

BROWN REDIVIVUS.



Y friend George, Dr. Parker is down, down! this giveth thee a chance to go up, up! But what-e'er betide, be not thou like those silly Bourbons. Remember and forget,—forget and remember! Forget that thou hast been a teacher—remember that thou hast much to learn. Forget that thou hast been a chief and a ruler, and be content to sit at the feet of those twin Gamaliels,—the primary-deposit-faced Mac, and Blake of the silver tongue,—and suck in the milk of wisdom. Much milk shalt thou imbibe—

for though oft a little mulish, indeed they are not mules.

Remember how thou didst knock down, scatter, and utterly demolish that glorious erection—of cards—Grit-House, which had given thee and thy friends' years of labour to complete. Remember, it is not of great importance to a man to rule the *Globe*, if he cannot properly manage a gooseberry garden. Remember, that he can only be a bungling workman whose very tools, the creation of his own hands, rise against him and strike and cut.

But go in, dearest George! go in and win—and duly and dutifully serve through another apprenticeship. Humble thyself—so shalt thou be exalted. Be not discouraged. *Aut Caesar aut nullus* is not for such as thou. Go in, George: take this little lesson in good part. And, once more, remember *cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse cur nolis vivere*.

"WRINKLES" FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

As DIOGENES considers it one of his duties to keep a watchful eye on all public entertainments, he occasionally "drops in" for a few minutes to hear the Readings which are frequently given at social meetings and other gatherings. Public speaking in his native country was an art much cultivated, and having practised it himself with considerable success, he feels competent to discuss the question in all its bearings. The recitation of choice compositions, either in prose or verse, serious or comic, is a highly commendable practice, and one that he is desirous of encouraging. He purposes, therefore, to give a few practical hints for the guidance of any novice who has an ambition to exhibit himself on a public platform.

It is assumed, Young Sir, you are impressed with the conviction that you are a good reader, and that you have already displayed your elocutionary powers in your family circle, amid the rapturous applause of admiring friends. Of course you have had no training for these rhetorical performances. Singers, instrumental performers, and inferior people of that class, are foolish enough to study and practice steadily for many years previous to making their *debut* in public. But as for reading—pshaw! it comes naturally. Did not the sagacious Dogberry long ago settle that point? "To be a well-avoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." Of course, too, you have a good voice. Everybody has. And you enunciate your words with perfect distinctness. Everybody does. If, however, you are so deficient in proper respect for yourself as to suppose that your voice wants cultivation, you can employ your leisure hours in imitating the tones of Canadian carters when they are engaged in severe altercations with their horses. This cannot fail in the long run to secure for you a voice that will be eminently suited for tragedy. The comedy voice is quite

a simple affair, as it consists merely in speaking through your nose. By the way, if you should find on your first appearance that your voice does not quite realize the expectations that you have formed of it,—if your admirers should chance to say that, while your readings were very nice, they did not quite catch the words that you uttered, attribute this little accident to the defective acoustic properties of the Hall or Theatre. This plea is frequently urged by the best readers, and nobody ever presumes to gainsay it.

But first of all, you must manage to get yourself before the public; nothing is easier. Mention to some acquaintance who is on a Committee for providing elocutionary treats that you will be delighted to lend your valuable services to such and such an entertainment in behalf of some charitable purpose. Your services will be promptly accepted, and you will eventually find your name printed somewhere about the beginning of the programme. It is important, remember, that the object should be a charitable one, because you then disarm the critics, who cannot, for very shame, handle you roughly when they reflect upon the motives that have induced you to drop for the time your instinctive modesty, and vociferate before a public audience.

The selection of your recitations will next engage your attention. If tragedy is your *forte*, visions of Mr. Bellow in "Hamlet" will flit before your memory, or Mr. Blowhard in "Macbeth" will perhaps suggest himself. But after due reflection and consultation with your friends, you may determine, as Shakspeare is not fashionable now-a-days, to condescend to the reading of some more modern classic. You will accordingly make your *debut* in the "Raven" or some other equally unhackneyed poem. Should you, however, have a genius for being funny, or, (which is nearly the same thing,) imagine that you have, Mr. Vandenhoff and the Pickwick Papers will at once occur to you, and you will successfully hit off some of the eccentricities of Mr. Weller, or realize to your hearers the famous trial for "breach of promise." After all, you need not trouble yourself much about what selections you do read: only, be sure that they are long enough to give you a chance of displaying your own powers of endurance, and of taxing at the same time those of the audience. Never forget this;—that the longer and drearier your recitations are, the greater will be the relief when you at length come to an end.

If you have any misgivings about being able to pronounce any hard words that may incidentally crop up, you may read over your selections beforehand,—say, once—but, if you have that confidence in your own powers, for which of course I give you credit, you will probably consider this preliminary exercise superfluous. In fact, there is an infinite amount of nonsense both spoken and written about people learning to read with taste and feeling. All that you have to do, is to be *natural*. You doubtless know a man who had a friend who knew an actor—a good actor, too, for was he not called a utility actor?—who declared that elocution is "all 'umbug." Of course, that settled the question. If, notwithstanding this, you should discover too late that "nature" has played you a scurvy trick, and left you in the lurch; if your audience should exhibit any signs of impatience, or some ill-mannered people should even dare to hiss you, put it all down to their want of taste. This will in some measure serve to soothe your wounded feelings, and will, moreover, be cruelly severe upon your rude audience.

The Cynic notices with satisfaction that several clergymen take part in these elocutionary entertainments. He is not presumptuous enough to offer any advice to them. All ministers are celebrated for being accomplished readers. "Tis their vocation."

DIOGENES hopes in some future number to throw out a few suggestions for the consideration of "Amateur Actors."