

**THE CHARMS AND  
SECRETS OF GOOD  
CONVERSATION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649323883

The Charms and Secrets of Good Conversation by Theodore E. Schmauk

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**THEODORE E. SCHMAUK**

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OF  
GOOD CONVERSATION.

*With thee conversing, I forget all time.—MILTON.*  
*To speak, and to speak well, are two things.—JOHNSON.*



BY  
THEODORE E. SCHMAUK.

NINTH THOUSAND.

NEW YORK:  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.  
1892.

*Like apples of gold in pictures of silver.*—PROVERBS.

*The swiftness of the lips increaseth learning.*—PROVERBS.

*How forcible are right words!*—JOB.

*Doth not the ear try words?*—JOB.

*Pleasant words are sweet to the soul.*—PROVERBS.

*The lips of a fool will swallow up himself.*—ECCLESIASTES.

*They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.*—

CHRIST.

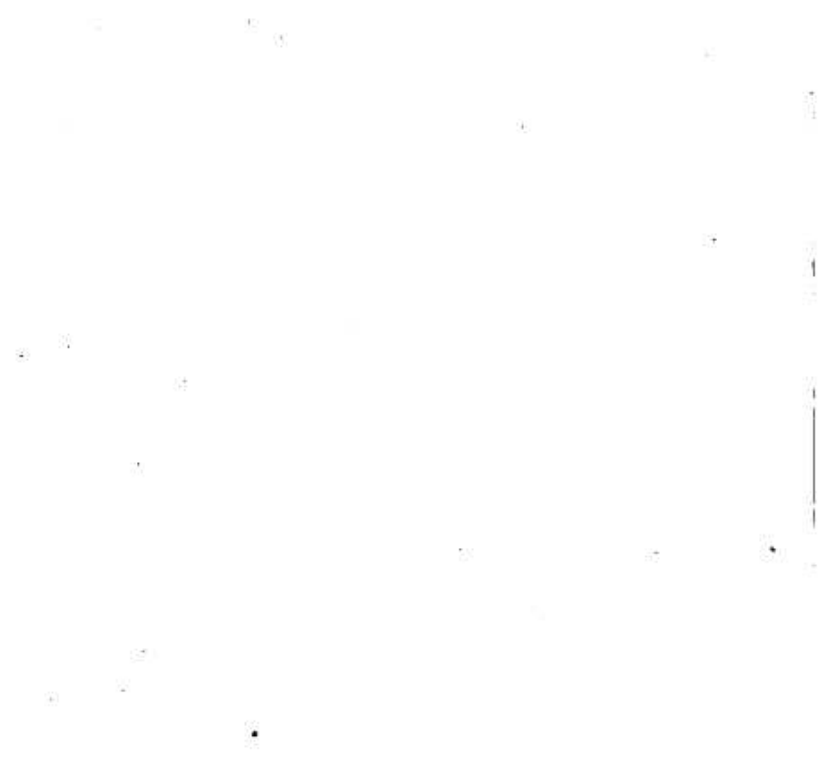
*Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?*

—JOB.

*Always with grace, seasoned with salt, knowing how to answer*

*every man.*—PAUL.

*Speech is but broken light upon the depth  
Of the unspoken.*—THE SPANISH GYPSY.



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WHEN the golden apple rolled in on the wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis, and by its inscription, "For The Most Beautiful," awakened a rivalry in the breasts of Juno and Minerva and Venus, poor Paris must have stood perplexed at deciding between the wondrous inducements offered by each of the jealously competing goddesses.

To-day the goddesses of knowledge, art and culture are yet competing for the golden apple.



Each of them would charm us into making for her an award of our precious golden hours. Each has devoted ambassadors who gain our ear and plead her cause.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton drops his palette and his critique of art, and lovingly leads us into "The Intellectual Life." He would point out and remove the impediments in its path. He would fascinate us with its pure and lofty culture.

Henry D. Thoreau, abandoning all political and religious privileges, walking forth from his father's manufactory of lead pencils and from the complete set of Oriental treasures in his library, dedicating his genius to the hills and waters, would draw us with him into the solitudes of Nature.

John Burroughs, that apostle of pedestrians, would have fashionable society to use the foot, instead of sitting about the summer hotels, eating, dressing, and looking bored. He would take us afoot through two States and up into the mountains of the third, and would vouch for the gladdening of our innermost spirit as we pass along and drink in the exhilarations of the road, the meadow and the by-paths.

Maurice Thompson, forsaking his law office and his cozy literary corner, would persuade us to go on a jaunt, by ways none ever trod, over breezy fields to the sylvan haunts of birds and poets, and kindle in our breast a new and intimate sympathy with Nature's many moods.

Each enthusiastic lover of a favorite goddess tries to tempt us within the circle of her subtle charms. The musician would lure us over the borderlands of consciousness and set us afloat delightfully in the boundless seas of imagination and reverie. The author comes forward most confidently to beckon us out of our own identity and to absorb our deepest self in scenes and souls created and portrayed by his genius. The poet bids us climb upward on the rounds of that lofty, rhythmically swaying ladder of lines to transporting visions and ecstasies of delight. The great orator hopes to hold us spellbound, in spite of ourselves.

I am not ashamed to place the solace, the joys, the aspirations and the stimulus to be found in