies whenever there is the least excuse for it. Her features are large and, therefore, expressive. The marked distance between the large dark eyes, together with a generous mouth, make a face that is seen and felt in the remotest corners of an opera house, where delicate or doll-features would be entirely lost.

To appear after her manner, one should be coy and modest, graceful, earnest and yet clearly heard in all parts of the house. To overact, rush, rant or speak rapidly would spoil everything. She may be said to linger in action, to the advantage of people who require time
to appreciate the tableaux. In making an exit she moves slowly and reluctantly, as if she would rather not go, but must. In receiving a flower or a gift, or in taking anything up in her hands, she handles it daintily, as if fearful of harming it. She never snatches or clutches anything, but takes it with a touch — almost a caress. Her speech is slow, the words clean cut and clear as diamonds. There is the trace of a foreign accent, however, which rather adds to than detracts from the charm of her utterance. It is mostly due to the trilled r which modern English has partially discarded. This sound of r was much enlarged upon and made important by the old English masters, especially in dramatic art.

Costume and Rendition.—The costume for Rosalind is a brocade or embroidered tunic, square cut at the neck, and filled in with gathered muslin; sleeves slashed longitudinally below the elbow, and two puffs of white muslin inserted; side pocket, waist-band and long boots of soft, light-colored leather; shape to match the tunic; spear; when planted, reaching several inches above the artist's head.

This extract from "As You Like It" is best given in evening toilet as a reading, unless it be carried on by two persons representing Orlando and Rosalind in costume.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Ten little fingers toying with a mine,

*Bang!* went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight,

*Zip!* a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven,

Roman candles "'bu'sted,'" and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers punk and powder mix,

Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sisser" strive,

One went with "sisser," and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a "roar,"

*Boom!* went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack make free,

*Crash!* went the crackers, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue,

Bombshell "too previous," and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun,

*Crack!* went the pistol, and then there was one.

One little finger fooling with a gun,

Didn't know 'twas loaded, and then there was none.
ARGUMENT.—Juliet is Capulet’s daughter, and Romeo is Montague’s son. A deadly feud has long existed between the two houses. The young people meet at a masquerade ball, given by the Capulets, and fall in love at first sight. This results in a secret marriage. To avoid an enforced marriage with another, Juliet takes a drug which will cause her to appear dead for some time. The Friar who married her to Romeo is to rescue her from the tomb, and assist her flight; but Romeo, not acquainted with the plan, hears of her death, breaks into the tomb and dies of poison. Juliet awaking and seeing him dead at her side, seizes his dagger and stabs herself.

ACT II., SCENE II.

Juliet. [Lean upon the railing, with cheek upon hand; sigh.]

°Ah, me!
°Romeo, °Romeo! || (\) °Wherefore art thou | °Romeo? Deny thy father, \ and re°fuse °thy °name; Or, if thou wilt °not, | be but sworn my °love, °And °I'll no °longer be | a °Capulet. (\) ’Tis but thy name | that is my enemy;
(– –) Thou art °thy °self °though | not | a °Montague. (\) °What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. (\) O be some (\) °other name!
(– –) °What's in a °name? (\) That which we call a rose, (– –) By any | (\) °other name | would smell as sweet; So (\) °Romeo would, | were he °not Romeò call’d, | Retain that °dear °perfection | which he owes,
°With °out (– –) that title. Romeò, | (\) °doff thy name;
And for thy name (– –) which is °no °part of °theè, |
(– –) Take all | myself.
ADELAIDE NEILSON.
[Imperfect answer from the garden below.] Juliet, startled:

Romeo answers from the garden below. Juliet, startled:

What man's art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night, So stumblest on my counsel? [Listens and smiles.]

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering; yet I know the sound!

Art thou not (謇) Romeo, and a Montague? [Pause.]

How cam'st thou hither, (疚) tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [Sigh, look about and listen.]

Undertone. (疚) If they do (丿) see thee | they will murder thee. [Pause.]

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

By whose direction found'st thou this place? [Clasp the hands and turn the face to the sky, then away from Romeo, and proceed.]

Voice. By love!

Juliet. Thou knowest the mask of (疚) night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush | be paint my cheek, |
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form | fain, fain deny |
What I have spoke. | (疚) But farewell compliment!

Dost thou (丿) love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay; (丿) And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries |
They say Jove laughs. Oh, | gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, | pronounce it | (疚) faithfully;

Or, if thou think'st I am too lightly won |
I'll frown | and be perverse, | and say thee nay, |
So thou wilt woo; (丿) but, else, | (丿) not for the world.

Voice. Lady, I swear—by yonder blessed moon—
Juliet. O, swear not (\(\)) by the moon, | the inconstant moon, 
That monthly (\(\)) changes | in her (\(\)) circled orb, 
Lest that thy (\(\)) love | prove (\(\)) like\(\)wise | (\(\)) variable.
Voice. What shall I swear by?
Juliet. (\(\)) Swear not at all; 
Or (\(\)) if thou (\(\)) wilt, (\(\)) swear by thy gracious (\(\)) self, | 
Which is the god | of my (\(\)) idolatry, | 
And I'll believe thee.
Voice. If my heart's dear love—
Juliet. Well, do not swear; altho' I joy in thee, 
I have no joy of this contract | to-night; 
It is too rash, | too unadvised, | too | (\(\)) sudden; | 
Too like the lightning, | which doth cease to be | 
Ere one can say — It lightens! Sweet, | good-night!
\(\) Good-night, | good-night!
Voice. Wilt thou leave me thus?
Juliet. (\(\)) What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Voice. The exchange of thy love's vow, | for mine.
Juliet. (\(p.\) ) I gave thee (\(\)) mine | before thou didst re\(\)uest it. 
[Sigh.] And yet | I would it were to give again. 
Voice. Wherefore?
Juliet. But to be frank, | and give it thee again. 
[Turn as if called from within.] 
I hear some noise within; [Hastily to Romeo.] (\(p.\) ) Dear love, | adieu!
[Turn to go and answer.] (\(f.\) ) Anon, good nurse! [Return to the balcony and speak to Romeo in a subdued voice.] 
(p.) Sweet Montague, be true. [Turn away, then back.] 
Stay but a little, I will come (\(\)) again. [Exit. Re-enter hastily and leaning over balcony continue.] 
(p.) Three words, | dear Romeo | and (\(\)) good-night, 
indeed.
(q.) If that thy bent of love be (\(\)) honor\(\)able, |
Thy purpose marriage, | send me word to-morrow,
(- -) By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
°Where, and what °time, | thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes | at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee | my lord (/) throughout the °world.
[As if called again from within, answer while half turned to depart.]

Juliet. °I come, anon. [Then to Romeo.]
(q. p.) But if thou mean'st not well, |
(- -) I do beseech thee—
[Called again.] (f.) °Bye and bye, I come;
[To Romeo.] So °cease °thy °strife | (- -) and leave me to my grief. ||
To-morrow | will I send.
A thousand times | °good-°night! °Good-°night!
°Good-°night! [Kissing the hand to Romeo, and with the face still toward him, reluctantly retire.]

Costume and Rendition.—Adelaide Neilson, one of the most beautiful Juliets ever seen upon any stage, dressed the character in white and silver; the jacket or cote-hardie cut low at the neck, and a long drapery or mantle of white satin depending from the shoulders, which half concealed and added length to her youthful figure. This seems well suited to the character, since Juliet is reported to have been but fourteen years old when this scene was enacted. Miss Neilson's appearance as Juliet was most delightful; both from her seemingly unconscious beauty, and the charming simplicity of her manner. Her voice was sweet and clear as a silver bell, and she spoke and acted as if it were not only easy, but a pleasure. There was no straining or posing for effect, no staginess whatsoever.

The costume of the 14th century in Italy is thus described: "The dress of the ladies of high degree was splendid. Gold and silver glittered on the garments and precious stones became very costly from the immense demand for them. The most universally worn vestment was the cote-hardie (a kind of waistcoat or jacket buttoned down in front), which, like that of the men, fitted tight to the shape. It was, however, not so long; hardly reaching to the middle. The corners were rounded off in front. The skirt was full and very long, trailing on the ground. The sleeves were similar to those worn by men (close-fitting as far as the elbows, and then hanging down in long white pendants), except that the tight undersleeves extended down
on the hands. A large cloak or mantle of gold and silver cloth, still more ample than that worn by the men, sometimes completed this very rich attire. Immense head-dresses of almost every conceivable shape were prevalent throughout the century; but at one time (about the middle of the century) we find the ladies allowing their hair to ornament their heads without the addition of cap, bonnet or hood. It was then arranged in one large plait, on each side of the face, with flowers or jewels interspersed. Their shoes, like the men's, were very long and pointed."—[Henry L. HINTON.

According to tradition, the events recorded in Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet" took place, A. D., 1303; yet the writer when traveling in Italy, in 1881, was taken to the "House of the Capulets," in Verona, which, with the original balcony, was vouched for by the guide as genuine.

One of Miss Neilson's costumes for Juliet was a robe of pale blue satin, embroidered in silver, hanging sleeves lined with white satin, and trimmed with swansdown; shoes to match; a soft, transparent white veil bordered with gold lace, which she waves to Romeo from the balcony. Another costume worn by her was a robe of cream-white satin, with long court train depending from the shoulders; a high pointed lace collarette fitted to a low bodice and flesh-colored hose, with slippers to match the dress. A large hat surmounted by two long plumes completed this rich yet simple toilet.

However agreeable or like a benediction, words of love may fall upon the private ear, yet, exhibited as a means of public entertain-

ment, they are often of doubtful service. All public expressions of love are out of place, coming from other than artistic order and refinement, as suggested by devotion to cause or person; sacrifices made holy and consecrated by deep conjugal, maternal or other respectful forms of love, are always acceptable and ennobling. An actor may rant and "tear a passion to tatters" upon any other theme with less danger of becoming ridiculous; therefore, unless young and fair, ay, beautiful, one should hesitate to place Juliet upon a pro-

gram for public recital.

The make-up of a beautiful girl is not difficult. If necessary, add a tripe to the length or the width of the eyebrows, soften the com-

plexion with rose-tinted, or, if a brunette, with brown-tinted powder, not too white (for that is not artistic), and arrange the hair simply, in a style which best becomes the face. Above all be easy and look and act happy.
SLEEP-WALKING SCENE.

A STUDY FROM "MACBETH."—SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.—Lady Macbeth incites her husband to murder King Duncan, and afterward reveals the murder while in a state of somnambulism. Her physician and a gentlewoman watch for her, as she walks and talks in her sleep, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her malady.

Act V., Scene I.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle. Enter a doctor of physic, and a waiting gentlewoman.

Doct. [disg. v.] (—) I have two nights watched with you; but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. ([f.]) Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth a paper, fold it, write upon’t, read it, afterward seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. [disg. v.] (—) A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. (\) That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. [disg. v.] You may, to me; and ’tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. [Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper. Stand aside and speak in an undertone as if you really saw her enter.] Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. (\) Observe her; stand close.

Doct. [disg. v.] How came she by that light?
**HELEN POTTER'S**

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* [disg. v.] (\_) \_You see her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* [disg. v.] (\_) \_What is it she does now? \_Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. [Asp.] But, hark, she speaks! sh! | *Exit with finger across the lips, looking back as you go. Quickly exchange costumes, and re-enter as Lady Macbeth."

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot! (\_) \_out, I say! One; two: Why, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? (\_) Yet who would have thought | the old man | to have had so much | (\_) blood in him! [Sigh.]

(\_) (\_) The Thane of Fife | had a wife; | where is she now? (\_) What, | will these hands | ne'er be clean? (\_) No more o' that, | my lord, | no more o' that: you mar all (\_) with this starting.

(\_) Here's the smell | of the blood still: | all the perfumes of Arabia | will not sweeten | this little hand. Oh! oh! oh! (\_) Wash your hands, | put on your nightgown; | look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot | come out on's grave. (\_)
(Asp.) To bed, to bed; there's (\_\_) knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.]

Costume and Rendition.—The gentlewoman's dress may be what you please, so it be suited to the period and her position. A quilted silk petticoat, under a loose wrapper, with a lace scarf or head-dress over a wig, and soles or sandals (see Foot Gear, p.xv.) to keep the feet from the floor, will answer very well. For Lady Macbeth, a soft white bed-gown, or wrapper, a mantle or shawl depending from the shoulders to the floor (or in train), a taper, candle, or antique lamp, with a wick soaked in alcohol. She should be pale, with dark shadows about the eyes, and flowing hair. The two ladies should be strongly contrasted; hence the former should be round and rosy, with a wig in sharp contrast to your own hair, e.g., blonde or white if yours be dark, and vice versa.

In first scene, enter dressed as a gentlewoman, and carry on the conversation with the imaginary physician. Represent him by speaking his lines in a low, sonorous voice, and avoid letting the audience see your lips move; aid the ruse by the use of a handkerchief, by turning the face away, etc.

Above all, do not change your attitude or manner, when speaking for him. You must be the same person all the time, in outward appearance; the other must be entirely imaginary, not seen but heard. This is important. When you read or recite dialogues, you turn one way, and assume one manner of voice and action for one, then turn the other way and assume another voice and manner for the other. In impersonation this is not so. The one character must be preserved and sustained through it all; the other only heard; and why? Because you are dressed for the character, and cannot be any other person while in that dress.

When you have made your exit, slip off the dress, wig, and scarf (you are already in the white robe), put on the mantle or shawl, let the hair down, whiten the face, and, with the light held low down in the right hand, re-appear as Lady Macbeth. Enter slowly, halting now and then, like one walking in sleep. After some delay, advance and set down the light; move forward, and lightly chaff or rub the hands, one over the other, in a semi-conscious manner, as if washing the hands. Halt, and intone the "one," "two," of the clock.
THE READING-CLASS.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WERE GRADED.

Teacher. The first class in reading! Take your places upon the floor. Come, come! Page 144; all ready. Jane may read.

Jane [slowly]. The curfew—

Teacher. What are you reading? Don't know! "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." When you begin again, read the title. Come now, hurry up. Oh, you are so slow!

Jane [slow and monotonously]. Ele—gy | written | in | a | Country || Churchyard.

Teacher. (=) Go on, Jane! You are so slow.

Jane [very slowly].

The | curfew | tolls | the knell of | parting day,

The lowing herd | winds | slowly | o'er the lea,

The plowman | homeward plods | his weary way,

And leaves the world to | darkness | and to me.

Teacher. Mary may read.

Mary [very rapidly].

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Teacher. Oh, that's too fast; you and Jane should practise together. Matilda Jane may read.

Matilda Jane [high, sharp, fast and monotonous].

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,

The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Teacher. Joseph may go on.
Joseph [heavy, monotonous voice].
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid.
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. [Sneezes.]

Teacher. Araminta may read.
Araminta [falsetto voice, jerky, with emphasis on the syllables in italics].
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitting from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Teacher. Susie may read. [Susie giggles.] Come, Susie, come! go on!
Susie [lisping, and giggling].
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees | the envied (') (go on, go on!)
— the envied kiss to share. (2)

Teacher. Peter may read.
Peter [strong rising inflections numerous; tongue thrust into the cheek to chew upon as gum].
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft | the stubborn glebe has broke;

Teacher. What have you got in your mouth? take it out.
[He takes it in his hand.]

(1) Cover the face with the book and turn half round.
(2) Laugh and twist about, and double up.
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods | beneath their sturdy stroke!

[Returns it and chews again.]

Teacher. James Baty.

James Baty [jerking the nose and face askew; shutting the eyes tight and opening them, and constant downward inflections.]

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

Teacher. Diligence may read.

Diligence [nasal, and as if minus a palate].

The boas' of hě'ald'y the pom' of pow'r,
An’ all tha' meuty, all tha’ we’th e’e’ gave,
Awai’ alike th’ inev’bl’ hou’—
The pā’s o’ glo’y lēa’ bu’ to th’ g’ave.

Teacher. You should practise more, Diligence. Thomas Delaney. Sick? Well, we’ll excuse you. Pembroke may read.

Pembroke [commences each line high and loud, and runs down to the last syllable on each line].

(\) °Can storied urn, or animated bust,
(\) °Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
(\) °Can Honor’s voice provoke the silent dust,
(\) °Or Flattery soothe the dull | °cold ear | of death?

Teacher. Daniel may read.

Daniel [monotonous oral voice (3)].

°But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage, || (4)
And froze the genial current of the soul.

(3) For oral, begin to yawn, and keep the vocal organs in that position.
(4) At "rage" rub the shoulder suddenly, then the knee, as if bitten by a flea.
Teacher. Serena Seraphina.

Serena [weak, affected and on a high key (°)].

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower | is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness | on the desert air.

Teacher. How silly you are to put on such airs. You can never amount to anything until you quit it. Hezekiah may read.

Hezekiah [hitching, halting, and snuffing].

Some-ah village (°) Hampden, that-ah with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, (°) inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Teacher. Rodney may read.

Rodney [stammering (°)].

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Teacher. Very well; that will do. Johnny English.

[Johnny sniffing.] What's the matter with you; what is it?
°Come (\°) °come now, (\°) °stop that, and go on.

Johnny [leaves off the "h" where it should be, and puts it on where it should not be, and breaks down crying at the close].

'Ere rests 'is 'ead upon the lap of hEarth,
hA Youth, to Fortune hand to Fame hunknown;
Fair science frowned not hon 'is 'umble birth,
And Melancholy marked 'im for 'er hown.

(°) Curb the head, turn from side to side, and use "ah"; "bā-ah" for "bear,"
"flow-ah" for "flower," "a-ah" for "air."
(°) Spell half way, then pronounce the word; "J-h-a-m-p- | "Hampton."
(7) "Jn- | in- | gl-o | "inglorious."
(8) Hold or repeat the letters in italics.
Teacher. You are always in trouble Johnny. You may go to your seat. Sambo may read.

Sambo [negro dialect].

Fur frum de maddin' crowds ignoble stribé,  
Dar sober wishes nebber larn to stray,  
'Long de kool skwester'd bale ob life,  
Dey keep de noisliss tenur ob dar way.

Teacher. Hans may read.

Hans [German dialect].

Tare shatter'd öft | te yoongest | vön te yäre,  
Py hants önseen | bist (*) shoo'rs vön fioletts foont,  
Te ret-prest löves to pilt unt varple täre,  
Unt leetle foot-stebs lightly brints te grünt.

Teacher. Charles Augustus.

Charles [very loud and stumbling, spelling out words now and then, and mispronouncing them].

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

---

Note.—This arrangement of a reading-class of the olden time originated with the writer, and has proved very amusing.

(*) Loses his place, gazes into the air, tries to catch a thistle-down, etc.
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.
WHILE the nation is buoyant with patriotism, and all hearts are attuned to praise, it is with sorrow we come to strike the discordant note, on this hundredth anniversary of our country's birth. We do rejoice in the success thus far, of our experiment of self-government. Our faith is firm and unwavering in the broad principles of human rights, proclaimed in 1776 not only as abstract truths, but as the corner stones of a republic. Yet, we cannot forget, even in this glad hour, that while all men of every race and clime and condition have been invested with the full rights of citizenship, under our hospitable flag, all women still suffer the degradation of disfranchisement.

The history of our country the past hundred years, has been a series of assumptions and usurpations of power over woman, in direct opposition to the principles of just government, acknowledged by the United States as its foundation, which are:
First. The *natural* rights of each individual.

Second. The exact *equality* of these rights.

Third. That these rights, when *not delegated* by the individual, *are retained* by the individual.

Fourth. That no person can exercise the rights of others without delegated authority.

Fifth. The *non-use* of these rights does not *destroy* them.

And for the violation of these fundamental principles of our government, we arraign our rulers on this 4th day of July, 1876—and these are our

**ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT:**

*Bills of attainder* have been passed by the introduction of the word "male" into all the State constitutions, denying to woman the right of suffrage, and thereby making sex a *crime*—an exercise of power clearly forbidden in Article 1st, Sections 9th and 10th of the United States Constitution.

The *right of trial* by a jury of one's peers was so jealously guarded that States refused to ratify the original Constitution until it was guaranteed by the 6th Amendment. And yet the women of this nation have never been allowed a jury of their peers, being tried in all cases by men, native and foreign, educated and ignorant, virtuous and vicious. And not only are women denied a jury of their peers, but in some cases, a jury trial altogether.

During the last Presidential campaign, a woman, arrested for voting, was denied the protection of a jury, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a fine and costs of prosecution, by the absolute power of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Taxation *without representation*, the immediate cause of the rebellion of the colonies against Great Britain, is one of the grievous wrongs the women of this country have
IMPERSONATIONS.

suffered during the century. Deploring war, with all the demoralization that follows in its train, we have been taxed to support standing armies, with their waste of life and wealth. (\)

Believing in temperance, we have been taxed to support the vice, crime and pauperism of the liquor traffic.

Universal manhood suffrage, by establishing an aristocracy of sex, imposes upon the women of this nation a more absolute and cruel (\) despotism than monarchy, in that woman finds a political master in her father, husband, brother, son. The aristocracies of the old world are based upon birth, wealth, refinement, education, nobility, brave deeds of chivalry; in this nation, on sex alone; exalting brute force above moral power, vice above virtue, ignorance above education, and the son above the mother who bore him.

The judiciary of the nation has proved itself but the echo of the party in power by upholding and enforcing laws that are opposed to the spirit and letter of the Constitution. When the slave-power was (\) dominant, the Supreme Court decided that a black man was not (\) a citizen, because he had not the right to vote; and when the Constitution was so amended (\) as to make all persons (\) citizens, the (\) same high tribunal decided that a woman, though a citizen (\) had (\) not the right to vote. Such vacillating (\) interpretations of constitutional law, unsettle our faith in judicial authority, and undermine the liberties of the whole people.

These "Articles of Impeachment" against (\) our rulers, we now submit to the (\) impartial (\) judgment of the people.

To all these wrongs and (\) oppressions woman (\) has submitted in silence (\) and resignation. And now, at the close of a hundred years, (\) as the
HELEN POTTER'S

great hour-hand | of the clock that marks the centuries, | (/) points to 1876, | we declare our faith, | in the principles | of self-government; our full equality with man | in natural rights; that woman was made first for her own happiness, with the absolute right to herself, | to all the opportunities and advantages of life. as affords, | for her complete development; and we deny that dogma of the centuries, | incorporated in the codes of all nations | that woman was made for man; her interests in all cases, | to be sacrificed to his will.

We ask of our rulers, | at this hour, | no special favors, | no special privileges, | no special legislation. We ask justice, | we ask equality, | we ask | that all the civil and political rights that belong to the citizens of the United States, | be guaranteed to us and to our daughters forever.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, daughter of Judge Daniel Cady and Margaret Livingston, was born at Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1816. She early distinguished herself for her knowledge of Greek and of law; but as degrees were not given to women, and feeling the injustice of public sentiment and law concerning her privileges, she became an ardent advocate of equal rights and woman's suffrage. Mrs. Stanton is a lady of medium size, with full, fair face, surmounted by a halo of soft, fluffy white hair, so beautiful as to be universally remarked. Portly and dignified, graceful and gracious, intelligent and just, with a most charming repose born of benevolence, this is the crude pen-picture of a noble woman of seventy-five; a pioneer of reform; a representative American woman. Keeping this ideal in mind, speak her words with the grace, dignity and earnestness worthy the woman, and the cause she so ably represents.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—A rich, dark robe, plainly made, open at the throat, revealing a soft white kerchief or lace crossed underneath, and a tabbed head-piece of black thread-lace, completes the toilet.

The text may be read standing by a table or desk, with a chair or two near by. Make few gestures, speak deliberately and with subdued force.
WHAT but the newspaper-press, have all their wheels full of eyes? All other wheels are blind; but the newspaper-press has sharp eyes, keen eyes, eyes that look up and down; far-sighted and near-sighted; that take in the next street and the next hemisphere; eyes of criticism; eyes of investigation; eyes sparkling with health; eyes glaring with indignation; eyes tender and loving; eyes frowning and suspicious; eyes of hope; blue eyes; black eyes; green eyes; sore eyes; historical eyes; literary eyes; ecclesiastical eyes; eyes of all sorts! (Brethren, I forgot; our business meeting comes Friday evening; we want money, and we want it bad!)

For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but to hear or tell some new thing! That text gives the cry of the world for a newspaper. In proportion as men become wise, they become inquisitive; not about small things, but about greater things. The great question thunders, what's the news! what's the news! Rome answered the question with the acta-diurna; France answered it when her physicians wrote out the news for patients; England answered it by pub-
lishing accounts of the Spanish Armada; America answered it, when Benjamin Harris, published the first weekly newspaper, in Boston, in 1690.

Alas! through what a struggle, has the newspaper come to its present development. As soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There's nothing like despotism, so much fears, as the printing-press. It has too many eyes! Russia, the meanest and most cruel despotism on earth to-day, keeps the printing-press under severe espionage. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe to write on any subject, but Natural History. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen, plied for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I, wanting to keep his iron heel upon the neck of nations, said that the printing-press was the regent of kings, and that the only safe place to keep an editor, was in prison. But the great battles for freedom of the press, were fought in England and America.

I address you this evening, on a subject you never heard before—the immeasurable everlasting blessing of a good newspaper! Thank God, their wheels are full of eyes! I give you this overwhelming statistic. In the year 1870, the number of copies of literary and political newspapers, published in this country, was one billion, five hundred million. What church, what reformer, what Christian man, can disregard these things? I tell you, my friends, a good newspaper is the grandest blessing that God has given to the people of this century; the grandest temporal blessing. We have seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States, and only thirty-six are a half century old. The average life of a newspaper is five years, and most of them die of cholera infantum!

(1) Es'pē-on-azh.
IMPERS0MATION.

To publish a newspaper, one requires the skill, precision, vigilance and strategy of a "commander-in-chief." To edit a newspaper, one needs to be a statesman, a geographer, a statistician, and so far as all knowledge is concerned, "encyclopædic!" And let me tell you, if you have an idea, either moral, social, political, or religious, you had better charge on the world, through the columns already established. Newspapers are also the repositories of knowledge; the reservoirs of history. Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Clinton, had their hands on the printing-press. If one should see in a lifetime, in the way of literature, only the Bible, Shakespeare, a dictionary, and one "good newspaper," he would be fitted for all the duties of this life; and for the opening of the next. They are also a blessing in their evangelical influence. The Christian printing-press will be the "right wing of the apocalyptic angel!" The cylinders of the Christian printing-press will be the "front wheels of the Lord's chariot. The music they make I mark in crescendo (') and not diminuendo! [Exit.]

Rev. Thomas DeWitt Talmage, D. D., an American clergyman, was born at Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 7, 1832. He was graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853, and at the Theological School at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1856. After holding various Dutch Reform pastorates he became, in 1869, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, in connection with which he founded, in 1872, a newspaper and a lay college for religious and general education. He has won great popularity as an extemporaneous lecturer. He is a tall, spare man, with long arms and a bald spot on his head. His voice is sharp, penetrating and nasal. His manner is characterized by sudden transitions in pitch, many falling inflections, unusual attitudes and gestures. He is a powerful, effective and eccentric speaker.

Costume and Rendition. — Dr. Talmage's dress is a frock coat buttoned up to the chin. His hair and side whiskers are a light brown. Enter with long, quick steps, and at the highest places in the speech, throw both arms high over head, and bring them down, body and all, on the last word of the climax. At other times, the hands may be clasped behind the back, or one slipped into the bosom of the coat. The peculiarity of his speaking lies in the sharp, rather nasal voice, high pitched, and his strongly marked climaxes.

(1) Crescendo — Crësh-ën'-do.
PORTIA AND NERISSA.

From "Merchant of Venice."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MRS. MARY F. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

ARGUMENT.—Portia, the only child and heir of a rich Venetian nobleman, is compelled, by her father's will, to accept in marriage the suitor who chooses the right casket from among three, made of gold, silver, and lead. The conversation is in regard to the suitors who seek her hand and fortune.

ACT I, SCENE II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. (—) *Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches; and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. (/rand) The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. (') But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. (\) *O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a

* Full voice for Portia; light and high for Nerissa.

(\) 'Sigh; then begin high and soft and run down the scale to the end of the sentence.
living daughter | curbed by the will of a °dead father. (\) °Is it not hard, °Nerissa, that I cannot °choose °one, nor °refuse °none?

Ner. (—) Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of °gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by °any °rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what (\) °warmth is there °in your affection | toward any of these princely suitors | that are already °come?

Por. I pray thee (\) °overname °them; and as thou namest °them | I will °describe °them; and according °to my description °level °at my affection.

Ner. First, °there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, (\) °that's °a colt, °indeed, °for he doth °nothing °but talk °of his °horse; °and he makes °it °a °great °appropriation °to °his °own °good °parts | °that °he °can °shoe °him °himself.

Ner. (—) Then, °is °there °the °county °Palatine.

Por. °He °doth °nothing °but °frown; °as °who °should °say, °"An' °you °will °not °have °°me °°choose." °He °hears °merry °tales, °and °smiles °not. °I °fear °he °will °prove °the °weeping °philosopher °when °he °grows °old, °being °so °full °of °unmannerly °sadness °in °his °youth. °I °had °rather °to °be °married °to °a °death's °head °°with °a °°bone °in °his °mouth, °than °to °either °of °these. °(°) °God °defend °me °from °°these °two!

Ner. How °say °you °by °the °°French °lord, °Monsieur °le °Bon?

Por. (\) °God °made °him, °and °therefore °let °him °pass °for °a °man. °In °truth, °°I °know °it °is °a °°sin °to °be °a °mocker. °But °he °°why °he °hath °a °horse °°better °°than °the °Neapolitan's; °a °°better °bad °habit °°of °frowning °°than °the °Count °Palatine: °he °is °°every °man °°in °°no °man. °If °a °throstle °°sing °°he °falls

\(^{(2)}\) In °a °mock °braggadocio °style, °running °well °up °the °scale °on °"me" °°and °down °°°on °"choose."

\(^{(3)}\) Turn °the °eyes °upward, °shake °the °head, °°and °shrug °the °shoulders.
straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me | I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness | I shall | never requite him.

Ner. (—) What say you, then, | to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say "nothing to him; | for he understands not me, | nor I him: | he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? (′) "How oddly he is suited! (′) I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior | everywhere. [Laugh heartily.]

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly (′) "charity in him; | for he borrowed a box | of the ear of the Englishman, | and swore he would pay him again (′) "when he was "able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German—the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. (′) Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best | he is a little worse than a man; | and when he is worst he is little better | than a beast: (′) an' the worst fall that ever fell, | I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.
Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

[Enter a Servant.]

The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

(8) Solemnly.
(10) Lightly.
(11) Mon-fer-ra'.
(12) Hesitates, pretending to recall with difficulty.
(13) More confidently.
(14) In the monotonous voice of a servant.
Por. If I could bid the fifth °welcome | with so good a heart | as I can bid the °other °four °farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, | and the complexion of a devil, | I had rather he should °shrive me | than °wive me. °Come, °Nerissa. °Sirrah, go before.

(15) °While we shut the gate | upon °one °wooer, (--) °another | knocks | at the door. [Exeunt.]

Mrs. Mary F. Scott-Siddons, the English actress, is directly descended from the famous Sarah Siddons, and partakes of her beauty and talent. The elocutionary peculiarities of this accomplished lady are, rapidity of utterance, and the free use of sweeping inflections, often an octave in compass, and mostly those of the kind known as simple and compound rising inflections. Her voice is clear and musical, but rather light. In transition from one character to another, little change is made in quality or manipulation of the voice. Her characters, in dialogue or drama, speak very much alike. All have clear, ringing voices, and use the same sweeping inflections. This, however, does not affect her acting, where she is called upon to sustain one character only. Her impersonation of "King Rene's Daughter" (the blind girl who thought all persons like herself, being ignorant of her misfortune) is one of the most exquisitely refined and graceful performances ever witnessed in this country, and her "Rosalind" is almost as good.

In appearance, she is of medium size, giving an impression of being tall and slight of figure. She walks upon the lyceum platform with long, gliding steps, and deliberately arranges her stand, books, chair and train before acknowledging her audience. Then she opens a large volume of Shakespeare, looks about her, and, without salutation, begins to read very rapidly, or rather recites from the selected play.

Her gestures are few, and those with the right hand only, the left resting lightly upon the open book, which lies upon a small table at her left. At the close of Part First, also at the end of the program, she retires with a slight bow, and the same long, sweeping step as before.

Costume.—The costume is Venetian—white, trimmed with silver; long open sleeves, low corsage, with full long drapery. It is very becoming to young ladies of fair complexion.

This scene is prepared for a reading—not for a monologue impersonation, and the antique or the modern evening dress can be worn. For her readings, Mrs. Scott-Siddons wears unique and tasteful robes, evidently of her own design, often with very rare laces, and draperies of antique form.

(16) As if weary, sigh, and move slowly away.
ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA.
PORTIA AT THE BAR.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."—SHAKESPEARE.

"A STUDY OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.

ARGUMENT.—Antonio, a rich merchant of Venice, by signing a bond to a Jew for cash, loans his friend Bassanio three thousand ducats. Disasters follow, the money is not returned, and the Jew insists upon having the penalty of the bond, which is a pound of Antonio's flesh. Portia, disguised as a young doctor of laws, proceeds to Venice and pleads the case before the duke.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—A court-room in Venice. Enter Portia. [Pause and look right and left.]

Por. Which [r. h. s. h. o.] is the merchant here, and which [l. h. s. h. o.] the Jew?

Duke. [Disg. v.]. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. [looking right]. (✓) Is your name Shylock? Shy. [gruff]. (✗) Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; yet in such rule, that the Venetian law cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. [Turn and look left, r. h. h. f.] You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. [voice]. (✗) Ay, so he says.

Por. (✓) Do you confess the bond?

Ant. [voice]. (✗) I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be (✗) merciful.

Shy. [gruff]. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. [surprised]. The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, look up, b. h. a. o. as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place [b. h. o. e.] (') beneath. It is 'twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives | and him that takes:
(✓) 'Tis mightiest | °in | the mightiest. It becomes
The thronèd monarch | better than his crown:
His sceptre | shows the force of °temporal °power, |
The attribute to awe and majesty, |
(--) Wherein doth sit the dread and °fear | of kings.
But mercy | is a°bove (✓) this sceptred sway, |
(--) It is enthronèd | in the (\) °hearts of kings,
(✓) It is an attribute to God himself;
And (\) °earthly power | doth °then show °likest °God's
When mercy | seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice °be thy °plea, (✓) consider °this,—
That, in the course of justice, | °none of us |
(--) Should see salvation. (✓) We do pray for °mercy;
And that same prayer | doth teach us | °all | to render
The (\) °deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
(--) To mitigate the (--) °justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Veniçe, |
(✓) Must needs give sentence °'gainst | (\) the merchant there.
I pray you | let me °look upon the bond.
[Examine a legal paper with a large seal attached; then proceed, tapping the document.]
Why | this bond (\) °is forfeit;
And lawfully by this | the Jew may claim |
A pound of flesh, | to be by him cut off |
Nearest the merchant's heart. (\) °Be merciful.
[Hold up the bond as if about to tear it to pieces.]
(\) °Take thrice thy money; bid me (\) °tear the bond.
Shy. [gruff]. (--) By my soul, I swear,
There is no power | in the tongue of man |
To alter me: (✓) I stay °here | (✓) on my °bond.

(1) Be-neth th as in "this."
IMPERSONATIONS.

Por. "Why, then, | (--) thus it is. [To Antonio, left.]
(--) You must prepare your bosom | for his knife.
Shy. [gruff]. O noble judge; O (\) excellent young man!

Por. (--) For the intent and purpose of the law | Hath full relation to the penalty.
Shy. [gruff]. O wise and upright judge, |
(--) How much more | than thy looks.
Por. Therefore, | lay bare your bosom.
Shy. [gruff]. Ay, his breast. [Portia looks about her.]
Por. Are there | to weigh the flesh?
Shy. [gruff]. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, | lest he do (\) bleed to death.
Shy. [gruff]. Is it so nominated (\) in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; | but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much | for (\) charity.
Shy. [gruff]. (--) I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. A pound [l. h. h. e.] of that same merchant's flesh | is thine;
The court awards it, | and the law | doth give it.
Shy. [gruff]. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. [gruff]. A sentence; come, | prepare.
Por. (\) Tarry a little; | there is something else.
[Looking over the bond.]
This bond doth give thee here, (\) no jot of blood; | The words expressly are | a pound of flesh.
(\) Take then | thy bond, || take thou | thy pound of flesh;
(--) But, in the cutting it, | if thou dost shed
One drop | of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, | confiscate
Unto the (\) state of Venice.
Shy. [Gruff]. Is that the law?

Por. (—-) Thyself shalt see the act;

[Cross over and take up a large book; hold it out, and lay it down as you proceed with the speech, and return to the former position.]

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt (\) have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

[Balance the hands like scales.]

(—-) As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division (\) of the twentieth part
(\) Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
(\) But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

[Pause and look as if waiting a movement, b. h. h. o.]

Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. [Gruff]. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Por. (—-) Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken (\) at thy peril, Jew.

[Pause.] Tarry, Jew; the law yet (\) another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half,
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice;
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly | and directly, too, |
Thou hast contrived against the very life |
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd |
The danger | formerly by me rehears'd. |
Down, | therefore, | and beg mercy of the duke. |

Duke [voice]. I pardon thee thy life | before thou ask it. |
[Turn and address yourself to the other side, to the duke.] |
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon; |
I must away this night toward Padua, |
And it is meet | I presently set forth. [Bow and pass out.]

Miss Ellen Terry, an English actress of ability and position, won |
many friends and admirers in this country, during her recent |
engagements with Henry Irving. Her well-rounded and finished |
performances in historical drama have established her in the minds |
and affections of our people. In appearance she is tall, slender, and |
graceful; a fair and stately blonde. As Portia she is quiet, self- |
poised, and impressive; a truly beautiful character. |

Costume.—Black shapes and tunic, or jacket, over which is worn |
a black brocade silk doctor's robe, reaching to the floor, and open |
down the front; a black silk cap, and low shoes ornamented with |
bright buckles; the sleeves double, close under-sleeves, with full |
flowing sleeves over them; a straight round collar and wrist-bands |
of white linen.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS. |

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore, |
And with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sands, |
"Agnes, I love thee!" [Grandiloquently.] |
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression. |
Frail reed! cruel waves! treacherous sands! |
I'll trust thee no more! (<) but with a giant's hand |
I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine, |
Dip it in Vesuvius' boiling lava, |
And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write, |
°°"Agnes, I love thee!" |
[Tamely.] And I would like to see any confounded wave |
wash that out.
DONA SOL.

From "Hernani."—Victor Hugo.

A STUDY OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

ARGUMENT.—A beautiful Spanish girl is accustomed to meet her lover clandestinely, because he is a fugitive outlaw. The king, Don Carlos, enamored of her charms, attempts to meet her alone to press his suit. By giving her lover's signal (three times clapping the hands) she is decoyed into the garden, where he is concealed. Discovering her mistake, she attempts to retreat, but he detains her by force; whereupon she snatches the dagger from his girdle, and, by threats of self-destruction, forces him to desist.

ACT II., SCENE II.—Spain. Time, evening. Dona Sol at the balcony window above; Don Carlos in the garden below.

Dona Sol. Est-ce vous, Hernani?
[He claps his hands three times.] Je descend !
[She closes the window, and a moment later appears at a latticed door below, a lace scarf draped about her head and shoulders, and an antique lamp held above her head. She steps stealthily into the garden, peering into the darkness, and in a suppressed voice calls her lover's name.]
Hernani? [Listens, then drops her lamp.]
Dieu ! ce n'est point son pas !
Don C. [throw off the voice]. Dona Sol !
Dona S. Ce n'est point sa voix ! ah, malheureuse !
Don C. C'est un amant roi !
Dona S. Le roi ?
Don C. C'est Carlos, ton esclave !
HELEN POTTER AS SARAH BERNHARDT
AS DONA SOL.
Dona S. [retreating]. Au secours, Hernani!
Don C. Venez, vous serez reine, impératrice!
Dona S. Non, c'est un leurre; et d'ailleurs, Altesse, avec franchise [fast and earnest]
S'agit-il pas de vous, s'il faut que je le dise,
J'aime mieux avec lui, mon Hernani, mon roi,
Vivre errante, en dehors du monde et de la loi;
Ayant faim, ayant soif, fuyant toute l'année;
Partageant jour à jour sa pauvre destinée,
Abandon, guerre, exil, deuil, misère et terreur.
Que d'être impératrice, avec un Empereur.

Don C. Vous viendrez. Je vous veux!
Dona S. Seigneur! oh, par pitié! [Kneels.] Quoi! vous êtes Altesse; vous êtes roi! duchesse, ou marquise, ou comtesse,
Vous n'avez qu'à choisir;
Mais mon proscrit, (\) qu'a-t-il reçu du ciel avare?
Ah [rises] vous avez Castille, Aragon, et Navarre,
Et Murcie, et Léon, (\) dix royaumes encore;
Et les Flamands, et l'Inde, avec les mines d'or;
Vous avez un empire auquel nul roi ne touche,
Si vaste que jamais le soleil ne s'y couche!
Et, quand vous avez tout, vous voulez-vous, vous le roi,
Me prendre, pauvre fille, à lui qui n'a que moi?
[She falls on her knees, grasps his mantle and implores him to spare her.]

Don C. Viens! Je n'écoute rien!
Dona S. [with great energy]. Pour mon honneur,
Je ne veux rien de vous, que ce poignard, seigneur!
[In the play, she seizes the dagger from his girdle; but in the monologue, from her own girdle, and, advancing, poises it to strike.]
Avancez, maintenant, faites un pas!
Pour un pas, je vous tue, et me tue!
[Staggers back, calling for help.]
Hernani! Hernani!
[Exit backward. If recalled, advance slowly and in full view, bow three times, to right, to left and to front; then keep the bent posture and retire again, facing the audience until quite out of sight.]

TRANSLATION.

Dona Sol [in the balcony]. Is it you, Hernani? [Don Carlos claps his hands three times, as Hernani would have done.]

I descend. [She closes the window and enters the garden.]

Hernani! Heaven! It is not his step! [Turns to enter the house.]

Don Carlos. Dona Sol!

Dona S. It is not his voice. Ah, misery!

Don C. It is a royal lover.

Dona S. The king!

Don C. It is Carlos, thy slave!

Dona S. [retreating]. Help, Hernani!

Don C. You will be queen, empress!

Dona S. No! this is a decoy; and, moreover, your Highness—if it is necessary for me to speak with frankness,—I would rather, with him, my Hernani, my king, live a wanderer, in defiance of the world and of the law, hungry and thirsty, fleeing all the year, partaking day by day of his poor destiny, abandonment, war, exile, misery and terror, than to be empress with an emperor.

Don C. You will come. I will compel you!

Dona S. Seigneur, oh, pity me! What! You are great; you are king! Duchess, marchioness, or countess, you have only to choose. But my outlaw, what has he received from Heaven? And you have Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, and Murcie, and Lyons; ten kingdoms beside; and Flanders, and India, with mines of gold. You have an empire so vast that the sun never sets upon it; and when you have all, would you, the King, take me, a poor girl, from him who has nothing but me?

Don C. Come! I listen to nothing.
Dona S. For my honor I will have nothing from you, but this dagger! [She snatches the dagger.] Advance now! Take one step! [He recoils, then advances.] Advance one step, and I will kill you and kill myself! [Turns and cries aloud.] Hernani! Hernani!

Sarah Bernhardt, the world-renowned French actress, was born in Amsterdam, about 1847. Her father was French and her mother Dutch, both of the Hebrew faith. She was educated to her profession in the National Dramatic School at Paris. Of slight figure and lithe action, her style is subtle rather than strong. Her gliding walk and undulating motion present the characteristics of the panther rather than the lion, never statuesque, but insinuating; seeming dangerous to approach. Her voice is clear and silvery, and words drop from her lips like liquid pearls. When recalled by the audience, she responds with a series of unique bows, compound curves, somewhat like a figure eight; beginning at the centre, or crossing of the loops, she bends forward, and rotates the head in an under sweep to the right, making one loop of the figure eight, and, reversing, forms the other loop. In this bent position, she remains swaying gently right and left, the shoulders, arms and neck being in a limp or relaxed condition, until the curtain falls. In case of delay, she repeats the compound bow in smaller circles, or loops. Her gestures are easy and natural, sometimes languid, as if it were easy and pleasant to live, yet life was of little moment, and wearied her.

Costume and Rendition.—Spanish. A loose robe en train, high heeled satin slippers, a long white Spanish lace scarf, a dagger (concealed) and an antique lamp, having a heavy wick saturated with alcohol.

The voice should change for the two characters; the one silvery and high, the other, low and heavy, and disguised so as to appear to come from another person near you.

TWO GOOD POINTS.

"Your aunt is coming, daughter dear, and I expect that you Will always give her while she's here respect, as is her due.

"A trifle deaf she is, you know; near-sighted, too, I think; But such defects with age must grow, and youth at them should wink."

"I'm sure I'll like her very much;" joy filled the maiden's tone.

"My aunt, I'm sure, will make me such a lovely chaperon!"
Cleopatra.

A Study from "Antony and Cleopatra."—Shakespeare.

Argument.—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was driven from her throne, but re-established by Julius Cæsar, B. C. 47. Antony (triumvir of Rome, after the death of Julius Cæsar), captivated by her, repudiated his wife, to live with the fascinating Egyptian. After the battle of Actium, they were taken captive, and, with the spoils of war, were likely to suffer the humiliation and disgrace of being publicly exhibited in a triumphal march to Rome. To avoid this, and other indignities which might follow, he falls upon his sword and expires, and she ends her life by placing a poisonous asp to her bosom.

Act V., Scene II.

Cleopatra [enter speaking]. Now, Iras, what thinkst thou? Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed, And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Voice. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors Will catch at us like wantons; and scald rhymer Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present Our Alexandrian revels; Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

Voice. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain. [Turn about.] Now, Charmian,—

Enter Charmian.

(→) Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch My best attires; I am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony: Sirrah, Iras, go.

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
HELEN POTTER AS CLEOPATRA.
IMPERSONATIONS.

And, when thou hast done this chaste, | I'll give thee leave
To play | till doomsday.° Bring our crown | and all.
(\)° Wherefore's this noise?
[Enter one of the Guard.]

Guard [disg. voice.] Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. (\)° Let him come | "in. ° How poor an instrument
\° May do a noble deed! (\)° he brings me ° liberty.
(\)° My resolution's ° plac'd, and I have ° nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to ° foot |
° I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon |
(\)° No planet is | of mine.
[Re-enter Guard, with a clown bringing a basket. Step for-
ward and speak, as if some one entered; sigh.]

Ah! Hast thou the pretty worm of (\)° Nilus there, |
That kills and pains not?

Voice. Truly I have.
Cleo. Remember'st thou any (\) that have died ° on't?
Voice. Very many.
[Reach out, take something from the flower-stand, smile, and
motion him to go.]

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
[Watch him out, then turn to Iras, the maid, who is supposed
to be on the other side of you. (')]

Cleo. Give me my robe, | put on my crown; (\)° I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more,
The juice of Egypt's grape | shall moist this lip. (')
Quick, good Iras; quick. [asp.] Methinks I hear
° Antony call; I see him ° rouse himself
To ° praise my noble act; I hear him mock |

(1) In absence of a maid, have the cloak and crown near by, and put them
on, as you proceed.
(2) Take up the robe and put it on.
(3) Put on the crown.
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after | o wrath. Husband, I come: (*)
Now to that name | my o courage | o prove my title!
I am fire and air; | my other elements
(—) I give to baser life. o So,—have you done?
Come, then, | and take the last warmth of my lips.
Fare well, kind Charmián; o Iras, o long fare well.
(*) [Kiss them.]

Come, mortal wretch, [to the asp]
With thy sharp teeth | this knot intrinsicate (6)
Of life | at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch.

Char. [disg. v.] O eastern star!

Cleo. o Peace, o peace! (7)

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

(p.) As sweet as balm, | as soft as air; | as gentle—

(*) O o Antony! o Antony!

(**) ** Clap hands upon the breast, with eyes to heaven.

(6) Stoop and kiss one of the maids, supposed to be kneeling before you; do this by putting down your hand, as if upon a head, bending forward, and letting your head rise and fall gently as if touching the forehead with your lips.

(6) Put the asp, or its substitute, into the bosom. Stand in heroic attitude, then sit upon the couch and gently recline. Be sure that the draperies fall artistically about you.

(7) Softly, with the hand raised as if to say “hush!”

(8) Pause, rising upon the elbow, and call “Antony, Antony,” then fall back and expire.

Costume.—The costume for Cleopatra may be as gorgeous as your purse will allow; in Egyptian style, of course. Flesh-colored hose, gilt sandals, armlets, bracelets, necklace, crown, large ear pendants, and a coin head-dress (a covering made to fit the head and fall down to the shoulders, of gilt coins chained together; the front showing a row of them across the middle of the forehead, a most becoming and beautiful head-dress); a fall of long dark hair underneath to show off the coin by contrast, and a half open dress and embroidered cloak, i. e., open half way to the knee on the left side. The cloak is fastened by circular gilt ornaments over each breast; the front and entire body is of cloth of gold, giving the appearance of a hammered metal cuirass, extending below the waist-line. A tiger skin with head complete thrown over the couch, adds to the effect. The make-up should serve to enhance your good points, and make you as beautiful as possible.
FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.
The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln (Link' on), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and died at the hands of an assassin April 15, 1865. His ancestors were of English descent. September 22, 1862, he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, in which it was declared that on the first day of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

Introduction to Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg.

"On the 19th of November, 1863, the valley roads swarmed with thousands whose feet were pressing to the Cemetery Hill. Four months had not obliterated from the slopes of Round Top and the banks of the creek the traces of that terrible battle, to whose sacred memory these crowds came to do honor. America's greatest orator, Edward Everett, laid the burning words of his eloquence on the altar of dedication; and the solemn strains of a funeral dirge were borne on the air to the east and the west, bathing with their melting sorrow every hallowed spot where blood had been spilled. With tears, men gazed on the trampled and levelled graves and their shattered stones, and knelt uncovered, while in fervent prayer the blood-stained earth was reverently given back to God, for the free burial of His great and glorious army of martyrs.

"As Mr. Everett closed his eulogium, President Lincoln rose upon the platform, with intensest emotion beaming from every feature of his speaking countenance. Twelve hundred patriot graves, in tiers of crescent shape, nearly encircled him. Solemnly his eye glanced
over the long outstretched crests, on which had lately raged the storm of battle, and then turned to the audience."—Abbot's "History of Civil War in America."

An eyewitness adds:

"A fresh tide of feeling struggled in that great warm heart; the figure straightened taller than before, and, with a strong though tremulous voice, the President uttered the first sentence of his terse and unsurpassed address. The surrounding tens of thousands caught its sentiment, and rolled out their thunders of applause. In fuller tone came another great thought, and another response. Thus at each period, until that sentence was reached whose emphasis those who listened can never forget.

"It seemed as the actual offering of himself and that vast concourse of people, and, indeed, the millions over whom he presides, a sacrifice on the altar of country, of duty, of God. Every heart realized it as a solemn sincerity. But in none did it appear so personal, so sincere, as in the earnest and devoted chief magistrate who was addressing us."

The next day Edward Everett wrote to the President: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours, as you did in two minutes."

Note.—When about to recite this touching brief speech, if suitable as to place and time, give the audience an idea of the matter as herein stated, in order to bring all minds into unison and sympathy with the subject.

---

**I TOLD YOU SO.**

Why did you chide so bitterly,
Your voice and eyes so full of woe?
You might have known how it would be;
I told you so!

Ah, call me cruel if you will,
'Tis what I should expect, I know;
I beg you to remember still,
I told you so!

If you will love me to despair
It is no fault of mine, you know;
I call it quite your own affair—
I told you so!

And yet, why should you look so sad?
Why should you take your hat and go?
You know I love you, foolish lad—
I told you so!
THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG.

UPON NEWS OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Sung while "The tent-lights glimmer on the land, The ship-lights on the sea."—Whittier.

Oh, praise and tanks! De Lord He come
To set de people free;
And massa tink it day ob doom,
And we | oh jubilee.

($) De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves, |
He jus' as 'trong as den;
(--) He say de word: | (($) We las' night slaves;
To-day | de Lord's free | men.

CHORUS.

($) De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear,
De driver | blow his horn.

Old massa on he trabbles gone;
(--) He leab de lan' behind;
($) De Lord's breff blow him 'furder on,
Like corn shuck in de wind.
($) We own de hoe, (\&) we own de plow,
($) We own de han's dat 'hold;
(--) We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile | be sold.—Chorus.

($) Keep the rhythmical accent, with a thought of dancing.
IMPERSONATIONS.

(--) °We pray de Lord; °He gib us signs,
    Dat °some °day | (\) we be free;°
(--) De norf wind tell it to de pines,
    De wild duck | to de sea.
We tink it | when de church bells ring,
    We (\) dream it | in de dream;
De °rice-bird | (/) mean it when he sing,
    De eagle | when he scream.—Chorus.

We know de promise nebber fail
    And (\) nebber lie de word;
So like de 'postle's in de jail,
    We waited for de Lord.
And now | He open ebery door
    (〜〜) An' °trow away de key;
He tink we lub Him so before,
    We lub Him better | free.—Chorus.

JUBILEE SONG.

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
    Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
    Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, way down into Egypt's land,
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
    Let my people go!
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
    Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, etc.
EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON LINCOLN.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Delivered when the catafalque bearing the remains of Abraham Lincoln was *en route* to Illinois, April, 1865.

THE nation rises up at every stage of his coming; cities and states are as pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours in solemn progression; dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead, is Hampden dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled from the flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life *can* be. Pass on! Four years ago, oh, Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man from among the people! Behold, we return him to you, a mighty conqueror; not thine any more but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies!
IMPERSONATIONS.

In the midst of this great continent | his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads, | who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their patriotism! Ye winds, that move over the mighty spaces of the west, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr, whose drops of blood, like so many articulate words, | plead for fidelity, | for law, | for liberty!

HARRY WARD BEECHER, the famous American preacher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813, and died of cerebral apoplexy, in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was a man of medium height and full figure; his complexion florid, his hair rather long, and his face clean shaven; his eyes, a blue-gray, drooped in a marked degree at the outer angles; and his ample, bow-shaped mouth expressed great power and determination.

His voice was mellow and full; a deep baritone, with a sort of tremulo peculiar to himself; a tremulo both indescribable and inimitable, but expressive of deep feeling and of human sympathy. His inflections were American rather than English in type, the falling inflections predominating. As a speaker he was like one inspired. His sentences flowed easily, in an unbroken stream of eloquence; he never halted for a word, or for a better word. He never appeared solicitous as to his pronunciation, or rhetoric, or gesture; he spoke right on and on, as if the mighty truths, surging within him, must be born again in other minds, then and there. As if overwhelmed with the importance of his convictions, he sent them forth in glowing pictures, by metaphor, parable and story, with such power and force that they burned into the very souls of his hearers and became living entities forever.

His manner was simple, and free from the conceit and affectation usual to speakers of marked popularity. He never said "you sinners," but "we sinners;" and this generous, humane impulse endeared him to a multitude of people other than his church, which numbered six thousand members. No man of this century was more eloquent, or more universally beloved than was this great reformer and inspired preacher. Speak his words with a deep sentiment of patriotism, and with feeling born of sorrow and hope—sorrow for the dead hero, and hope for the nation.

Dress.—Frock coat and vest (black), white turn down collar, and long gray hair brushed behind the ears.
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 boisterous drums, the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeal of orators. We see the pale cheeks of the women, and the flushed faces of the men; and in these 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 with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places, with maidens they adore, to hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers, who hold them and press them to their hearts, again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears and kisses. Divine mingling of agony and love.
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 the turn of the road a hand waves, she answers by holding high in her living arms the child—and he is gone forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand wild music of 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 to 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; and 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 breaches, 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 with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot, we hear the stroke of cruel whips, and we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers; cruelty unspeakable, outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains; four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, child, trampled beneath the
brutal feet of Might; and all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us, and we hear the war, the shriek of bursting shell, the broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look: instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes, and firesides, and school-houses, and books; and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fear, we see the faces of the free.

The 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 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 soldiers living and dead,

"Cheers for the living, tears for the dead!"

A Series of Tableaux Suggesting Others.

This wonderful specimen of eloquence is capable of a great number of powerful tableaux, picturing the horrors of war and the grateful blessing of arbitration and peace.

(1) "Farewell!"—the lovers; (2) "Good-bye!"—wife and babes; (3) "The Silent Parting,"—parents and sons; (4) "The Departure,"—raw recruits; (5) "Before the Battle,"—in line; (6) "After the Battle,"—the retreat; (7) "Stretchers and Lanterns,"—the hospital; (8) "Hungry and Naked,"—the prison; (9) "Alone by the Forest,"—the picket; (10) "News at Home,"—reading the lists; (11) "The War is Over,"—the regiment's return; (12) "Decoration Day."
HELEN POTTER AS LAWRENCE BARRETT AS CASSIUS.
CASSIUS TO BRUTUS.

From "Julius Caesar."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF LAWRENCE BARRETT.

ARGUMENT.—Cassius, instigator of the conspiracy against Julius Caesar, incites Brutus to the assassination of the emperor by such arguments as are found in the text below; the avowed purpose being to freedom, and a better condition of the people.

ACT I., SCENE II.

Cassius. ('') Well, 'hon or is the subject | of my ('') sto-ry.

I cannot | tell what you | and (\') other men |

(\') Think of this life; but, | for my single 'self,

I had as lief not 'be; | as live to be

In awe | of such a thing | as I | 'my 'self.

(--) I was 'born | as 'free as 'Caesar; | 'so were 'you:

(--) We both have 'fed 'as well; | and we can both

Endure the winter's ('') 'cold, || 'as well | as he: ||

(\') For once, | upon a raw | and gusty day, |

(stac.) The troubled Tyber | chafing with her shores,

Caesar said to 'me, (--) "Dar'st thou, Cassius, | now,

Leap in | with 'me | into this angry flood, |

And swim | to yonder point? " (--) 'Upon the word

Ac ('') 'coutred as I 'was, | I 'plunged ed in, |

(\') And bade him | 'follow: (\') 'So, indeed, | 'he did.

The torrent rorared; and we did buffet it

With 'ly ty 'in-news, | (--) throwing it aside |

And stemming it | with hearts of ('') 'con | troversy.

(1) All through the text run sweeping inflections, up or down, wherever indicated and hold the "1."

(2) A crescendo over a syllable with a hyphen after it means to hold that syllable, and speak the next quickly.

(3) An octave.
But ere we could arrive | the point proposed,
Cæsar cried: ("Help me, Cassius, | or I sink.")
I | as Aene-as, | our great (\) ancestor, |
Did | from the flames of Troy, | upon his shoulder |
(\) The old Anchises | bear, (---) so, | from the waves of Ty-ber, |
(---) Did I | this | tired || Cæsar. And this man |
Is now | become a god; and Cassius |
A (\) wretched creature, | and must bend his body |
If Cæsar | carelessly but (\) nod on him.
He had a (\) fever | (---) when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him | I did mark |
(\) How he did shake: | 'tis true, | (\) this god | did shake;
(gut.) His coward lips | did | from their (\) color fly; |
And that same eye || whose bend doth awe (\) the world, |
(\) Did lose his lus | I did hear him groan.
\Ay, | and that (\) tongue of his, | that bade the Romans
(\) Mark him | (---) and write his speeches | in their books,
\Alas, | it cried | (\) "Give me some drink (\) Titinius!"
(hi!) (\)
(\) As a sick girl. Ye gods | it doth amaze me, ||
A man of such a (\) feeble temper | should
So (\) get the start | of the majestic world | (\)
(---) And bear the palm | alone. (\)
[Halt from angry pacing, and speak to Brutus, with voice of argument.]
Why, man | he doth bestride the narrow world |
(\) Like a colossal sus; | and we, petty men, |

(\) High, light voice.
(\) High, light voice.
(\) "Hi!" add this exclamation of disgust, but do not inspire from "Alas" to "girl," as a break of a second spoils the effect.
(\) Run up an octave on "world," holding the "1."
(\) Pace up and down.
IMPERSONATIONS.

(—) Walk under his huge legs, | and peep about, |

(✓) To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

[Approach close to Brutus, and, with toga wrapped across to opposite shoulder, speak confidentially backward to him.]

Menn | at sometimme | are masters | of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, | (✓)

But in ourselves, (10) that we are underlings.

Brutus | and Caesar: | What should be in that | Caesar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them togerether, | yours is as fair a name:

Sound them, | it doth become the mouth, | as well;

(11) Weigh them, | it is as heav; conjure with them, |

(12) Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.

(gut.) Noww, | in the name of all the gods at once, |

(13) Upon what meat doth this Caesar feed,

That he is grown so great? | Age, | thou art shamed;

(14) Rome, | thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

(✓) When went there by an age, since the great flood, |

But it was fammed with more than one man!

When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,

(15) That her wide walks encompassed but one man?

( ——) Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say, |

(✓) There was a Brutus once, (gut.) that would have brooked

(9) Hand to the sky.

(10) Strike the breast on selves.

(11) Balance with the hands.

(12) R. H. V. descend oblique.

(13) R. H. aloft, descend on shamed.

(14) B. H. horizontal oblique, palms up. Reverse palms at lost, and move to H.; ex. on breed.

(15) B. H. extended; change R. H. front, L. H. to bosom, or on sword hilt.
The eternal \( \text{dev-il} || \text{to keep his state in Rom-mé} | \)
\( \text{As easy} || \text{as a king!} (16) \)

[Exit.]

(16) R. H. aloft on "devil" (clinched hand), bring it down on "easily," and push it from you (with palm vertical) on "king." March off with long strides, in a state of intense excitement.

Note.—Where extra "l's," "m's," etc., are added, and printed in italics, hold them long enough to sound them separately, although they are produced as one continuous sound.

Lawrence Barrett, an American actor of well-deserved popularity, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, April 4, 1838. He is to Cassius what Edwin Booth is to Hamlet, an ideal. It is a question whether they ever have been or ever can be surpassed. Entirely devoted to his profession, he has won his way, not at a bound, but by steady, persistent effort, to the high position he now occupies. Industrious, studious, conscientious and reliable, he is esteemed equally as a man and as an artist.

His manner on the stage is dignified and forceful, perhaps severe, but, strictly speaking, hardly graceful; a superior, intelligent Roman, but never a Greek. Helmet and shield are borne by him as if he had been bred and nurtured in the old days of Roman glory; as if he would rather sleep on his sword in camp, than at home in bed; hence his Cassius is superb. Pride, ambition and scorn ever clash in his mailed tread. When he plants his feet and sways from side to side, in an ague of excitement, you are sure, if near enough, you could feel his burning breath hot upon your cheek.

His peculiarities are: Holding final consonants; marked, sudden transitions in pitch, as indicated in the text; and carrying long passages without pausing to breathe. The latter feature adds greatly to the intensity of his climaxes, and gives the appearance of choleric passion.

Costume.—A Roman toga, white, with red border, reaching to the feet; sandal-boots which lace up in front, leaving the toes free [see chapter on Foot-Gear]; a wig of short, crisp gray hair, and no beard whatever. The make-up calls for deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks and pale face. To produce the effect of the "lean and hungry look" attributed to him by Caesar, whiten the forehead or, with flesh-colored wig-paint, blend on the wig across the middle of the forehead; whiten the cheek-bones and the edge of the jaw; lay a shadow of brown about the eyes, in the hollows of the cheeks, and down the cords of the bare neck. If the arms are round and fair, follow and outline the muscles, leaving the swell white or light in color, like the forehead. Some complexions are dark enough for the shadows, and only need the high lights, leaving the rest of the face clean.
IMPERSONATIONS.

BRUTUS'S ADDRESS.

From "Julius Caesar."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF E. L. DAVENTPORT.

Argument.—Marcus Brutus is a Roman conspirator. Having slain Cæsar as, in the cause of freedom, he believed to be right, Brutus appears before the excited multitude to justify the act and appease their wrath.

ACT III., SCENE II.—The Forum, after the death of Cæsar.

Brutus. Romans, | countrymen, | and lovers! || (\)  ™hear me | ™for my ™cause, ™and, ™BE SILENT, || that ™you ™may ™hear. || Believe me for mine ™honor; and have ™re™spect to (\) ™mine honor, | that you may ™be™lieve. || Censure me in your ™wisdom; | and awake (\) your ™senses, | ™that you may the ™better ™judge. (—) If there be any in this assembly, | any dear friend of Cæsar’s, | to ™him ™I say, | (\) ™that Brutus’ love to Cæsar ™was no less ™than ™his. (\) ™If, then, | that friend demand | (—) ™why Brutus rose against Cæsar, | ™this ™is my answer, | (\) ™Not that I loved ™Cæsar ™less, ™but that I loved (\) Rome | (\) ™more. (—) ™Had you rather Cæsar were (\) ™living, | and die all slaves, | (—) ™than that Cæsar were dead, | (\) ™to ™live (\) ™all ™free ™men? (1) ™As Cæsar loved ™me, | ™I ™weep ™for ™him; ™as ™he ™was (\) ™fortunate, | (—) ™I ™rejoice ™at ™it; ™as ™he ™was ™valiant, | ™I ™honor ™him; ™but, ™as ™he ™was ™ambitious, | (—) ™I ™slew ™him. There is ™tears ™for ™his ™love; ™joy ™for ™his (\) ™fortune; ™honor ™for ™his ™valor; ™and ™death, ™for ™his ™ambition.

(1, 2, 3) Begin low, and make each sentence higher than the one before.
Edward Loomis Davenport, an American actor of marked ability, was born in Boston, Nov. 15, 1814, and died at Canton, Pa., Sept. 1, 1877. Some one has said: “Had he not been so good, he had been a great actor,” for he did many things so admirably, that he identified himself with none. He is known as the finest Brutus of the century; and required little more than toga and sandals to transform him into a veritable Roman senator of the olden time. Sober and thoughtful, he carried himself with dignity and grace; and, best of all, he was never guilty of that common yet unpardonable fault of playing to the audience. He confined himself to the stage and to the people on the stage, as all great actors do.

To copy his Brutus you must walk well; take long, measured steps, and never hurry, or become excited. That becomes Cassius, but not Brutus. Keep before you the object he had in addressing the people, viz., to reconcile them to the death of Caesar. Be earnest, conciliatory, and at the same time argumentative in tone and manner.

Costume—(See Cassius, page 128.) A Roman toga, sandals and sword, and short dark hair.

Flag of the free heart’s hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us?
There was a Russian who came over the sea,
Just when the war was raging hot,
And his name it was | (1) "Tja-likeẙ vük'-ä-ree—
Kār-in-dō-brōl'-i-kāun-āhn'-dā-rōt—
Šib'-kā-di-rō-vā—
²) Īv'ār-di'tz-stō-vā—
Sān-ā-līk—
Dān-er-lāk—
Vār-ā-gōb-hōt."

A Turk who was standing upon the shore |
Right where the terrible Russian crossed ;
And he cried, | "Bis-mil'lah! I'm Ab El Kor—
Bāz'-ā-rou-kil'-gō-nau-tōs'-gō-brōs—
Gēt'-fīn-prā-vāl'-dī—
Kī'-gō-kōs-lād'-jī—
Gri-vī'-nō—
Blī-vī'-dō—
Jōn'-ī-kō-dōsk'!"

So they stood, | like brave men, | long | and well ; |
And they called each other || their proper names,
Till the lockjaw | seized them, | and where they fell,
They buried them | both ; | by the river, the beautiful river; the "Ir-dōsh-o-lā'-mēs—
Kā-lā-tā-lūst-chūk—
Misch-tār-i-būst-up—
Būl-gār-i—
Dūl-bār-i—
Sāghhār-im-āinz."

* Recite it glibly, but not too fast.
(1) "Tja" is pronounced "yah."
(2) "Īv" is pronounced "eev."
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A STUDY OF MME. ADELAIDE RISTORI.

ARGUMENT.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, was haughty and imperious. She loved the Earl of Essex, and gave him a ring, saying: "Here, from my finger take this ring, a pledge of mercy; and whatsoever you send it back, I swear that I will grant whatever boon you ask." She afterward was induced by his enemies to sign his death warrant, expecting to reprieve him upon the return of the ring. It was intercepted, until too late to save him. Her couriers rode in vain, whereupon she fell into a frenzy of rage, grief, and remorse, and, driving every one from her presence, gave herself up to the darkest despair.

(p.) (1) Morte! ma prima che tramonti il sole |
Mörtö! mä prämä kä trä mön'tä äl sö'lä

Tuonera un altra volta il bronzo fatale.
Twön'ä rä un al'trä vôl'tä äl brön'ző fä täl'ä.

[Revengefully.] Io ho bisogno d'aver | fra le mani | la
ëö ë bë zön'yö dä vär'ä frä lá mä'ne lá
testa del Duca di Nottingam.
täst'tä däl Dw'cä dë No't'ting ham.

(p.) Roberto non a piu! Il solo uomo che
Rö bértö nön ä pëoo! äl sölö wömö kä

[Tremulously.] ho veramente amatö, | [weeps] e sono io | che
ö vär'ä räh männ'ä ämät'ö,
a sö'nö ëö kä
l'uccisi. [Remorsefully.] E nessuno ha detta una
lë chë'së.
a näs sü'nö ä dät'tä ünä

parola per calmarmi, | tutti l'odiavanö.
pär'ölä për käl mär'më, tät'të lë dë äv'ä nö.

[Proudly.] E non era degno nessuno di baciarë
ä nön ë'trä dän'yö näs sü'nö dë bë che ä'rä

(1) The pronunciation of the Italian text, as nearly as possible, is given in alternate lines, and smaller type. Trill the r's, and give double time to double consonants, as "ca val'lo," "tut'ti."
ADELAIDE RISTORI.
la polvere sollevata del suo cavallo in un giorno di battaglia. [To Bacon.]

et tu, vile, miserabile, tu eri un nulla, a too, vela, mā sā rū'be lā, tū ā'tā ǔn nūl'li, e il devi solo a Roberto, se sei divenuto a ēl dā'vē so'īō a Rō bēr'tō, sā sāē dē vā nū'tō qualche cosa, a lui devi gli onori di cui kwāl'kā cō'sā, ē lwē dā'vē lēc ō nō'rā dē kwē

ti ho colmato. Egli che generoso ti ha redento tē ō kōl mā'tō. ēlē kā gēn ēr ō'sō tē ē rā dān'tō alla vergogna de tuo debiti, dovera contare ēlē vār gōn'yu ē ē twō dā'bē tē, dō vārā kōn ēr'ā su te, e tu non l'hai difeso. Era tuo soo tē, ē tō too nōn lē ē dē fā'zō. ārā twō sacro dovere disputar la di lui vita anche sā'krō dō vā'ra dēs'pootār lā ē ē lwē vē'tā ān'kā contro di mē, si contro di mē. Ricordarmi kōn'trō dō mā, sē kōn'trō dē mā. rē kōr dār'mō l'Irlanda da lui sottomessa, Cadice conquistata in mezzo alle fiamme. Dovevi kwēs tā'tā ēn mā'tzō ēlē fē ām'mā. dō vā'vē

squarciare la sua corazza, contare le sue squwār chō ā'rā lā swā kōr āt'zā, kōn tā'rā lā swā ferite, offrirmele a riscatto della di lui fā rē'tā, offrēr'mā lā ē rēs kā'tō dāl'li ē ē lwē
colpa, dovevi lottare contro me, si contro kōl'pā, dō vā'vē lōt ēr tā'rā kōn'trō mā, sē kōn trō

(2) “G” as in “go.”
HELEN POTTER'S

me | per il bene dell' Inghilterra.
mä pär ēl bānā dāl eeng ceł tār'ā.

Ma tu | preferisti guidare la mano dei
mä too pra' fär ēst'ē gwē dā'ē la mā'nō dāē

giudici quando sottoscrissere, | e la 'mia
jew'dē chē kwān'dō sōt tō scrō'sa ro, ā la mēē
quando confermai | la fatale sentenza.
kwān'dō kōn fār mā'ē lá fā tā'ā sān tān'zā.

Oh! che tu sia maledetto! | (') al pari di Caiño.
ō! kā too sēā māl ā dāt'tō! āl pā'rē dē kā ē'nō.

[Disgustedly.] °Vattene! | °°Vattene! || tu mi fai orrore!
vā't'ē nā! vā't'ē nā! too mē fās or rōrā

[Proudly.] °Uscite! || Uscite tuttii! || Lo voglio! ||
oo shē'tā! oo shē'tā! too'tē lō vōl'yō!

[Points to the door until they all pass out.]

[Remorsefully.] Sōla! Sōla! (\) in un [horror] lago di sangue!
sō'lā! sō'lā! ōn oon lā'gō dē sān'gwā!

[With grief.] Sōla! Sōla! coi remorsì, e con Dio!
sō'lā! sō'lā! kē ē rā mor'sē, ā kon Dē'ō!

[Falls upon her knees sobbing.]

TRANSLATION.

Burleigh. He is no more!

Elizabeth. Dead! dead! but before the sun sets the fatal brouze shall tell once more. I must grasp within mine own hands the head of the Duke of Nottingham! Robert is no more! The only man I ever really loved—and I have killed him! No one said one word to appease my wrath—they all hated him. And yet not one of them was worthy to kiss the dust raised by his charger's hoofs on a day of battle. [To Bacon.] And you, vile, miserable wretch, you who owe all the advantages you enjoy

(3) Māl ā dāv'tō; repeat the word twice.
to his kindness and generosity—nay even the honors I have conferred upon you came through his influence. Had he not, therefore, a sacred claim upon you for assistance in the hour of trial? It was his hand that snatched you out of the vortex of degradation and misery into which your debts had dragged you. It was your duty to have opposed my sovereign will; yes, my will, to save his life. You should have reminded me of Ireland subjugated by him; of the conquest of Cadiz, and its conflagration. You should have torn off his breastplate and counted his wounds one by one, and offered them as ransoms, each a trophy of his glorious deeds, and a demand upon my clemency. You should have disputed my authority—anything—rather than sacrifice a life so valuable to the welfare of England. But no! You chose rather to guide the hand that signed that fatal death-warrant—and—mine sealed it. May the curse of Cain be upon you! Begone! Out of my sight! Begone, every one of you! I command it! [All retire.]

Alone, alone, in a lake of blood!

Alone with my remorse and my God. [Falls upon her knees in great agitation.]

ADELAIDE RISTORI, the world-renowned Italian actress, was born in 1826, in the small Venetian city of Cividale del Friuli. Her parents, Antonio Ristori and Maddelena Pomatelli, were players in a strolling company, and very poor. The child was brought upon the stage in a basket, when she was only two months old, and began to enact juvenile parts when four years old. From this early beginning she won her way to the zenith of earthly fame, and glory; and amidst a race of artists long descended, and a people hypercritical in matters of art, she stands to-day without a peer, the greatest living actress, the queen of tragedy.

In appearance, she is of medium size, well rounded figure, and still beautiful. Her expression is noble, her action natural, and the spectator is swept along in full sympathy with her, in every phase of joy and sorrow, hope and despair.

Costume.—A robe of rich brocaded silk; a full, long, plain skirt, worn over hoops; a bodice pointed front and back, the top of the bodice made of pale pink satin, and surmounted by a large frill, then in vogue, and since well known as the Elizabethan collar; a girdle with a chain or pendant hanging to the feet, set with precious stones; a head-dress of pearls, over a light auburn wig, and slippers to match the dress.

Rendition.—Breathe fast and heavy; voice sometimes aspirate, sometimes half guttural; hand to the heart, eyes wide open, and now and then turned upward in the sockets.
MARY STUART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ANDRÉ MAFFEI.

Act III., Scene IV.—Park at Fotheringay. [Enter Mary, sister to Queen Elizabeth, speaking to herself.]

Mary. Be it so! I will even undergo this last degree of ignominy! My soul discards its noble, but, alas, impotent pride! I will seek to forget who I am, and what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. [Turn to Eliz., step forward, and hold out both hands beseechingly.]

(︶︶)  "Heaven, (✓) oh, sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head (✓) with the crown of victory. I worship the Deity [kneeling] who hath rendered thee (✓) so powerful; (✓) but show thyself great (✓) and noble in thy triumph, and (✓) leave me not over-whelmed by my shame! [Reach out both hands.] Open thy arms—extend in mercy to me | thy royal hand—and raise me | from my fearful fall!

Voice. Thy place, oh, Stuart, is there! at my feet!

Mary [with increased emotion and wringing the hands]. (︶︶)  "Oh, think on the vicissitudes of (✓) all things human! (✓) There is a God above who punisheth pride! (✓) Respect oh, Queen, the Providence who now doth prostrate me | at thy feet! [Shoulders and eyes upward, hands clasped to heart.] (︶︶)  "Oh, God of Heaven! (︶︶) (✓) Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, endeavors to cling! [Lean forward, swaying in circles.] My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words (✓) and the power of my tears! Inspire my heart—(✓) teach
me to move, | to touch thine own! [Shrink back and shiver. Voice tremulous and full of tears.] Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me; my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. [Rises.]

Voice [haughtily and coldly]. What wouldst thou (\) say to me?

Mary. How can I express myself, | how shall I so choose my \ every word that it may penetrate, without irritating thy heart? Aid Thou my lips, oh, God of mercy, and banish from them everything that may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes, without appearing | to accuse thee, | and this is not my wish. Toward me | thou hast been neither merciful | nor just. I am thine °equal, | and yet thou hast made a (\) prisoner of me! A suppliant and a fugitive | I turned to thee for aid; and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast cruelly deprived me of my servants and my faithful friends; thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and, finally, exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! °But no more | of the past. We are now °face to face! Display thy heart! °Tell me the crimes of which I am accused. Ah! wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience | when I so eagerly desired to see thee? It would have spared me °years of misery; and this sad, painful interview | °would never have occurred | in this abode of gloom and horror!

Voice. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on thine that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of God! but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing so atrocious a deed!

Voice. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers!

Mary [slowly]. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an
enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne, as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made of me thy sister and thy friend!

Voice. Heiress to my throne? Insidious treachery!

Mary. Reign on in peace! I renounce all right unto thy sceptre! The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me! 'Tis thou who hast it all! I am now but the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains! Thou hast now put my spirit to its last test! Thou hast nipped my existence in its bud! Now, hold! Pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou camest hither—for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou has only known my power; thou shalt now know my greatness!" Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, sublime, like to an invoked Deity. Oh, sister! not for all England, not for all the lands that the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me!

Voice. Thou murderest thy husbands.

Mary [shuddering]. Oh, heavens! sister—grant me resignation!

Voice. Is this the reigning beauty of the universe?

Mary. Ah! 'tis too much! [Impatiently.]

Voice. Ay, now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask!

Mary [with dignified pride]. They were human errors that overcame me in my youth; my grandeur dazzled me. I have naught to conceal, nor deny my faults. My pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, hypo-
crite, if ever thou lettest fall the virgin mantle beneath which thou concealest thine own shameless love! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue, and well we know what brought thy mother to the fatal block!

Voice. Is this thy humility, thy endurance?

Mary [loudly]. Endurance! I have endured all that 'tis in the power of mortal heart to bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou who gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance, arm thou my tongue with [guttural] poisonous stings! The throne of England is profaned by thee! The British nation is duped by a vile pretender! Thou art false and painted, heart as well as face! Did but right prevail, thou wouldst now be grovelling at my feet,—for 'tis I who am thy sovereign! [Elizabeth hastily retires.]

[Still violently excited.] She departs, burning with rage and with the bitterness of death at heart! How happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence! At last! at last! after long years of insult and contumely,* I have at least enjoyed one hour of triumph and revenge! [Exit hastily.]

Costume. — Satin or brocade silk, with long full skirt; high bodice, pointed back and front; sleeves open and hanging half way to the ground; close, puffed or plain, undersleeves, having deep lace cuffs on the outside; Elizabethan head-dress and full ruff; rosary and crucifix; as the scene is in the open air, a hat and cloak may be added to the outfit, if desired.

* Contumely.
Jakey crept up and sat down by his mother's side, as she was looking out of the window, yesterday morning. After a few minutes of silence he broke out with:

Jakey. °Ma, ain't pa's name Jacob?
Mrs. W. °Yes, Jakey!
Jakey. °If I was called young Jacob, he'd be called old Jacob, wouldn't he?
Mrs. W. °Yes, my dear, what makes you ask?
Jakey. °Nothing, only I heard something about him last night.
Mrs. W. suddenly became interested.
Mrs. W. °What was it, my son?
Jakey. °Oh, nothing much, something the new Sunday school teacher said.
Mrs. W. °You oughtn't to have anything your mother doesn't know, | Jakey.
Jakey. °Well, if you must go poking into everything | I'll tell you. °The new Sunday school teacher says to me, "What's your name, my little man?" An' when I said, "Jacob," he asked me if I ever heard of old Jacob, | an' I thought that was °pa's name, | so I told him | °I guess I °had; but I'd like to hear what he had to say about him. An' he said old Jacob | used to be a little boy once | just like me, an' had bean-shooters, | an' stilts, | an' used to play hookey an' get licked, | an' used to tend cattle—
Mrs. W. Yes, I believe he said | his father used to keep a cow.
Jakey. °An' he hogged his brother out of something or other, | an' he got struck with a young woman | named
Rachel—an’ was goin’ | to marry her, | but her dad fooled him | an’ made him marry his other girl; | but pa said | he guessed he wasn’t nobody’s fool, an’ so he just married both of ’em—

Mrs. W. [excitedly]. # °The wretch!

Jakey. # An’ he said old Jacob | had a dozen or two °children | an’—

Mrs. W. [rising]. # °Did I marry him for this!

Jakey. # °I’m sure (\) °I don’t know what you °married °him °for, | but you won’t ketch me tellin’ you anything a°g’in, | °if you’re goin’ to make such a °row about it; (\) I kin tell you °that!

When Mr. W. came home, he met Mrs. W. in the hall, with a very red face. She pointed her finger at him and screamed:

Mrs. W. [point to door]. # °Villain! Can you look your innocent wife | and infant son in the face?

Mr. W. stared hard at Mrs. W.

Mrs. W. °(\) °I know where you | go, | sir, | when you stay away from home! I’ve °heard | the story of your °perfidy! Can you tell me how || [snap it out] Rachel | and the other woman are to-day?

Mr. W. [surprised]. (\) °I don’t know what you °mean.

Mrs. W. [weeping]. ° °I always °knew | something like this | would occur. | °Perhaps you can tell me | how the | the— | the— | children | are. [Sobbing.] Oh, why did I ever leave my father’s house. [Wring the hands and sway to and fro.] Oh, why did I ever leave my father’s house! °Jakey, | my °boy, | come here | to your mother. °Oh, oh! Jakey, | Jakey, we shall be very | °poor, | and we shan’t have (\) anything to eat. Oh, Jakey, Jakey, why was I ever | born | to come | to this! [Walk up and down.]

[Enter a neighbor; Mrs. W. runs to her, exclaiming.] Oh, Mrs. Lewis, °I’m so glad you’ve come. °I’m the most °mis-erable woman | in all the world! [Cry.] My husband
HELEN POTTER'S

(q.) is a villain! || [Cry.] It's all very well for you to tell me to be philo-soph-ical, but [hysterically with handkerchief to eyes] I can't—oh, I can't, I can't! [Stamp and sit abruptly.] I never yet saw a man with a mole on his nose who didn't, sooner or later, prove to be a rascal!

Toward evening Jakey was sitting on the steps, when the Sunday school teacher chanced to pass by, and Jakey hailed him:

Jakey. Say, mister, I told my mother what you told me about old Jacob, and there has been the old scratch to pay ever since. Ma called pa a villain and a bloody thief, and tried to break her back on the sofa, and said there wouldn't be anything to eat, and there ain't been such a time in our house since pa offered to kiss Aunt Jane goodbye. Mebbe you'd better drop in and see her, mister; but she ain't so bad as she was!

He was finally persuaded to enter the house.

Mrs. W. [tearfully]. I thank you for tellin' me of my husband's perfidy!

S. S. T. Perfidy, your husband! I haven't said a word about your husband!

Mrs. W. Oh, yes, you have. You told my poor boy, Jakey, and he came straight home and told me all about it, Jakey did.

S. S. T. I don't know what you mean! I told Jakey what, when, where?

Mrs. W. Oh, you told Jakey that his father, old Jacob, had two—two wives.

S. S. T. Old Jacob, two wives! Oh, dear me, that was the patriarch Jacob, the Bible Jacob, that I was telling the boys about in Sunday school. I don't know your husband; never saw him in my life, and I didn't know his name was Jacob!

Mrs. W. started right off to find her husband, and aston-
isko him again | by throwing her arms about his neck and sobbing hysterically.

*Mrs. W.* "Oh, you dear | good | soul! Can you ever forgive me? I've been such a | fool! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

And Mrs. W. would be perfectly happy | if she could only shut Mrs. Lewis's | mouth.

**LARGE AND SMALL BOSSES.**

*Chief Clerk [to head of establishment].* Good morning, Mr. Largewalh.

*Head of Establishment.* Good morning, Mr. Smith.

*Second Chief Clerk [to chief clerk].* Good morning, Mr. Smith; pleasant morning.

*Chief Clerk.* Morning, Brown.

*Ordinary Clerk [to second chief clerk].* Good morning, Mr. Brown. Glad to see you looking so well this morning, sir.

*Second Chief Clerk.* Ya'as. Hang up my coat, Jones.

*Office Boy [to ordinary clerk].* Good morning, Mr. Jones. Can I do anything for you this morning, sir?

*Ordinary Clerk.* Hustle round lively now, and get things in shape. You ain't worth the powder to blow you up.

*Negro Porter [to office boy].* Good mawnin', James. How is your health this mawnin'?

*Office Boy.* Come, you black nigger, get down stairs and sweep out the basement, or I'll report you.

The negro porter then goes down stairs and abuses the cat.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY O. E. MELICHAR.

PROLOGUE.

"We've laid so long we're getting dusty, 
For want of use our leaves are musty; 
We're never read, we're only kept for looks," 
Was the gossip carried on among the library books.

"What say you, brothers, since we're so seldom used, 
That we a story tell, each other to amuse? 
The plot and title from our names we'll take, 
Which, put together, shall our story make. 
No mixing up of authors, for that is wrong, 
But in strict rotation each shall come along."

To Dickens' works the lot it fell 
To give the title, and commence as well; 
All being ready, Dickens' works began, 
And while the others listened, thus the story ran.

"In Hard Times one cannot have Great Expectations," were the remarks made by David Copperfield, as he sat reading The Mystery of Edwin Drood in The Pickwick Papers at Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, which was a Bleak House on a side street, and therefore No Thoroughfare. His room was indeed an Old Curiosity Shop. Master Humphrey's Clock stood in one corner, Somebody's Luggage in another, while Sketches by Boz and a few odd Pictures from Italy decorated the walls. His fellow-lodger, Martin Chuzzlewit, reclined on the bed, drawing Sketches of Young
Couples for The Mudfog Papers, to which he was a contributor. The Cricket on the Hearth was singing a sort of A Christmas Carol, as if to cheer The Uncommercial Traveler through The Battle of Life. He was indeed A Haunted Man; as he heard The Chimes, his memory wandered back to Tom Tiddler's Ground at Mugby Junction, where he and his friend Barnaby Rudge first met Little Dorrit, who was introduced by Oliver Twist, whom she termed Our Mutual Friend. Well did he remember the spot, an inn kept by Dombey & Son. 'Twas The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.

Pleasant indeed were the recollections of how with her he had gathered Fallen Leaves, played Hide and Seek, and how After Dark he had frightened her and Poor Miss Finch by telling of a Dead Secret of a Woman in White, who wore a Black Robe and a Yellow Mask, and came from The Frozen Deep, and inhabited The Haunted Hotel at Armadale, and was supposed to be Jezebel's Daughter, but was called by neighbors The New Magdalen; and how after the Duel in Herne Wood, near The Moonstone, a spirit with Magic Spectacles was seen and heard to cry out, Who Killed Zebedee? 'Twas A Shocking Story with No Name, so he applied that of The Captain's Last Love to illustrate the end of A Rogue's Life. As she intently listened how he wished they were Man and Wife, for he thought her The Queen of Hearts. But who could have foretold The Two Destinies? He was poor, while My Lady's Money was counted by thousands.

Her eyes were brilliant as Sunrise. She was In Silk Attire. The Three Feathers in her bonnet and the Madcap Violet on her bosom made her more beautiful than the Princess of Thule. She lacked only White Wings to be in his eyes an angel; in fact, she would have captivated The Monarch of Mincing Lane.

He had been a Wandering Heir, a Jack of all Trades; but Put Yourself in his Place, and you would have been the
same. He had been *A Woman Hater* until he first met her whose words, *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, were engraven in his heart. To him it had been *A Terrible Temptation* to tell *White Lies* that he might gain her. To have said that he possessed *Hard Cash* would have been *Foul Play*. He was not such *A Simpleton* to risk the chances of *The Jilt*. He had led a roving life; but 'Tis *Never too Late to Mend*, was his motto.

*Six Years Later,* *Three Strong Men,* Captain Paul, Count of Monte Cristo, and *The Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, who was no other than our hero, sat gambling for *The Queen's Necklace*, which they together had captured from Joseph Balsamo, *The Watchmaker* to *The Countess de Charny*. 'Twas they who were *The Conspirators*, who with the aid of *Doctor Basiliris* and *The Russian Gypsy*, known as *The Black Tulip*, who was one of *The Mohicans of Paris*, had caused to be set aside *The Marriage Verdict* in the love affair between *Chicot, the Jester* and *Isabel of Bavaria* who, however, *Twenty Years After*, became the wife of *The Page of the Duke of Savoy*. Catherine Blum, *The Regent's Daughter*, hearing of the loss of the jewel, dispatched *The Twin Lieutenants* with *45 Guardsmen* to recover it. Having located it correctly, they stationed *3 Guardsmen* outside, and then, like *Birds of Prey*, made a descent on the gamblers, who were now *Put to the Test*. Taking advantage of *The Shadow in the Corner*, our hero alone escaped. What *A Strange World* thought he; but I will fight *Just As I Am, To the Bitter End*, for I am *Bound to Join Company* with her again, even if I have to show *The Cloven Foot* to accomplish it. Yet she was *Only a Woman*; but he would never be *Lost for Love* if he could but reach her; he was wealthy now, his sister *Charlotte's Inheritance* having fallen to him.

It was *A Christian's Mistake*. *Studies from Life* had been to him as *Sermons out of Church*; there was *Nothing New*; he was now *A Hero*; in all his battles it had been *A Life*
for a Life; he would return now and be The Head of the Family, marry the Brave Lady of his choice, and lead A Noble Life. Mother and I will be happy when we again meet at the Laurel Bush where we parted, and sister Hannah, who has just received A Legacy, and who is going to be married to John Halifax, Gentleman, will welcome me with open arms. The Two Marriages shall take place together, and in The Two Homes, Mistress and Maid will both be merry. Young Mrs. Jardine, The Italian's Daughter, who by the way is Motherless, is coming with Cousin from India to The Happy Isles, and will be in time to see Squire Arden in May tie the knot For Love and Life. Dorrit and I will go to Paris, and the world may deem us The Fugitives, but I care not. The Greatest Heiress in England or even The Queen is not lovelier than she, whom I have taken In Trust.

Years after, strangers passing along Primrose Path have noticed An Odd Couple living at No. 3 Grove Road; together they are known as the Orphans; separately the woman is called Madonna Mary, and the man The Wandering Jew; in fact, they are one of The Mysteries of Paris. Years ago, some say, the man was none other than Arthur, The Commander of Malta, and was The Court Conspirator, who escaped with The Toilers of the Sea. The History of a Crime in regard to a stolen necklace is also related of the man by The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and is vouched for by Jean Valjean, they having seen the documents at St. Denis.

On St. Martin's Eve the couple removed to Rupert Hall on Red Court Farm, near Pomeroy Abbey, and to-day their former dwelling is known as The Haunted Tower on account of The Mystery that hung over its former occupants. Thus is A Life's Secret lost to the community. In their new home the woman is known as The Nobleman's Wife, and the man as The Little Earl who has lived Under Two Flags.
They live in Friendship with all, even the Village Commune, and A Hero's Reward is granted him.

He has sown A Harvest of Wild Oats, and his experiences are Written in Fire; how he ever survived is Out of His Reckoning. He has now an heir whom he calls My Own Child, The Fair Haired Alda, With Cupid's Eyes. Thus in Love's Conflict, as in his life, it has been to him A Lucky Disappointment in the end.

The Turn of Fortune's Wheel, which is as fickle as A Young Man's Fancy, has placed them happily together In a Country House, which to the yet Fair Woman and My Hero is more beautiful than was Queen Elizabeth's Garden.

---

AFTER THE BALL.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Amid the merry dancers my face is blithe and bright,
And in the waltz or lanciers my feet are lithe and light.
He frowns to see me laughing amid the joyous crew,
And thinks I do not love him—ah, if he only knew!

He deems a woman's passion the art of a coquette,
And vows that naught but fashion my heart hath stirred as yet.
He only sees the actress before the play is through,
Alas! behind the curtain—ah, if he only knew!

Must women e'er be wearing the heart upon the sleeve,
A mark for idle staring that lovers may believe?
I am not cold nor fickle, forgetful nor untrue;
I love him—I adore him—ah, if he only knew!
ADIES and Gentlemen: In looking about me, | for a subject | for my lecture, | I selected girls, | [gêurls] because °that ( ogl ) is a subject | with which I am most ( \ ) familiar [familyah]. The first thing | that happens to a girl | ( \ ) °she's a baby; | and the same thing happens to boys, | too.

The girls of America | may be divided into four [fôah] classes: Country girls, | fashionable girls, | strong-minded girls, | and | Yankee girls.

Country girls | are stupid and sensible; fashionable girls | are better | [bettah] than they seem; strong-minded girls | are brave and erratic; and the Yankee girl | is a jewel of a girl.

°I ( ogl ) don't want the | °ballot! I wouldn't lose my long beautiful curls [daintily toying with long curls which hung from her coil of rich brown hair], and wear short hair like a baboon! ( \ ) °I don't want to be a man | and wear their horrid °clothes, and I ( \ ) °never see | a pretty girl | but I want to run | and clasps her | in my arms.

[Voice from the gallery.] "So do we!"

°Well, °boys [looking up to the gallery], I can't blame you!  [Exit.]

Miss Logan is a graceful and accomplished lady, and a skilful diplomat. In the fashionable world she is most at home. An elegant costume of French design will suit this characterization. Elevate the shoulders and lean forward. Speak slowly, in a clear, high voice, and move upon your high heels somewhat as a canary bird does upon his perch when he sings.
The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan,
And young Lovel cried: "Oh! where dost thou hide,
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly but found her not;
And years flew by and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovel appeared the children cried:
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form of a lady fair.
In bridal array of dust lay there.
Oh! sad was her fate; in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

**Pantomime of “The Lost Bride.”**

**Stanza I.**—The bridal tableau; the bride leaves the company; the company seek the bride.

**Stanza II.**—The garret; the old chest; the bride hides; almost saved; lost forever; grief; the bridal party mourning.

**Stanza III.**—Fifty years later; children on the green at play; the old man appears searching for his bride.

**Stanza IV.**—The butler in the garret; goes for the housekeeper; such a dust! housemaids called; curiosity; the mystery revealed; goes for the old man; the bridal wreath recognized; closing scene.

This most touching story has been arranged for a series of tableaux many times. A synopsis of the pantomime is here given. The poem should be recited before the pantomime begins.

**A Toast.**

From ruby lips to finger tips
She's made of mortal blisses;
Angels above who worship love
Would languish for her kisses.

I quaff this cup to one made up
Of grace found in no other;
In whose true eyes God's own love lies—
I drink it to my mother.
ARGUMENT.—Henry Bertram is stolen by the gypsies, when a child; he is abandoned by them, serves in the army, and finally wanders back to his native place. The gypsies discover him, and, to extort money from the man who holds illegal possession of young Bertram's estates, conspire to carry him off by force or to murder him. From this dilemma, old Meg Merrilies delivers him at the peril of her life. Shot by her own people, she dies heroically proclaiming his heirship to the estates of Ellangowan.

ACT II., SCENE III.—A wild forest, cliff and hills in the distance; a gypsy hut in the centre.

[Meg rushes in from the forest and stands gazing, as if transfixed, at Henry Bertram, who sits, with a companion, at an outdoor repast. Throw off the voice (while transfixed) and speak for young Bertram, to open the conversation between them.]

Bert. [disg. v.] My good woman, do you know me that you look at me so hard?

Meg. Ay, better than you know yourself!
Bert. [disg. v.] That is, you'll tell my future fortune.
Meg. Yes, | because I know your past.
Bert. [disg. v.] (\) Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.
Bert. [disg. v.] Never less likely.
Meg. Never more so! [Waves away his offer of money.] If, | with a simple spell, | I cannot recall times | which you have long (\) forgotten, | (\) hold me the most miserable (\) impostor. (\) Hear me, | hear me, Henry, | Henry Bertram. Hark! hark! to the sound of other days! Listen | and let your heart | awake. [Sings, and sighs when taking breath.]
HELEN POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN
AS MEG MERRILIES.
Oh, rest thee, babe.

Andantino.

Oh, slumber, my darling,—thy sire is a knight, Thy

mother a lady, so lovely and bright! The hills and the
dales, from the tow'rs which we see, They all shall belong, my dear

ad lib.  

in-fant, to thee. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,

ad lib.  a tempo.

sleep on till day; Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
Bert. [disg. v.] These words do, indeed, thrill my bosom with strange emotions. [Meg starts as if rejoiced, and exclaims, "Hi!"

Meg. "Listen, youth, to words of power;
Swiftly comes the rightful hour!
They who did thee scathe and wrong,
Shall pay their deeds by death [nod] erelong.
The dark shall be light, and the wrong made right,
And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!

Bert. [disg. v.] Bertram! Bertram! Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Meg. And now begone! Franco, Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan; Kippletringan! (p.) Yet stay; let me see your hand. (1) What say these lines of the fortunes past? Wandering and woe and danger and crosses in love and in friendship! What of the future? Honor, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded and friendship reunited! But what of the present? Ay! there's a trace, which speaks [quick] of danger, of captivity, [slower] but not of death! [Look cautiously around and speak low.] If you are attacked, be men, and let your hands defend your heads!

(1) Take the left hand with the right, and, stooping, peer into the palm and kiss it, exclaiming tearfully: "My bairn, my bairn, my bonny bairn!"
[Quick.] I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you! [Shade the eyes with the hand, and look cautiously to the right and left.] Away, away, away! [Run off the stage while saying the last words.]

PART SECOND.

ACT III., SCENE I.—Seashore, with the Castle on the rocks.

Meg. So; his death is purposed; and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right! the blood spilt on that spot, (-) has long cried for vengeance, || and it (-) shall fall upon them. Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth; tell them not to separate for their lives, (-) guide them to the glen near the tower; (-) there let them wait till Glossin and Hatterick meet in the cavern, | and I will join them. Away, | and do my bidding! [Exit Sebastian.] Now to send to Mannering, (-) I must remain on the watch myself. Gabriel | I dare not trust. Ha! (-) who comes now? [Start back, then advance stealthily, and peer into the forest with the hand shading the eyes.] Tis Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor! [Stop and think.] It (-) shall be so. [Advance.] Stop! I command ye!

[Disg. v.] She's mad!

Meg. No; I am not mad! I've been imprisoned for mad, scourged for mad, (-) banished for mad; but mad | I am not! Halt, | and stand fast, | or ye shall rue the day | while a limb of ye | hangs together! Stay, | thou tremblest! [Take out an old black whiskey bottle and hold it out to Sampson, left.] Drink | and put some heart in ye! [Watch him drink, moving slightly to and fro, still holding up the bottle.] Can your learning tell you what | that is? eh! [Put the bottle back into the pocket.] Will you remember my errand now? [Nod.] Ay! (-) then tell Colonel Mannering, | if ever he owed a
DEBT | to the house | of Ellangowan, | (\) and hopes to see it \prosper, to come (\) \instantly, | armed, and \well \attended, | to the glen, below the tower of \Dernclough; and \fail not | on his life! (\) You know the spot! \You (\) \know the spot! (\) Ay, Abel Sampson, | there | blazed my hearth for many a day! and \there, beneath the willow \that hung its garlands \over \the \brook, | I've sat and \sung to \Harry \Bertram, | songs | (\) of the old | time. (\) \That tree | is \wither'd now, | never | to be green again; (\) and old Meg \Merrilies will never, \never \| (\) \sing blythe \songs more. [Cross over.] (\) But I charge you, Abel Sampson, (\) (\) \when the heir \shall have his own, as soon he \shall, \that you tell him | (\) \not \to \forget | Meg \Merrilies; (\) \but \to build up \the old \walls \in \the glen, | \for \her \sake, \and \let \those \that (\) live \there \be \too \good \| (\) \to fear \the \beings \of \another \world; \for, \if \ever \the \dead | \come \back \among \the \living, | \I \will \be \seen \in \that \glen | \many \a \night | (\) \after \these \crazed \old \bones \are \whitened | (\) \in \the \grave! \ha, \ha! [\Laugh \and stagger \back.]

I have (\) \said \it, \old \man! \ye \shall \see \him \again, | \and \the (\) \best \lord \he \shall \be | \that \Ellangowan \has \seen \these (\) \hundred \years. (\) \But \you're \o'er \long \here. \Away \to \Manning, \a \way! \or \the \heir \of \Ellangowan (\) may \perish \| \for \ever! \Away, \away!

[Exit \while \speaking \the \last \two \words.]

For sketch of Miss Cushman, see Page 26.

Costume.—An old, ragged, patched dress, \a faded \old \scarf \about \the \head \(\text{or} \a \kerchief\), and \some \sort \of \socks, \moccasins, \or \low \shoes, \all \of \the \gypsy \order. \The \gray, \tangled \hair \should \be \seen \in \straggling \locks \about \her \face, \and, \in \Part \First, \a \forked \stick \or \staff, \about \the \height \of \the \speaker. \For \Part \Second, \enter \quickly, \and \strike \an \attitude \of \intense \surprise, \the \forked \stick \grasped \tightly \in \the \right \hand \and \planted \firmly \before \you. \In \the \playbook \the \costume \is \given \thus: \"Brown \cloth \petticoat \and \body, \torn \old \red \cloak, \torn \pieces \of \plaid, \and \old \russet \sandals.\"
HAMLET.

From "Hamlet."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.


1st Grave. k Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d Grave. b I tell thee, she is; make the grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, (—) and finds it Christian burial.

1st Grave. k How can that be, unless she drowned herself | in her own defence?

2d Grave. b Why, 'tis found so.

1st Grave. k It must be se | offending; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Ergo, therefore] she drowned herself (\) wittingly.

2d Grave. b Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver.

1st Grave. k (\) Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will lie, he goes; mark you that. But, (\) if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Ergo, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d Grave. b But is this law?

1st Grave. k Ay, marry is't, crown's-quest law.

2d Grave. b Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.
EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.
IMPERSONATIONS.

1st Grave. # Why, (\() ) there thou say'st; and the more pity, (\() ) that (\() ) great folks should have (\() ) countenance | in this world | to drown | or hang themselves, | more than their even (\() ) Christian. (\) Come, (\() ) my spade. (\) There is no ancient gentlemen but (\() ) gardeners, | (\() ) ditchers, | and (\() ) grave-makers; they hold up (\() ) Adam's profession.

2d Grave. b Was he a gentleman?

1st Grave. # He was the first | that ever bore arms. I'll put a (\() ) question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2d Grave. b Go to.

1st Grave. # What is he that builds (\() ) stronger | than either the (\() ) mason, | (\() ) shipwright, | or the (\() ) carpenter?

2d Grave. b The (\() ) gallows maker; | for that frame outlives a (\() ) thousand tenants.

1st Grave. # I like thy wit well, in good faith; the (\() ) gallows does (\() ) well. (\) But (\() ) how does it well? (\() ) it does (\() ) well | to those that do (\() ) ill: (\() ) now | thou dost (\() ) ill | to say the (\() ) gallows | is built (\() ) stronger | than the (\() ) church. (\) Argal, the (\() ) gallows may do well to (\() ) thee. [Laughs.] (\) To't a gain; come.

2d Grave. b Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a (\() ) carpenter? [As if thinking it out.]

1st Grave. # Ay, tell me that, and (\() ) un'yoke.

2d Grave. b Marry, (\() ) now I can (\() ) tell.

1st Grave. # To't.

2d Grave. [Shakes his head.] b Mass, I cannot tell.

1st Grave. [laughs]. # Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; [laughs] and, (\) when you are asked this question (\) next, say, a (\) grave-maker; the (\) houses that (\) he makes, | last till (\) dooms day. Go, get thee to Yaughan, * and fetch me a stoup † of liquor.

[Exit 2d Grave-digger. 1st Grave-digger sings and grunts while digging. Usually sung without accompaniment.]

* Yow'an. † Stoop.
In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, oh, the time, for, ah, my behave,
Oh, (ugh) methought there was nothing meet.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio, and stand behind the grave.]

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings | at grave-mak'ing.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him | a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis even so: the hand of little employment | hath the daintier | sense.

[Grave-digger sings, digs, and grunts, and throws up a skull.]

But age, with all his stealing steps. Hath claw'd me in his clutch—a,
And hath shipped me in—

— till the lands, As if I had never been such—a.
Ham. [picks up the skull and soliloquizes in low and solemn voice]. That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

[The grave-digger throws up bones.]

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggâts with them? Mine ache to think on't.

[Grave-digger sings.]

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, For-

— and a shrouding sheet—a: O, a pit of clay for

to be made For such a guest is meet—a.

[Throws up another skull.]
Ham. (—) There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Grave. Mine, sir.

[Sings.] Oh, a pit of clay for such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, in deed; for thou liest in it.

1st Grave. [digging]. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st Grave. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Grave. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1st Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1st Grave. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st Grave. [leans on his spade]. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.*

Ham. [asks himself]. How long is that since?

1st Grave. *Cannot you tell that? Every fool (__) can

* Fört'Inbrä.
told that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. *Ay, marry, *why was he sent into England?
1st Grave. * *Why, *because he was *mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do *not, 'tis no great matter | *there.

Ham. (/) *Why?
1st Grave. * *Twill not be (\)  *seen in him | *there; | *there | *the men are as mad as *he.

Ham. *How *came *he mad?
1st Grave. * *Very *strangely, *they say.

Ham. *How | *strangely?
1st Grave. * *Faith, e'en with losing *his *wits.

Ham. *Upon what *ground?
1st Grave. * *Why, *here in Denmark. (\)  *I have been | *sex, *ton *here, *man *and *boy, | thirty years.

Ham. *How *long | *will a man lie i' the earth | (\) ere he rot?

1st Grave. * [sitting on the side of the grave, his face toward the audience; speak slowly]. *Faith, | *if he be not rotten | before *he *die, he will last you some *eight *year, | *or *nine *year; | *a tanner | (/) *will last you | *nine *year.

Ham. *Why *he | *more than an*other?

1st Grave. * *Why, sir, | *his *hide is *so tanned *with his *trade, that he will keep out water | a great while.

[Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up; slowly.] (\)  *Here's a skull, | *now, | hath lain you i' the earth | three-and-twenty years.

Ham. *Whose *was it?

1st Grave. * (\)  *Whose do you (\) *think it was?

Ham. (—) *Nay, I know not.

1st Grave. * *A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! [Pats the skull with his hand; laughs all along.] *He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once! *This same skull, *sir, | *was *Yorick's *skull, | *the *king's jester.

[Give skull to Hamlet.]
Ham. This?
1st Grave. *E’en o’that.

Ham. Alas! [soft] poor Yorick! [Turns.] I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed | (q.) I know not how oft. *Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes (- -) of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one (- -) now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady’s chamber, and tell her let her paint an inch thick, to this favor must she come: | make her laugh at o’that. Pr’ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. (/) What’s that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander looked o’ this fashion i’ the earth?

Hor. (/) E’en o’so.

Ham. (/) And smelt so? pah! [Lays down the skull.]

Hor. E’en o’so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. ’Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead | and turned to clay, |

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; Oh, (\) that earth, | (- -) which kept the world in awe, |

Should patch a wall, t’expel the winter’s flaw! [Bell tolls.] (p.) But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king. [End.]

* Breathe “Ha!”
MODJESKA AS OPHELIA.
OPHELIA.

PART FIRST.

From "Hamlet."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MME. HELENA MODJESKA.

ARGUMENT.—Ophelia is the young, beautiful, and pious daughter of Polonius, lord chamberlain to the King of Denmark. Hamlet fell in love with her, but marriage being inconsistent with his ideas of vengeance, he affected madness; this so wrought upon her that her intellect gave way, and (in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," 1596), while attempting to gather flowers from a brook, she fell into the water and was drowned.

Act IV., Scene V.—Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Ophelia [without]. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark? [Enter, pause, turn right and left, advance, and, in the sweet voice of melancholy, sing. With clasped hands, move the head, limp, in a half-circle, backward.]

[Sing.]
"[Hold up the hands as if about to speak, and wait.]


[Sing or speak.]

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

[Pause, turn about as if addressing the Queen.]

[Speak.] Pray you | mark—

[Sing.]"
IMPERSONATIONS.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, Larded,

with sweet flowers, Which be-wept to the grave did go, With true-love showers.

[Cross over as if to speak to the King, and put out hand.] [Speak.] Heaven shield you! [Nod confidentially and continue.] They say the owl | (I) was a baker’s | daughter. We know, what we are, but know not | what we may be.
[Turn away and return.] Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sing.]

Good mor-row, 'tis St. Va- lentine's day, All
in the morn be-time, And I a maid at
your window, To be your Va- len- tine....
[Bow low, swaying right and left; advance, keeping time by graceful dancing; pause; move the hands before the eyes as if brushing away a mist, then throw up the hands and laugh, as if you saw something mid-air, and was reaching for it; pause, draw back of hand across eyes, and shiver.]

[Speak.] I hope all will be well; we must be patient; [wrap arms close about the body] but I cannot choose but weep [weep] to think that they should lay him i' the cold ground. [Shake head.] My brother shall know of it, [turn to King] and so I thank you for your counsel. 

"Come, my coach! Good-night | ladies, | [bowing] good-night | (<) sweet ladies! "Good-[hold "good"] night |

(q.) good-night! [Exit, kissing hands to them.]

PART SECOND.

[Re-enter, decked with long wheat-straws and flowers. Sob and moan softly; then sadly sing.]

They bore him bare-faced on the bier; And in his grave rain'd many a tear;
[Move forward, and hold out flowers to someone; courtesy; move the hands through the air, feather motion.]

[Speak.] Down-a-down, an' you call him a-down-a. Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. [Hand some flowers to one, saying.] There's rosemary, | °that's °for re°membrance; pray you, love, remember; and [give more flowers and let them fall,] there's pansies, | that's for thoughts. [Half whisper.] Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! [running down the scale, and nodding the head each time. Go over a few steps and hand herbs and flowers to the King; go on still further and hand some to the Queen.] There's fennel for °you, °and (\) °columbines. [To the Queen.] There's rue | °for °you, [pause] °and here's some | for me; we may call it | (✓) herb o' grace | o' Sundays. You may wear your °rue | with °difference. There's a daisy. [Hold the flower high and look at it.] I would give you some violets, | but they withered | all | °when my °father °died. [Weeping.] They say he made a °good °end. [Sway to and fro, marking time with graceful dancing-steps, laughing softly all the time; then kneel and sing. Rise at °his beard," etc.]
[Sing.] And will he not come again?...... And will he not come again?...... No,

no,..... he's dead, Go to thy death-bed, He
never will come again,.....

His beard..... was white as snow,......

All flaxen was..... his poll;...... He is
IMPERSONATIONS.

gone, he is gone, And we cast a-way moan, And

peace... be with... his soul......

[Move toward door, and sing with back to audience.] And with all Christian souls! I pray heaven! [Exit. Turn head and shoulders to audience, with hands heavenward, and laugh softly as you go.]

For sketch of Mme. Modjeska see Page 76.

Of Ophelia, Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "There is no part in this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene, which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter, the audience supply what she wants; and with the former, they sympathize."

Costume and Rendition.—The dress may be what you please, so it be youthful and simple. Soft gray or white goods, with no stiffness
anywhere, quite plain, or delicately ornamented, is sufficient. The hair is flowing, or loose and caught up prettily.

In rendering these scenes, assume a gentle madness, and make sudden transitions from sadness to lightness, and, in one or two instances, even frivolity. The directions herein given for action follow the manner of Mme. Modjeska, but not literally. Much of the exquisite expression and action cannot be written. Her rendition of Ophelia, once seen, can never be forgotten.

---

ALL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With rusty buckle and green curb-chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle,—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable; it is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger,—and that is all.

The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam.
Do you see that mound, where the dead leaves fall?
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not,—I am old and weak.
His saddle and sabre hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.
**IMPERSONATIONS.**

*A Study from "Much Ado About Nothing."—Shakespeare.*

**ARGUMENT.**—Dogberry and Verges are two ignorant, conceited constables who mutilate their words. Dogberry calls "assembly" dissemhly; "treason" perjury; "calumny" burglary; "condemnation" redemption; etc.

**ACT III., SCENE III.—A Street.** Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

*Dogb. (✓) * Are you good men | and true?

*Verg. * Yea, or else it were pity | but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb. * Nay | that were a punishment | too good for them, | if they should have any allegiance in them, | being chosen | for the prince’s watch.

*Verg. * Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

*Dogb. * First, | who think you | the most desertless | man | to be constable?

*1st Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, | or George Sea coal, | for they | can write and read.

*Dogb. * Come hither, | neighbor Seacoal. God (✓) hath blessed you | with a good name; to be a well favored man | is the gift of fortune; but to write and read | comes by nature.

*2d Watch. (- -) Both which, master constable—

*Dogb. (✓) You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, | for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, | and make no boast of it; and for your reading | and writing, | let that appear | when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here | to be the most sense-

* Dogberry speaks in a rough or guttural voice, and puffs; Verges in a thin, high and sharp voice; 2d Watch, nasal.*
Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2d Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by virtue of your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled.
The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2d Watch. (--) How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baaas, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of your charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, he can not.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him. Marory, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an of'ence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night; an' there be any matter of weight, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsel, and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbor.

2d Watch. (--) Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.
Dogb. [returning]. (\) °One word more, °honest neighbors; (/) I pray you | watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great °coil °to-°night. Adieu; °be vigilant, I °be°seech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

LA MUSICA TRIONFANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

In the storm, in the smoke, in the fight I come
To help thee, dear, with my fife and my drum.
My name is Music; and when the bell
Rings for the dead man, I rule the knell.
And whenever the mariner wrecked, through the blast,
Hears the fog-bell sound—it was I who passed.
The poet hath told you how I, a young maid,
Came fresh from the gods to the myrtle shade;
And thence, by a power divine, I stole
To where the waters of the Mincius roll.
Then down by Clitumnus and Arno's vale
I wandered, passionate and pale,
Until I found me at sacred Rome,
Where one of the Medici gave me a home.
Leo—great Leo—he worshipped me,
And the Vatican stairs for my foot were free;
And now I come to your glorious land,
Give me good greeting with open hand.
Remember Beethoven—I gave him his art—
And Sebastian Bach, and superb Mozart:
Join those in my worship! and when you go
Wherever their mighty organs blow,
Hear in them Heaven's trumpets to men below.
BEATRICE.

From "Much Ado About Nothing."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON.

ARGUMENT.—Beatrice, the witty and beautiful niece of Leonato, Governor of Messina, meets Benedick, a wild and witty young lord of Padua, who has vowed never to marry. Each is made to believe the one in love with the other; and, beginning in raillery, they end in true love and marriage.

ACT II., SCENE I.—A room in Leonato’s house.

Leonato. Was not Count John at supper?

Antonio. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How (\) o tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him | but I'm o heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very (\) o melancholy | o disposition.

Beat. He were an o excellent man, | that were made just in the o mid way, | between him | and (\) o Benedick. o The o one | is too like an image, | and says o nothing; | and the o other, | too like my lady's eldest son, | o evermore o tattling.

Leon. (—) Then | half Signior Benedick's tongue | in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy | in Signior Benedick's face—

Beat. (q.) [laughing]. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and (\) o money enough (\) in his purse, | such a man | would win o any woman in the world, | (q.) if he could [laughing] get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue!

Beat. [sighing]. (\) For the which o blessing, | I am at
heaven | upon my knees | every morning | and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband | with a beard on his face!

Leon. You may light upon a husband | that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, | and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth | is not for me; and he that is less than a man, | I am not for him.

Ant. [to Hero]. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make [courtesy] courtesy, | and say, "Father, [drawing out the words] as it please you;" [cross to the right] but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, | or else make another [courtesy] courtesy, and say, "Father, (q.) as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day | fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till heaven make men of some other metal | than earth. Would it not grieve a woman | to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make account of her life | to a clod | of wayward marl? No, uncle, | I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, (q.) I hold it a sin | to match in my kindred. [Laughing.]

Leon. Daughter, | remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you | in that kind, you know your answers.

Beat. The fault | will be in the music, cousin, | if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, | tell him there is measure in everything, | and so (\) dance out the answer. For, (\) hear me, | Hero; | wooing, | wedding, | and repenting, | is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace. The first suit | is hot and
(q.) hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, (\_) \* mannerly \* modest, as a measure full of state | and ancestry; and then | comes re\*pentance, | and with his bad legs, | falls into (q.) the cinque-pace | faster and faster, | until he sink | into his grave. [Shake the head, and cross to the other side.]

Leon. Cousin, | you apprehend | passing | shrewdly.
Beat. [lightly and high]. I have a \*good \* eye, \* uncle; I can see a | church | [laughing] by \*day \* light. 
[Exit laughing.]

THE SEA BIRD’S FATE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame,
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing;
It brooded all day, and fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors’ lives.
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.
My song is of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray;
The state where Peter Gray was born
Was Penn-syl-va-ni-ä.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive
Was Liziany Querl.

When they were going to be wed
Her father he said, "No!"
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the O-hi-ō.

When Peter found his love was lost
He knew not what to say;
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Sus-que-han-ni-ä.

A-trading went he to the west,
For furs and beaver skins,
And there he was in crimson dressed
By bloody In-ji-ins!

When Lizy heard the awful news,
She straightway went—to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she di-i-ōd.

Ye fathers all, a warning take,
Each one as has a girl,
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Liziany Querl!

*Li-zë-an-y Kurl.
PRINCE ARTHUR.

A study from "King John."—Shakespeare.

ARGUMENT.—King John conspired with Hubert, the keeper of young Prince Arthur, to murder the boy, and Hubert employed two ruffians to burn out both of the prince's eyes with red-hot irons. Arthur plead so lovingly with Hubert to spare his eyes, that he relented and concealed him, pretending that he was dead.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—Northampton. A room in the castle. Enter Hubert and executioners.

Hub. (—) Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, | rush forth
And bind the boy | which you shall find wi' me |
( \ ) °Fast to the chair; | be °heedful; | hence, | and watch.

1st Execu. (gut.) I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. ( \ ) °Uncleanly scruples! ( \ ) °fear not you; |
look to't. [Exeunt executioners.]

°Young lad | come forth; I have to ( \ ) °say with you.

[Enter Arthur.]

Arth. (p.) °Good-morrow, °Hubert.

Hub. ( \ ) °Good-morrow | °little prince.

Arth. (p.) °As little °prince ( \ ) °as may be.

( \ ) You are sad.

Hub. °Indeed, ( \ ) °I have been | merrier.

Arth. (p.) ( \ ) °Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I.
Yet I remember when I was in France, |
Young gentlemen would be sad | as night |
Only for wantonness. ( \ ) By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, | and kept sheep, |
I should be as merry | as the day is long; |
And so I would be here, | but that I doubt
My uncle practises more (✓) harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I | of him.
Is it my fault | that I was (✓) Jeffrey's son?
No, indeed, | it's not; and I would to heaven |
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [aside]. If I talk to him, | with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore | I will be sudden and despatch.

Arth. (p.) Are you sick, | Hubert? You look (✓)
pale to-day;
In sooth, | I would you were a little sick; |
That I might sit all night | (✓) and watch with you.
I warrant I love you | more than you do me.

Hub. [aside]. His words | do take possession of my bosom.
(✓) Read here, | young Arthur. [Shows a paper.]

[Aside.] How now, | foolish rheum?
Turning despiteous torture | out of door!
I must | be brief, | lest resolution drop |
Out at mine eyes | in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? (✓) Is it not fair writ?

Arth. (p.) (✓) Too fairly, Hubert, | for so foul effect.

Must you | with hot irons | burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, | I must.
Arth. (p.) And will you?
Hub. And I will!

Arth. [plaintive]. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows, |
The best I had, | (✓) wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight | held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour, |
Still and anon | cheered up the heavy time
Saying, "What lack you? and Where lies your grief?
Or, "What good love | may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son | would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you; |
But you, | at your sick service, had a prince.
Nay, | you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an' if you will,
If heaven be pleased | that you must use me ill
Why, | then, | you must. ( \ ) Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes | that never did, nor never shall
So much | as ( \ ) frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it; |
And with hot irons | must I burn them | out.

Arth. ( ~ ) Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, tho' heat red-hot, |
Approaching near these eyes, | would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter | of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, | consume away in rust,
But for containing fire | to ( \ ) harm mine eyes.
Are you | more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
An' if an angel should have come to me, |
And told me | Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue | but Hubert's!

Hub. Come forth! [Stamps.]

Re-enter executioners with a cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. [cries]. ( ~ ) Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. ( \ ) Give me the iron, | I say, | and bind him here.

Arth. ( ~ ) Alas, why need you be so boisterous rough?
HELEN POTTER'S

("\") °I will not | °struggle, I will stand °stone still.
°For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me °not be °bound.
(2) Nay | °hear me | °Hubert, | °drive these men away |
And I will sit as quiet | (\) as a lamb;
I will not stir, | nor wince, | nor speak a word, |
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thrust but these °men °a°way, and I'll for°give you |
°What°ever °torment (− −) you do put me to.

Hub. °Go stand within; let me (\) °alone with him.
1st Execu. (gut.) I am best pleased to be from such a 
deed. [Exeunt executioners.]
Arth. °Alas, | I then (/) have chid away my °friend,
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
°Let him come back, that his compassion may give life to 
yours.

Hub. °Come, boy, prepare yourself!
Arth. (−−) (\) °Is there no remedy?
Hub. °None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. (−−) Oh, heaven, | that there were but a °mote |
in yours;
A grain, | a dust, | a gnat, | a wandering hair,
°Any annoyance | in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things (/) are °boisterous there,
Your vile intent | must needs seem | °horrible.

Hub. °Is this (/) °your promise? Go to | (\) °hold 
your tongue.
Arth. °Hubert, | the utterance of a (\) °brace of tongues 
(− −) Must needs want pleading | for a pair of °eyes.
Let me (\) °not hold my tongue, | °let me not, | Hubert;
Or | Hubert, | if you °will, | cut °out °my °tongue,
So I may keep (\) °mine eyes. [Kneeling.] O °spare 
mine eyes;
Though to no use, | but still | to look on °you. (1)

(1) Put out your hand to touch the iron and withdraw it quickly.
[Surprised.] Lo, by my troth, | the instrument is cold, and
would not harm me. [Rises.]

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. (�) No, | in good sooth; | the fire (�) is
dead wi' grief,
Being create for com, | to be used
In undeserved extremes; see else (�) yourself.
There is no malice | in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven | hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant | ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath | (�) I can revive it, | boy.

Arth. (�) An' if you do, | you will but make it blush |
And glow with shame | of your (�) proceedings, |
Hubert,
All things that you should use | to do me wrong,
(�) Deny their office; | only you do lack
That mercy | which fierce fire | and (�) iron extends.

Hub. Well, | see | to live. (�) I will not touch thine eyes
(�) For all the treasure | that thine uncle owes.
Yet | am I sworn, | and did purpose, | boy,
With this same | very iron | to burn them out.

Arth. [joyously]. O! now | you look like Hubert;
All this while, | you were disguised.

Hub. [tone of secrecy]. Peace! no more, | adieu!
(�) Your uncle | must not know | but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies | with false reports.
And, | pretty child, | sleep | doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, | for the wealth | of all the world, | will not offend thee.

Arth. (�) O heaven! (�) I thank you, Hubert!

Hub. (Sh!) Silence! (asp.) No more; (Sh!) Go closely
in with me.
Much danger (�) do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]
A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A lady of San Francisco is said to have occupied several years in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight poets. The names of the authors are given with each line.

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour? Young.
Life’s a short summer, man a flower; Dr. Johnson.
By turn we catch the vital breath and die, Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh, Prior.
To be is better far than not to be, Sewell.
Though all man’s life may seem a tragedy; Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb, Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all; Longfellow.
Unmingled joys, here, no man befall. Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere, Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. Churchill.
Custom does not often reason overrule, Rochester.
And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool. Armstrong.
Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven; Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face; Trench.
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place; Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear, Thompson.
Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear. Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, Smollet.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray. Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise, Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise. Cowley.
O then, renounce that impious self-esteem, Beattie.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. Cooper.
IMPERSIONATIONS.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave, Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Gray.
What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat, Willis.
Only destruction to the brave and great. Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. Quarles.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell; Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well. Herrick.
Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend, Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; Dana.
For, live we how we can, yet die we must. Shakespeare.

A PIous PUnSTeR.

To church the two together went,
Both, doubtless, on devotion bent.
The parson preached with fluent ease,
On Pharisees and Sadducees.
And as they homeward slowly walked,
The lovers on the sermon talked,
And he—he deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said:
"Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"
She flashed on him her bright black eyes
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And thus he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper.
"But, darling, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair—I-see.
I know you don't care much for me,
And that makes me so sad-you-see."
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.

A STUDY OF MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

[Adapted from one of her popular lectures.]

The duties of humanity and mercy cannot be delegated to others; the feeling of personal responsibility cannot be shirked; (--) to look out for the almshouses, county jails, orphans, outcast and abandoned women, belongs to you and to me; and must be done by us, for our own sakes as well as for the sake of these suffering (--) guilty ones.

There was, in London (not many years ago), a judge whose only daughter had reached her majority; this day was celebrated in a grand and (\&) princely manner. As the girl, young, beautiful, clothed in a dress, which even in that assembly was a wonder to look upon; as she passed along, you felt no taint could fall upon her life, shielded by love, and a home like that.

(--) Back of that elegant home, in an alley, dark, noisome, pestilent, such as you find in crowded Philadelphia, and crowded New York, dwelt a girl also young and beautiful as this one. She spent her time stitching the robes of those who dream not of want. This child of poverty and sorrow, stitched into that one lovely robe the seeds of a foul disease, which was destined to carry that cherished and beautiful form twisted in a sheet, to her solitary and loathsome burial. (--) Was it nothing to the fond mother, the doting father, what disease and misery festered in adjacent alleys?

(--) For the sake of the mother, whose son is brought home killed by an assassin’s hand; for the sake of the
merchant, | whose stately pile | is burned | for plunder; | does not selfishness demand | individual work | and personal | responsibility? (---) Does it make any difference to the world, | who does the work | so long | as it be done? °No, it makes no difference | to the world; °living or °dead, | the world | heeds (*/) us not. But to us, | it makes a difference | as great | as the distance from heaven °to °hell, | whether we do the work for °our °selves; | whether we feed our own souls | or °starve °them. (---) It does make a difference to us, | whether we discover and recognize | the claims of righteousness | and (\) °universal (*/) °brotherhood, | or whether (---) we wrap our costly °robes | about us, | and °dream || of false peace | and °security.

Miss Anna Dickinson, an American orator and writer, was born in Philadelphia, October 23, 1842. She was originally a member of the Society of Friends. She gained great distinction during the civil war by her public speeches against slavery and disunion, and became one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. She afterward appeared as an actress. Her principal public writings are: "What Answer?" (1868); "A Paying Investment" (1876); and "A Ragged Register of People, Places and Opinions" (1879).

This extraordinary and gifted lady, as a platform celebrity, was a slender girl of medium size, eloquent, magnetic, and unsurpassed in extemporaneous oratory. Her lithe figure, long arms, and luxuriant dark brown hair, slightly turned at the ends, gave her a dramatic appearance to begin with. Her speech was marked by rising inflections at the end of sentences, the remainder being given in a monotonous tone of voice, with almost rhythmic prolonging of accented syllables (see italicized syllables in the text). Her action was pronounced and also rhythmic or accented. Journeying from right to left of the platform, with a halt or swing on each measured step; pushing back, now and then, her heavy locks; her eyes flashing as she coursed from side to side with defiant, accented stride, her hands clasped behind her; or, standing still and resolute as a Napoleon, and pointing at a wrong, personified and cowering before her—she was the very acme of fiery eloquence, and brought conviction to every heart.

Costume and Rendition.—A plain, rich black or Quaker colored silk dress, demi-train; black boots; a diamond pin and rings. Her costume, at the time of her triumphant career as a lecturer, was remarkable for its Quaker-like simplicity in color and style.

This text is adapted from a lecture by Miss Dickinson, called "For Your Own Sakes." It should be delivered standing and walking, with no desk, no manuscript, and only two chairs in the rear of the platform.
THE SISTERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night | to the sound of rain.
The rush of wind, | the tramp and roar
Of great waves | climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white, |
And looked out | into the storm | and night.

(p.) "Hush, and harken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, | sister dear?"

[Carelessly.] "I hear the sea, | and the splash of rain, |
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes | of watching a storm;"

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring | and wild winds blow?"

"No lover of thine's afloat | to miss |
The harbor-lights | on a night like this."

(p.) "But I heard a voice cry out 'my name,'
Up from the sea | on the wind it came!"

"Twice and thrice | have I heard it call,
And the voice | is the voice of | Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
[Impatiently.] "Hall of the Heron is 'safe,'" she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam."
"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

[\textit{Terror.}] "O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

(\textsuperscript{1}) "Annie! Annie! I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!
"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.
The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—
The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

\textit{(asp.)} "Dearest!" she whispered, under breath, (\textsuperscript{2})
"Life was a lie, but true is death.
"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.
"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.
"Sacred to thee (\textsuperscript{3}) am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

\textsuperscript{(1)} "Annie" should be prolonged, running up two or three notes and down again, in imitation of the roar of the sea or of wind, and in low, steady tone of voice, minor key. Repeat, letting the sound die out with the exhausted breath.
\textsuperscript{(2)} Hands pressed to the bosom.
\textsuperscript{(3)} Right hand heavenward on "thee."
HELEN POTTER'S

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
(- -) "Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reckon that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine;

"I, if for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and border thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living and mine (') the dead!"

-----------

AT EVENING.

BY J. T. NEWCOMB.

The sun had kissed the Western wave, and bade the world good-night,
While in the sky the floating clouds hung blushing at the sight.

The playful ripples dancing came from out the mighty sea,
And paused a moment on the sands, and kissed them tenderly.

The gentle evening breezes sighed among the bowlders bare,
And kissed their loneliness away and lingered fondly there.

A youth beside a maiden walked (I tell no wondrous deed)
When twilight shadows kissed the shore he followed nature's lead.

(*) Hands clasped and hanging down limp as in resignation.
OSCAR WILDE.
LECTURE ON ART.

A STUDY OF OSCAR WILDE.

(--) Everything made by the hand of man is either 
ugly | or (✓) beautiful; (-- and it might as well be 
beautiful as (✓) ugly. (-- Nothing that is made is 
too poor [pooah], | or too (✓) trival, | (--) to be made 
with an idea [ideah], | of pleasing the æsthetic eye.

Americans, | as a class, | are not (✓) practical, 
(--) though you may laugh at the (✓) assertion.

(--) When I enter [entah] a room, | I see a carpet of 
(vulgar [vulgah]) (✓) pattern, | (--) a cracked plate 
upon the (✓) wall, | (--) with a peacock feather stuck 
behind it. (--) I sit down upon a badly glued machine-made (✓) chair [chāah], | that creaks upon being 
touched; | (--) I see a gaudy gilt horror, | in the 
shape of a (✓) mirror, | (--) and a cast-iron monstrosity 
for a (✓) chandelier. (--) Everything I see | was made 
to (✓) sell. (--) I turn to look for the beauties of nature 
[nātyah] in (✓) vain; | (--) for I behold only muddy streets | and (✓) ugly (✓) buildings; (--) everything 
looks (✓) second (✓) class. (--) By second class I mean | 
that which constantly decreases in (✓) value. (--) The 
old Gothic cathedral is firmer [firmah] and (✓) stronger 
[strongah], | and more [mōah] beautiful now than it was | years | [yeahs] (✓) ago. (--) There is one thing 
worse than no (✓) art | and that is | bad (✓) art.

(--) A good rule to follow in a house is to have nothing therein | but what is useful | or (✓) beautiful; | (--) nothing that is not pleasant to use, | or was not a 
pleasure to the one who (✓) made it. (--) Allow no 
machine-made ornaments | in the house | at (✓) all.
Don't paper your halls, but have them wainscoted, or provided with a dado. Don't hang them with pictures, as they are only passage-ways. Have some definite idea of color, some dominant keynote of color, or exquisite gradation, like the answering calls in a symphony of music. There are symphonies of color as well as of sound. I will describe one of Mr. Whistler's symphonies in color—a symphony in white. A picture, representing a gray and white sky; a gray sea, flecked with the white crests of dancing waves; a white balcony with two little children in white, leaning over the railing; plucking with white fingers, the white petals of an almond tree in bloom.

The truths of art cannot be taught. They are revealed only to natures which have made themselves receptive of "beautiful impressions" by the study, and the worship of all beautiful things. Don't take your critic as any sure test of art; for artists, like the Greek gods, are only revealed to one another. The true critic addresses not the artist but the public. His work is with them. Art can have no other aim but her own perfection.

Love art for its own sake, and then all these things shall be added to you. This devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations. It is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and a speculation; for beauty is the only thing time cannot harm. Philosophies may fall away like the sand; creeds follow one another; but what is beautiful is a joy for all seasons, a possession for all eternity.
IMPERSONATIONS.

National hatreds are always strongest where culture [cultchah] is lowest; but art is an empire which a nation's enemies cannot take from her.

We in our Renaissance are seeking to create a sovereignty that shall still be England's when her yellow leopards are weary of wars, and the rose on her shield is crimsoned no more with the blood of battle. And you, too, (-) absorbing into the heart of a great people this pervading artistic spirit, will create for yourselves such riches as you have never yet created, though your land be a network of railways, and your cities the harbors of the galleys of the world.

Oscar Wilde, an Irish poet, a son of Sir William Wilde, was born in Dublin, October 16, 1856. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1878. He was a pupil of Ruskin, and the friend and travelling companion of Prof. Mahaffy, with whom he visited Greece. After his college days he became noted as an apostle of aestheticism in dress, manners, and literature. He was christened Oscar O'Flahertie Wills.

Costume.—A dark purple velvet sack coat, and knee-breeches; black hose, low shoes with bright buckles; coat lined with lavender satin, a frill of rich lace at the wrists and for tie-ends over a low turn-down collar; hair long, and parted in the middle, or all combed over. Enter with a circular cavalier cloak over the shoulder. The voice is clear, easy, and not forced. Change pose now and then, the head inclining toward the strong foot, and keep a general appearance of repose.

This disciple of true art speaks very deliberately, and his speech is marked by transitions, as marked by the small signs (°) throughout the text; the closing inflection of a sentence or period is ever upward.
IKE PARTINGTON AFTER THE OPERA.

Note.—The following sketch can be made very amusing by imitating the manner of an opera-singer. Suit your own voice as to the manner of rendering it. Tenor, contralto, or basso will do, but not soprano, unless you substitute an opera-mad girl for Ike. Sing softly at first, and vary the style and expression; at the same time increase in action and force to the very last. An anti-climax would spoil it entirely. The more you repeat and trill, or attempt to trill, toward the close, the better.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been "non pompous mentus" through his attempt to imitate the "Opera-tions." The morning after the opera, Ike sang everything he had to say—just as they do in the opera. He handed me his cup, and sang softly:

(\textit{pp.}) "Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

I looked at him in surprise, and he went right on singing:

[\textit{Brilliant.}] "Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating;
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

I gave him the tea, and he stirred it a moment and began again:

[\textit{Recitative.}] "Table-cloths and cups and saucers,
Good white bread and active jaws, sirs,
Tea, Gunpowder and Souchong,
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"Oh, what is the matter," I cried in distress; "what \textit{is} the matter with the boy?"

[\textit{Tenor.}] "All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer;
[Dramatic.] I'm not bound by witch or wizzard,
   So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But Isaac! Isaac!" I cried. He kept right on—with his eyes fixed on the table:

[Tenor.] "What form is that to me appearing?
   Is it mackerel, or is it herring?

[Robust.] Let me dash upon it, quick;
   Ne'er again that fish shall kick.

[Dramatic.] Charge upon it, charge, Isaac, charge!"

---

APOSTROPHE TO THE WATERMELON.

Come to the mortal as he sits
Upon a drygoods box and sips
The nectar from thy juicy lips;
Come to the youngster as he flits
   Across the high and peaked fence
   And moves with ecstasy intense
Thy charms from off the native vine.

And thou art terrible!
   O August-born monstrosity!
   Incarnate colicosity!
Beneath thy emerald bosom glow,
   Like glittering bubbles in the wine,
The lurid fires of deadly woe,
And from thy fascinations grow
The pain, the cramp, the pang, the throe—
And all we fear or dream or know
   Of agony is thine!
AFTER THE WEDDING.

BY WILLIAM L. KESEE.

Note.—A lady can make an effective and showy monologue of this poem by being dressed as if just from a wedding, wraps and all, and proceeding (during the recitation) to throw off articles of apparel and ornaments, finally lowering the lights and sinking into a deep revery.

All alone in my room, at last!
I wonder how far they have travelled now?
They'll be far away when the night is past;
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress!
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
Those were roses, too, in the wreath, I guess —
They made the crimson among the curls.
She's good as beautiful, too, they say;
Her heart is as gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him alway —
Dear! I am tearing my new white gloves.
How calm she is, with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet — mine are blue;
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter, and softer, too.

They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again!
I'm almost afraid to be here so still,
I wish it would thunder, and lighten, and rain!
O no! for some may not be abed,
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon will come instead,
And heaven be starry, and earth all light.
'Tis only a summer that she's been here —
It's been my home for seventeen years!
But her name is a testament far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
There, at last I have tied my hair—
Her curls and mine were nearly the same,
But hers are longer, and mine less fair.
They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
Did I have my comb, a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked do the people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down,
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night, good-night—it is striking one!
Good-night to bride, and good-night to groom.
The light of my candle is almost done—
I wish my bed was in mother's room.
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're all too white for me, I'm afraid,—
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.

Dark—all dark! for the light is dead;
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my weary head,
For this breaking heart in my poor, poor breast!
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray,
O God protect him from change and ill;
And render her worthier every way,
The older the purer, the lovelier still.

There, I knew I was going to cry!
I have kept the tears in my soul too long;
Oh, let me say it or I shall die!
As heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room,
He never shall know, in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears!

I loved him more than she understands —
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands,
To lay at his feet my shattered youth!
I love, I adore him still the same!
More than father, and mother, and life!
My hope of hopes was to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife! — O name which the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek for shame;
'Tis her great glory, her word to wreathe
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
O hush! again I behold them stand,
As they stood, to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him holding her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair,
I see him kneel at the altar stone,
I see him rise when the prayer is o'er —
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride;
One of those kisses had birthplace here —
The dew of her lips has not yet dried.

His lips have touched hers before to-night —
Then I have a grain of his to keep!
This midnight blackness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
IMPERSONATIONS.

203

THE PASSIONS.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

When Music, heavenly maid, | was young, |
While yet in early Greece she sung, |
The Passions oft, | to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell—
Exulting, trembling, (f.) raging, (p.) fainting—
Possessed beyond the Muse’s painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
(✓) Disturbed, de°lighted, raised, re°fined;
Till once, ’tis said, | when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, |
(✓) From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
(✓) And, as they oft had heard apart
(✓) Sweet lessons of her forceful art, |
(✓) Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
(✓) Would prove his own | expressive | power.

(1) First (Fear | his hand, its skill to try, |
Amid the chords bewildered (✓) laid,
And back recoiled, | he knew (not why, (3)
E’en at the sound (✓) himself had made.
(f.) Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In (lightnings owned his secret stings:

(‘) (<<) In one rude clash | he struck the lyre,
And swept | with hurried hand | the strings.

(1) Fear expressed in aspirate tones.
(2) Hold the ‘ in “bewildered.”
(3) Let “why” end higher than “not” began.
(4) Final explosive stress on the marked words.
With woful measures | wan De°spair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;

Twas sad by fits, | (q.) by starts | 'twas wild.

But °thou, O °Hope, | with eyes °so fair—
What was °thy °delightful measure?

Still it whispered | promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at °distance | °hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And | from the rocks, | the woods, | the vale, |
She called on °Echo °still, | through all | the song;
And, where her °sweetest °theme she °chose,

A soft, responsive voice | was heard at every close;

And °Hope, °en°chanted, | (- -) °smiled, and waved
her golden hair.

And °longer had °she sung, (- -) but, with a frown,
°Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword | in °thunder °down,
And, | with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast ° | loud | and dread,
°Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat,

°And though sometimes, (>) each dreary pause be-
tween,

Dejected Pity, (- -) at his side,
°Her (>) soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, °un°altered °mien,

While each strained ball of sight seemed (') °bursting
|| from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to (\) °naught were fixed—

---

(1) Run down five or more notes on "despair," half aspirate.
(2) Bring out the accented syllables in rhythmical beats, as in drumming
(3) Bring out each accented syllable with explosive force, especially on
"bursting."
(---) Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes | the veering song | was mixed;
(\p.) And now | it courted Love, (\f.) now, craving, |
called on Hate.

[\textit{Slow}.] (---) With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy | sat retired; |
And, | from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn | her pensive soul;
(\textit{Stac. q p.}) And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
(- -) [\textit{Slow.}] Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,} \\
\text{Round a holy calm diffusing,} \\
\text{Love of Peace, and lonely musing,} \\
\text{In hollow murmurs died away.}
\end{align*}
\]

(*) But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone |
When (\_) Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
(- -) Her bow across her shoulder flung,
(- -) Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, | that dale and thicket rung—
(- -) The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!

(---) The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs | and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth | their alleys green;
Brown Exercise | rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up | and seized | his beechen spear.

[\textit{Soberly.}] Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, | with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe | his hand addressed;

\textit{Notes:}
\(8\) In monotone, every line lower and softer to the end.
\(9\) Run five to eight notes down on "oh," altered," sprightlier," and up as much on "tone."
\(10\) "Healthiest hue," three notes down and three up.
\(11\) "Boys were seen," run down on "boys," use "were" as a pivot, and swing upward on "seen," making a cradle (---) of the three words.
But soon he saw | the brisk | awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice | he loved the best;  
(/> They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
(---) They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
(---) Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
To some unwearied | minstrel | dancing, |  
(Stac.) While | his flying fingers | (<-) kissed the strings, |  
Love framed with Mirth | a gay fantastic round:  
(12) °Loose | were her tresses seen, | her zone (<-) un°bound;  
(>) °And °he | (>) °amidst his frolic play, |  
As if he would the charming (<-) °air °repay,  
Shook (\) °thousand | odors | (--) from his dewy wings.  
(\) °O Music! sphere-descending maid,  
°Friend of °Pleasure, | °Wisdom's aid!  
(\) °Why, goddess! | why, to °us °denied,  
(\) °Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre | aside?  
(>) As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, | O nymph endeared,  
Can well re°call | what then it heard; (13)  
°Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, | °Fancy, | Art?  
(\) Arise | as in that (\) °elder time,  
(/> Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime,  
Thy wonders, | in that godlike age,  
(\) Fill | thy recording (14) sister's | page:  
(/> °'Tis °said, °and I believe the °tale—  
(\) °Thy °humbiest °reed | could °more °prevail,  
Had more of strength, | diviner rage, |  
Than all | which charms this | laggard age.  
E'en °all at once °together °found |  
(--) Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  

(12) The same as above on "unbound.
(13) "Heard" to rhyme with "endeared."    
(14) Sister, i. e., history.
Oh, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state—
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

The student who can properly read this “Ode to the Passions,” can read anything well, since all varieties of voice, inflection, rates of speed, etc., are required to render it effectively. It is well worth careful study and continued practice. It can be made for readers and speakers almost as useful as is the scale to musicians.

A SERIES OF TABLEAUX.

To accompany a Reading of “Ode to the Passions.”

ARRANGED BY HELEN POTTER.

A series of strong tableaux can be made to accompany the reading of this poem. The stage should be arranged so that the changes can be made quickly and without disturbing the reader. A couple of squares of plank on rollers would, perhaps, be useful, as one figure could be posed while the other is on exhibition; else, side by side, two sets of screens or curtains, to be used alternately. A maroon or very dark crimson throws out a picture better than any other color; hence a background of maroon cloth and screens or curtains of the same color, are an absolute necessity. Arrange them so that they can be quickly and easily closed or opened, by means of strings worked at the side.

Having selected the persons to pose in the tableaux, rehearse and time them, to ascertain how many seconds each one can remain motionless, just as they are posed for exhibition.

The reader advances to a position where he or she will not intercept the views, and begins to read. When he arrives at “Fear,” in the second stanza, the curtain should open noiselessly, and reveal the posed figure of “Fear.” At the word of the text, gauging his seconds of posing, close the curtain. The subject should still remain in position, but may relax the will, and take a moment of rest.
If recalled, he again assumes the intent posture and is again exhibited; if not, he steps down and out, and the scene is over.

The reader, in the meantime, follows the pulse of the audience and waits or continues, as he perceives a need. When the third stanza brings out the word “Despair,” the tableau of “Despair” should be shown. In this manner continue, until the entire poem has been produced. Appropriate music, serving as a background for the reader’s voice, adds greatly to the effect of this most artistic performance. Any good local musician can arrange music to correspond with each of the Passions; and, of course, the better the music and stage-settings, the better the result.

TABLEAUX.

1. Fear.—A young man; pale; large, open eyes, with a general look of surprise and uncertainty. Dress.—Shapes* and tunic of pale gray, and sandals. Pose.—Side view, sitting before a harp, and shrinking back from the harp, with hands repellent.

2. Anger.—A man; pale; dark eyes and hair; heavy eyebrows; frowning and fierce, with set teeth. Dress.—Shapes and tunic (or doublet and hose) of cardinal and black, and a dagger or sword, and sandals. Pose.—Side view, standing before a harp, and leaning forward, in the position one would naturally take who had given the strings a tremendous crash, and was about to repeat the act.

3. Despair.—A man; tall, slender; dark hair and eyes; dark skin; stooping shoulders, and a general look of misery and hopelessness. Dress.—Shapes, doublet and hose all black. Pose.—Three-quarter view, sitting or standing; disheveled hair, one hand on the harp, and the other to the drooping head; or, with fingers through the hair, and eyes rolled upward.

4. Hope.—A young lady; long, flowing, yellow hair; slight figure; a bright and sunny face. Dress.—Long, loose robe of pale blue (uplifted thought) in Greek drapery, with bracelets, armlets, and anklets; or, if pre-

* Shapes, close fitting silk or wool knit garments revealing the shape of the limbs.
ferred, a long, straight skirt, with a very short waist, and only a puff or cap for sleeves. Pose.—Standing; head thrown back, gazing upward, with a smile over the whole face, as well as upon the lips, and a lyre hung from the shoulders. For "Echo," a miniature duplicate of "Hope" (dress, style and all), placed within the picture-space or area.

5. Revenge and Pity.—A man; a decided brunette, ugly and cruel to look upon. Paint shadows in reds and browns about the eyes, in the hollows of the temples, back of the cheek-bones, and down the cords of the neck; also make three dark lines down the forehead between the eyes; and mark the cords of the hands, and a spot below the "Adam's apple," shading it out and downward. Dress.—Shapes, tunic and cap, all red (cruelty); or a red doublet and hose, a red cloak and skull-cap, with a sword or poniard hanging from a belt. Pose.—Standing; trumpet to the mouth, with an attitude and expression of blowing very hard. (Fill the cheeks with cotton.) "Pity" is a young girl; slight figure; light hair, and an angelic expression. Dress.—A robe of apple-green (intellect and love). Pose.—One hand extended to heaven, and the other appealingly to "Revenge," with a look of love and tenderness. Here is an opportunity for a most exquisite and graceful pose, and a fine dramatic ensemble.

6. Jealousy.—A man; sandy hair, pale face, of a greenish-yellow (sickly hue); corners of the mouth drawn down; the whole expression sullen and frowning. Dress.—Shapes, doublet, hose and mantle in harmonious shades of green. Pose.—Standing or sitting; shoulders up; head bowed; brows down, and eyes looking up through shaggy brows; holding a violin (or, if sitting, a bass-viol), with the bow-arm hanging limp and impotent. Near by, on the right hand and the left, stand "Love" and "Hate," with uplifted hands, and their eyes fixed upon "Jealousy." These are represented by two children, in guise of Cupid and Mephistopheles. The former a blonde, in a pink slip, with bare arms, legs and feet, a full quiver upon his back, and a bow and arrow in his hands. Paint the toes, fingers and chin red; add dimples by putting a small white spot in each cheek and in the chin. "Hate" or Mephistopheles is a brunette, in red and black; a
black skull-cap, with a long red quill stuck upon one side, long-pointed sock-shoes, a belt and breech-cloth. Suit may be all of Jersey cloth.

7. Melancholy.—A young lady; pale, tall, slender and willowy, sloping shoulders and drooping. 

_Dress._—A flowing Greek robe, _i.e._, a sleeveless, loose dress and peplum; or, if preferred, an Empire robe of lavender color, sandals, bracelets, armlets and anklets. 

_Pose._—Side view, classical; sitting, one knee over the other, and hands clasped over the knee, with interlacing fingers (the outline showing a curved back and one sandaled foot, elevated); the hair carelessly caught up, and the face upturned, as expressed by the poet: "With eyes upraised as one inspired."

8. Cheerfulness.—A young girl; happy and contented, with a bright, cheerful, smiling face. 

_Dress._—Greek robe, or Empire gown, of violet or combined shades of heliotrope (physical and mental vigor), and a quiver full of arrows at her back. 

_Pose._—Side view, standing on tiptoe; "a bow across her shoulders flung," and two fine young athletes posing near her, "Exercise" and "Sport." They are two handsome young men of excellent model, supple and strong, and dressed in sporting costumes. 1st Athlete, "Exercise," is brown and vigorous. 

_Dress._—Red and yellow, or red and some other color. 

_Pose._—A graceful gymnastic position, _e.g._, springing to catch a ball over head, or leaping. 

2d Athlete, "Sport," is a blonde of vivacious temperament. 

_Dress._—Crimson and gray, or orange, _i.e._, a costume in which red (physical force) figures conspicuously.*

9. Joy.—A boy; jovial, rosy and vivacious; a brunette. 

_Dress._—Yellow, bordering on orange; shapes, trunks, jacket and sandals; upon the head a crown of vine leaves. 

_Expression._ gay and laughing. 

_Pose._—Standing; playing the violin, while "Love" and "Mirth" pose as dancing to the music. "Love" is represented by a beautiful young girl in yellow; "Mirth" by a boy full of frolic and fun, dressed fantastically in gay colors. For an encore, "Joy" drops the violin and, bow in hand, joins in dancing. Dancing-positions are endless in variety.

* The colors herein set forth to typify the passions accord with the author's understanding of their significance; others may have a different interpretation, and are at liberty to use their own correspondences.
and can be rendered exceedingly graceful, e.g., in a circle, hands up, and one toe just touching the floor, etc.

THE POEM IN ACTION.

In case a full orchestra and full stage arrangements are available, with colored lights, storm-boxes, etc., this poem could be enacted, stanza by stanza, in magnificent style. The primitive, wild forest scene, with an arbor wherein Music dwells, her “instruments of sound” hanging from the branches of the trees, her light or golden harp well defined against a dark background, etc. Also, a distinct sense of the power of color could be produced by means of colored lights, typical of each successive passion: Fear, gray; Anger, red; Despair, black; Hope, light blue; Revenge, crimson; Pity, apple-green; Jealousy, green, with flashes of pink in the darkness for Love and Hate, which alternate in the moods of Jealousy; Melancholy, lavender; Cheerfulness, violet or heliotrope, with flashes of red, orange and purple for Exercise and Sport. Then the storm effects could be applied, lightning to accompany Fear; thunder with Anger and Revenge; whistling wind with Despair, sighing wind with Melancholy, etc.

THE POEM IN MARBLE.

All good, single figures, or groups not too large, could be put into marble, if desired, and a grand gallery of statuary form the chief feature of the recital.

DRESS AND MAKE-UP FOR STATUARY.—Apply a liquid preparation called “Clown’s White” to the face, neck, arms and hands. Smooth it evenly over the surface, with the palms and finger-tips, and add a wig made of white cotton, or cotton-wool. The drapery must correspond with the copy. It may be a robe, toga, or cloak, of white, or cream-white cashmere. For temporary service, soft cheese-cloth will answer very well. Remember, however, that the color must be the same throughout, to represent marble; the face, wig, drapery, all alike in color. Stand upon a low pedestal, and let the drapery conceal the feet and fall to the floor or near it.
SILENT LETTERS.

A Study of Visible Expression.
Appealing to the Eye alone.

Students well trained in physical expression can make a most interesting display by means of prepared, sealed letters, conveying various kinds of news. These letters are to be opened and silently read in presence of the spectators, the contents to be made apparent by attitude and action only; i.e., by physical expression.

EXAMPLES, DISPLAYING VARIOUS EMOTIONS.

1. A dunning letter—Annoyance, contempt, etc.
2. A sad-news letter—Surprise, grief, etc.
3. An insulting letter—Anger, rage, disgust, etc.
4. A funny letter—Mirth, laughter, etc.
5. Of losses, disaster, ruin—Surprise, remorse, despair, etc.
6. A love letter—The gamut of the sentimental.

Suggestions how to read these letters may be of great service to students who have little or no opportunity for proper physical training, and, at the same time, serve as a basis for elaboration by others. Effective action must necessarily partake of the nature of the actor, since the same emotions are expressed in divers manners by divers people. One is explosive, another suppressed, another paralyzed under the same sentiment or feeling, and your action should bear somewhat of your personality. Remember that posture and gesture can be seen much farther than facial expression, the latter, in a large auditorium, being often lost to spectators beyond the first rows; yet avoid exaggeration, otherwise you may appear more the contortionist or clown than the artist.

A Dunning Letter—Annoyance, Etc.

Look at the envelope, turn it over, look again. Examine the post-mark; raise the eyebrows, and open it with a show of indifference. Read it, contract the brows, feel of the pocket, and toss the head with eyebrows up and eyes half closed. Throw the letter over the shoulder upon the floor; tap the foot, and whistle or hum a tune very carelessly.

A Sad-news Letter—Surprise, Grief, Etc.

Sit at the table upon which the letters lie unopened [normo-mental]; open the letter and read. [Surprise.]
Squint; [astonishment] rise to your feet; [stupor] stare with wide open eyes, brows down, etc.; recover yourself, sigh, awake, and return to the letter; read, winking fast, and turn the head from side to side, as you follow the lines back and forth. [Conviction.] Give up and sink down, crushing the letter in the left hand, and swaying the body to and fro. [Agony and rebellion.] Writhe, rise, groan, etc. [Submission.] Weep, relax all the muscles, and, with face heavenward and right hand uplifted, melt into prayer, and show submission to the Divine will; or, if preferred, kneel, drooping the head and hands, and bend over toward the floor in a state of total abandonment to grief.

An Insulting Letter—Anger, Rage, Etc.

[Indifference.] Look the letter over, open it, turn to the inside signature, leaning back in the chair, the head turned aside. [Interest.] Read the letter, increasing in action; sit up and bring the letter nearer the eyes. [Surprise.] Bring down the eyebrows, open wide the eyes and mouth; turn the eyes rapidly from one side of the letter to the other; again look at the signature, date and envelope. [Anger.] Read again, frown, set the teeth, bend forward, clench the fist, and tap the foot impatiently. [Rage.] Crush the letter, rise, pace the floor to and fro, shake your fists, halt, make a sound of disgust, "ugh," and throwing it violently upon the floor, stamp upon it.

Note.—Two or three vocal sounds, during the action of this letter, may add to the effect; an "ugh!" "ha!" "m!" or something of this sort; but repeated too often would seriously mar the performance.

A Funny Letter—Smiles, Laughter, Etc.

This letter can best be read in the performer's own style of mirthfulness; therefore, no full directions will be given. To smile, to press your lips together and explode in laughter, to hold your sides and "ha, ha, ha!" or to titter and giggle and laugh suppressedly, must be a matter of choice and of nature combined. No directions could be given to suit all.

A Bad-news Letter—Ruin, Disgrace, Etc.

This varies from the sad-news letter in that remorse, despair, and even insanity may be touched upon in expres-
sion. Imagine loss of reputation; disgrace by some careless act of your own; the loss of a dear friend by neglect or abuse; loss by flood or fire, by sea or calamity of other sort; the loss of a loved one or the loss of property which causes sorrow and suffering to family and dependents, etc.

A Love Letter—Sentimental.

Look at the envelope on all sides, and with trembling hands open the letter. Sigh and look to the signature at the end of it. Smile, read, and sigh; turn about, holding it close to your heart. Rise, fold it up hastily, look about you as if fearful of discovery, hide it behind you, then open it again and look at the signature; kiss it, fold it, and put it in your bosom.

A Study of Audible Expression.

Appealing to the Ear only.

How much you can express by the voice alone can be tested by reciting a brief selection, poem or speech, while standing behind a screen. Stripped of all the assistance which comes of youth, beauty, grace, artistic attire, or the charm of an agreeable and magnetic presence, your vocal work will undergo a severe test.

The writer experienced a test of this kind when called to entertain an audience of blind people. The impersonations were useless in such a case, for the make-up, dress, wigs, walk, etc., would go for nothing, and plain readings and recitations were substituted in their place. Dressed with due care and something of elaboration, as usual for entertainments elsewhere, the reader was escorted to the hall, where the audience were assembled and awaiting the performance. The usual effect of an entrance was lost, of course; also the opening salutation, the deferential bow, which ordinarily puts the audience en rapport with the artist.

As the reader looked upon the expectant, sightless faces around her, and felt the trustful repose of all those intelligent hands which lay so peacefully upon their laps, as if listening and expectant too, the question came to her: "How can I satisfy these waiting souls? Here soul unto soul speaketh; all else is vanity, indeed! Whether I be old or young, awkward or graceful, homely or beautiful, in calico and bare arms, or satin and Paris gloves, is of no
moment to them. The uplifted eyes, the pleading hands, smiles, frowns, hopes, fears, each and every emotion and sentiment must be heard, for none can see! The tears must be in the voice, all, all in the voice! May the Great Spirit abide with me, and dwell in every tone, every word, every sentence I utter this night!"

Indeed, no better test of your voice-work can be made than to read or recite to an intelligent blind person. If he is satisfied, you have succeeded well. In reading dialogues, see that the characters are kept distinct, each from the other, in quality and movement of voice. Emulate Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, who could keep six or eight characters individual and distinct, so that any one could tell at any time which is speaking. If you can do this, then you can read well.

**Tripartite Expression.**

*Appealing to the Ear, Eye and Feeling.*

Three renderings of the same story, if well done, is a most curious and interesting performance. Select a short story or poem, one that can be clearly told by gesture or pantomime, and commit it thoroughly.

(1) Tell the story without gesture, or emotion, or any physical action not strictly necessary; behind a screen if preferred.

(2) Tell the same story in pantomime, without words.

(3) Recite the poem with all the embellishments and oratorical effects, voice, action, feeling, etc., and with a musical accompaniment or background.

A comical effect can be produced by two persons, one to recite, the other to pantomime at the same time, the recitationist apparently unconscious of the pantomimic display. If available, a party of pantomimists can perform in unison, and keep time by silent dancing or occasional light gymnastics, in the rear of the speaker.
OTHELLO.

A STUDY OF TOMMASO SALVINI.

(Text from his acting copy of Shakespeare's Othello.)

Argument.—Othello, the Moor, was commander of the Venetian army. Iago was his ensign or ancient. Desdemona, the daughter of Brabantio, the senator, fell in love with the Moor, and he married her; but Iago, by insinuation, falsehood, and villainy, wrought a thread of circumstantial evidence against the innocent wife, so that Othello, aroused to jealousy, smothered her with a pillow, and then killed himself.

Act I., Scene I.—A dark street. Scene II.—Council Chamber.

When in Act I. Othello is set upon by the venerable Brabantio and his party, for stealing his daughter, he coolly advises them to put up, or rather

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more

Command with years, than with your weapons.

They call him names, taunt and abuse him, saying he must be subdued; conscious of his superior strength, he replies:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter.

And adds in a most conciliatory tone and manner:

Where will you that I go, | to answer this charge?

They answer rudely:

To prison, till fit time of law call thee to answer.

Then, in his answering question, the officer and diplomat appear:

What if I do o"bey?

How may the "Duke | be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers | are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the "state,
To bring me to "him?

The court is convened, and awaits the coming of the Moor. The Duke and the senators are stationed on the right; the guard, in armor, at the rear; while Brabantio, Cassio, Iago, and others enter
from the left, and await the issue. Brabantio makes the charge, and Othello is called upon to answer. Then comes the Moor's famous plea, beginning with: "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors." Othello steps forward, and with dignity addresses the court. He makes few gestures, and no display of oratory; but proceeds to narrate the circumstances of his acquaintance with Desdemona, and of their mutual attachment. The mighty warrior is cool and pacific, both in speech and manner:

Othello. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year | to year,—the battles, | sieges, | fortunes,
That I had passed.
I ran it through, | even from my boyish days, |
To the very moment | he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake | of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents | by flood and field, |
Of hair-breadth 'scapes | i' the imminent deadly breach, |
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption | thence.
My story being done |
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas (\) pitiful, 'twas (\) wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend (\) that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
(\) And that | would woo her. Upon this hint |
I spake.
She (\) loved me | for the dangers | I had passed, |
(\) And I loved her | that she did pity them;
(\) This only | is the witchcraft | I have used.
Othello steps back and puts out his hand.
(\) Here comes the lady; (\) let her witness it.
All turn to look at Desdemona, as she enters. Her father, standing by the senators, and near to the front of the stage, addresses her:
Brab. (\() °Come hither, °gentle mistress;
\(\_\) Do you perceive | in all this noble company
Where °most | (\() °you owe obedience?

Desdemona advances to the front near her father, and answers:

Des. My noble father,
(\() I do perceive here | a °divided °duty.
My life and education | °both (\() do learn me
(\() °How to respect you; you are the lord of duty.

Othello advances and listens eagerly.

(\() I am hitherto | °your daughter;
She pauses, looks back, and pointing to Othello, adds:

but here's || °my °husband.

Othello turns and, pressing his clasped hands to his breast, nods to Iago, as to say: °See, she is mine, of her own free choice, and you see she loves me! ah, how sweet, how beautiful she is!” As she continues her speech, he turns his head from side to side, smiling and admiring her, looking excessively proud and happy, and so sure of her that every one unconsciously smiles too, in an outburst of human sympathy. Brabantio speaks in a kindly tone, which Othello welcomes as a harbinger of peace and good-will.

Brab. (\() °God be with you! °I have done.
\(\_\) °Come hither, Moor. [Othello advances.]
I here do give thee that | with all my heart,

Othello throws up his hands in gratitude, and impulsively holds them out toward Brabantio.

°Which, °but that thou hast already, °with all my heart, ||
(f. q.) °I would keep from thee!

At this sudden and violent turn of manner, Othello starts back, overwhelmed with surprise and disappointment; but he soon becomes severe and reserved. Then follows the Duke’s order. A military expedition must be undertaken at once, and Othello must go and leave Desdemona behind. Now comes struggle, keen and swift, between his duty as commander of an army, and his duty to this beautiful, new-found treasure, who needs his protection and tender care. Her father is angry and cruel; she must not go to him. To entrust her to strangers, alas! that would never do. So he begs the court to provide for her as becomes her station. Desdemona, upon her knees, now implores permission to go with him to the wars. Othello tenderly raises her and, with his arm about her, assures the court that he will not prove remiss in his duty to the state if Desdemona be permitted to have her way. The request being granted, he
consigns his beloved wife to the care of his friend, “honest Iago,” to escort her to camp, while he attends to important matters necessary to the expedition. The court adjourns, and as they pass out (centre) all bow to Othello and Desdemona. When, last of all, Brabantio passes them, Desdemona rushes toward him with extended hands, mutely imploring forgiveness. Brabantio pauses and, without noticing her, addresses Othello in words that sting, like a poisoned arrow, projecting the last one with unutterable cruelty, accompanied by a grand flourish of the hand:

(\) °Look to her, Moor, | if thou hast eyes to see;
(\) She has deceived her °father, | and may || °THEE!

Then with long strides he makes his exit, pursued by the infuriated Moor. Suddenly Othello pauses; the thought seems to come to him: “If I smite her father, I smite her.” He reels with emotion, hurries to her side, wraps his cloak about her trembling form, and moves swiftly away with her (left).

### ACT II, SCENE I.—A fortified town on the Island of Cyprus.

In front of the castle, Montano and several officers are discovered. Enter Desdemona, with Emilia, Iago, and others. Being assured that this beautiful lady is the wife of the General, they kneel to do her honor. She inquires after her lord, and some light conversation follows; during this time Cassio takes her hand and speaks to her in a low voice. Iago notes this for after use, to excite the Moor to jealousy. At this point Othello is announced. He comes upon the scene with impetuous speed, seeking his bride. Radiant with delight, she runs joyfully forward and meets him half way. At sight of her he pauses, throws up his hands and, with a quick glance to heaven, exclaims, in tones of deep gratitude:

(\) °Oh, my fair warrior!

They embrace and, slowly moving forward to the centre of the scene, his eyes still fixed upon her face, he continues his rhapsody:

**Oth.** (\) °Oh, my soul’s joy!

If after every tempest | come °such °calms,
May the winds blow | till they have °wakened °death!
(\) And let the laboring barque | climb hills of seas
(\) Olympus-high, | and duck again | as low
As °hell’s from °heaven! If it were now | to die, |
’Twere now | to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content °so (\) °absolute,
(\-) That not another comfort | like to this, |
°Succceeds | in (\) °unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
He strokes her hair and holds her close, with his hand on her head; turns her face up toward his, and moves his head right and left, as if drinking from her soul's beauty; then kisses her tenderly, and moves forward with her.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned. How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
[To Des.] Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them.
O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Come, Desdemona.

Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo, and the scene darkens; it is night. Iago now contrives to get up a drunken brawl in the street, which ends in a fight. Othello, disturbed in his slumbers, rushes excitedly forth in his dressing-gown, with a red cloak over his shoulders.

Oth. What is the matter here? Hold for your lives!
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Honest Iago, that lookst dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this?
Othello stands haughtily, and glares from one to the other of the rioters. Iago's answer exonerates himself, and injures those he desires to ruin.

Oth. What! and in a town of war,
The people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrels!
('Tis monstrous!}
PERSONATIONS.

Desdemona, hearing the uproar, and fearful lest something serious has happened to her lord, rushes upon the scene in dishabille. At sight of his frightened wife, Othello again becomes incensed at the affair, and, in angry tones, orders them away. Then taking off his cloak he wraps it about her, and hurry's her away (right).

ACT III., SCENE III.—Cyprus. A room in the castle.

This scene opens with an interview between Cassio, who has been deposed on account of the street-brawl, and Desdemona. Emilia, her attendant, is also present. Cassio implores her on his knees to intercede with the Moor, in his behalf; and, pitying him, she promises to do everything in her power to restore him to position and favor with her lord. Othello and Iago enter in time to see Cassio depart.

Iago. °Ha! (\) °I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; I know not what.

Iago says this as if he had thought aloud and would conceal it.

Oth. °Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! °No, | sure, | [halting] I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so (\) °guilty-like,

Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he [with lowering brows].

Des. [advancing]. °How now, | °my °lord!

I have been talking with a °suitor °here;

A man that languishes | in your displeasure.

Oth. °Who °is it | you mean?

Des. °Why, | your lieutenant, °Cassio. (/) Good, my lord,

[Othello bends an inquiring look upon her]

If °I | have any grace or power to move you,

His present reconciliation °take;

For if he be not one | °that °truly °loves you,

That errs in ignorance, | and °not in cunning,

I have °no °judgment, | (\) in an honest face.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. °Ay, °sooth; °so °humbled [her hand on his arm]

That he hath left °part °of his °grief | (\) with me,

°To suffer with him. °Good °love, | (\) °call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; (\) some other time. [He puts his arm about her affectionately.]

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. (\) Shall 't be to-night, at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow, dinner, then?

Oth. [restless]. (\) I shall not dine at home; I meet the captains, at the citadel.

Moves away from her annoyed; she follows.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn; Or Tuesday noon, or night; or (\) Wednesday morn. I pr'ythee name the time; but let it not Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent.

(\) When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. [He moves about uncomfortable, but not angry.] (\) I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so (\) mammering on. What! Michael Cassio, That came a wooing with you; and so many a time, When I have spoke of you disparagingly, Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do To bring him in! (\) Trust me, (\) I could do much—

Oth. [takes her to his side and speaks kindly]. Pr'ythee, no more; let him (\) come when he will;

(\) I will deny thee nothing.

Des. [surprised]. Why, (\) this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm, Or sue you to do a peculiar profit To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit, Wherein I mean to touch your love, indeed It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
He takes her white face between his brown hands and gazes searchingly into her eyes; then, melting into tenderness, he kisses her twice upon the forehead.

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this. (- -) To leave me but a little to myself.


[He accompanies her to the door.]

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona; I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. [To Othello.] Be as your fancies teach you.

What(e'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]

Oth. Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. [starting, and angry at being overheard]. What dost say, Iago?

Iago [insinuating]. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask? Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! in deed; discernst thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. [impatient]. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shown. [To Iago.] Thou dost mean something.

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,

(—) When Cassio left my wife. (\) What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. (\) If thou dost love me,

(\) Show me thy thought. [Rises.]

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Both move to the centre of the scene, and Othello takes Iago's hand.

Oth. (✓) I think thou dost;

And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weightst thy words before thou giv'st them breath—

Therefore, these stops of thinè fright me the mòre.

For such things in a false, disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,

They're closed relations, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago continues to mystify and excite mistrust, and makes the famous speech:

Who steals my purse | steals trash; || 'tis
Something, | nothing. (✓) 'Twas mine, (\) 'tis his, ||

And has been the slave to thousands.

But he that filches from me | my good name, |

Rob's me of that | which (\) not enriches him, |

(✓) And makes me poor | indeed.

Othello vibrates from love to jealousy; from confidence to doubt.

Iago departs, and Desdemona enters. To account for his agitation, Othello claims to suffer much pain in his head. She endeavors to bind her handkerchief about his brow, but he flings it upon the floor,
and they pass out together. Emilia enters and picks up the handkerchief, delighted because her husband, Iago, has often importuned her to steal it for him. He enters and takes it away from her.

Iago stands afar and unobserved. Othello enters (right) in great distress of mind, and talking to himself. Iago speaks, and the Moor is filled with disgust and rage at having been overheard; with increasing vehemence he addresses Iago.

Oth. (gut.) If thou dost slander her, and torture me,|
(-) Never | pray | more; abandon all remorse.
On horror's head, horrors accumulate,
Do deeds | to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing | canst thou | to damnation add
(-) Greater than that!

During this speech he becomes furious. He pursues the cowering Iago to the extreme (left) front of the stage; seizes him by the collar and crushes him to the ground. Not satisfied with that, he takes him by the top of his head and flings him over, flat upon his back, and raises his foot, like an infuriated Samson, to stamp upon him. Suddenly he pauses and staggers back, crying, in fearful tones: "No, no, no!" Then he returns, reaches down and takes him by the hand, and pulls him upon his feet. No sooner is Iago upon his feet, than Othello sends him spinning from him with the intensest loathing and disgust. After having exhausted his rage, he listens to Iago, and once more trusts him. Then, in confidence, Iago tells how Cassio has Desdemona's handkerchief; how he talks of her in his sleep, and of love, until Othello is convinced of her guilt, and, upon bended knee, swears vengeance upon them both. Iago is now happy; he will succeed in his villainy.

Act III.—Scene, a room in the castle at Cyprus.

This act opens with a scene between Desdemona and Emilia, concerning a lost handkerchief.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse,
Full of cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him. [Enter Othello.]
How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] Oh, hardness to dissemble!
Give me your hand.

He takes her hand and looks at the palm, places his other hand
over it, and discourses upon its qualities and their significance, and
finally asks her to lend him her handkerchief.

Oth. Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord. [He returns it.]

Oth. (\() That which I gave you. [She hesitates.]

Des. (\() I have it not \(\) \^about \(\) me.

Oth. \(\) No?

Des. No, (\() indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian | to my mother give.

She was a charmer, \| and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, \| while she kept it,

\(\) Twould make her \(\) amiable, \| and \(\) subdue my \(\) father
Entirely | to her love; \| but || if she \(\) lost it, ||
Or made \| a gift of it, || my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, \| and his spirits should hunt
After \(\) new \(\) fancies. She, dying, gave it me,

And bade me, \| when fate would have me wive, \|
To give it her. \(\) I \(\) did \(\) so; (\/) and, take heed on 't,

Make it a darling \| like your precious eye;
To lose \| or give 't away \| were \(\) such (\/) \(\) perdition
(\-) As nothing else could match.

Des. \(\) Is 't \(\) possible? [Wringing her hands.]

Oth. 'Tis true; \(\) there's \(\) magic \| in the \(\) web of it.

Des. Then would to heaven \| that I \| had never seen it.

Oth. [starting]. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so \(\) startlingly \| and rash?

Oth. [fiercely]. Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. (\() \(\) Heaven bless us!
Oth. Speak!

Des. It is not lost; (\(\) but what an' if it were?

Oth. Ha! how?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't; let me see it.

Des. [starts to go for it]. Why, so I can, sir, [pauses] but I will not now. [Returns.]

(\(\) This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. [pacing to and fro in anger]. (\(\) Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come. [Failing to understand.]

(\(\) You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, (\(\) talk me of | oCassio.

Oth. The ohandkerchief,—

Des. A man that all the time

Hath founded his °good °fortunes | on your love;

°Shared °dangers with you—

Oth. [pacing up and down]. (asp.) The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth you are to blame [approaches him].

Oth. [throws her from him]. °Away! [Exit Othello in rage.]

[Enter Emilia.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I °ne'er saw this | °before.

Sure, there's some °wonder | in this handkerchief.

I am most °un°happy | (\(\) in the loss of it.

(\(\) Something sure, of state, hath puddled his clear spirit.

Emil. Pray heaven it be °state °matters, as you think,
And no jealous toy concerning you.

Des. (\(\) °Alas the day! (\(\) I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls | will not be (\(\) °answer'd so.

They are not °ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous | for they are °jealous; 'tis a monster,

Begot upon °it°self, °born °on °itself.
Des. [sadly]. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. O Lady, o amen! [Exeunt.]

In the fourth act, Desdemona is abused, and in great grief. Still ignorant of the true cause of her lord's strange conduct, she unconsciously continues to add fuel to the fire of his jealousy. At last, overcome by his feelings, he falls, face down, upon a sofa, and sobs aloud. After this outburst, she is made acquainted with the charges brought against her. Then follow such protestations of innocence, such deep grief, as should move a heart of adamant; but he is not convinced, and with both hands to his bowed head, and groaning in agony, he strides away, and she is left upon her knees, still weeping bitterly.

Act V., Scene, Desdemona's bed-chamber.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia. They go to the dressing-table, which is on the right.

Des. (p.) He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my night-wearing, and adieu; [Sits.]

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
Have grace and favor in them.

[Sighing.] My mother had a maid called Barbara; She was in love, and she proved mad, And did for sake her. She had a song of "Willow." An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her for tune, And she died singing it. That song to-night Will not go from my mind. I have much to do—

(p.) But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it, like poor Barbara. [Sighs.] Pr'ythee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I fetch your nightgown?
Des. No, unpin me here. [Emilia takes down her hair while she sings.]

Slow and with feeling.

1. The poor soul sat sigh-ing by a sycamore tree, Sing willow, willow, willow, With her hand on her bosom And her head upon her knee, Sing from her And... soft-en'd the... stones, Sing

2. The fresh streams ran by her and... murmurd her moans, Sing willow, willow, willow, Her salt tears fell
[Speaks:]
Lay by these [taking jewels from her ears].
[Sings:]

willow, willow, willow, willow, Oh!
willow, willow, willow, willow, Let

willow, willow, willow, willow, And be my garment
willow, willow, willow, willow, blame him, His scorn I accept

[Speaks:]
Pr'ythee, hie; he'll come anon.
[Sings:]

HELEN POTTER'S
INPERSONATIONS.

land Sing all a green willow, Wil low, willo w,
prove, He was born to be false, I die for his

willow, Oh! sing the green willow must be my gar-land.
love, Oh! sing the green willow must be my gar-land.

Nay, that's not next. [Starts.] Hark! who is 't that
knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. "I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow."

(\) Get thee gone; 'good-night. [Kisses her.]
Mine eyes do itch; doth that bode weeping? [Rises.]
I have heard it said so. (\) O these men, (\) these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, [places her hands on Emilia's
shoulders, and looks sadly into her eyes] tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. (\) There be some such, | no question.
Des. [sighing]. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen.

Des. Good-night, good-night; heaven help me. [Sings as she passes across the stage, and behind the curtains at the rear. Exit Emil.]

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow," etc.

Darkness now creeps over the scene, and an ominous silence follows. Cautiously, Othello enters and slowly closes the door, and, like a statue, stands some moments in silence; then, throwing off his red cloak, he goes quickly to the curtain and looks in upon Desdemona. He returns to the door, tries the knob, crosses over, sits before her dressing-table, and talks aloud to himself.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!
Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister [to the lamp],
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can re lumine. When I have plucked the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again.
It must needs wither. I'll smell it on the tree.

He goes to the curtain, enters, and comes forth with both arms over his bowed head, hands clasped, and sobbing aloud.

O balmy breath that dost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!
One more, one more!

He looks again; it thunders and lightens, and Desdemona moans in her sleep; he pauses.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and the last.
He goes to her yet once again, and comes quickly forth, exclaiming:

She wakes.

Des. [opens the curtain with one arm up, and the other down in graceful pose]. Who’s there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. (\(\)) °Will you come to bed, | (✓) °my lord?

Oth. Have you prayed | to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, °my lord.

Oth. If you bethink you | of any crime

Unreconciled as yet | to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it | straight.

Des. [coming forward]. Alas, | my lord, | (\(\)) °what do you mean by that?

Oth. °Well, °do it, | and be brief.

(--) I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;

°No, °Heaven forfend! I would not kill thy °soul. [He paces a circle (right) and she follows.]

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I °do!

Des. Then °Heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, | I hope you will °not °kill °me.

Oth. Hum! [He walks to the extreme right and stands with his back toward her; she follows.]

Des. And yet I fear you, | for you’re °fatal °then

When your eyes °roll so. °Why I should fear | I know not, Since (\(\)) °guilt I know not; yet I feel | °I fear.

Oth. [turns savagely]. °Think on thy sins!

Des. They are °loves I bear | to °you.

Oth. Ay, and for that | thou diest! [Walks to and fro.]

Des. That death’s °unnatural | that kills for °loving

Alas! why gnaw you so | your nether lip?

Some bloody passion | shakes your very frame;

These are portents; but yet I °hope, | °I °hope,

(\(\)) °They do not point | on °me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. (\) I will so. (\) What's the matter?

[He grasps with both hands her left arm.]

Oth. (g.) The handkerchief of which I so loved and gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio!

Des. No, by my life and soul!

Oth. Send for the man, and ask him.

Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die!

Oth. Yes, immediately;

Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin:

Thou art to die!

Des. [kneeling]. Then Lord have mercy on me!

And have you mercy, too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,

But with such general warranty of Heaven

As I might love. I never gave him to ken.

Oth. I saw the handkerchief in 's hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him; send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confessed.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopped.

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. What, is he dead? [Rising.]

Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone! [Trembling.]

Oth. Weepst thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. [grasps her hand]. Down, false woman!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. [dragging her along]. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. °But half an hour—
But while I say °one prayer! [She strives to break away from
him.]

Oth. It is too late!

They disappear behind the curtains; then moans are heard, each
softer than the one before, and silence follows. Loud, quick raps are
heard at the outer door!

Emil. °My °lord! °my °°lord!

Othello hastily thrusts his head outside the curtain, revealing a face
of terror, demoniac and horrible to behold. The curtains are pressed
close about the head, revealing no other part of his person, and he
mutters in a deep voice, agitated by intense fear.

Oth. What noise is this?

He disappears, and the rapping is repeated.

Emil. [calling]. My lord! my lord! I'd speak a word
with you!

Othello comes hurriedly out, and running to the door, listens.

Oth. °°Who's there? [To himself.] °Yes—'tis Emilia.
[Aloud.] °°By-and-by. [To himself.] °She's dead.
(-- ) °°'Tis like she comes | to speak of Cassio's death;
(-- ) The noise was high! [Goes back to look at Desdemona.]
°Ha! no more moving!
°Still as the grave! [Returns to the door.] Shall she come in?
Were 't good? [Three times essays to unlock the door.]
I think she stirs again. [Listens for Desdemona again.] No!

What's best to do?
If she comes in | she'll sure to speak to my wife.
[Stares vacantly.] °My wife! | my °wife! (\) °I have no wife!
[In the broken voice of sorrow.] Oh, insupportable! oh, heavy
hour!

Methinks it should now be a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
°Should yawn | at alteration.

Emil. [calling]. °I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. °O °°good, °my °°lord!

Oth. [taking a full breath, unlocks the door]. °I had forgot
them. °O (\) °°come in, Emilia.
Opens the door.] (\_) °What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. [enters left]. °Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murthur done.

°Cassio, °my lord, °hath killed a young Venetian,

Called Roderigo.

Oth. Oh, come! what now? [Desdemona groans; he paces up and down, and spots his hands to drown her moans; but Emilia hears her.]

Emil. Alas, what °cry is that?

Des. [voice afar]. Oh! falsely, falsely murthured!

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.

[Emilia runs behind the curtain and calls aloud.]

Help, help! °oh, °help! °O lady, speak again!

(\_) °Sweet Desdemona! °O sweet mistress, °speak!

Des. [faintly]. °A guiltless death I die.

Emilia pushes the curtain aside, revealing the sadly tumbled bed, and Desdemona lying diagonally across it, her head to the front, the pillow on the floor, all denoting her vain struggle for life.

Emil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. [in a weak voice to save Othello]. °Nobody; || I myself; || °farewell!

Oth. Why, how should she be °murthured?

Emil. [advancing]. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, | it was not I.

Emil. °She °said °so.

Oth. She's like a liar | gone to burning hell;

°'Twas °I °that killed her.

Emil. Oh, the more °angel °she, and °you | the blacker °devil!

Oth. She was false | as water.

Emil. Oh, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Thy °husband °knew it all.

Emil. °My °husband?

Oth. Thy husband. °Ay, 'twas he | that told me °first.

Emil. °My °hus°band?
Oth. What needs this utterance, | o woman? I say thy husband.

Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, (\) honest Iago.

 Emil. If he say so, | o may his pernicious soul
Rot | half a grain a day! He o lies | to the heart;
She was too fond | of her filthy bargain.

Oth. [rises to stab her]. Ha!

 Emil. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine | is no more worthy o heaven
Than o thou | (\) wast worthy o her.
O gull! O dolt! as ignorant as dirt!
Thou hast done a deed. [Othello advances upon her with his sword.] I care not for thy sword;
I'll make thee known tho' I lost twenty lives.

Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murthur! murthur!

Enter Gratiano, Ludovico, Iago, and others. Here follows a discussion which reveals Iago's true character, and proves Desdemona innocent. Othello falls moaning into a chair, overwhelmed by remorse.

Oth. O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! oh, oh, oh!

He goes to her bed, falls upon his knees, and, with arms across her dead body and his face buried in the bed by her side, gives vent to such grief and remorse as only a great, passionate, and impulsive being like the Moor could feel. After the storm, he rises, draws his scimitar and wounds Iago.

Cassio. Dear General! (\) o I never gave you cause—

Oth. [interrupting him]. That's he that o was Othello.

[To Cassio.] I do believe it, and ask your pardon.

Soft; | a word or two | before you go.
I have done the state o some service, | and they know it;
(--) No more of that. o I pray you, | in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me | (\) as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down naught | in malice. o Then must you speak
Of one that loved o wisely, | but o too well;
Of one not easily jealous, | but, *being wrought,
Perplexed | in the extremè; of one | whose hand,
Like the base Judean, | threw a *pearl away
*Richer | than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast | as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. (\) °Set you down this;
And °say, °besides, that in Aleppo once,
(--) Where a malignant | and turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, | and traduced the state,
I took by the throat | the circumcised dog
(\) °And smote him— || °thus!

[He drives the scimeter into his throat, reels heavily to the floor,
and dies.]

SIGNOR TOMMASO SALVINI, the great Italian tragedian, is a hale and
hearty man of fifty years or more, who has won universal praise for
his extraordinary representation of Othello, Samson, and other pow-
erful personages who figure in history and literature. It is doubtful
if the Othello of this great tragedian has ever been equalled. It is
his own; he presents effectively, and in quick succession, the noble
Moor and the brave officer; the proud, tender lover and the jealous,
cruel husband; the enraged friend; the terrible murderer; the fren-
zied mourner filled with remorse; and, finally, the broken-hearted
suicide.

His voice is a basso profundo, of great power. It can strike terror
to the heart of an adversary, or melt into tenderness; and ring all the
changes of grief, remorse and despair.

STAGE-SETTINGS, COSTUMES, ETC.—For Act I., Scene I., a full stage,
dark street; a large house, with a balcony upon the left. For
Scene II., a council chamber; Duke and senators in red robes; tables
draped to the floor in red cloth; the Duke (in a deep ermine cape)
upon an elevated seat, between two long tables, which extend along
the entire right of the stage. The guard stand inside the rear door,
clad in bright armor, with tall spears planted firmly before them, two
in advance of the line. At the left are seen Gratiano, Ludovico, and
others. This is the scene when the curtain rises. Othello enters left,
in white cloak and turban, and halts near the centre of the stage. As
he stands there motionless, with his full, erect figure draped in white,
his brown face surmounted with the great white turban, he looks like
a grand statue of marble and bronze. The effect is instantaneous,
and the magnificent voice does not detract from, but rather heightens
the first impression.
Othello's costume is Moorish throughout. For Act I., a tunic, similar to the one worn in Act III. (see below), but open down the front instead of at the side, and without the elaborate embroidery; an under garment, quite like Zouave skirt or trousers, viz., full, reaching to the garters, and sewn together at the bottom, save at the extreme right and left, where the legs pass through; leggings of gobelin blue and embroidered in gold, extending from garter to instep, and meeting the Moorish shoes of buff leather, with their canoe-shaped toes; a red cap wound around with the great white turban; an ample white cloak which drapes the remainder of the figure, or is carried upon the left arm; about the neck a string of metal beads, and a huge, jeweled scimitar-hilt protruding from the bosom of the tunic.

For Act III., a coat of mail; full armor and a red cloak.

For Act V., a tunic of yellow broadcloth, open in front, with six large circular buttons or ornaments of the yellow cloth, pinked about the edges, and each set with a sparkling stone, three buttons for each side. Under the tunic is a white shirt or blouse, covering the arms to the wrists, and showing at the throat; over the whole a red cloak, to be thrown off during the first part of the action.

Signor Salvini (as did also Mme. Ristori when playing in this country) gave the text belonging to him in his own tongue (Italian), while the rest of the company spoke in English. Therefore, the peculiar power of his elocution is much diminished by translation. A single word in one language may express more than a dozen words of another language. The costumes, action, expression and general effects of passion and elocution are available; the rest is only approximate, not absolute.
DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK

EDITED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR,
Assistant Editor of WERNER'S VOICE MAGAZINE.

Something unique in Recitation Books. Original in design and unequalled in excellence.

A NEW MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF DELSARTE PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK, WITH HIS FAVORITE RECITATIONS.

Plays, Monologues, Pieces with Music, Drills, Pieces introducing Singing.
Twenty-seven Photographs of Famous Works of Art that are best adapted to Statue-Poses for Entertainments, etc., etc.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DELSARTE BY STEELE MACKAYE.

Every piece in the DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK has been chosen for its special fitness for Recitation. The editor and compiler, ELSIE M. WILBOR, from her long experience as one of the editors of WERNER'S VOICE MAGAZINE (a journal devoted to oral language), is peculiarly fitted for the work, and she has performed her task well, collecting eighty-two recitations, in prose and poetry, ranging from simple, childish to the most dramatic ones, the collection forming an exceptionally excellent all-round book—one in which every reader, no matter what his style may be, will find something suited to him.

The book gets its name from several favorite pieces of Delsarthe's, from an epigram on every page illustrating or stating some point in the Delsarte System, from a fine medallion portrait of Delsarte embossed on the cover, and from illustrations, pantomimes, and analyses according to Delsartean principles.

Every piece has been either written, translated, arranged, or adapted specially for the book, which contains over 300 pages of recitation gems, not one but has its raison d'être—its justifying reason for being inserted. On the covers and between them originality is stamped, making it safe to say that no such a recitation book has ever been issued, and that it marks an era in books of this class.

Elegantly Bound. Price, $1.25, Postpaid.

ADDRESS THE PUBLISHER,
EDGAR S. WERNER,
28 West 23d Street, New York.
The Reader does not Sing but recites the Piece in the Usual Way, while another Person
Plays the Accompaniment on Piano or Organ, thus Lending the Power of Music to the
Reader's Voice in Bringing Out the Effects of the Recitation.

Mailing Price $0.60

50.

THE LAST HYMN. Poem by Marianne Farningham. Music by P. Giorza. Story
of a shipwreck near the shore. A man is seen clinging on a spar, without hope of
rescue. "The people hear him sing "Jesus, lover of my soul " The reader that can
sing this simple, familiar hymn will have a most powerful and pathetic piece...

THE SHADOW OF A SONG. Poem by Campbell Rae-Brown. Music by Edgar S.
Place. Story of a girl who sings to her dead, blind, twin brother whom she had
tended with marvelous affection. Her lover overhearing her sing, suspects her of
communing with a dead love and accuses her. She is so wounded by his suspicion
that she leaves him forever, saying as she goes, that she will sing the song again
just before she dies. A year afterward, the lover, who is alone and disconsolate,
hears the song, and realizing that she (who is unseen) is dying. It introduces a song.
Both the singer and the piano are invisible. This is the greatest reading of the
year, and, with proper rendering, produces wonderful effect upon an audience...

THE TRAGEDY. Poem by T. B. Aldrich. Music arranged by P. Giorza from La
Traviata. The poet, while witnessing the play, La Dame aux Camelias, recogni-
zes in the audience a girl whom he had known years ago, and who has fallen into
sin. He muses that the real tragedy that night was this woman who played despair.

THE BENEDICTION. Poem by François Coppée. Music by Edgar S. Place.
This, as is well known, is a story of the siege of Saragossa, where the troops shot
down a lot of monks, the old priest at the altar who was in the act
of giving the benediction. Very dramatic, and one of the chief pieces in the
repertoire of Prof. J. W. Churchill and Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr.

This is a humorous account of a country Fourth of July celebration, introducing
the various national airs and other tunes usually played on such occasions.

THE UNCLE, as recited by Henry Irving. Poem by H. G. Bell. Music composed
by Sir Julius Benedict, expressly for Mr. Irving. Very dramatic story of two
brothers who loved the same woman. The unsuccessful suffer murders his brother
by locking him in a chest. Years afterward the murderer, in a fit of remorse, tells
the story to his nephew, and dies.

THE STORY OF SOME BELLS. Poem by Edgar S. Place. Story of an artisan
who, having cast a tuneful chime that was carried off in war, became disconsolate
and wandered for years through foreign lands in search of his bells. At last he
finds them, and as they play "Home, Sweet Home," he dies. Very appropriate
for young ladies.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY. Poem by Longfellow. This great poem is too well
known to need description. Every one who recites it should have this musical ac-
companyment, which adds greatly to its rendition.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING. Poem by E. C. Stedman. Charming, semi-humor-
ous description of an old-fashioned country sleigh-ride. Light and frolicsome, with
splendid opportunity for by-play.

MUSIC ON THE RAPPANNOCK. Poem by C. C. Somerville. Story of
Northern and Southern armies encamped on the banks of the river, so near that
each can hear the other's band. When one army plays a war-tune, the other army
responds with its war-tune, until finally, one side plays "Home, Sweet Home,"
which so touches the other side that it joins in, and for the time being the North
and the South are one. Appropriate for G. A. R. meetings, etc.

I DREAM. Poem by Rev. Dwight Williams. The happiness and beauty of the here-
after as foreshadowed in a dream. Suitable for Sunday-school and church enter-
tainments, as well as for other occasions.

THE FUGITIVES. Poem by Shelley. Music by Robert Schumann. Story of
runaway lovers, who are cursed by her father, and who are exposed to a storm.

Sent on receipt of price. Address the publisher,

EDGAR S. WERNER, 68 West 23d St., New York.
Established 1879.

WERNER'S VOICE MAGAZINE:
(Formerly "The Voice.")


For Teacher and Pupil; Reader and Singer; Lecturer and Preacher; Lawyer and Actor; Legislator and Physician; Parent and Speech-Sufferer; Theorist and Practician.

A Guide for the Restoring, the Cultivating and the Preserving of the Voice

FOR SPEECH AND FOR SONG.

Respiration, Phonation, Modulation, Intonation, Articulation, Enunciation, Pronunciation, Conversation, Gesticulation, Personation.

WERNER'S VOICE MAGAZINE

Has the Leading Specialists of the World for its Contributors.

It is the press exponent of the human voice in its manifold phases; treats of its uses and capabilities; gives directions for its cultivation and management, whether in singing, preaching, lecturing, reading, or conversing; points out the way to remedy its bad habits or defects and to restore it to healthful action, organic and functional.

It is a journal which discusses pulpit and secular oratory; the methods of teaching reading and declamation in schools; the various systems of cultivating the voice for singing; elocution; the art of conversation; and, in fact, everything pertaining to the speaking and the singing voice.

Published Monthly at $1.50 a Year in Advance; Single Copy, 20 cents.

Address the Editor and Proprietor,

EDGAR S. WERNER,
28 West 23d Street, New York.
THIRD EDITION.

DELSARTE SYSTEM OF ORATORY.

CONTAINING THE UNABRIDGED WORKS OF

M. l'Abbe Deaumosne and Mme. Angelique Arnaud
(PUPILS OF DELSARTE), AND THE

LITERARY REMAINS OF FRANÇOIS DELSARTE.

WITH THE FAMOUS

"Chart of Angels" and "Chart of Man."

Printed in Colors as Drawn by Delsarte.

These writings, now given to the public for the first time, were lately purchased of Mme. DELSARTE, with the understanding that they were all the manuscripts left by her illustrious husband. They are published in the same condition DELSARTE left them in, thereby affording the best means of becoming acquainted with the thoughts and methods of the unparalleled master of the science and the art of expression. In them is found THE GENUINE DELSARTE SYSTEM unmixed with the views and purposes of other persons, but presented just as the master expounded it.

AN EXTRACT FROM DELSARTE'S LAST LETTER TO THE KING OF HANOVER
IS A FITTING PREFACE:

"I am at this moment meditating a book, singular for more than one reason, whose form will be no less novel than its contents. The title is, 'The History of an Idea Pursued for Forty Years.' It will be my task to connect, and condense into a single narrative, all the circumstances of my life, which had as logical consequences the numerous discoveries which it has been granted me to follow up. I know not what fate is reserved for this book, but, however it may be, I crave, sire, your majesty's permission to offer the dedication to you."

A BOOK OF NEARLY 600 PAGES,

of Great Value to all Delsarteans, Teachers of Elocution, Public Speakers, Singers, Actors, Sculptors, Painters, Psychologists, Theologians, Scholars in any Department of Science, Art, and Thought.

Many Charts, Diagrams, Cuts, etc. Teacher's price, $2.50 net. NOT FOR SALE AT BOOKSTORES. Send draft on New York, postal order or registered letter direct to the publisher,

EDGAR S. WERNER,
28 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.
"The Body is the Expression of Thought."—Eddy.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH
With Key to the Scriptures.

ORIGINAL AND STANDARD TEXT-BOOK ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
MIND HEALING. By MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

Scores have been healed of supposed incurable diseases by reading the book and following its teachings. "I was thoroughly healed of chronic hepatitis and kidney disease, by reading 'Science and Health.' I have never, to this day, had the slightest return of it." J. P. Filbert, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Cloth, 600 pp., prepaid, $3.18 each.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.
FOUNDED BY
MRS. MARY B. G. EDDY, 1883.


It promulgates advanced spiritual thought, a higher understanding of God to promote health and morality, by practical scientific explanations.

Subscription price, $2.00 per year; $1.00 for six months; 20c. per copy.

Christian Science Publishing Society,
24 BOYLSTON ST.,
Boston, Mass.
PARIS AND LONDON FASHIONS.

Madame E. SHEPHERD,

HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON,

IMPORTER OF CHOICE PATTERNS OF FINE FABRICS,
Together with the Latest Novelties in
Street and Evening Costumes.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS to suit the taste and requirements of customers.

ALSO

WEDDING OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

ORDERS AND MATCHING BY MAIL.

REFERENCES BY SPECIAL PERMISSION:
Mrs. R. H. Eddy, 70 Marlboro Street, Boston.
Mrs. Charles Robinson, West Newton, Mass.
Mrs. J. O. Godfrey, Fort Payne, Ala.
Mrs. F. R. Webber, "The Spalding," Duluth, Minn.
Miss J. Bigelow, Longwood Avenue, Brookline, Mass.
Miss Helen Potter, 23 West 23rd Street, New York.
Mrs. Dr. Carleton, 53 West 45th Street, New York.

Artists' Supplies, *

For Literary and Shakspserian Clubs, Amateur Dramatic Societies, Etc., Etc.

Character Costumes at All Prices

AND

WIGS FOR SALE OR TO LET.

COSMETICS

AND

Toilet * Articles of All Kinds

AND HOW TO USE THEM.

Advice Free, on receipt of postage.

Madame LADITA,

ADDRESS, - - - 23 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK.

Madame Ladita is worthy your patronage.

HELEN POTTER.
Students of Expression

Must be students of

Human Nature.

The best works on this subject are published by the Fowler & Wells Company. A complete illustrated and descriptive catalogue will be sent free to any reader of this. Special attention should be called to that masterly work,

A Natural System of Elocution and Oratory.


Let those who would have the latest and best there is on Naturalness send for this.

We will be pleased to send FREE a sample copy of the

Phrenological Journal,

The Only Magazine of Human Nature Published.

$1.50 A YEAR. 15 CENTS A NUMBER.

Address, Fowler & Wells Co.
777 Broadway, New York.

In Ordering, Mention this Book.
St. Louis Magnetic Spring.

AN ARTESIAN WELL

280 GALLONS A MINUTE flow, limpid and odorless, having all the appearance and taste of pure mountain spring water. It is the strongest magnetic water known. It will make a magnet of metal in less than forty-eight hours.