Toasts and After-Dinner Speeches

CONTAINING PRESENTATION, AFTER DINNER, POLITICAL, LEGISLATIVE AND SPEECH-MAKING IN GENERAL, INCLUDING HUNDREDS OF TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

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PREFACE

While there are several works on the principles of oratory, and collections of speeches and toasts innumerable, it is believed that the specialty selected as the subject of the present work has been but barely, if at all, touched upon elsewhere. There are few of us who are not at some time called on to say a few words in public; these demands may come when least expected. To be able to say anything under such circumstances is not only humiliating to the individual himself, but may seem discourteous to those who have honored him by the call.

There are many having all natural qualifications demanded, who fail for the want of a few hints and helps. The difficulties experienced are often of an imaginary character, or of such trifling nature that an experienced speaker would have little comprehension of their crushing effect upon the novice. To point out the
requirements of all ordinary occasions of speech-making, and to afford such aid as may be useful, are the aims of this little volume. While avoiding formal rules and elaborate disquisitions, much care is taken to show clearly the things to avoid as well as the things to strive for, in both the matter and the manner of the speech, and the particular points of etiquette to be observed.

Occasionally persons of excessive diffidence, however fully they may know the requirements of the occasion or thoroughly prepared themselves for their discharge, fail for no other reason than this timidity.    The Author.
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INTRODUCTION

On very great public occasions, none save a very practiced speaker is apt to be called upon to address others; but a practiced speaker either needs no instruction or from a confidence in his own powers is apt to spurn it. But an ordinary man finds many periods of his life when he is suddenly required to face an audience, and where he is expected by those around him to say something. On such occasions we have witnessed a vast deal of embarrassment. Men who could talk well enough on ordinary matters, and who were fluent of speech among their fellows, found themselves tongue-tied, or fearfully hesitant, when expected to stand on their legs, and talk to an audience of a dozen, none of whom they regarded as their superiors. It often occurred that an essay upon extemporaneous speakers, giving hints to those same bashful fellows how to speak and act when necessity calls for speech and action, might save a deal of trouble and annoyance to all parties.
It is not merely the purpose to give models of speeches which may serve for imitation and guidance, or with modifications, might even be cribbed on many occasions, but rather instead of teaching how to use other people's brains, to show them how they may cultivate their own, to show them, whether the quick-witted or dull, the principles that lie at the bottom of all manner of speech making, and to teach, not only the kind of language to be used, but the mode and manner of using it; the most ordinary man, though he may not become a great orator without close study and natural qualifications, may nevertheless learn to acquit himself creditably when occasion calls for the utterance of a few well chosen words.

We know there is too much speech-making among us. The tendency of the age is to gab. Vanity prompts men to talk, and love of amusement, or a pernicious custom, impels others to demand talk. But since it is a tendency of our people, neither censure nor ridicule will break it down. The only thing left is to render it as little offensive as possible. Let us try to make those who will talk, even in articulo mortis, talk sense, or that agreeable nonsense which sometimes is its proper substitute. On most
festive occasions, the audience is a friendly one. They wish the speaker to succeed. His failure is not even a satisfaction to his enemies, if such should happen to be among the guests, for it would mar the pleasure of the occasion so much that the gratification of personal spite would not pay for it. On all such occasions the party must endeavor to remember that he is in his own house, in many respects, and that he is really not making a speech at all.

In that fact lies, however, the genuine cause of all embarrassment inexperienced and unreflecting people suppose, when they are called on to say anything, that they must deliver themselves of something witty or profound or elegant. Wit, if it be real is always acceptable, but, unless in a practiced hand, is a dangerous edged tool to handle. Profundity and studied elegance are out of place at an ordinary social gathering. A man who has to present something to his friend, in the presence of common friends, detracts from the value of the gift, if he bore the recipient and the rest with a set oration. Neither the subject nor the time justifies it. A studied piece of declamation ending by the gift of a walking stick or a silver mug is like the cry of the street vender in Con-
stantinople: "In the name of Allah and the Prophet—figs!" The rule on this, as on every other occasion, is to rise to the subject, and not above it, and when you have done, to stop. The last is a rule which some speakers think they should honor more by the breach than the observance, and this false notion of theirs is what makes the proceedings in town meetings, and the debates in legislative bodies so dreary and tedious to the listeners.

Inseparable from the mode of making small speeches is the etiquette on such occasions. One half of the effect is due to decorum. The speaker has to consider where he is, and who is around him. He has to study ease of manner and this is best studied by not thinking of it at all.

In rising to speak get up naturally and stand as you always do, without any endeavor to strike a picturesque attitude. Make no attempt to look solemn, or you will be apt to look silly. Avoid gesture, which is only graceful and effective when it springs from the excitement of the moment in a long and animated discourse. Speak in your natural tone of voice, neither too low nor too high—lower at first, and increasing your tone gradually as you go on. Fix your
eye on the farthest man, and speak so that he can hear you easily, and then all the rest will.

Above all remember that on minor occasions you rise to talk, and not to declaim; and the nearer you approach to the colloquial in what you say, the more you will please your friends, and satisfy yourself.
Table Speaking

The American people, like their English, Irish and Scotch progenitors—to say nothing of the German element—belong to an eating race; and no gathering seems complete to them without an unlimited amount of food and drink be furnished. The phrase, "dinner-speech," is genuine, and may be made to include talking at a variety of places, from a wedding-breakfast to a clam-bake. But the dinner-speech proper is of a more formal nature than others of the genus and some times involves a little pre-meditation.

The etiquette of a dinner in public differs very little from that of a dinner given by gentlemen of elegant habits and sufficient means to a select party of friends. But in the latter case the guests are usually those who are accustomed to dining out, and acquainted with its observances; at a public dinner-table the guests are mixed. I do not speak of bores, who are noisy, call loudly to the waiters, and otherwise
make asses of themselves; nor of people who insist upon eating peas with their knife, or suck up their soup with the noise of pigs eating from a trough. There are very worthy and estimable people who are guilty of none of these acts of table ruffianism, who conduct themselves quietly and decorously, and yet who are not well acquainted with the etiquette of the public dinner. They do not know when to rise, or when to sit down again; when to applaud or when to refrain from applauding, and frequently mar the pleasure of the occasion from the best intention in the world. They can be as easily taught in one lesson as in twenty.

At public dinners, whether of a society, or for political purposes, set speakers of some note are provided, who respond to the most important toasts of the day, and it is only when these have concluded, and the wine has made a good many circuits around the table, that the guests clamor for talk from less conspicuous personages, and insist on every one who is of any prominence, or even has the reputation of being "a good fellow," adding his mite to the treasury of table eloquence. Men at this state of affairs are not apt to be critical; but they
will not submit to long speeches. A response
to a call, whether in the shape of a personal
toast, or from being named generally, should be
prompt, short and to the point.

Though you be called out by a personal toast,
do not talk about yourself, or drag your busi-
ness before the company, as many do. We
were present once at a dinner of a horticultural
society, where, for some reasons, or through
want of reason, an undertaker and sexton was
called on to speak; we remember what he said,
almost word for word, and it was as follows:

"I don’t know why, Mr. President, I am called on to
talk. I am an undertaker, but I never undertook to
make a speech, unless I was overtaken by liquor, and I
assure you I am quite sober. On such an occasion all
the talking ought to be lively, and from lively people. I
am not lively, and never have a lively time of it, except
when other people go out. I never go out, except pro-
fessionally. I take no pleasure, though as I had a negro
funeral last week, I may say that I went a black burying
for half a day. I cannot make a speech as you see, but
I am much obliged to you for drinking my health—
(please don’t drink the good health of too many people
or you might ruin me)—and I will be happy to serve
any of you in the way of my profession—(Cries of ‘Oh!
no!’ ‘Not for me; thank you!’ etc.) I don’t mean in
any way but to give you pleasure—say for instance, if
any one of you has the great misfortune to lose his
mother-in-law."
Now this was all funny in its way, but it was in very bad taste. A short speech at the same dinner—made in despair by a very bashful fellow, was accidentally better. He rose, and after a little hesitancy, said:

"I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, for drinking my good health; but I neither intend to return the compliment in kind, for in drinking the health of every man here, I should lose my own; nor to try to make a speech, for in that case, I should lose my reputation as a man of judgment."

Down he sat, and that was the end of it. He said nothing very brilliant, but he at least did no discredit to himself.

There are those who have a great aptitude for saying either humorous or brilliant things in an easy, natural and off-hand way, and in consequence are much sought after for public dinners. A word here in the ear of the reader, in strict confidence—most of the apropos affairs, especially the happy extemporaneous hits, have been carefully studied before hand. No matter for that, so they are dexterously fitted to the place and to the occasion. But if a man cultivate an easy and natural way of talking—if he practice saying things without attempt to astonish or impress, he will be apt in the end
to astonish himself and impress an audience. The good company, the genial feeling, and the flow of spirit of all around him—to say nothing of the flow of wine—will bring out all the dormant powers. The first effort is to forget that he is making a speech at all. We insist on this, at the risk of offending by repetition, since it is the key to good speaking on any occasion.

The breakfast speech, little known on this side of the Atlantic, differs essentially from the dinner and supper speech. It is a cold-blooded affair. The dinner speech springs from the companionship, the wine and the geniality of the occasion—the breakfast speech comes from the occasion itself. The dinner speech may arise unexpectedly; the breakfast speech is made with malice aforethought. Breakfasts at which there are a number of guests outside of the family are mostly given in this country on the occasion of weddings. A merry couple, having been properly tied together, and legally authorized to pull different ways in harness for the rest of their joint lives, prepare to travel away for a time, in order to let everybody in the railway cars, and in strange hotels, know that they are bride and groom. Before they go they feed generally in company with their friends—that is the bridegroom feeds, it
being strict etiquette for the bride to take only the rations of a hen-sparrow. She may pick a grain of rice, like Amina, or even eat a pea, like Beau Brummel, but no more, since her modesty and blushes are supposed to stand instead of beefsteaks and potatoes. Speeches are in order, of course. Every one feels the whole affair is silly, and that he cuts a ridiculous figure. Hence he finds refuge from his own annoyance in gabbling himself, or causing others to gable. The bridegroom is toasted, and he replies—generally with something about "the happiest day of my life"—"unequal to the occasion"—"thanks not to be expressed"—and so on. The bride is toasted, and somebody else replies for her—generally the groomsman, or "best man"—as they call him. The father of the bride is toasted, the mother is toasted everybody is toasted in turn; and all these people by themselves or deputy reply. As there is little to talk about there is generally little said, though they usually employ a good many words to say it in.

Any one is liable to be called out at such occasions, and everybody usually is. As the breakfast is given just before departure, and the railway train stops to wait for no one, but vigorously sets off according to the time-table;
as the trunk, basket, little box, big box, bandbox and bundle have been already checked by one of the groomsmen; there is none too much time for the speeches. The breakfast eloquence has to be fired off like the rifles of sharpshooters, rapidly and effectively; but the bore of the orational rifle should be as little as possible.

Supper-speeches are another variation of table talk; but these and dinner-speeches are essentially the same. There are exceptions, however, the two most notable of which are the ball-supper speech, and that made to the proprietor of the house at a surprise party. The speech at a ball-supper should be particularly light, frothy and lively, or not at all. People go to a ball, or a party, to enjoy themselves, and not to air their learning, their profundity, or their eloquence. A supper-speech there, as elsewhere, should have a point, like an epigram, should be brief, like an epigram, and when its point is made, it should stop, like an epigram. I just now remember of a speech of the kind. A few years since Chas. H. Harris, the well-known music publisher, gave an invitation supper and musical party on the occasion of the house of which he was head and founder having reached its 15th anniversary. It was a very pleasant evening—several quite eminent artists rendered
some music charmingly, and Mr. Harris himself gave one of his own compositions with spirit and taste. The collation was excellent too, and evidently every one present was pleased. As the wine began to flow, some speeches were made in German and English, complimenting the host of the evening, and he was called on for a response. Now the gentleman could render his feelings very well in a rhythmical way, but was not equal to the task through plain prose; and he requested, through a common friend, that a well known literary gentleman then present, and who had taken no apparent interest in the proceedings should reply for him. The gentleman, to whom the summons was unexpected—he had never seen Harris before, though he knew his history, rose, and said, as nearly as we recollect:

"Mr. Harris distrusts his own power of expression, or possibly feels that his emotions will not allow him to use language fitting the occasion; and he has asked me to return thanks for all the kind words used in his honor, and for the kind feeling which shows as much even in your manner as the words. I shall not attempt to do it. There is an eloquence in his eyes that needs no words to interpret it. Besides why should you be thanked for what you cannot help. You are most of you either musicians or lovers of music. In honoring one who has during his long connection with the trade done so much to
elevate the standard of taste, and to reconcile purism with progress, you honor the art you love, and so honor yourselves. Mr. Harris for fifteen years has been at the head of a house, which has given the public the best productions of the best masters, and has never through a love of gain lent its imprint to what was false to taste or impure in morals. Your presence to-night it would have been impossible to refuse. The date is an epoch. The occasion is a festivity. It is more. You are not here to flatter the successful publisher, or to pay a tribute to the man who has possibly amassed a competence. Fifteen years since Charlie Harris was married to art, and you are here to celebrate his fifteenth anniversary."

The other exceptional table-speech is that of the surprise party. When you have imperiously taken possession of a man's house for the purpose of a frolic, you have to temper your acts of social ruffianism by a faint effort to practice some of the amenities of life. You must at least say something to tickle the vanity of the man you have injured. Always presuming that your host is a fool, and, being a fool, does not set his dog on to bite you, or does not have yourself and your confederates removed by the police, it becomes your duty to utter a few pleasant sayings. There are some people who, after they have got up a surprise party, and have turned a man's house upside down, have the temerity and bad taste to clap him on
the back with the brutal exclamation—"High old time, Jonesy, my boy!" or the impertinent inquiry—"How are you enjoying yourself, old fellow?" The artistic and aesthetic surprise-party brigand acts better. He waits until the party is half drunk, and the mortification and impotent rage of the master of the house has somewhat deadened, and then he calls for attention, and enters, for the benefit of the few who will listen, into a panegyric upon the unwilling host. And if he do this with dexterity, if he lay on the flattery thickly, and deliver his remarks with uction, and a "bless you, mi-dear-boy!" air, the victim in spite of his better judgment, will begin to believe that his visitors loved him so well that they could not stay away, instead of recognizing the fact that they had merely taken his premises instead of a public hall because they could be had without payment.

The birthday speech is generally a stereotyped affair, in which there can be no variety. By this we mean the speech to the person whose birthday is to be celebrated, or his reply. The other speeches fall under the general rule of table talk.

We have said that it is in bad taste in general to allude, in dinner-speeches, to the business, the profession, or the peculiarities of those
around you. It is also in bad taste, and frequently offensive, to play upon the names of parties. These rules have, however, their exceptions. Where those present are nearly all of one business, allusions, if pleasantly made, are proper enough, and may add much to the satisfaction of the guests; and where all are intimate a gay pun on the name of some one present may be pardonable. Still such things require caution. We remember a very pleasant evening once, when the speeches were generally of this exceptional kind. It was an occasion of a farewell dinner given to the senior member of a firm of leather-dealers, previous to his departure for a year’s visit to Europe, and nearly all present were either in the hide and leather trade, or connected therewith in some way.

The gentleman who on this occasion proposed the complimentary toast of the host of the evening, after the usual compliments and good wishes, wound up by saying:

“And we have no doubt that our good friend, as he passes through the old cities of the world, rubbing here against a noble, and jostling there against a peasant, will so conduct himself after his usual well-bred and quiet fashion, that all ranks and classes will admit, that, for the purpose of making a really estimable man, there is nothing like leather. In fact, leather is a type of your
perfect man. It is smooth, but not too oily; it is pliable, but does not give way; it bends when needed, but does not crack—it wears well—it is in fact, an educated skin, altogether different from the original stiff and unpleasant hide."

In replying the traveler-to-be said:

"If I deserve one-half of the pleasant things said on this occasion, I should think more of myself than I do; and I do think more of myself than I did when I first sat down to dinner, because I know my friends are sincere in what they say, and I must be a pretty good sort of fellow, or they never would let their partiality get the better of their judgment as they have to-night. If I don't thank them and you for the friendship and kindly sympathy you show, it is because I have no words to do it so well as it deserves to be done; because no words can express my feelings. My hope is that when I get back that I will meet you each and all, and find the friendship which binds us to-night, and has bound us for years, made stronger and warmer by the absence. I ought to stop just here! and, so far as I am concerned, I do; but the gentleman who has just spoken has made a remark that might be almost thought a personal allusion to one of my partners in business—a gentleman who though he is the Co. in the firm, and was christened Jeremiah, no one wishes at Jericho. He is a little rough at times, but not stiff; and if he will only get on his feet and say something, will show you that he is by no means an unpleasant Hyde."

There was a general shout for Hyde, and that gentleman rose with great deliberation.
"Gentlemen," he said, "my partner, before he goes off on his year's holiday, is disposed to balance our books, and credits me with a little too much. I admit my stiffness, rather than my roughness. The fact is I am not so oily as either of these gentlemen. I am a Hyde that has never been tanned and curried. As to there being nothing like leather, there would be nothing of leather, if you didn't have a Hyde to begin with."

There was a deal more said by various parties, but these quotations are enough to show that speeches filled with personal allusions may be made without offense, though the experiment is always hazardous, and generally in bad taste.

There is generally a certain amount of flippancy in successful dinner speeches, which causes them to appear badly in print. They lack in that shape the spice, dash and geniality which surrounded them when delivered. But all such speeches are not flippant, and sometimes flippancy is out of place. A public dinner is often given in aid of some noted charity, or on the anniversary of a society founded for a serious purpose. In that case the speeches, from that of the President on taking the chair down to that upon "woman," should have a certain amount of dignity along with the humors, and decorum with the wit.
Political Speeches

There are many counties in the United States. In each of these there are held in a year at least ten political meetings on one side, and every fourth year twice as many. At these meetings the average number of speeches are three to each. The opposite party does the same amount of meeting and talking. Here we have the alarming spectacle of some one hundred and twenty thousand speeches let off annually for three years, and two hundred and fifty thousand fired into the air on the fourth year; being three-fifths of a million of speeches inflicted upon suffering American humanity in the space of forty-eight calendar months. I neither complain of this as an outrage, nor boast of it as showing both the great talking power of one part of my countrymen, and the capacity of enduring torture of the rest. I merely state the fact.

Now there can be no question that while there are a fair number of the speeches thus delivered
that may be listened to with comfort and even with satisfaction, the greater part of this political eloquence is of a very low order of merit, or devoid of all merit whatever. And this state of affairs occurs, not from lack of brains on the part of the political speakers, as from a lack of knowledge on the part of the auditors what a political speech should be. Instead of a careful discussion of public measures, the public expect to hear an attack upon men; instead of an appeal to their understanding, a mere attempt to pander to their prejudices, or amuse them for the moment. What they are supposed to want they get. If they considered that politics is merely, in its legitimate sense, a dispute about the proper mode of managing public affairs, and conducting public business, they would demand the views of their orators on topics of public interest connected with the management of public affairs. In truth, the greater part of people prefer good sense in a public speech to nonsense, and the speaker who will confine himself to his topic, enlivening it in a legitimate way, will secure more general approval than he who indulges in lofty flights or who stoops to buffoonry in order to gain laughter and applause.
If you are called on to address a political meeting, or have a desire to mingle in that way in political affairs, the first point is to have something to say. And to have something to say it is necessary that you should be master of the subject. The preparation for speaking should be thorough—not in words, but in facts and ideas. As a good political speech is always short, you should confine yourself to one, or at most two branches of your subject. That is, you should speak on but one or two topics; but, as you cannot tell what those who speak before you will touch upon, you must be prepared on all.

If you are a novice, so soon as you have made yourself master of everything connected with the political campaign, after you have filled your mind full of the shameful omissions and criminal commissions of the opposite side, and mastered the policy which is proposed or sustained by your own party, it will be a good plan to write out a short speech upon any particular branch of the subject. Write this with great care, and condense it by striking out every adjective which it is possible and every phrase where the same idea or fact is repeated a second time. When you have got it to suit you, read it over and over until it is tolerably well fixed
in your mind—not committed to memory—and then burn it as soon as possible. Having done that, read over your selection of speeches, including those given in this little hand-book—observe their style and the manner in which the speakers have handled the subject, throw them aside, and begin to write another speech, which, after completing and fixing in your mind, you will destroy like its predecessor. Then refresh your memory by reading up all of the facts previously obtained. Understand that the best preparation for the discussion of any subject, political or otherwise, is to understand it thoroughly in all its shapes; and a continual written discussion of its salient points will confirm and fix the knowledge acquired by reading, or by listening to the remarks of well-informed persons.

Nor, to make an effective political speaker, is it alone necessary that you should be well acquainted with the differences between political parties. You should have a thorough knowledge of the political history of the country, the origin of parties, the different plans of finance, the opposing schemes of government, and a fair acquaintance with the administration of public affairs in other countries.

Having made yourself master of your subject,
and fixed the knowledge more firmly in your mind by writing upon it, the next thing is to accustom yourself to an audience. To do this with the least embarrassment to yourself, and with the best chances of success, make your debut in some strange place. This is for two reasons—one, because there will be no familiar faces to divert your mind from its proper current of thought; and the other since, if you fail it is less mortifying to do so before strangers, while if you succeed your gratification will be as great there as anywhere. As "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," you will meet with more consideration abroad. You go there to teach, and they expect you to teach, and are prepared to hear favorably what you have to say. But in your own place the people know you, and not knowing you as a speaker, look with half amusement and half disgust at your attempt to talk to them; and the words—"Is Saul among the prophets?"—stand out all over them in the most annoying way.

When you rise to address the people do it in the simplest and most unpretending way. If you can stand on the same level with your audience, they being seated, do so, or as little above them as possible. Nothing is more difficult than speaking from a height. You have in that case
to force your voice downward, when the sound naturally ascends. Begin slowly, and in a rather low tone of voice, about your usual pitch in talking out of doors. Speak distinctly, and utter every syllable and sound clearly, and you will be heard where a hasty speaker twice as loud in voice would neither be heard nor understood. Speak in that earnest and natural tone which denotes you mean what you say.

As to the subject best suited to impress your audience, that depends upon circumstances. Sometimes a particular part of party policy becomes the object of attack, or the subject of defense, and it may be policy to talk of that and nothing else. As a general rule, however, a political speaker should never defend, but always attack. The one who attacks, assails; the one who defends assumes the criminal’s place. Take it for granted that you are right—you are there to show up the shortcomings of your opponent.

Of course it depends a deal on which party you belong to. If you belong to the party in power, you see the action of the administration through rose-colored spectacles. Everything is lovely, as it ought to be. If you are of the opposition, then you look at affairs through yellow glasses. Everything is doleful, and as
it ought not to be. If the first, you point with pride to the fact that a large portion of the national debt has been paid off already, and that we occupy a high position in the eyes of the world, and that we are fast coming back to our old prosperity. Accuse the opposition of endeavoring to cut down the duties on imports, and so bring the pauper labor of Europe in competition with that of our industrious mechanics; denounce them as sympathizers with the rebellion; accuse them of attempting to revive dead issues, and to unsettle questions that had been disposed of by the war, and the logic of accepted facts. If a democrat, you show that the administration is unnecessarily and enormously expensive; that extravagance and corruption mark every step of the government; that the men in power keep the war in the South alive long after peace has been declared; accuse them of revenue schemes to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and hold them, as the party in power, responsible for all the wrong of legislation and all the fraud in the executive offices.

But, if you are a novice, you will not cover so much ground, and you will do what little you do in a more artistic way. Take up any one of the subjects named, but prepare for it first by some reference to the aim and object of govern-
ment—the reasons why men enter into communities and submit to rules; the principles that should govern the action of departments of the public service. Then show where and how the particular action of the opposite side, which you select for attack, violates these principles and conflicts with these aims and objects; and ask your auditors to stamp their disapproval on the action of the other party in the only practical way they can do it, namely, by voting for your side, for your principles and for the men who are pledged to maintain them.

But, above all, be brief; a political speech over twenty minutes long is a nuisance which should subject its perpetrator to the horse-pond. There is an exception to this. If you are the only speaker, and it is a country place where the audience has come from great distances and has nothing to occupy it, and looks to be made up of patient people, then you may make a long speech—about a half hour. And don’t warn the people that you are about to close, so that some one may cry, “Go on,” by way of compliment, though hoping you won’t. Don’t tell anyone you are about to close, but close when you have done, without warning or without that lingering and hesitation which a man feels who is about to be hanged. The essence of success-
ful eloquence is made up of three things—to have something to say; to say that something well; and to stop when you have said it.

In political speaking, as in nearly all speaking, a colloquial manner is best. The tone of voice should be that of ordinary conversation. But with the occasion, the speaker will depart from this for a time. As he becomes excited he may even declaim; but he should be careful to avoid rant. The human vocal organs form an instrument upon which a man must play, and he will play better by practice; but he must endeavor to keep full control of the instrument. But of that we will have more to say in another place.

It is not alone in the ward meeting or the district public assembly that political speeches are delivered. In caucuses or conventions, which are the legislatures of the political parties, a number of subjects come up for discussion; a party action is shaped; and principles of action, as well as action itself, are determined. The speaking here is of a different character, and is much easier than the set speech. In a debate opposite views are brought out, and the excitement of opposition develops ideas and aids expression. A man may labor at a set speech, and labor to little purpose, who will figure quite
effectively in debate. Even the set speech which is often given at a party convention partakes of the argumentative rather than the declamatory character. In some parts of the country political meetings are got up for debate. Both sides are represented on the stump and the result is that the auditors learn something. Where a meeting is entirely in the interest of one party, speakers are apt to be loose in their statements, and to deal extravagantly with facts. But where a speaker knows that he is to be followed by some one who will attempt to refute his position, he is careful in his statements and makes his side as strong as possible by stating no more than he can maintain.

Never underrate the capacity of your audience. There are no better judges of speaking than your unlettered men, because they hear so much of it, and often by men of mark, and because your unlettered man may have as much brains as the learned, though under less culture. And though the speaker who indulges in buffoonry, or who uses fine rhetorical figures, is often applauded to the echo, you will find that the man who takes a plain, common-sense view of his subject, who states his case plainly and precisely, who wastes no words, and who brings to his task knowledge, earnestness and simplicity
of diction, will be listened to with intense attention, and will command the respect which the more flashy and humorous orator will fail to win.

We do not wish to denounce humor or the proper use of fine figures of speech. But both these are mere accessories. They should not make the staple of the oration. And humor is a very dangerous edged tool that is apt to cut the hands of the unskillful workman. It is quite rare that it can be carried to any great extent with any profit. We know of few instances to the contrary, but those are quite remarkable, and these were in legislative assemblies and will be noticed elsewhere. A quite successful instance is in the following, which is part of a speech delivered before a Democratic convention by William Jennings Bryan, in July, 1886, as we find it reported in a Trenton journal of that time:

"After the very spirit-stirring appeal made by the gentleman who has preceded me (Harrison) I fear that what I may say will only tend to pale the enthusiasm which he has generated—an enthusiasm which reminds me of the fiery days of the party, even as I am old enough to remember it. And I am placed in a more unfortunate position than that gentleman, because I have not even a refuge in that embarrassment of which he speaks—(Laughter). I have very little, if any, modesty
to fall back upon. In my early days—my time of juvenile innocence—I possessed modesty to an alarming extent, no doubt; but as I rose to manhood it wore away;—time rubbed the down off the peach, and left me perfectly able to take care of myself on all occasions. I am not at all embarrassed at appearing before a mass of Democrats anywhere, and feel perfectly willing, on all proper occasions, to avow my views and sentiments. Nor am I discouraged by the circumstances amid which we stand to-day. I am not alarmed for the future of the Democratic party, because some who were so long with us—men who have led us in many a fight—have gone after strange gods, and deserted, in their man worship, the trusts they held. The leaders of the Democratic party are not its masters, but its executive officers. (Cheers.) If they fail or falter, we depose them, and choose their successors from the ranks. (Cheers.) The path of progress of the Democratic party is strewn with the carcases of leaders—of men whose names were our watchwords, but who placed themselves in the road of its march to stay or swerve it, and so they perished. The policy of the party is based upon the necessities of the country. It applies eternal and unchanging principles to those necessities; and so its policy grows, shifts or changes, with the progress of the Nation, but the principles never change.

"If they be lost sight of for a brief time, as in the case of the resolutions of 1798, they are sure to reassert themselves and regain their old force. Our policy is based upon the true principles, and preserves the Union by adhering to the letter of the Constitution and preserving the equality of the states. We guarantee and defend the rights of each part and portion of the confederacy."
To-day one section is assailed and we sustain it, not to please that section, but because our course is right. We cannot afford—least of all the citizens of Illinois—to see the rights of any member of our confederacy invaded. Here we are, citizens of this plucky little state, placed between the two leading states for population, power and wealth, in all the Union. We have no armed forces, no natural defense, no mountain fastnesses, and yet we are but few in number. Yet who doubts if we were assailed, that the manly hearts of our people would impel their strong arms to fight in defense of their reserved rights—to fight to the last man and the last drop of blood. Do we think that there is any state in the South who would do less! If so we should put it out of the Union speedily as too degraded to be our peer. And it is to mete to other states what we demand—to maintain their perfect equality with us—that we are prepared and willing to contend for their rights. It is our own battles we fight. We do right not to please a section, but because it is right of itself. (Cheers.) And if leaders, to pander to the morbid sentiment of fanaticism, violate the policy which has brought them into power and position, they will live to see their names, like those of others that once occupied a high place in the temple of the party, effaced so fully that they never may be restored. They will not find themselves necessary to our existence or our prosperity. We can replace them at our will. The exigency of the moment will bring us leaders for a struggle, as it has brought them before. We have in our ranks, no doubt, though you and I may not see them at this moment, many men who are fit to take command. We are too apt to undervalue the great men of our own time by contrasting them unfavorably with their predecessors—
men who are scorned by their contemporaries in the same way. The dwarfs of the present may become the giants of the future. (Cheers.) I do not indulge in comparison, but I remember a fact, trifling in itself, which I once mentioned in a dinner speech and which comes to my mind aptly. I was traveling, a few years since, on horseback, toward the close of a summer's day, in the western part of a neighboring state. My path—it could scarcely be called a road—lay over a succession of mountain ridges. All day long I had witnessed the same scenery—the rough masses of rock, the gray earth, the dense undergrowth, and the tall trees, branches from root to summit fork—all similar and monotonous. I thought the scenery commonplace. I was wearied with the recurrence of tree and rock and shrub, as well as jaded with travel. When I reached the valley I turned accidentally, and glanced upward. There before me, towering in lofty majesty, was the mountain down whose sides I had ridden—the hues of leaf and soil and rock blending into each other, the rugged outlines softened down by the atmosphere and smoothed by the distance, and the summit crowned by the rays of the setting sun. Time is the distance which will smooth the ruggedness of the great men around us, wrap the body of their fame in aerial garments, and crown their brow with the sunset rays of a golden immortality. (Enthusiastic cheering.)"

In the light of later events, parts of the speech seem like an echo from the grave; but still one can see in the general style, and in the metaphor at the close of the part we have extracted, how and why the audience were moved.
Legislative Speaking

In public legislative bodies, whether the town council, the state assembly, or Congress, all debate is conducted by certain set rules, in order to preserve decorum and facilitate the dispatch of business. These rules, which are to be found in our Complete Debater's Manual, should be thoroughly learned by every member, as without that knowledge he will find his influence reduced to the smallest amount and his eloquence clogged by frequent unpleasant interruptions. In all such bodies time is of value, and every one who participates in discussion has no right to waste the time of others, however liberal he may be with his own.

In a debate, though no one should rise too often on the same subject, the main speech he may make will often be supplemented by others, and the interpolations of his antagonist will soon cause his oration to take the place of a polylogue. But the rules governing the main speech the same as in a dinner or stump oration. It is to be constructed on the same principles.
In the first place the subject itself should be previously mastered in all its bearings, if the speaker be not well acquainted with it already. In the second place, he should state his views briefly and without attempts at ornament. Unless he means to speak but once, he should reserve sarcasm, humor and the use of striking figures of rhetoric for a later period, when he desires to refute some points of his opponents, or overwhelm them with ridicule.

The novice in speaking—and it is for such we write—will not gain much by a close perusal of the debates in Congress or the state legislatures. Indeed, if he survived the amount of dullness thus taken into the brain, he would find his own intellect permanently weakened by the dull stuff he has imbibed. Some men improve in speaking by practice. There are those, however, who grow worse every day, and, being dull in the beginning, end by becoming stupid. A careful study of the styles or orators of reputation will be of more service and be far less tiresome.

And in connection with this, a portion of a debate in the Convention of Virginia, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, will give the reader a fair idea of the manner, and, when we consider that the two engaged in it were
Patrick Henry and Edmund Randolph, also of the matter of a first-class debate. Patrick Henry, it will be remembered, was opposed to the ratification, on the part of Virginia, of the Constitution of the United States, and Edmund Randolph took opposite ground. The extracts we make, though too short to do justice to the arguments, are sufficient to show the style of the parties, and should be carefully studied.

In his first speech on the question, among other things, Mr. Henry said:

"This constitution is said to have beautiful features; but when I come to examine these features, sir, they appear to me horribly frightful. Among other deformities, it has an awful squinting; it squints toward monarchy: and does not this raise indignation in the breast of every true American? Your President may easily become king. Your Senate is so imperfectly constructed, that your dearest rights may be sacrificed by what may be a small minority; and a very small minority may continue forever unchangeably this government, although horribly defective. Where are your checks in this government? Your strongholds will be in the hands of your enemies. It is on a supposition that your American governors shall be honest, that all the good qualities of this government are founded; but its defective and imperfect construction puts it in their power to perpetrate the worst of mischiefs, should they be bad men. And, sir, would not all the world, from the eastern to the western hemisphere, blame our distracted folly in resting
our rights upon the contingency of our rulers being good or bad? Show me that age and country where the rights and liberties of the people were placed on the sole chance of their rulers being good men, without a consequent loss of liberty. I say that the loss of that dearest privilege has ever followed, with absolute certainty, every such mad attempt. If your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, how easy it will be for him to render himself absolute! The army is in his hands, and, if he be a man of address, it will be attached to him: and it will be the subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. And, sir, will the American spirit solely relieve you when this happens? I would rather infinitely—and I am sure most of this convention are of the same opinion, have a king, lords and commons, than a government so replete with such insupportable evils. If we make a king, we may prescribe the rules by which he shall rule his people, and interpose such checks as shall prevent him from infringing them; but the President in the field, at the head of his army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master, so far that it will puzzle any American ever to get his neck from under the galling yoke. I cannot, with patience, think of this idea. If ever he violates the laws, one of two things will happen; he will come at the head of his army to carry everything before him; or, he will give bail, or do what Mr. Chief Justice will order him. If he be guilty, will not the recollection of his crimes teach him to make one bold push for the American throne? Will not the immense difference between being master of everything, and being ignominiously tried and punished, powerfully excite him to make this bold push? But, sir, where is the existing force to
punish him? Can he not, at the head of his army, beat down every opposition? Away with your President; we shall have a king; the army will salute him monarch; your militia will leave you, and assist in making him king, and fight against you, and what have you to oppose this force? What will then become of you and your rights? Will not absolute despotism ensue?

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"I trust, sir, the exclusion of the evils wherewith this system is replete, in its present form, will be made a condition precedent to its adoption, by this or any other state. The transition from a general, unqualified admission to offices, to a consolidation of government, seems easy; for, though the American states are dissimilar in their structure, this will assimilate them; this, sir, is itself a strong consolidating feature, and is not one of the least dangerous in that system. Nine states are insufficient to establish this government over those nine. Imagine that nine have come into it. Virginia has certain scruples. Suppose she will consequently refuse to join with those states; may not they still continue in friendship and union with her? If she sends her annual requisitions in dollars, do you think their stomachs will be so squeamish as to refuse her dollars? Will they not accept her regiments? They would intimidate you into an inconsiderate adoption, and frighten you with ideal evils, and that the Union shall be dissolved. 'Tis a bugbear, sir; the fact is, sir, that the eight adopting states can hardly stand on their own legs. Public fame tells us that the adopting states have already heart-burnings and animosity, and repent their precipitate hurry; this, sir, may occasion exceeding great mischief. When I reflect on these and many other circumstances, I must
think those states will be found to be in confederacy with us.

"If we pay our quota of money annually, and furnish our ratable number of men, when necessary, I can see no danger from a rejection. The history of Switzerland clearly proves that we might be in amicable alliance with those states, without adopting this Constitution. Switzerland is a confederacy, consisting of dissimilar governments. This is an example which proves that governments of dissimilar structures may be confederated. That confederate republic has stood upward of four hundred years; and, although several of the individual republics are democratic, and the rest aristocratic, no evil has resulted from this dissimilarity, for they have braved all the power of France and Germany, during that long period. The Swiss spirit, sir, has kept them together; they have encountered and overcome immense difficulties with patience and fortitude. In the vicinity of powerful and ambitious monarchs, they have retained their independence, republican simplicity and valor. Look at the peasants of that country, and of France, and mark the difference. You will find the condition of the former far more desirable and comfortable. No matter whether a people be great, splendid, and powerful, if they enjoy freedom. The Turkish Grand Seignor, alongside of our resident, would put us to disgrace, but we should be abundantly consoled for this disgrace, should our citizen be put in contrast with the Turkish slave."

Mr. Randolph replied to this on the following day. From his speech we take the following passages:
"Instead of entering largely into a discussion of the nature and effect of the different kinds of government, or into an inquiry into the particular extent of country, that may suit the genius of this or that government, I ask this question—Is this government necessary for the safety of Virginia? Is the union indispensable for our happiness? I confess it is imprudent for any nation to form alliance with another, whose situation and construction of government are dissimilar with its own. It is impolitic and improper for men of opulence to join their interest with men of indigence and chance. But we are now inquiring, particularly, whether Virginia, as contradistinguished from the other states, can exist without the Union—a hard question, perhaps, after what has been said. I will venture, however, to say, she cannot. I shall not rest contented with asserting—I shall endeavor to prove. Look at the most powerful nations on earth. England and France have had recourse to this expedient. Those countries found it necessary to unite with their immediate neighbors, and this union has prevented the most lamentable mischiefs.

"What divine pre-eminence is Virginia possessed of, above other states? Can Virginia send her navy and thunder, to bid defiance to foreign nations? And can she exist without a union with her neighbors, when the most potent nations have found such a union necessary, not only to their political felicity, but their national existence? Let us examine her ability. Although it be impossible to determine, with accuracy, what degree of internal strength a nation ought to possess, to enable it to stand by itself; yet there are certain sure facts and circumstances, which demonstrate, that a particular nation cannot stand singly. I have spoken with freedom,
and I trust I have done it with decency; but I must also speak with truth. If Virginia can exist without the Union, she must derive that ability from one or other of these sources, viz: from her natural situation, or because she has no reason to fear from other nations. What is her situation? She is not inaccessible. She is not a petty republic, like that of St. Marino, surrounded with rocks and mountains, with a soil not very fertile, nor worthy the envy of surrounding nations. Were this, sir, the situation, she might, like that petty state, subsist separated from all the world. On the contrary she is very accessible; the large, capacious bay of Chesapeake, which is but too excellently adapted for the admission of enemies, renders her very vulnerable. I am informed, and I believe rightly, because I derive my information from those whose knowledge is most respectable, that Virginia is in a very unhappy position, with respect to the access of foes by sea, though happily situated for commerce. This being her situation by sea, let us look at land. She has frontiers adjoining the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland and North Carolina. Two of these states have declared themselves members of the Union. Will she be inaccessible to the inhabitants of these states? Cast your eyes to the western country, that is inhabited by cruel savages, your natural enemies. Besides their natural propensity to barbarity, they may be excited, by the gold of foreign enemies, to commit the most horrid ravages on your people. Our great, increasing population is one remedy to this evil; but, being scattered thinly over so extensive a country, how difficult is it to collect their strength, or defend the country.

"If then, sir, Virginia, from her situation, is not inaccessible, or invulnerable, let us consider if she be
protected by having no cause to fear from other nations; has she no cause to fear? You will have cause to fear as a nation, if disunited; you will not only have this cause to fear from yourselves, from that species of population I before mentioned, and your once sister states, but from the arms of other nations. Have you no cause of fear from Spain, whose dominions border on your country? Every nation, every people, in our circumstances have always had abundant cause to fear. Let us see the danger to be apprehended from France; let us suppose Virginia separated from the other states; as part of the former confederated states, she will owe France a very considerable sum—France will be as magnanimous as ever. France, by the law of nations, will have a right to demand the whole of her, or of the others. If France were to demand it, what would become of the property of America? Could she not destroy what little commerce we have? Could she not seize our ships, and carry havoc and destruction before her on our shores? The most lamentable desolation would take place. We owe a debt to Spain also; do we expect indulgence from that quarter? That nation has a right to demand the debt due to it, and power to enforce that right. Will the Dutch be silent about the debt due to them? Is there any one pretension, that any of these nations will be patient? The debts due the British also very considerable; these debts have been withheld contrary to treaty; if Great Britain will demand the payment of these debts, peremptorily, what will be the consequence? Can we pay them if demanded? Will no danger result from a refusal? Will the British nation suffer their subjects to be stripped of their property? Is not that nation amply able to do its subjects justice?
Will the resentment of that powerful and supercilious nation sleep forever? If we become one, sole nation, uniting with our sister states, our means of defense will be greater; the indulgence for the payment of those debts will be greater, and the danger of an attack less probable. Moreover, vast quantities of lands have been sold, by citizens of this country, to Europeans, and these lands cannot be found. Will this fraud be countenanced or endured? Among so many causes of danger, shall we be secure, separated from our sister states? Weakness itself, sir, will invite some attack upon your country. Contemplate our situation deliberately, and consult history; it will inform you, that people in our circumstances have ever been attacked, and successfully; open any page, and you will there find our danger truly depicted. If such a people had any thing, was it not taken? The fate which will befall us, I fear, sir, will be, that we shall be made a partition of. How will these our troubles be removed? Can we have any dependence on commerce? Can we make any computation on this subject? Where will our flag appear? So high is the spirit of commercial nations, that they will spend five times the value of the object, to exclude their rivals from a participation in commercial profits; they seldom regard any expenses. If we should be divided from the rest of the states, upon what footing would our navigation in the Mississippi be? What would be the probable conduct of France and Spain?

"I will close this catalogue of the evils of the dissolution of the Union, by recalling to your mind what passed in the year 1781. Such was the situation of our affairs then, that the powers of a dictator were given to the commander-in-chief to save us from destruction.
This shows the situation of the country to have been such as made it ready to embrace an actual dictator. At some future period, will not our distresses impel us to do what the Dutch have done—throw all power into the hands of a stadtholder? How infinitely more wise and eligible, than this desperate alternative, is a union with our American brethren! I feel myself so abhorrent to anything that will dissolve our Union that I cannot prevail with myself to assent to it directly or indirectly. If the Union is to be dissolved, what step is to be taken? Shall we form a partial confederacy; or is it expected that we shall successfully apply to foreign alliance for military aid? This last measure, sir, has ruined almost every nation that has used it; so dreadful an example ought to be most cautiously avoided; for seldom has a nation recurred to the expedient of foreign succor without being ultimately crushed by that succor. We may lose our liberty and independence by this injudicious scheme of policy. Admitting it to be a scheme replete with safety, what nation shall we solicit—France? She will disdain a connection with a people in our predicament. I would trust everything to the magnanimity of that nation; but she would despise a people who had, like us, so imprudently separated from their brethren; and, sir, were she to accede to our proposal, with what facility could she become mistress of our country! To what nation then shall we apply—to Great Britain? Nobody has as yet trusted that idea. An application to any other must be either fruitless or dangerous; to those who advocate local confederacies, and at the same time preach up for republican liberty, I answer, that their conduct is inconsistent; the defense of such partial confederacies will
require such a degree of force and expense as will destroy every feature of republicanism. Give me leave to say that I see naught but destruction in a local confederacy. With what state can we confederate but North Carolina—North Carolina, situated worse than ourselves? Consult your own reason? I beseech gentlemen most seriously to reflect on the consequences of such a confederacy; I beseech them to consider whether Virginia and North Carolina, both oppressed with debt and slaves, can defend themselves externally, or make their people happy internally. North Carolina having no strength but militia, and Virginia in the same situation, will make, I fear, but a despicable figure in history. Thus, sir, I hope that I have satisfied you that we are unsafe without a union, and that in union alone safety consists.

"But the amendability of the confederation seems to have great weight on the minds of some gentlemen. To what point will the amendment go? What part makes the most important figure? What part deserves to be retained? In it, one body has the legislative, executive and judicial powers; but the want of efficient powers has prevented the dangers naturally consequent on the union of these. Is this union consistent with an augmentation of their power? Will you then amend it, by taking away one of these three powers? Suppose, for instance, you only vested it with the legislative and executive powers, without any control on the judiciary, what must be the result? Are we not taught by reason, experience and governmental history, that tyranny is the natural and certain consequence of uniting these two powers, or the legislative and judicial powers exclusively, in the same body? If any one denies it, I shall pass by him as an
infidel not to be reclaimed. Wherever any two of these three powers are vested in one single body, they must, at one time or other, terminate in the destruction of liberty. In the most important cases, the assent of nine states is necessary to pass a law; this is too great a restriction, and whatever good consequences it may in some cases produce, yet it will prevent energy in many other cases; it will prevent energy, which is most necessary on some emergencies, even in cases wherein the existence of the community depends on vigor and expedition. It is incompatible with that secrecy which is the life of execution and dispatch. Did ever thirty or forty men retain a secret? Without secrecy no government can carry on its operations on great occasions; this is what gives that superiority in action to the government of one. If anything were wanting to complete this farce, it would be that a resolution of the assembly of Virginia and the other legislatures should be necessary to confirm and render of any validity the congressional acts; this would openly discover the debility of the general government to all the world. But, in fact, its imbecility is now nearly the same as if such acts were formally requisite. An act of the assembly of Virginia, controverting a resolution of congress, would certainly prevail. I therefore conclude that the confederation is too defective to deserve correction. Let us take farewell of it with reverential respect, as an old benefactor. It is gone, whether this house says so or not. It is gone, sir, by its own weakness.

"I have labored for the continuance of the Union—the rock of our salvation. I believe that as sure as there is a God in heaven, our safety, our political happiness and existence, depend on the union of the states;
and that, without this union, the people of this and the
other states will undergo the unspeakable calamities
which discord, faction, turbulence, war and bloodshed
have produced in other countries. The American spirit
ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see
the union magnificently triumph. Let that glorious
pride which once defied the British thunder, reanimate
you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans that,
after having performed the most gallant exploits, after
having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and
after having gained the admiration of the world by their
incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired
reputation, their national consequence and happiness, by
their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform
posterity that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur
in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer,
doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation
of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recrimi-
nate our folly with equal severity and justice. Catch
the present moment; seize it with avidity and eagerness;
for it may be lost, never to be regained. If the Union
be now lost, I fear it will remain so forever. I believe
gentlemen are sincere in their opposition, and actuated
by pure motives; but when I maturely weigh the advan-
tages of the Union, and dreadful consequences of its
dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruc-
tion on my left; when I behold respectability and happi-
ness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other,
—I cannot hesitate to decide in favor of the former."

From the three subsequent speeches of Mr. Henry in reply, we take the following:
"Switzerland consists of thirteen cantons expressly confederated for national defense. They have stood the shock of four hundred years; that country has enjoyed internal tranquillity most of that long period. Their dissensions have been, comparatively to those of other countries, very few. What has passed in the neighboring countries? Wars, dissensions, and intrigues—Germany involved in the most deplorable civil war thirty years successively, continually convulsed with intestine divisions, and harassed by foreign wars—France with her mighty monarchy perpetually at war. Compare the peasants of Switzerland with those of any other mighty nation; you will find them far more happy; for one civil war among them, there have been five or six among other nations; their attachment to their country, and to freedom, their resolute intrepidity in their defense, the consequent security and happiness which they have enjoyed, and the respect and awe which these things produced in their bordering nations, have signalized those republicans. Their valor, sir, has been active; everything that sets in motion the springs of the human heart, engaged them to the protection of their inestimable privileges. They have not only secured their own liberty, but have been the arbiters of the fate of other people. Here, sir, contemplate the triumph of republican governments over the pride of monarchy. I acknowledge, sir, that the necessity of national defense has prevailed in invigorating their counsels and arms, and has been, in a considerable degree, the means of keeping these honest people together. But, sir, they have had wisdom enough to keep together and render themselves formidable. Their heroism is proverbial. They would heroically fight for their government and their laws.
One of the illumined sons of these times would not fight for those objects. Those virtuous and simple people have not a mighty and splendid president, nor enormously expensive navies and armies to support. No, sir; those brave republicans have acquired their reputation no less by their undaunted intrepidity, than by the wisdom of their frugal and economical policy. Let us follow their example, and be equally happy. The honorable member advises us to adopt a measure which will destroy our bill of rights; for, after hearing his picture of nations, and his reasons for abandoning all the powers retained to the States by the confederation I am more firmly persuaded of the impropriety of adopting this new plan in its present shape.

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"We are threatened with danger for the non-payment of the debt now due to France. We have information from an illustrious citizen of Virginia, who is now in Paris, which disproves the suggestions of such danger. This citizen has not been in the airy regions of theoretic speculation; our ambassador is this worthy citizen. The ambassador of the United States of America is not so despised as the honorable gentleman would make us believe. A servant of a republic is as much respected as that of a monarch. The honorable gentleman tells us that hostile fleets are to be sent to make reprisals upon us; our ambassador tells you that the king of France has taken into consideration, to enter into commercial regulations on reciprocal terms with us, which will be of peculiar advantage to us. Does this look like hostility? I might go further; I might say, not from public authority, but good information, that his opinion is, that you reject this government. His character and
abilities are in the highest estimation; he is well ac-
quainted, in every respect, with this country; equally so
with the policy of the European nations. This illustrious
citizen advises you to reject this government, till it be
amended. His sentiments coincide entirely with ours.
His attachment to, and services done for, this country
are well known. At a great distance from us, he remem-
bers and studies our happiness. Living amidst splen-
dor and dissipation, he thinks yet of bills of rights—
thinks of those little despised things called maxims.
Let us follow the sage advice of this common friend of
our happiness. It is little usual for nations to send
armies to collect debts. The house of Bourbon, that
great friend of America, will never attack her for the
unwilling delay of payment. Give me leave to say that
Europe is too much engaged about objects of greater
importance to attend to us. On that great theater of
the world the little American matters vanish. Do you
believe that the mighty monarch of France, beholding
the greatest scenes that ever engaged the attention of a
prince of that country, will divert himself from these
important objects, and now call for a settlement of ac-
counts with America? This proceeding is not warranted
by good sense. The friendly disposition to us, and the
actual situation of France, render the idea of danger
from that quarter absurd. Would this countryman of
ours be fond of advising us to a measure which he
knew to be dangerous—and can it be reasonably sup-
posed that he can be ignorant of any premeditated hos-
tility against this country? The honorable gentleman
may suspect the account; but I will do our friend the
justice to say that he would warn us of any danger from
France.
"Do you suppose the Spanish monarch will risk a contest with the United States, when his feeble colonies are exposed to them? Every advance the people here make to the westward, makes him tremble for Mexico and Peru. Despised as we are among ourselves under our present government, we are terrible to that monarchy. If this be not a fact, it is generally said so.

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"This government is so new that it wants a name. I wish its other novelties were as harmless as this. He told us we had an American dictator in the year 1781. We never had an American President. In making a dictator we followed the example of the most glorious, magnanimous, and skillful nations. In great dangers this power has been given. Rome had furnished us with an illustrious example. America found a person worthy of that trust; she looked to Virginia for him. We gave a dictatorial power to hands that used it gloriously and which were rendered more glorious by surrendering it up. Where is there a breed of such dictators? Shall we find a set of American Presidents of such a breed? Will the American President come and lay prostrate at the feet of Congress his laurels? I fear there are few men who can be trusted on that head. The glorious republic of Holland has erected monuments to her warlike intrepidity and valor; yet she is now totally ruined by a stadtholder, a Dutch president. The destructive wars into which that nation has been plunged have since involved her in ambition. The glorious triumphs of Blenheim and Ramillies were not so conformable to the genius, nor so much to the true interest of the republic, as those numerous and useful canals and dikes, and other objects at which ambition
spurns. That republic has, however, by the industry of its inhabitants and policy of its magistrates, suppressed the ill effects of ambition. Notwithstanding two of their provinces have paid nothing, yet I hope the example of Holland will tell us that we can live happily without changing our present despised government. Cannot people be as happy under a mild as under an energetic government? Cannot content and felicity be enjoyed in a republic as well as in a monarchy, because there are whips, chains, and scourges used in the latter? If I am not as rich as my neighbor, if I give my mite, my all, republican forbearance will say that it is sufficient. So said the honest confederates of Holland; 'You are poor; we are rich. We will go on and do better, far better, than be under an oppressive government.' Far better will it be for us to continue as we are, than go under that tight, energetic government. I am persuaded of what the honorable gentleman says, that separate confederacies will ruin us. In my judgment, they are evils never to be thought of till a people are driven by necessity. When he asks my opinion of consolidation, of one power to reign over America with a strong hand, I will tell him, I am persuaded of the rectitude of my honorable friend’s opinion (Mr. Mason), that one government cannot reign over so extensive a country as this is, without absolute despotism. Compared to such a consolidation, small confederacies are little evils, though they ought to be recurred to but in case of necessity. Virginia and North Carolina are despised. They could exist separated from the rest of America. Maryland and Vermont were not overrun when out of the confederacy. Though it is not a desirable object, yet, I trust, that on examination it will be
found that Virginia and North Carolina would not be
swallowed up in case it was necessary for them to be
joined together.

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'I call upon every gentleman here to declare, whether
the king of England had any subjects so attached to his
family and government—so loyal as we were. But the
genius of Virginia called us for liberty; called us from
those beloved endearments, which, from long habits, we
were taught to love and revere. We entertained from
our earliest infancy the most sincere regard and rever-
ence for the mother country. Our partiality extended to
a predilection for her customs, habits, manners and
laws. Thus inclined, when the deprivation of our lib-
erty was attempted, what did we do? What did the
genius of Virginia tell us? 'Sell all and purchase
liberty.' This is a severe conflict. Republican maxims
were then esteemed. Those maxims and the genius of
Virginia landed you safe on the shore of freedom. On
this awful occasion, did you want a federal govern-
ment? Did federal ideas possess your minds? Did fed-
eral ideas lead you to the most splendid victories? I
must again repeat the favorite idea, that the genius of
Virginia did, and will again lead us to happiness. To
obtain the most splendid prize, you did not consolidate.
You accomplished the most glorious ends by the assist-
ance of the genius of your country. Men were then
taught by that genius that they were fighting for what
was most dear to them. View the most affectionate
father, the most tender mother, operated on by liberty,
nobly stimulating their sons, their dearest sons, some-
times their only son, to advance to the defense of his
country. We have seen sons of Cincinnatus, without
splendid magnificence or parade, going, with the genius of the progenitor Cincinnatus to the plow—men who served their country without ruining it; men who had served it to the destruction of their private patrimonies; their country owing them amazing amounts, for the payment of which no adequate provision was then made. We have seen such men throw prostrate their arms at your feet. They did not call for those emoluments which ambition presents to some imaginations. The soldiers who were able to command everything, instead of trampling on those laws which they were instituted to defend, most strictly obeyed them. The hands of justice have not been laid on a single American soldier. Bring them into contrast with European veterans—you will see an astonishing superiority over the latter. There has been a strict subordination to the laws. The honorable gentleman’s office gave him an opportunity of viewing if the laws were administered so as to prevent riots, routs and unlawful assemblies. From his then situation, he could have furnished us with the instances in which licentiousness trampled on the laws.

“Among all our troubles, we have paid almost to the last shilling, for the sake of justice; we have paid as well as any state; I will not say better. To support the general government and our own legislature; to pay the interest of the public debts, and defray contingencies, we have been heavily taxed. To add to these things, the distresses produced by paper money, and by tobacco contracts, were sufficient to render any people discontented. These, sir, were great temptations; but in the most severe conflict of misfortunes, this code of
laws—this genius of Virginia, call it what you will, triumphed over everything.

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"I am constrained to make a few remarks on the absurdity of adopting this system, and relying on the chance of getting it amended afterward. When it is confessed to be replete with defects, is it not offering to insult your understandings, to attempt to reason you out of the propriety of rejecting it, till it be amended? Does it not insult your judgment to tell you—adopt first, and then amend? Is your rage for novelty so great, that you are first to sign and seal, and then to retract? Is it possible to conceive a greater solecism? I am at a loss what to say. You agree to bind yourselves hand and foot—for the sake of what? Of being unbound. You go into a dungeon—for what? To get out. Is there no danger, when you go in, that the bolts of federal authority shall shut you in? Human nature never will part from power. Look for an example of a voluntary relinquishment of power, from one end of the globe to another—you will find none. Nine-tenths of our fellow-men have been, and are now, depressed by the most intolerable slavery, in the different parts of the world; because the strong hand of power has bolted them in the dungeon of despotism. Review the present situation of the nations of Europe, which is pretended to be the freest quarter of the globe. Cast your eyes on the countries called free there. Look at the country from which we are descended, I beseech you; and although we are separated by everlasting, insuperable partitions, yet there are some virtuous people there who are friends to human nature and liberty. Look at Britain; see there the bolts and bars of power; see bribery and corruption
defiling the fairest fabric that ever human nature reared. Can a gentleman who is an Englishman, or who is acquainted with the English history desire to prove these evils? See the efforts of a man descended from a friend of America; see the efforts of that man, assisted even by the king, to make reforms. But you find the faults too strong to be amended. Nothing but bloody war can alter them. See Ireland; that country groaned from century to century, without getting their government amended. Previous adoption was the fashion there. They sent for amendments from time to time, but never obtained them, though pressed by the severest oppression, till eighty thousand volunteers demanded them sword in hand—till the power of Britain was prostrate; when the American resistance was crowned with success. Shall we do so? If you judge by the experience of Ireland, you must obtain the amendments as early as possible. But I ask you again, where is the example that a government was amended by those who instituted it? Where is the instance of the errors of a government rectified by those who adopted them?

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"Perhaps I shall be told, that I have gone through the regions of fancy; that I deal in noisy exclamations and mighty professions of patriotism. Gentlemen may retain their opinions; but I look on that paper as the most fatal plan that could possibly be conceived to enslave a free people. If such be your rage for novelty, take it and welcome, but you never shall have my consent. My sentiments may appear extravagant, but I can tell you, that a number of my fellow-citizens have kindred sentiments; and I am anxious, if my country should come into the hands of tyranny, to exculpate myself from
being in any degree the cause, and to exert my faculties to the utmost to extricate her. Whether I am gratified or not in my beloved form of government, I consider that the more she is plunged into distress, the more it is my duty to relieve her. Whatever may be the result, I shall wait with patience till the day may come when an opportunity shall offer to exert myself in her cause.

"But I should be led to take that man for a lunatic, who should tell me to run into the adoption of a government avowedly defective, in hopes of having it amended afterward. Were I about to give away the meanest particle of my own property, I should act with more prudence and discretion. My anxiety and fears are great, lest America, by the adoption of this system, should be cast into a fathomless abyss."

Without the whole speeches—and these lack of space forbids us to give—the reader loses the nice points on both sides, but he readily perceives the great secret of the effect of the debate, which is the secret of the effect of eloquence always—namely, earnestness. The speakers believe what they say and are endeavoring to impress others with that belief. And this earnestness is called out more strongly by the opposition. Each is master of his subject; each is earnest in its support; and each uses simple and appropriate language to express his opinions. In fact, we know of nothing better as a foundation of style in speaking—not even the speaking of Demosthenes in the original—than a close
study of the debates, poorly as they are reported, of the convention that framed the United States Constitution, or that of any of the states who met to consider the propriety of ratifying it. For to such bodies, in those days, they sent men and brains and culture, and those took their legitimate lead.

Of course, if the reader of this little work ever goes to a constitutional convention, or Congress, he will not need or will not think he needs any hints from us. It is the heaven-inspired privilege of your congressman or legislator to know everything, though, with astonishing stinginess, he keeps that knowledge pretty generally closely to himself. But to the novice, before he gets to Congress, our instruction may be of some use, and hence we have devoted so much of our space to general principles and to extracts in illustration.

We have previously spoken of humor, and how dangerous it is in unpracticed hands. With the skilled speaker it becomes a powerful weapon. Two instances in our congressional history occur to us where the use of sarcasm—for it is this form of humor that is most forcible in debate—had astonishing effect. The first was by the late Thomas Corwin. It was in Congress in 1840. Mr. Crary, of Michigan, in a speech
on some particular subject, made a fierce attack upon General Harrison, who was a candidate for the presidency at that time, and in a labored speech endeavored to show that General Harrison was very incompetent as a military man, and had blundered terribly at the battle of Tippecanoe. Thereupon Corwin replied in an admirable bantering speech, whose irony was so severe that it not only closed Crary’s mouth for the time, but drove him from public life altogether. The second is more recent. There is a bill which proposes to grant a certain amount of public land for the St. Croix railroad—or, rather, it is proposed to renew the grant in a former bill, which failed to be used in time. The bill has been rejected, but returns again. Last year it made its appearance. Mr. J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, was not satisfied with the bill, but did not care to argue seriously upon what he supposed to be a mere attempt to get more of the public domain from its owners. After speaking in a humorous way concerning the St. Croix region, and holding up the friends of the measure and the measure itself to ridicule, he turned to the town of Minnesota which was to be chiefly benefited by the measure, and paid his respects to it in the following style:
"Now sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of St. Croix. (Laughter.) At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I know was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. (Laughter.) But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful preplexity. I could conceive of no place on 'God's green earth' in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. (Laughter.) I know that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of direct communication by railroad with the piney woods of the St. Croix; and I know that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be. (Laughter.) Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentlemen the other day mention the name of 'Duluth.' (Great Laughter.) Duluth. The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low
fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the
soft sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright,
joyous dream of sleeping innocence.

"Duluth! Twas the name for which my soul had
panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-
brooks! (Renewed laughter.) But where was Duluth?
Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been
gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. (Laugh-
ter.) And I felt a profounder humiliation in my igno-
rance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished
my delighted ear. (Roars of laughter.) I was certain
the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or
it would have been designated as one of the termini of
this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew
nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined
all the maps I could find. (Laughter.) I discovered
in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from
the Mississippi near a place called Prescott, which I
suppose was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but
I could nowhere find Duluth!

"Nevertheless, I was confident that it existed some-
where, and that its discovery would constitute the
crowning glory of the present century, if not of all
modern times. (Laughter.) I knew it was bound to
exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry
and perfection of our planetary system would be in-
complete without it (renewed laughter); that the ele-
ments of material nature would long since have resolved
themselves back into original chaos if there had been
such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from
leaving out Duluth. (Roars of laughter.) In fact, sir,
I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not
only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was
a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. (Great laughter.) I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels, and with all his geographical research, he had never heard of Duluth. (Laughter.) I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius, upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. (Great and continued laughter.) Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair because I could nowhere find Duluth. (Renewed laughter.) Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt but that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, ‘Where is Duluth?’ (Roars of laughter.) But, thanks
be to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. (Renewed laughter.) Then, there for the first time, my enchanted eyes rested upon the ravishing word 'Duluth.'

"This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

"If gentlemen will examine it they will find Duluth not only in the center of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitude of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. (Laughter.) How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologists will never be able to explain. (Renewed laughter.) But the fact is, sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I have been told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their personal safety as to
venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. (Roars of laughter.) I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether 'it is just lying around there loose.' (Renewed laughter.) I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frost-work, more intangible than the rose tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain which I am told are ever fitting in the form of towns and cities along the lines of railroad built with government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon, or whether it is a real, bona fide, substantial city, all 'staked off,' with the lots marked with their owners' names like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. (Laughter.) But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or there about, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool (laughter), though I have no doubt for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand. (Renewed laughter.)

"Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been
under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior, it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. (Great laughter.) But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one, basked in the golden sunlight of the other, may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights (laughter), a terrestrial paradise fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silver melody of nature's choicest songsters. (Laughter.) In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conceptions of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody—

Know ye the land of the cedar and pine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gaul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color, though varied, in beauty may vie?

"As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable, and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over 3,000,000
square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir, (pointing to the map). Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal treasures, wide extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth. (Laughter.) Look at it, sir, (pointing to the map); do not you see, from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory, that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? (Great laughter.) And here, sir, (still pointing to the map), I find, within a convenient distance, the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most estimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subject in the world for stratagetical experiments, and any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war (laughter), especially for any lieutenant-general whose

Trechant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting has grown rusty,
And eats into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

(Great laughter.)

"Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military operations un-
precedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her cursed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory, never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall open their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of the butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have ever overrun the French in that kind of style if Gen. Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians." (Great laughter.)

(Here the hammer fell.)

(Many cries, "Go on!" "Go on.")

The Speaker—"Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The Chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed."

Mr. Knott—"I was remarking, sir, upon these vast 'wheat fields,' represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these
immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen rather incongruous—as rather too great a strain on the ‘blank-ets’ of veracity. But, to my mind, there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it in with buffalo bulls. (Great laughter.) Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

"Here you will observe (pointing to the map), are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. (Great laughter.) I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! (Great laughter.) On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and the way they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock yards of Duluth. (Shouts of laughter.)

"Sir, I might stand here for hours, and expatiate with
rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. (Laughter.) I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of 'women's rights' should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. (Roars of laughter.) Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

"Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of the blessed privilege! (Laughter.) There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted (great laughter); and, in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth!"
(Shouts of laughter.) Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the St. Croix!” (Great laughter.)
Speechmaking in General.

Having given the reader some idea of the three kinds of speeches mostly in vogue—for the set, or written oration, is confined nowadays to the lecture-room or pulpit—we close by a chapter of detailed instruction.

No man should speak in public unless he have something to say and a purpose to serve thereby. Nor should he speak unless he can say that something properly. Nor should he continue to speak after he has exhausted his subject. We therefore consider, first, the matter of the speech; secondly, the manner of the speech; and, thirdly, the end of the speech.

First, then, of the matter. There must be ideas, and one leading idea around which the rest should be grouped. This should be introduced by a brief exordium, and should be properly insisted on and sustained, but never entirely lost sight of. You speak to a certain end, whatever the subject or whenever you
speak. Let that be kept in mind from first to last. But do not attempt to do too much. If you are making a speech in opposition to a certain political policy, do not endeavor to expose all the errors of your opponents. Select the one which is the most recent in public report, or most likely to arouse popular prejudice, or is of itself most enormous. Having presented its wrong in as terse language as possible, endeavor to show that it is not so much to the wickedness of your opponents as to the inherent tendency of the system of public policy which they support. Nothing is lost by attributing good motives to your opponents. The hearer thinks you to be generous and frank, which predisposes him to give you a fair hearing. Then take up more particularly that part of their policy connected with the particular subject under discussion. So soon as you have made a strong point, and you see it has told on the audience, do not weaken it by elaboration, but go to another portion of the subject; or, if you find you have made an effective hit, close without delay. If you are discussing a subject with others, you may proceed a little differently. If they have made any points that are apt to tell against your position, notice them after you have made your own points, but do not be seduced to con-
Consider them solely, or to devote too much time to their refutation, otherwise you will be forced into the defensive, which is always disadvantageous.

Study to use the plainest and simplest words and phrases. We do not mean by this that you should, in avoiding long and ponderous words, fall into the error of using "slang" expressions, but that you should take in preference words of Saxon or Celtic rather than of Latin or Greek origin. Say that the house was "burned," not that it "fell before the devouring elements;" say that the man was "hanged," and not that he "suffered death by strangulation;" say "milk," and not "the lacteal fluid"—in short, use such words and phrases as are understood by the most uncultured, and you will not injure yourself in the estimation of the learned. Otherwise, though you may astonish the ignorant, you will be laughed at by people of common sense, who are greater in number than some people suppose.

While we insist on using not only the simplest words, but the fewest necessary to convey a meaning properly, we do not advise that brevity should be carried to the extent of barrenness. The use of words to an end is very much like the use of money. It may be extravagant to
spend very little, and economical to spend very much. As that is the best use of money which gets what we want for the least expenditure, we use words best when we just use enough to convey our meaning clearly and elegantly, and no more.

Avoid quotations, unless they enforce a point, but above all keep clear of classical quotations and scraps of foreign or dead languages. In a body composed of thoroughly educated men you may air your learning a little, but not before a miscellaneous audience. If you do quote, however, see that it suits the time, and not be lugged in to show your memory.

Figures of rhetoric should be sparingly used, and some of them with more particular caution. The most apt to be used by the inexperienced orator are simile, metaphor, apostrophe and ecphorhesis. Simile and metaphor differ in this —simile compares things, and metaphor indentifies them. The latter is the more powerful, and, in general, preferable. "He is bold as a lion" there is simile; "he is a lion"—there is metaphor. Either, however, should be sparingly employed, and should come naturally out of the management of the subject, and not be dragged in.

Apostrophe and ecphorhesis differ in this—
that apostrophe is an address to something or some one connected with the subject under consideration, while ephphonesia is a sudden exclamation, expressing some kind of emotion springing from the main subject. The latter is a very commonly used figure, and as it diverts the attention of the hearer from the main subject, its excess should be guarded against.

Antithesis is a figure of great value. By contrasting things or qualities directly opposite, it produces frequently a striking effect. One of the most remarkable specimens of antithesis is to be found in one of the speeches of the celebrated Irish orator Phillips, in which he speaks of the elder Napoleon, as follows:

"Plunged into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

"He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld
the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins of both the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grappled without remorse, and wore without shame the diadem of 'the Caesars.

"The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation; kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or in the drawing-room; with the mob, or the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipzig, he was still the same military despot.

"In this wonderful combination his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended
te the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the 
silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue; 
he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lillie, 
and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of Eng-
land.

"Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same 
time, such an individual consistency, were never united 
in the same character. A Royalist, a Republican, and 
an emperor; a Mohammedan; a Catholic, and a patron 
of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor 
and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, 
through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, 
inflexible original; the same mysterious, incompre-
hensible self; the man without a model, and without a 
shadow."

Climax is a figure of great force, by which the 
speaker commences at the lowest or weakest and 
gradually ascends to the highest or strongest 
points. But it is, after all, a story within a 
story; for a speech itself should be a climax, 
commencing with the weakest and closing at the 
strongest point.

"Time was, indeed, when the princes of a royal house, 
on returning from the chase, fired at the slaters at work 
on the house-tops of Paris, and laughed to see them fall. 
Time was when kings made battues of their unhappy 
subjects, and power coerced panting poverty till it stood 
hopelessly at bay or lay down in despair to die. But 
to-day all that has changed. The chase still goes on; 
now poverty coerces power. The hunters have become 
the hunted, and the game is royal."
Personification, by which we give abstract matters or inanimate things a distinct personality, is often effectively introduced. In his speech in opposition to war measures, Josiah Quincy made a very fine use of this figure. He said:

"An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain, as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland."

These, and other figures of speech, are more to be spurned than employed, if the novice desires to make an effective speaker. He will be apt to think them fine, but this is an error. Even if excellent of themselves, they are apt to divert the mind of the auditors from the main question. Hence the best orators use them sparingly; and in any business speech, never. In the latter, indeed, he is most effective who makes a plain statement, and occupies as little time as possible in doing it. The young and unpracticed orator does not make his speech, however, so
much to gain a point as to make a display. He is apt to think he has succeeded when some sally of his provokes laughter or wins applause. The practiced orator knows better, and is far better pleased if he obtain a close and earnest attention from his auditors. Hence he avoids mere display and strives to give an epigrammatic force to his sentences and to condense as much as possible.

It is true that the style employed is to be modified a deal by the subject matter. In an oration on a set subject—in a lecture—in a sermon—or in a literary address, the style should be more ornate; and in a dinner speech more playful than in a business speech. But nowhere should the ornate be cumbrous or excessive. It ceases to be ornament when it makes up the main matter. And elegance may be had with the most sparing use of rhetorical figures, or without them at all.

We recollect once attending the meeting of a council in a country town, where a proposal to pave the main street was under consideration. One member was in favor of using cobble-stones for the purpose, and delivered quite a long speech to show that this was the cheapest in the end, that it would require less repair than other modes, and would give the village quite a city-
like appearance. His remarks made some impression, though they rather tired both the council and the townsfolk who were listening to, and interested in, the discussion. A quiet member, who rarely spoke, arose and answered him, substantially, and, in some part of our report, exactly, thus:

“Mr. Chairman: I have listened with proper attention to the gentleman who has just sat down, and have weighed well all he has said. I differ with him, and prefer that we should macadamize the main street, for very plain reasons. The first cost of a thorough macadamization is not only less, but it will be cheaper in the end. Whether you cover the surface with broken stone, or with sand and cobble stones, the surface must be properly graded in either instance to receive this protecting coat. Thus far the cost is the same. Then begins the difference. The gentleman admits that to haul the gravel and to place the cobble-stones properly will cost more than to cover the surface with eighteen inches of finely-broken stone. He thinks that the cobble-stone pavement would remain immovable, while the macadamized surface would fall into ruts. If he will go to any city he will discover that in a few months, more or less according to the traffic, the cobble-stone pavement changes from its level to a succession of hills and hollows; that the gravel in which the stones are bedded retains moisture, and is acted on by frost which heaves the stones above more or less out of place. Repairs are costly. They require not only a resetting of the stone, but a readjustment of the gravel. The macadamized
road, if made as it ought to be, of small stones with sharp edges, and without a mixture of gravel or clay, so that it will bend by pressure, and pack into a natural drain from the surface, is not upheaved by the frost; and any ruts that are formed can be easily repaired with a few pecks of stones, if properly watched. As to the final reason in favor of cobble-stones, that it will give 'a city air' to the main street, I presume this is meant as a sly bit of sarcasm, and is not to be taken seriously. But if the gentleman be really in earnest, I hope he will recall to his mind that we are not a city, and will not become so by putting on a city air; and that he will remember the fate of the unlucky frog who undertook to swell to the size of an ox, and came to great grief in the attempt."

The council decided against the cobble-stones.

The main points of an effective speech are clearness of idea, precision of statement, simplicity of language, methodical arrangement, and a style of handling that hits the subject.

And, next, as to the manner of delivering the speech. We have already spoken about the attitude of the body, which should be free, natural and unconstrained, and about the avoidance of mechanical gesture. Some persons stand as immovable as stone posts, which is bad, but, bad as it is, it is infinitely better than the trick of others who sway themselves violently back and forth, or use their arms as though they were
handles of a force-pump or the sails of a windmill.

We again call attention to distinctness of enunciation. Every word, syllable and sound should be plainly articulated. While the voice should take the colloquial tone, the words should not be clipped, nor the sound of one run into the sound of another. This is an imperative rule, and cannot be too much insisted on. In order to easily obey it, it is better to practice the vocal sounds and repeat the labials, or lip sounds; dentals, or teeth sounds; palatal, or palate sounds, and linguals, or tongue sounds, first separately, and then in the words wherein they predominate. This done, the words wherein the dentals and linguals come together, and finally those in which the nasal sounds join the rest, should be practiced sedulously. Words terminating in st, or t'st, or d'st, if not perfectly pronounced, annoy the ear, and often embarrass the speaker, who feels his failure to give them in their full force.

The management of the voice requires careful study. Where the speech is narrative, or the statement of the premises, the tone is that of ordinary conversation. Where the speaker warms with his subject, and becomes animated, the voice rises; if he touches upon a pathetic
subject, the voice at the more affecting parts sinks. If he indulges in humor, he gives the funny point with an expected quickness; if he rises to the sublime, the voice takes on a monotone. Inflections and emphasis must be attended to and closely studied. Inflection is nothing more than the change of tone—if it begin in a low tone, and end in a higher, that is called the rising inflection; and if it begin in a high tone and end in a lower tone, that is the falling inflection. A question is given with a rising, and an answer with a falling inflection. The only rule as to inflections which it is requisite to follow closely is to let them come from your own earnestness, and they will be natural, and so effective. Emphasis, which is the dwelling upon particular words, and not the mere uttering them in a louder tone—you may be emphatic in a whisper—is to be carefully attended to. A false emphasis might alter your entire meaning. Thus to say, "She does not love me," infers that I am loved by others, but not by her—the emphasis on she really bring me prominently forward; but to say, "She does not love me," intimates that she loves some one else, and makes her the principal figure in the word-picture.

The great necessity of a young speaker is confidence and obliviousness to his audience. How
often you hear two well-informed men disputing on some topic, oblivious of the fact that you are listening. Observe with what animation and energy they make their points! Notice how natural are their tones, how correct their inflections and how graceful their gestures! Their language is simple, refined, appropriate and forcible. But introduce thirty or forty people who will sit down in silence and listen in grave silence to this discussion. Notice how the spirits of the disputants sink; how their tones of voice change; how irregular are the inflections, how uncertain the emphasis; what stiffness replaces the elegant gestures, and what embarrassment succeeds the ease of manner! The first requisite, then, for the student of oratory is to learn to consider that he is engaged either in a discussion with a friend, or in talking to some member of his family. To do this more effectually, he should use a colloquial tone of voice and a familiar manner; should make no attempts at graceful gestures, or mere physical eloquence, but accustom himself to facing a crowd. He will find great help in this by looking at the farthest quiet individual before him, and addressing him solely, keeping his eye on that one alone.

Practice speaking wherever you can. Do not
disdain the debating society. The subjects chosen for discussion there are generally absurd, or at least trivial; but the practice is everything. Write out your views on any popular topic, and, when you have done this, read it over and over again, prune it of all superfluous words; cut out all adjectives not absolutely necessary; read it over again and again; declaim it in your chamber, and then—make lamplighters out of the manuscript. If you expect to or are desirous of making a speech on any subject, or are likely to be called to discuss it, read everything upon that subject you can find. Pore over, think over it in all its aspects; read both sides. You can not have too much knowledge. Knowledge aids you in matter, practice in manner. Read the speeches of Patrick Henry, the Randolphs, John Adams, Tristram Burgess (except his early ones), Josiah Quincy, Livingston, Clinton, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Dallas, Douglass, Wise, Breckenridge, Wendell Phillips and Thaddeaus Stevens in this country; and Chatham, Canning, Fox, Pitt, Curran, Burke, Grattan, Phillips, Cobden, Brougham, Peel, Bright, Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone in England. Practice the vocal sounds so as to obtain a distinct articulation. Make yourself master of your art by patient toil, abandoning the false
notion that eloquence is a matter of inspiration. You may meet with some mortifications; but if you persevere you will be able to speak whenever called on, not only to your own satisfaction, but to the pleasure of your auditors, and if you do not become the perfect orator, it lies in your power to be an elegant and effective public speaker.

And, finally, as to the end of the speech: When you have come to an end—STOP!
Presentation Speeches

This chapter is a wheel within a wheel, and has been written after all the rest was in type. It is virtually a supplement—the result of an after-suggestion; and, no matter where the publisher may put it, should be placed as an appendix.

An experienced friend, after reading the rest of the manuscript, said: "Your little work is very practical in the main, and calculated to be serviceable, unless the reader be a noodle; but—"

As he stopped here and looked as wise as an owl, we inquired what followed the "but."

Said he, with the confidence of an oracle: "You should have devoted a chapter to Presentation Speeches. True, the man who reads your little treatise carefully and digests the matter therein ought to be able to say what he has to say acceptably at least. Ten to one, if he be the unhappy fellow who is to present something to some one on behalf of some others, or the unhappy fellow who is to get it, he won't. Give
a few examples, at least, of how the thing ought to be done—models for imitation."

Now that is the very thing we have avoided all through the book. We could cite some specimens to show how the thing has been done at times, but they are not models.

We remember one. A silver goblet was to be given to a civic gentleman by a number of admirers in his ward. The night of presentation came and brought with it the donors, the donee, the goblet, and a basket of champagne.

After a moderate refreshment there was a dead pause. Then the chairman of the committee cleared his throat and the auditors breathlessly awaited the burst of eloquence from the silver-tongued orator. He struck an attitude—one arm thrust backward, the other extended and rather drooping—the exact position of an old-fashioned pump. Then he spoke:

"Alderman, that's the mug!"

The recipient advanced, took the goblet by the shank, satisfied himself of its probable weight, set it down again, and replied, in a timid way:

"Is that them? Thank you. Gentlemen, let's imbibe."

And they imbibed.

We remember another. Here a watch was to
be given another ward politician. The orator of the evening commenced with a slight historical sketch of the various instruments used for measuring and recording time—spoke of the dial of Ahaz, of the clepsydra, of ancient clocks, of the masterpiece at Strasburg, of "Nuremberg eggs," of wooden clocks, of escapements, of cylinders, of movements in general—a most cyclopedic summary of facts. From this he entered on a disquisition upon the value of time. Then he pounced upon the party to whom it was to be given, upon whom he pronounced a panegyric, and after a soul-stirring allusion to that variegated piece of bunting poetically known as the Star-Spangled Banner, and a passing reference to that mythical fowl called the American Eagle, wound up his hour and a quarter's work by handing over the chronometer. Then the donee began, and, after occupying a half hour in explaining the emotions that agitated his manly bosom, pronounced a solemn vow that the watch would go down to his heirs as an evidence, etc. We presume that promise was kept—or at least, about a year afterward, the party being then out of office and impecunious, it went to his "uncle's" as an evidence that he had effected a loan of fifty dollars on it.
On second thoughts we remember one more speech that was a very fair model in its way, and it was by a man who never had made a speech before in his life, but who achieved a social reputation of an enviable kind by that single effort.

The pupils of a well-known writing master, at the close of the session, were so pleased with the care taken by their teacher that they subscribed and purchased for him a gold pen—a very neat affair, with a gold handle, studded with small diamonds. It cost twenty-five dollars—the share of each pupil being only about fifty cents. The class was made up mainly of clerks and workingmen, and they selected as their spokesman a young carpenter. In the middle of the last lesson the incipient orator, pen in hand, rapped loudly on his desk. The teacher, who was engaged in examining the copy of one of the pupils, looked up in amaze:

"Mr. ———."

"Well?" said the teacher inquiringly.

"Your pupils here have planned a little surprise for you, and they hope it will be a pleasant one. They have obtained this pen, and have commissioned me to present it to you in their name. In their behalf I request you to accept it, not only as an acknowledgment of the care you have bestowed on their instruction in penmanship, but as a token of the good will they bear you, and as
an evidence of how much they appreciate your good temper, conscientiousness and the many other good qualities they have found you to possess. Although it is a very good pen, and a rather fine piece of workmanship, we expect you to prize it less for its intrinsic value than for the proof it gives you that where you thought you had only found fifty pupils, you find you have made fifty friends."

The writing-master was taken aback. The secret had been well kept, and he was thoroughly surprised. He stammered, hesitated, and at last said:

"Well, gentlemen, I accept it in the same spirit that it was offered, and you may believe that I prize it very much. I am surprised, I am a good deal more—I am delighted. It is not the first time that I have received tokens like this from my pupils; but it always leaked out before, and I was quite ready. This time I'm caught unprepared; but I can tell you that I am grateful in spite of the little embarrassment—not only for the gift, which is something; but for the kind words, which are more. I can shape letters better than I can utter words; but if I have fifty friends here, and I know I have, each of the fifty has a warm friend in me, and—"

Here he broke down and they gave him three cheers, and the whole affair wound up with a handshaking and a good time generally.

The great point of a presentation speech is the avoidance of extraneous matter. The next essential point is that the words shall have an extem-
pore air, and be cordial but not too familiar, have no formality, and yet not be flippant, and show feeling without any mock sentiment.

It is quite common among parishioners nowadays, when a clergyman has been rather overworked, to give him leave of absence to travel, either to Europe or elsewhere, and the wealthiest of his congregation in that case make up a purse to defray his traveling expenses. This is usually presented at a vestry or committee meeting, or at the parsonage, or rectory. As the clergyman is the head of the spiritual family, the members of his parochial charge approach him with more external remarks of respect than ward politicians bestow on their leader. Thus the spokesman may say:

“Reverend and Dear Sir: Your parishioners are sorry to part with you, even for a brief time, and more sorry that you health, broken down in the service of our Divine Master, and in your ministering to the spiritual needs of your flock, requires change of air and scene to restore it. We desire to see you back among us as you were, ready to enter with renewed vigor on your labors. In order that your mind may be free from any anxiety about pecuniary matters, and you may thus derive the most unalloyed pleasure from your travels, a few of your parishioners have taken the liberty of making up a small purse for your use. We know of no reason why your children in the faith should not take care of the
mere physical wants of their spiritual father, and we ask you to accept this as some token of the esteem and reverence we bear for you, and with it to carry away our warm hopes for a pleasant voyage and a joyous return.'

Or he may say, more briefly:

"Reverend and Dear Sir: We regret to lose you even for a time from our midst, but as we know you have been overworked of late, and require a slight vacation, we bear our parting as an unpleasant necessity. You must not go too scantily provided with means, and we expect you to permit us to discharge some part of our many debts to you, by this slight contribution which I am directed to place in your hands. The ties which join us are so tender and intimate, and you have been so completely the head of our spiritual household, that we claim it as our right to give, and your duty to accept, this little mark of our friendship and veneration."

Or, more briefly still:

"If you must leave us, Brother ———, you must not go on your journey too scantily provided. Pray add this mite to your means of travel, and when you visit the scenes where our Lord lived and suffered, remember pleasantly and affectionately your children in the faith whose hearts go forth with you in all your wanderings."

A recent convention of the editors of New York state was marked by a pleasant presentation episode, Mr. A. O. Bunnell, of the Dansville Advertiser, being the recipient of a handsome cane, a compliment from his editorial brethren. Mr.
MacArthur, the spokesman, in the words of the Watertown Daily Times, "Then stepped forward and confronted Mr. Bunnell with a weapon in his hand which looked suspiciously like a cane."

He proceeded to speak as follows:

"Sir, I am happy that it is my pleasant duty to address the handsomest man in the state. I am delighted, sir, that to me is deputed the duty of caning you on this occasion; and while I am not very strong in eloquence and power, I feel that I am able to cane you. You have discharged the duties of your position far more ably than any other member of our association could have done, and I certainly know that your handwriting is a great improvement on Horace Greeley's. I assure you, sir, that the editorial association, of which you have been so long an ornament, feel that in presenting this cane to you they but feebly acknowledge what you have done for them. Sir, I assure you that this is a gold-headed cane. My only grief in parting with it is that gold is very scarce in our profession, and we wish to hold on to it as long as possible. Sir, I will not prolong these remarks. I am happy to be permitted to present this to you. I hope it will be many years before you find it necessary to rely upon this as your chief staff of life."

Mr. Bunnell replied in the following manner:

"Mr. MacArthur and brethren of the association, I do not know what to say to-night. Your confidence in my integrity and ability, which has been expressed year after year, by re-electing me to a position responsible, and sometimes delicate, has touched my heart very ten-
derly. I wish I had better deserved this testimonial. But this renewed and intensified expression of your esteem has taken me by storm. This whole affair, this scene about me to-night seems like a wonderful dream of fairyland, and I know of but one way to account for it. One of the finest writers of the English language has said that 'the world is curved round about with heaven. Its great, blue arches bend low on every hand, and how one can get out of the world without getting into heaven is, to us, a physical mystery.' It seems to me that somehow I have got out of the world and got into heaven; and as an editor I never expected to get into heaven, I don't know what to do or say now that I am there. Gentlemen, I can only thank you for this beautiful and costly testimonial, and I hope I may be better worthy of it than I have been in the past."

Such gifts are usually attended with a little speechmaking, for the family and its friends require something of the kind as a concession to the general love of gab. This should have even less form than the parochial or the political gift speech. Thus, at a wedding breakfast, the uncle of the bride may desire to give her a watch. He seizes the opportunity, after the guests have broken the edge of appetite, to interpose, in the first lull of chat, by a direct address to the bride:

"My dear Mrs.——'

Of course the lady starts at the mention of her new name, and looks up, blushing and all that.
"My dear Mrs. ———: You are about to set out on two journeys, one, a marriage-tour, which will end in a short time, and the other, marriage, which only ends with the life of one of you. In all journeys if you want to get along smoothly, you must be promptly, as the railroad people say—'on time.' To be on time, you must have a faithful watch. I believe you have a rather good one, but here is one that I think to be better. Be kind enough to take it, with the good wishes of your uncle, and all of your friends; and remember that though you owe your first duty and your supremest love to your husband, your new condition has not separated you from your old connections, but merely introduced another into our family. God bless you, my dear child, and give you and your husband many and happy years."

Fire-engine companies, militia organizations and benevolent societies have their little presentations to make, and they are often puzzled how to get through the ceremonies properly. It is rather difficult to get up any eloquence over a silver speaking-trumpet, and even the subject of a sword has been so worn out that anything novel is out of the question. But the speaker should remember that the thing presented has nothing to do with the talk. It is only necessary that it should be appropriate. To give a soldier a gold pen, or present a peaceable little tailor with a Toledo blade, would be impertinent, at least. It is the motive of the gift, and
the feelings which prompt the givers, with which
the speaker has to deal.

If the speaker is troubled as to matter, let
him think on the golden word "brevity." If he
take the fire-trumpet in one hand and the hand
of the recipient in the other, and say,

"My Dear Sir: Your fellow-members, who are also
your personal friends, have commissioned me to present
you this trumpet, as a mark of their respect for your
efficiency as a fireman, and of their friendship for you
as a man,"

—he will do very well. If he chooses to add,

"It is a very pleasant duty to fulfill, I assure you; for
I share all their feelings to the very utmost,"

—or words to that effect, he may with propriety;
but he had better stop with the first set.

Frequently at school exhibitions, where books
or other testimonials are given to pupils who
have distinguished themselves by scholarship or
deportment, or both, these are accompanied by
a little speech. This speech, which covers all
the gifts, is mostly of the namby-pamby, goody-
goody style, and neither pleases the audience nor
satisfies the boys, which last are better judges of
oratory than their elders are apt to think. The
usual style is to say:

"Master Jacky Goodboy: Your assiduity in the acquisi-
tion of knowledge and your uniformly correct deport
ment during the period of scholastic duties has rendered this acknowledgment—"

And so on, *ad nauseam*. Jacky takes the book and goes down, with a wink, to his comrades, which, in the language of Winkland, means, "'What an old pump!'"

It would be much better to say to him,

"John Goodboy: This book, which I hope will interest and amuse you, is presented to you because you have been attentive to your studies, and have behaved yourself in school properly. Continue the same industry and good manners during life, and you will no doubt be a successful man—at all events, you will never have occasion to reproach yourself with idleness or bad manners, and that is a kind of success in itself."

Or the speaker may say simply:

"This book is given you as an acknowledgment of your attention to your lessons and your good behavior during school hours. Take it, with the good wishes of your teacher."

And this last form expresses everything. The boys will understand it and respect the teacher, and then the Winkland dialect may be translated, "'Ain't he a nice old fellow?'"

In the matter of sword presentations, as a general thing, some practiced speecmaker is chosen to do the talking. Where this is not the case the task is by no means difficult, if the gen-
eral rule referred to is borne in mind. Say as little about the weapon as possible. Allude slightly to war. Make no reference to turning the blade into a pruning-hook. Let the Roman Mars and the Greek Ares remain in their respective mythologies. If the gift arise from mere good-feeling and admiration, say so; if because the recipient has distinguished himself on some martial occasion, say that. In fact, the object of the speech is to show that you give the sword from personal feeling or from a sense of duty, and the words should express the object plainly, and no more.

Thus, in the first instance:

"Colonel ———: You have now been in command of this regiment long enough for your subalterns and the rank and file to appreciate fully your particular attention to your duties; your interest in the prosperity of the force, and your peculiar fitness for command. They desire you to accept this sword, whose blade is without a flaw and has a matchless temper, and I give it in their name, with the hope that you will not only prize it from its beauty and serviceable qualities, but as one of the proofs that all under your command have learned the fact that a good officer may preserve the most rigid discipline, and yet retain the respect, esteem and warm affection of all his officers and men."

Or, in the second instance:
“Captain ———: You may be modest enough not to recall to your mind the day at (here name the battle) when you led the charge so effectively on the enemy’s line. But our memory is more active, and as your old comrades and friends, we present you with this sword, to show somewhat our appreciation of your gallantry and worth. Take it. We hope you may never have occasion to use it—for as we have been in battle, we know that war is a duty at time, to be fulfilled when it comes, but never to be sought for. But should the occasion arise when this blade has to be used, we commit it to you with the full confidence that you will not draw it without cause, but when once drawn you will not sheath it until the glitter of its blade has lit the way to triumph.”

This last sentence has a rather warm figure, only to be used if there be plenty of champagne about. It might be better to say:

“And will not then sheath it till the occasion for its use has past.”

But this depends a good deal on the quantity and nature of the liquor lying about loose.

And talking of liquor reminds us of another kind of presentation—the gift of a water bucket to a temperance advocate which it befell us once to have to speak for. It was a very small bucket of silver—about three inches by four—meant as a butter dish; but the idea of the gift was not ours, and others are responsible for the in-
congruity. As near as we remember the speech was thus:

"Doctor A——: A number of your friends, and friends of the cause, have requested me to act as their spokesman on this occasion. They ask me to present to you in their name this token of their admiration for your personal good qualities, and for the efficient and earnest way you have so long advocated the principles of total abstinence. It is, you see, a water-bucket, and so small as to seem almost a satire on those who advocate large draughts of cold water. But the truth is, while to the external glance it is a water-bucket, to the internal view it is a butter-dish. The cold water is to be outside and not in. Thus you see that the article is to represent the two most potent agents in the total abstinence reformation—the pump and the cow. There is a hidden meaning in it, I fancy. You are a bachelor—more shame to you. You have no wife, or you wouldn't love any but her, and a butter-dish is appropriate enough. And the shape conveys our wishes for your long life. You may kick at vice, kick at intemperance, kick at all the excesses that disfigure and destroy society; but out of sheer regard for the proprieties of life you can't kick at a thing given to you with the warmest feelings of friendship, and therefore cannot kick the bucket."

There was nothing but cold water about, but from the uproar that followed, a bummer who was listening outside was heard to exclaim: "There's them teetotalers again' it—they're drunk again!"
Special Orations

THE SPANISH WAR.

It is gratifying to all of us to know that this has never ceased to be a war of humanity. The last ship that went out of the harbor of Havana before the war was declared was an American ship that had taken to the suffering people of Cuba the supplies furnished by American charity, and the first ship to sail into the harbor of Santiago was an American ship bearing food supplies to the suffering Cubans, and I am sure it is the universal prayer of American citizens that justice and humanity and civilization shall characterize the final settlement of peace, as they have distinguished the progress of the war.

My countrymen, the currents of destiny flow through the hearts of our people. Who will check them, who will divert them, who will stop them? And the movements of men, planned and designed by the Master of Men, will never be interrupted by the American people.

I witness with pride and satisfaction the cheers of the multitudes as the veterans of the civil war on both sides of the contest are reviewed. I witness with increasing pride the wild acclaim of the people as you watch the volunteers and the regulars and our naval reserves (the guardians of the people on land and sea) pass before your eyes, for I read in the faces and
hearts of my countrymen the purpose to see to it that this government, with its free institutions, shall never perish from the face of the earth.

My heart is filled with gratitude to the God of battles, who has so favored us, and to the soldiers and sailors who have won such victories on land and sea and have given such a new meaning to American valor. No braver soldiers or sailors ever assembled under any flag.

Gentlemen, the American people are ready. If the Merrimac is to be sunk in the mouth of the Santiago harbor to prevent the escape of the Spanish fleet, a brave young hero is ready to do it and to succeed in what his foes have never been able to do—sink an American ship. All honor to the army and navy, without whose sacrifices we could not celebrate the victory. The flag of our country is safe in the hands of our patriots and heroes.

President McKinley.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

It matters very little what spot may have been the birthplace of Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really
appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some singular qualification; Caesar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to bind them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier, and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation.

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created.
"How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page,  
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?  
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,  
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused  
of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud  
America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your  
philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce  
your patriotism.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

There is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it,  
I do not possess—a boldness to which I dare not aspire,  
a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down  
in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country.  
That, I cannot—I have not the courage to do. I cannot  
terpose the power with which I may be invested—a  
power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for  
my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check  
er her onward march to greatness and glory. I have  
not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.  
I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a  
threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that  
leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is  
a sort of courage widely different from that which a  
man may display in his private conduct and personal  
relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct  
from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the  
patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his  
country's good.
Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage.

But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration of the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Be not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judg-
ment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us "perceive our inability to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer—In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whencesoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world cannot dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit existence.

Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life, his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sires shall excite their emulation.

Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh, my countrymen! what will our children say, when
they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave way, without one noble struggle for the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the world; let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—we will die if we cannot live freemen. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

PATRIOTISM A REALITY.

Sir, the pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. It must resume among us its ancient glory—be with us an active heroism. Once for all, sir, we must have an end of this money-making in the public forum. We must ennoble the strife for liberty; make it a gallant sacrifice, not a vulgar game; rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and from the control of those who bribe!

Ah! trust not those dull philosophers of the age, those wretched sceptics, who, to rebuke our enthusiasm, our folly, would persuade us that patriotism is but a delusion, a dream of youth, a wild and glittering passion; that it has died out in this nineteenth century; that it cannot exist with our advanced civilization—with the steam-engine and free trade!

False—false!—The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling luster, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to
Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans.

In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of Hampden and of Russell. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. At Innsbruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andrew, Hofer. In the great American republic—in that capital city which bears his name—rises the monument of the Father of his country.

Sir, shall we not join in this glorious homage, and here in this island, consecrated by the blood of many a good and gallant man, shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities, of patriotism? You discard the weapons of these heroic men—do not discard the virtues. Elevate the national character; confront corruption wherever it appears; scourge it from the hustings; scourge it from the public forum; and, whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have devoted your lives and fortunes, let this thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts: That in seeking the independence of your country, you have preserved her virtue—preserved it at once from the seductions of a powerful minister, and from the infidelity of bad citizens.
ORATION—WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD.

What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary, exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply, that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science,
to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talented patriots always equal to the difficulty?

Is it nothing to have, in less than a half-century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the muse's footprint is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy
palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

ORATION—THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

The birthday of the "Father of His Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fire of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!"
Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall resume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory grows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."
THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

Sir, in the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights—moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without entrenchments to cover or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran’s heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that cares not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out.

But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, ruthless thicket their palisade; and nature, God, is their
ally! Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose his tempest on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

“For Freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons ancestors—by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil—by all you are, and all you hope to be—resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and
oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surround them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you.
You have a government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues.

You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius.

The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the
weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law—we cannot change it.

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.
APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

Could I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way.

Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources.

And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe.

And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes; bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night,
unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

ORATION—THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven’s great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they, too, generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind.

To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theater of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away with.
Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature—it is impiety to heaven—it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, Toil, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

ORATION—THE LABORING CLASSES.

Sir, it is an insult to our laboring classes to compare them to the debased poor of Europe. Why, sir, we of this country do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States, soon becomes a capitalist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the west, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him.

How can any one dare compare the mechanic of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe?—a race among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country,
without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison-house to take their shackles up again, heavier and more galling than before; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers!

And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors, of our working-men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.
Toasts and Sentiments

Brisk wine and lovely women are
    The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care
    And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink, and let us love,
    While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine we all approve,
    As blessing night and day.

May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
    The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Charity—A link from the chain that angels wear.
    May we be wiser to-day than we were yesterday, and to-morrow than we are to-day.

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day, I think;
Why should I name but one day?
Tell me but yours, I will mention my day,
Let us fix on some day;
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.
Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul,  
Let Bacchus guide our revels;  
Join cup to lip, with hip, hip, hip,  
And bury the blue devils.

Fill the bumper fair! every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care, smooths away a wrinkle.

The Merchant—May we always be exchanging for the better.

The Hardware Trade—Although they profess to honesty, they sell iron and steel for a living.

SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER.

Knock and the world knocks with you,  
Boast and you boast alone.  
The bad old earth is a foe to mirth,  
And has a hammer as large as your own
Buy and the gang will answer,  
Sponge and they stand and sneer;  
The revelers joined to a joyous sound  
And shout from refusing beer.  
Be rich and the men will seek you,  
Poor, and they turn and go—
You're a mighty good fellow when you are mellow
And your pockets are lined with dough,
Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and you lose them all.
You're a dandy old sport at $4.00 a quart—
But not if you chance to fall.
Praise and the cheers are many,
Beef and the world goes by.
Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick,
As close as the hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draught to drain.
When the gang is gone you must bear alone,
The harrowing stroke of pain.

"THE CYPHER."
A place that is dear to true bohemians—
A place that exists in the hearts of those which love it,
A place where hearts beat light, and hands grasp firm;
Where poverty is no disgrace and charity does not chill,
A place where kindred virtues have fled for refuge,
And Mrs. Grundy has no sway.
THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.
They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.
Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

OUR COUNTRY.
To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, what come may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!

WOMAN.
She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself.
THE AMERICAN NAVY.

With the bulldogs of war
Standing guard on our coasts
All fears of attack quickly vanish;
Manned with hearts that are true
To the Red, White and Blue,
They'll make all our foemen "walk Spanish."

Here's to the wings of love;
May they never molt a feather,
Until your little barque and my little barque,
Sail down the stream of life together.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not sweet as woman's lip,
But, O! 'tis more sincere.

Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dreams,
It leaves no sting behind.

—Thomas Moore.
Here's to the press, the pulpit and the petticoat,
The three ruling powers of the day;
The first spread knowledge,
The second spreads morals
And the third spreads over a multitude of sins.

The Nimble Penny—May it soon grow into a dime and then swell into a dollar.

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
   Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
   Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
   To love as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.
   —Charles Feno Hoff'man.

"Well," murmured one, "let whoso make make or buy,
But fill me with the old familiar juice
   My clay with long oblivion is one dry,
Methinks I might recover by and by."
   —Omar Khayyam.
May the sunshine of plenty dispel the clouds of care.

The Physician—Although professedly a good man, the worse people are, the more he is with them.

THE MAINE.

A mighty nation mourns thee yet;
Thy gallant crew—their awful fate;
And Justice points her finger straight,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do’t to-morrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.
—Beaumont & Fletcher.

HOME.

The father’s kingdom; the child’s paradise;
the mother’s world.

Here’s to those I love;
Here’s to those who love me;
Here’s to those who love those I love,
And here’s to those who love those who love
those who love me.
—Favorite Toast of Ouida.

May we have the unspeakable good fortune to
win a true heart, and the Merit to keep it.

While we live let us live in clover,
For when we’re dead, we’re dead all over.

__________________________________________

WOMAN.

The fairest work of the great Author; the edi-
tion is large, and no man should be without a
copy.

__________________________________________

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I’ll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove’s nectar sip,
I would not change from thine.
—Ben Johnson.
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

Here’s to you, my dear,
And to the dear that’s not here, my dear;
But if the dear that’s not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I’d not be drinking to you, my dear.

’Ere’s to the ’ealth o’ your Royal ’Ighness;
hand may the skin o’ ha gooseberry be big enough
for han humbrella to cover hup hall your ene-
mies. Caddy’s Toast in “Erminie.”

THE CYNIC’S TOAST.

Here’s to the glass we so love to sip,
It dries many a pensive tear,
’Tis not so sweet as a woman’s lip
But a d—— sight more sincere.

The good die young—
Here’s hoping that you may live to a ripe old
age.

FRIENDSHIP.

May its bark never founder on the rocks of
deception.

If you leave a kiss within the glass I’ll not ask
for wine.
Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
The American eagle—The older he grows, the
louder he screams and the higher he flies.

Its cannons swept the British decks,
And wrecked the hope of England’s Rex.

LADIES’ TOAST.
The soldiers of America,
Their arms our defence, our arms their reward;
Fall in, men, fall in.

The American Navy—May it ever sail on a
sea of glory.
May those who are discontented with their own
country leave their country for their country’s
good.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.
May we always remember these three things:
The manner, the place and the time.

May we never give way to melancholy, but
always be merry in the right place.

Here’s a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's to the heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well—
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

—Lord Byron.

Champagne for our real friends, and real pain
for our sham friends.

Wit—A very cheap commodity when uttered
at the expense of good breeding and good sense.

Here's to you!
May you always be good, but not too good
The good die young,
D— them; we don't want them.

Here's health to the girl who will drink when she
can;
Here's health to the girl who will "rush the tin
can,"
And health to the girl who can dance the can—
can—
'Tis the canny toast of an uncanny man.
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—Sheridan.

UNSELFISH FRIENDSHIP.

May we ever be able to serve a friend and
noble enough to conceal it.

HOME.

The place where you are treated best and
grumble most.

Here's to the woman whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue,
Whether sunn'd at the tropics or chilled at the pole,
If women be there, there is happiness too.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

—Thomas Moore.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he’s the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily ‘‘drinks like a fish!’’

—Thomas Hood.

A SPREAD-EAGLE TOAST.

The Boundaries of Our Country: East, by the Rising Sun; north, by the North Pole; west, by all Creation; and south, by the Day of Judgment.

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do’t to-morrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

..Beaumont & Fletcher.
Here's to the heart
Though another's it be;
Here's to the cheeks,
Though they bloom not for me.

Wine is good,
Love is good,
And all is good if understood;
The sin is not in doing,
But in overdoing;
How much of mine has gone that way?
Alas! How much more that may?

The lady we love and the friend we trust.
The Man We love—He who thinks most good and speaks less ill of his neighbor.

Here's health to Columbia, the pride of the earth
The stars and stripes—drink the land of our birth!
Toast the army and navy who fought for our cause,
Who conquered and won us our freedom and laws.

Here's to the day (Thanksgiving) when first the Yankees
Acknowledged Heaven's good gifts with Thank-'ees.
May friendship, like wine, improve as time advances, and may we always have old wine, old friends, and young cares.

When e’er with friends I drink
Of one I always think.
She’s pretty, she’s witty and so true;
So with joy and great delight
I’ll drink to her to-night,
And when doing so think none the less of you!  

J. H. M.

Here’s to the American Eagle: The liberty bird that permits no liberties.

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one is always the prettiest,
Bless her!

---

A PLACID LIFE.

May we never murmur without cause, and never have cause to murmur.
Here's to the merry old world
And the days—be they bright or blue—
Here's to the Fates, let them bring what they may,
But the best of them—That's you!

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best days you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it,
Come, fill it, and have one with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again.

Here's to you two and to we two;
If you two love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we four;
But if you don't love two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we two and no more.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you;
But never her daughter—
Miss Fortune.
When going up the hill of Prosperity
May you never meet any friend coming down.

Here's a health to the Future;
A sigh for the Past;
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last,
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold
While there's love in the heart,
We can never grow old.

Here's to the women, present and past,
And those to come hereafter;
But if one comes here after us,
We'll have no cause for laughter.

ACTIVE FRIENDSHIP.
May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty.

Here's to the white man's wife—
The white man's aid,
But not his burden.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.

—Shakespeare.
THE SUMMER GIRL.
She'll learn to smoke a cigarette
And drink a glass of wine;
She'll get a breakfast, lunch or tea,
An appetite to dine;
She'll flirt, in dress decolette,
She'll think a kiss no sin;
And that's the kind of a summer girl—
Alas! that seems to win.
—The Cynic.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine
for the stomach's sake.

An honest lawyer, a pious divine, and a skillful physician.

Our American Boys—Who have arms for their girls, and arms for their country's foes.

Our Country—May she always be in the right
—but our country, right or wrong.
—Stephen Decatur.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?
—Byron.
Drink to the fair woman, who I think,
Is most entitled to it,
For if anything ever can drive me to drink,
She certainly can do it.
—B. Jabez Jenkins.

Censure—The tax man pays to the public for
being eminent.
May we always look upon the faults of others
with the same eye we look upon our own;

Here's to the four hinges of Friendship
Swearing, Lying, Stealing and Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
And when you drink, drink with me.

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest.
For all too soon we learn the truth;
There are no birds in last year's nest.

To the memory of
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
the childless father of seventy millions.

We come into this world all naked and bare;
We go through this world full of sorrow and
care;
We go out of this world, we know not where,
   But if we're good fellows here, we'll be thoroughbreds there.

I fill this cup to one made up
   Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
   The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
   And weariness a name.

—Edward Coate Pickney.

May we have more friends and need them less and less.

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
   We will not ask her name.
—Lord Byron.

Drink ye to her that each loves best;
   And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
   We will not ask her name.
—Thomas Campbell.
Here's to turkey when you are hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her,
And heaven when you die.

Our Country, may she always be in the right
—but right or wrong—Our Country.

—Stephen Decatur.

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives
May our sweethearts soon become our wives
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

Here's to Our Friends,
Whether absent on land or sea.

Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more,
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart.

The juice of the grape is given to him who will
use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of men after toil.
Refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in
sorrow.

He who enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine
cup as for his daily bread.

And he who abuses the gift of heaven is not a
greater fool than thou in thine absti-

—Scott.
Drink, for you know not
  Whence you came, nor why;
Drink, for you know not why
  You go, nor whence.

—Omar Khayyam.

The Land We Live In—Let him who don’t like it leave it.

Industry—The right hand of fortune, the grave of care, and the cradle of content.

      May we kiss whom we please,
      And please whom we kiss.

Chess—Like a successful courtship, ends by mating.

Poker—Like a glass of beer, you draw to fill.

The Surgeon—A man who bleeds for his countrymen.

Dismay to Unskilled Surgeons—who, like the nocturnal feline, mew-till-late and destroy patients.

Here’s to the prettiest,
Here’s to the wittiest,
Here’s to the truest of all who are true.
Here’s to the sweetest one,
Here’s to them all in one—here’s to you.
Here’s to American valor,
May no war require it, but may it ever be ready for every foe.

Here’s to a bird, a bottle and an open work stocking,
There’s nothing in this that’s so very shocking.
The bird came from Jersey, the bottle from France,
The open-work stocking was seen at a dance.

Here’s to the tears of affection,
May they crystallize as they fall,
And become pearls, so in after years
To be worn in memory of those whom we have loved.

——

CAREFUL KINDNESS.
May we never crack a joke or break a reputation.

——

Hail to the graduating girl;
She’s sweeter, far, than some;
For while she speaks she talks no slang
And chews no chewing gum.

May the devil cut the toes of all our foes,
That we may know them by their limping.
A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow.

Here's to the woman,
Who in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
But seen too oft—familiar thy face,
First we pity, then endure and then embrace.

OUR INCOMES.

May we have a head to earn and heart to spend.

The health of those we love the best: Our noble selves.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.
Heres’ to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and an easy one,
A pretty girl and a true one,
A cold bottle and another one.

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
And you and you and you.

Here’s to you as good as you are
As good as you are and as bad as I am;
And to me as bad as I am;
I’m as good as you are, as bad as I am.

The Law—The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty.

The Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself.

It’s the best wine that goeth down sweetly,
causing the lips of whoso drinketh to murmur in praise.

—Old Proverb.

The grape that can with logic absolute,
The two and seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign alchemist that in a trice
Life’s leaden metal into gold transmutes.

—Omar Khayyam.
My life has been like sunny skies
When they are fair to view;
But there never yet were lives or skies
Clouds might not wander through.

Many foreign fashions never corrupt American manners.

The Three Great American Generals—General Peace, General Prosperity, and General Satisfaction.

AMERICA.

“Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.”

Our National Birds,

THE AMERICAN EAGLE,
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY,
May one give us peace in all our states—
And the other a piece for all our plates.

Here’s to the friends we class as old,
And here’s to those we class as new;
May the new grow to us old,
And the old ne’er grow to us new.
Here's to the swan that swims near yon fair shore
I love one truly and I love no more.
May willow branches bend and break
Before that one I shall forsake.

Here's to Love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

A mighty pain to love it is
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love and love in vain.

Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live and live without thee.

May those now love
Who've never loved before;
May those who've loved
Now love the more.

Fill the bowl with flowing wine
And while your lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.
THE NATION.

May it be no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one broad, beautiful glorious land.

May all single men be married,  
And all married men be happy.

OUR COUNTRY’S EMBLEM.
The Lily of France may fade,  
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,  
The Oak of England may decay,  
But the Stars shine on forever.

God made man  
    Frail as a bubble;  
God made Love,  
    Love made trouble,  
God made the Vine,  
    Was it a sin  
That Man made Wine  
    To drown Trouble in?

I fill this cup, to one made up  
    Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
    The seeming paragon.  
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.
—Edward Cate Pickney.

A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true.
Blooming health, a good store of wealth,
Attend on me and you.

The Hedger—He makes no friend who never
makes a foe.

Here's to the health of everybody, lest some-
body should feel himself slighted.

The Good Things of this World—Parsons are
preaching for them, Lawyers are pleading for
them, Physicians are prescribing for them,
Authors are writing for them, Soldiers are fight-
ing for them, but true Philosophers alone are
enjoying them.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
May mirth, wine and wit abound.
In them alone true wisdom lies—
For to be merry's to be wise.

The Fourth of July—like oysters,
It cannot be enjoyed without crackers.
The first duty of bachelors—
To ring the city belles.

May we either say nothing of the absent, or
speak of them like a friend.
Our Country—Where’s the coward that would
not dare to fight for such a land.

Here’s to champagne, the drink divine
That makes us forget our troubles;
It’s made of a dollar’s worth of wine
And three dollars’ worth of bubbles.

Health to the bold and dashing coquette
Who careth not for me;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet,
Is wild and fancy free.
Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going ’round;
Let mine be heard by the untamed bird
And make your glasses sound.

Yesterday’s yesterday while to-day’s here,
To-day is to-day till to-morrow appear,
To-morrow’s to-morrow until to-day’s past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
’Twill chase the pensive tear;
"This not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But, O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dream
It leaves no sting behind.

—Tom Moore.

THE CHATTERBOX.

May he give us a few brilliant flashes of silence.
Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once, and only once we pass,
If a kindness we may show,
If a good deed we may do
To our suffering fellow-men,
Let us do it, for 'tis plain,
We shall not pass this way again.

May good fortune follow you all your days
(And never catch up with you.)

—An Irishman's Toast.

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter.
I'll be true, as long as you,
And not a moment after.
Here's to the man who loves his wife,
    And he loves his wife alone.
For many a man loves another man's wife,
    When he ought to be loving his own.

THREE GREAT COMMANDERS.
May we ever be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

Here's to one and only one,
    And may that one be she,
Who loves but one and only one,
    And may that one be me.

Of all your beauties, one by one,
    I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
    I had been dead of drinking.

Some hae meat and canna' eat,
    And some wad eat who want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
    So let the Lord be thankit.

Here's to love; a thing so divine:
    Description makes it but less.
'Tis what we feel but cannot define,
    'Tis what we know but cannot express.
May we have the wit to discover what is true, and practice what is good.

Our Noble Selves—May we all travel to one destination—happiness; although we may go by different roads.

To America's daughter—Let all fill their glasses. Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses;
May blessings attend them, go wherever they will,
And foul fall the man e'er offers them ill.

Be not elated if one soul is oppressed,
Be not dejected if one soul is blest.

May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.

Who loves not women, wine and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

The grace that every man desires—the good graces of woman.

One wife, one bottle, and one friend: the first beautiful; the second ever full, the last faithful.
THE MAN WE LOVE.
He who thinks the most good and speaks the least ill of his neighbors.
Here's to our wives and our sweethearts,
And may they never meet.

FALSE FRIENDS.
May we never have friends who, like shadows, keep close to us in the sunshine only to desert us on a cloudy day or in the night.

Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared.
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.

Here's to one another and one other
Whoever he or she may be.

May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.

Here's a health to all good lassies!
Pledge it merrily; fill your glasses!
Let the bumper toast go round.

May the bark of friendship never founder in the well of deception.
Drink, boys, drink, and drive away sorrow—
For perhaps we may not drink again to-morrow.
May the chicken never be hatched that will
scratch on your grave.

Here’s lovers two to the maiden true,
And four to the maid caressin
But the wayward girl with lips that at curl
Keeps twenty lovers guessing.

Here’s to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
Here’s to the housewife that’s thrifty,
Here’s to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here’s to the widow of fifty.

May the sunshine of comfort dispel the clouds
of despair.
Success to our army, success to our fleet,
May our foes be compelled to bow down at our
feet.

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
The German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his ’alf and ’alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his “whisky straight,”
Because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole d—— business.
Here's to the girl I love,
And here's to the girl who loves me,
And here's to all that love her whom I love
And all those that love her who loves me.

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head; even for a minute.
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago;
To the splendor, caught from Orient skies
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,
Her large eyes filled with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

—Winter.

May those that are single get wives to their mind,
And those that are married true happiness find.

Well, I wonder what the vinteurs buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Here's a health to me and mine,
Not forgetting thee and thine:
And when thee and thine,
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have ever made me and mine.

Tobacco—Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
and lap me in delight.

May we never make a sword of our tongues to
wound the reputation of others.

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
Does the wine in our goblets gleam in.

—Hoffman.

Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl;
May Love and Bacchus still agree;
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, Wine and Liberty.

A health to our sweethearts, our friends and our
wives.
And may fortune smile on them the rest of their
lives.

May true love always gain its object.

May the sons of freedom increase and multiply.

Every man a good man, and every woman a
good woman.
One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! 'till the minute
It dies do we know half its worth!
But oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up,
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die in the tears of the cup.

May your wine add wings to old time, but do
Not make us insensible of his flight.
May friendship propose the toast, and sincerity drink it.

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face,
With eternal grace;
And the rest, to be loved at leisure.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
Let us toast all the ladies together!
BYRON'S TOAST.

Fill the goblet again; for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart
to its core.
Let us drink; who would not? since through
life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

May the best day we have seen be the worst
that is to come.

Our Firesides—Few can receive honors of the
college, but all are graduates of the hearths.

The Irish Heart—Quick and strong in its gen-
erous impulses, firm in its attachments, sound to
the core.

Daniel O'Connell—Athens boasted of a Solon,
an Aristides and a Demosthenes, but Ireland be-
holds all their great qualities combined in her
favorite Son.

Justice to Ireland—A domestic legislature
alone can confer it; to expect it from a London
Parliament is an idle dream, and we Irishmen,
on this side of the water, hope that full restitu-
tion will be made for past injustices.

The Daughters of Ireland, entrenched within
the fortress of parental affection: May they
never surrender the citadel of their hearts, except to those who wield the arms of sincere love, chastened by morality and temperance.

The Ladies—With assiduity we court their smiles; with sorrow we receive their frowns; but smiling or frowning, we love them.

Hibernia—Steeped in her own tears, she never can get up:—soaking in whisky, she must go down;—but bathing in "coul't wather" she will get on "swimmingly."

The Memory of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher—a martyr to the cause of American liberty: May his blood constitute an enduring cement of friendship between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption.

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Ireland and America—May the former soon be as free as the latter, and may the latter never forget that Irishmen were instrumental in securing the liberty they now enjoy.

Andrew Jackson, Ex-President of the United States—The son of Irish parents in retiring from office, we may justly say in the words of the poet—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
The Descendants of Irishmen—May they never forget the respect which they owe to the land which contains the ashes of their fathers.

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The Emerald Isle—May her sons and daughters resemble a field of potatoes in full bloom, beautiful to look upon; and when called on to assist the distressed, may they, like the roots, prove a real blessing to the poor.

Horticultural Experiments—May the tree of freedom soon be planted in Ireland, and may John Bull find it as difficult to uproot it as he found it there.

The Fair of Erin—The fairest of the fair—may their fare be our fare, the best of fare.

Americans and Irishmen—They may differ as to whether the patron saint of the latter had any hand in driving out the enemies of the former—but in this they will agree—to stand together
and fall together, before a hostile foot shall again
be placed on the land of their birth or the land
of their adoption.

Ireland—St. Patrick destroyed its creeping
things of other days—may his disciples speedily
exterminate the political reptiles of the present
age.

The Ladies—The anxiety and solace of our
lives: how to make adequate return for the bless-
ings they confer is a continual perplexity—

"Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed
Who long have listed to our rede;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can we wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can we wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage,
And pillow soft to head of age."

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.
Money to him that has the spirit to use it.
More friends and less need of them.
May those who deceive us, be always deceived.
May the sword of justice be swayed by the
hand of mercy.
May the brow of the brave never want a wreath.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but real merit.

May he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemy.

May honor be the commander when love takes the field.

May reason guide the helm when passion blows the gale.

May those who would enslave become slaves themselves.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the road to happiness be lighted by virtue.

May life last as long as it is worth wearing.

May we never murmur without a cause, and never have a cause to murmur.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others never shed a tear of its own.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and spirit to defend them.

May the tear of misery be dried by the hand of commiseration.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.
Provision to the unprovided.

Peace and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none.

Riches to the generous and power to the merciful.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of freedom.

Success to the lover and joy to the beloved.

The life we love, with whom we love.

The friend we love and the woman we dare trust.

The union of two fond hearts.

The lovers of honor, and honorable lovers.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The liberty of the press without licentiousness.

The virtuous fair, and the fair virtuous.

The road to honor through the plains of virtue.

The hero of Saratoga—may his memory animate the breast of every American.

The Americans triumvirate—love, honor and liberty.

The memory of Washington.
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

Wit without virulence, wine without excess, and wisdom without affectation.
What charms, arms and disarms.
Home pleasant, and our friends at home.
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