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R Vol. I. p. 132
NEW

ZETETIC METHOD

FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION

Ms. 120.
SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES,

no. Original Records
CONTAINING

IMITATIONS OF FABLES, LEGENDS, POEMS, &c.

AMPLIFICATIONS, LETTERS,

NARRATIONS, DESCRIPTIONS,

SPEECHES, ETC.

FIRST SERIES

BY ALPHONSE A. ROUX,

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"THE ZETETIC METHOD, OR EASIEST METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH."

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PREFACE.

It is with some diffidence that the author, a foreigner, offers this new method to the parents and teachers of American youth. It has been prepared to meet, in some measure, the wants of teachers in the important branch of Composition. While, on all other subjects, text-books abound to an extent almost perplexing—this has received so little attention, as scarcely to find a place on the booksellers' catalogue.

We shall not attempt to point out the faults of the few works on this subject already in use. They are too generally felt to make it necessary.

The book we offer does not aspire to the rank of Rhetoric, as it ought to be taught to those of mature minds; it claims an humbler place, as a "first book" in the hands of the pupil.

The word *zetetic*, by which we have distinguished it, is derived from the Greek verb *ζητεω*, which means *to search for*, or *to investigate*.

The method we have followed is that which has been prescribed by the greatest masters of antiquity, and it is of such simplicity as to require no other explanation, than the N. B. occasionally preceding or following a subject; therefore, without further commendation of our labours, we subjoin the opinion of those, whose authority will hardly be questioned.

"The best method," says ARISTOTLE, "of teaching youth the art of composition, is to exercise them first upon fables in verse, to be rendered freely in prose; for it is natural to begin with the easiest things, and such as are best adapted to their capacities. These fables are to be followed by amplifications, which at first should be very simple, but may afterwards be of a more elevated kind."

CICERO says: "The subjects or themes for composition, are a kind of plan described by the master to his scholars, in order to point out what they are to say upon a subject given. This plan must be laid down to the scholars by dictating on some subject the matter for composition, which must be digest-

ed, must supply thoughts, prescribe their order, and require little more than to be amplified and adorned."

QUINTILIAN, in his institutions, tells us that, "the matter for composition given by the master, must be well studied and laid down, for on this the success of scholars principally depends. . . . We must, in the beginning, remove all difficulties for the pupils, and give them themes proportionate to their capacities, which should be almost done to their hands. After they have been thus exercised for some time, nothing will remain but to point out the *path*, by giving them a slight sketch of what they are to say, in order that they may go alone and without assistance, except that of a simple *frame* Something like this is observable in birds; whilst her young ones are tender and weak, the parent brings them food, but when they gather more strength, she accustoms them to go out of the nest, and teaches them to fly, by fluttering round them, and at last, having made trial of their strength, she makes them take wing, and leaves them to themselves."

If it was allowed us to add to the advice of these great masters, we would recommend as an important means of securing the progress of the pupil, that prizes be given monthly for the best exercises in composition. The compositions in these cases should not be written at home or in private, but *ex tempore*, before the professor, and on the subject assigned by him: the pupil has then no assistance but that of his own capacity, and such remarks as the professor may make at the time.

The method we have adopted is not given to the public as a mere literary adventure, that may fail or succeed. It has been for some time employed in the *Mount Pleasant Academy*, and we believe it may be well said, with the most flattering results. It is not, therefore, without some grounds of confidence, that we offer this first series to the public. It will be followed in due time by another, adapted to more advanced pupils.

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NEW ZETETIC METHOD

FOR COMPOSITION.

First Part.

IMITATION OF FABLES.

FIRST SECTION.

1.—THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR.

Two Travellers through a forest stray'd
 Who were of various foes afraid;
 But each beforehand had agreed
 To aid his friend in time of need.
 They had not long been plodding there,
 When from a thicket rush'd a Bear;
 But see how soon a promise fails,
 When danger comes and fear prevails.
 The man who just his word had pass'd,
 Now scrambled up a tree in haste,
 Regardless of his lonely mate,
 Who lay in unprotected state
 Flat on his face, and motionless—
 The part of prudence in that case.
 So Bruin now drew near, 'tis said,
 Smell'd to his ear, and thought him dead,
 And whilst the man his fears digested,
 Went on, and left him unmolested.—
 The danger o'er, the unfaithful friend
 Could quickly from the tree descend;
 In anxious questions was expert,
 As whether he were scared or hurt:
 But most especially inquired
 If the Bear spoke, and what transpired.

"Why, yes, kind sir," replied the other,
 "He ask'd if you were friend or brother."
 Said he, "Whate'er he is, 'tis vain
 To think of trusting him again;
 You'd better in yourself confide,
 Than have pretenders at your side."

MORAL.

N. B.—*The pupil must add the moral.*

1.—THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR.

(Imitation of the foregoing fable.)

Two Travellers happening to meet at the entrance of an extensive forest, were glad to find, that their journeys lay in the same direction. Each wishing the company and protection of the other, promised to stand by him in case of need, and equally to share the perils of the way.

They had scarcely entered the denser parts of the forest, when they were startled by the breaking of branches, and to their terror found themselves pursued by an enormous bear. One of them, a light and nimble fellow, sprang to the nearest tree, and quickly climbing to a place of safety, left his less active friend to his fate. He, unable to escape by flight, and remembering to have heard that bears prey only on living animals, threw himself on the ground, and holding his breath, lay as if dead. The Bear came up, and having examined him long by nose and paw, smelling and pushing by turns, was at last satisfied and moved off into the forest, leaving the man unhurt. When the Bear was fairly out of sight, the climber left his seat in the tree, and with smiles and jokes offering to assist his friend, begged to know what great secret the bear had whispered in his ear. "A very important one, friend," said the other. "He bade me beware of trusting those who think more of their own safety, than of their promises; and told me hereafter to rely for real service on my own powers, rather than look for assistance to others, whose faith I have not proved."

MORAL.

Nothing is more common than to hear people profess services of friendship, where there is no occasion for them,

but scarcely anything is so hard to be found as a true friend, who will assist us in time of danger and difficulty. Words are nothing till they are fulfilled by actions; and therefore we should not suffer ourselves to be deluded by a vain hope and reliance upon them. He that succors our necessity by well-timed assistance, though it were ushered in by no previous compliments, will ever after be regarded as a true friend, well entitled to our gratitude and confidence.

2.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox, who, having fail'd to pick,
 Though prowling all around the village,
 The bones of goose, or duck, or chick,
 Was bent on any sort of pillage,
 Saw, from a trellis, hanging high,
 Some Grapes, with purple bloom inviting;
 His jaws, with heat and hunger dry,
 The luscious fruit would fain be biting.
 His carcass than a weasel thinner,
 Made him for ev'ry prize alert;
 He thought, though fortune brought no dinner,
 'Twas best secure a good dessert.
 A tantalizing branch to gain,
 With many a spring, and many a bound,
 He strove; and, finding all in vain,
 With this remark he quits the ground:
 "They're sour," he said; "such Grapes as these,
 The dogs may eat them if they please!"

MORAL.

N. B.—*The pupil must add the moral.*

3.—THE BULL AND THE FROG.

A Frog once saw a huge fat Ox,
 Whose shape he very much admired;
 And though his form all semblance mocks,
 With envy strong the little wretch was fired,
 And thought he might, by swelling out his figure,
 Make his squat carcass look as big, or bigger:

"Brother, look here," the pigmy cries,
 "Am I not like yon portly creature?"

I mean, dear sir, in point of size,
 If not in feature."—

"Oh no!"—"Indeed! Well now, I guess,
 My growing bulk is little less,
 Or equal quite."—

"Not the least like it,"—Still in vain
 He puffs, and swells, and puffs again,
 With all his might.

At length the fool perceives his fatal blunder;
 His sides, too much distended, burst asunder!

MORAL.

N. B.—*The pupil must add the moral.*

4.—THE BEARS AND THE BEES.

As two young Bears, in wanton mood,
 Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
 Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd,
 In artful cells, their luscious hoard;
 O'erjoy'd, they seiz'd with eager haste,
 Luxurious, on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this, the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew.
 The beasts, unable to sustain
 The unequal combat, quit the plain;
 Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
 Their native shelter they regain;
 There sit, and now discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan;
 And this, by dear experience, gain—
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.

MORAL.

5.—THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

A Viper chanced his head to pop
 Into a fam'd watchmaker's shop;
 Long near the place had he been lurking,

And stayed till past the hours of working.
 As with keen eyes he glanced around
 In search of food, a File he found:
 Of meats he saw no single item,
 Which tempted hungry jaws to bite 'em;
 So with his fangs, he, eager fool,
 Attack'd the rough impassive tool;
 And whilst his wounded palate bled,
 Fancied on foreign gore he fed.
 When thus the File retorted coolly:—
 "Viper! this work's ingenious, truly!
 No more those idle efforts try:
 Proof 'gainst assaults like your's am I.
 On me you'd fracture ev'ry bone,
 I feel the teeth of time alone."

MORAL.

6.—THE SICK LION.

A princely Lion, worn with age,
 No longer active war could wage,
 Or malcontents keep duly under;—
 Close in his den retir'd, alone,
 His roar now dwindled to a groan,
 Which erst rous'd echo with its thunder.

Soon through the forest wide 'twas known
 The monarch totter'd on his throne,
 For, now his strength and vigor fail him,
 The wolf's sharp tooth, the bull's strong horn,
 The stag's rough antlers strike in scorn,
 The horse's rebel hoofs assail him.

At last the stupid ass appears,
 With harsh shrill voice and flapping ears,
 His base, insulting heels up-rearing.
 "Oh! let me now resign my breath,"
 The Lion cries, "far worse than death,
 This final blow is past all bearing!"

MORAL.

7.—THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A Grasshopper, whose sprightly song
Had lasted all the summer long,
At length, when wintry gales assail her,
Perceiv'd her old resources fail her,
No tiny worm or slender fly
Can now her ready food supply.
Of neighbour Ant, in querulous strain,
She begs a little loan of grain :
And, whilst her suit she thus preferr'd,
Engaged an insect's honest word,—
She would next Lammas, to the day,
Both principal and interest pay.

The prudent, cautious Ant, 'tis said,
Holds borrowing in a sort of dread ;
And (from this charge we'll not defend her,)
Abhors the very name of lender.
With importunity grown weary,
She checks it with this single query :
"Pray, neighbour, how d'ye spend your summer?"—
"I charm, an't please you, every comer ;
All through the season every day,
I sing the merry hours away."—
"Oh ;" cries the Ant, and bars the door,
Which safely guards her winter's store,
"I'm glad such sports your means allow,—
You'd better practise dancing now !"

MORAL.

8.—THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A Fox walk'd round a toyman's shop,
(How he came there, pray do not ask,)
But soon he made a sudden stop,
To look and wonder at a Mask.

The Mask was beautiful and fair,
A perfect Mask as e'er was made ;
And which a lady meant to wear
At the ensuing masquerade.

He turn'd it round, with much surprise,
To find it prove so light and thin ;
"How strange !" astonished Reynard cries,
"Here's mouth and nose, and eyes and chin :

"And cheeks and lips, extremely pretty ;
And yet, one thing there still remains,
To make it perfect,—what a pity,
So fine a head should have no brains !"

Thus, to some boy or maiden pretty,
Who to get learning takes no pains,
May we exclaim, "Ah ! what a pity,
So fine a head should have no brains !"

MORAL.

9.—THE PEACOCK, THE OWLS, AND THE EAGLE.

As once a Peacock, proud and vain,
Went brandishing his stately train,
The Owls, his most obsequious followers,
Adoring all the gaudy colours,
Which still a greater lustre find,
From one great plume display'd behind :
The bird who bears the bolt of Jove,
And guards the throne of realms above,
Indignant cried, "Unthinking fowl !
While those blind flatterers swell thy soul
With stupid praise, your haughty crest
To all wise birds is but a jest ;
For were that tail, which does so shine,
As really rich as it is fine,
Though any Owl might sure behold
That all that glitters is not gold,
Yet you have no pretence to strut,
With such a voice and such a foot."

MORAL.

10.—THE RIVULET AND THE WELL.

It chanced a Rivulet, flowing gay
Adown its course, one summer's day,

Address'd a Well, in tone imperious :
 "How is it you are always serious ?
 Will nothing move your gravity ?
 Why aim not to be known like me ?
 My rippling waves the poets praise,
 As on my banks they tune their lays ;
 My murmuring flow they love to hear,
 My dropping streamlets charm their ear.
 Whether between yon hills I glide,
 Or in the shady vale reside,
 Of my meandering course they tell.
 What poet ever named a Well ?"—
 "'Tis not my sole ambition, youth,
 To be by poets prais'd. In truth,
 Their praise is often ill bestowed,
 Not lavish'd on the truly good.
 Ask yonder swain who fills his pail,
 If my resources ever fail ;
 In autumn, where's your gaiety ?
 My banks are full ;—yours empty, dry.
 By words you seek to gain applause ;
 My services best plead my cause."
 Thus said the Well. September came,—
 The Rivulet lost its very name,—
 The Well filled Colin's buckets just the same.

MORAL.

11.—THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

A person who had travell'd much,
 Boasted one day, like many such,
 Of wonders he had seen and done
 Asserted by himself alone.
 Said he, "Amongst my strange abodes,
 I tarried once some time at Rhodes ;
 A famous place for leaps and jumps,
 Quite free from all unlucky thumps.
 There bulls in play do often toss us
 Over the head of the Colossus.
 But that was no exploit at all,
 Compared with heights I'd leap and fall.
 No Rhodian by birth, you see,

Could ev'r be found to jump with me ;
 Now doubt it not, I don't deceive,
 'Tis vexing you do not believe,
 Upon my word, by practice soon
 I'd spring, and jump, and clear the moon."
 At length a friend who heard him, rose,
 This easy method to propose :
 Whereby to make assurance double
 Without another word of trouble.
 Said he, "Within this present hour
 Let's all proceed to yonder tower,
 Thence you may jump without delay,
 And prove the truth of what you say."
 But no—the traveller this forbore,
 And never talk'd of leaping more.

MORAL.

12.—THE YOUNG DOG.

A playful Dog, of generous sort,
 But giddy, wild, and full of sport,
 Like other youth, tho' youth is still
 The dearest age, say what we will,
 Once in the forest met a creature,
 His like in habit, shape and feature.
 The Dog, all heart, was frank and free,
 No caution—no distrust had he ;
 Distrust, a guard th' ingenuous needs,
 'Tis malice or experience breeds.
 Our Dog had neither—but, at sight,
 A friendship forms, with keen delight.
 Thus oft do young adventurers haste,
 The charms of some unknown to taste ;
 Though rarely does the lover gain,
 From such an error, aught but pain.
 Our luckless whelp not better far'd :
 His friend, with him so nicely pair'd,
 In figure, manners, gait, and feature ;
 Was a perfidious, perverse creature.
 He was—the truth at once to say,
 A young wolf-cub, a beast of prey :
 And like a fool, the worried Dog
 For dinner serv'd the treacherous rogue.

MORAL.

13.—THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.
 "Draw near, my birds," the mother cries,
 "This hill delicious fare supplies;
 Behold the busy negro race,
 See millions blacken all the place.
 Fear not: like me, with freedom eat;
 An Ant is most delightful meat.
 How bless'd, how envi'd, were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
 But man, vile man, on turkeys preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days.
 Sometimes with oysters we combine;
 Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine:
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The Turkey smokes upon the board;
 If men for gluttony were hung,
 No Turkey's neck would e'er be wrung."

An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neigh'ring beech:
 "Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill."

MORAL.

14.—THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Within the garden's peaceful scene,
 Appear'd two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen—
 The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage;
 And, swelling with disdain,
 Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair, imperial flower;

She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
 The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate,
 The goddess chanc'd to hear;
 And flew to save, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the nobler hue,
 And yours the statelier mien;
 And till a third surpasses you,
 Let each be deem'd a queen."

MORAL.

15.—THE JEWELLER AND THE LACE-MAKER.

In cottage neat, of lowly race,
 Lived one who fabricated lace;
 And near her, miserly and old,
 A tradesman lived who work'd in gold.
 "Dame," quoth the Jeweller one day,
 "'Tis strange to me that folks should pay
 Such prices for thy lace per ell,
 Whilst I so ill my fringes sell,
 Though, by the village train, 'tis said,
 Gold is more precious deem'd than thread."
 To whom the dame, "My friend, you'll find
 To different views are men inclined;
 Some in those articles delight,
 Which taste and elegance unite,
 While others, fond of pomp and show,
 On finery their thoughts bestow;
 Now, if the lovely fair incline
 My work to value more than thine,
 Though I acknowledge it is said
 Gold is more precious deem'd than thread,
 From this the preference may arise,
 Some neatness more than splendor prize,
 And hence, my laces more admire,
 Than all thy gold and silver wire."

MORAL.

16.—THE RABBITS.

Hard by the margin of a wood,
 By several savage hounds pursu'd,
 A Rabbit, sinking with affright,
 Strove to elude their scent and sight.
 Away he fled in full career;
 When starting from a thicket near,
 His comrade cried across the mead:
 "Whence all this bustle, all this speed?"
 "Oh fatal speed, and source of pain,
 Two greyhounds chased me o'er the plain;
 And down yon hill without remorse,
 Behold they wind their rapid course!"
 "I view them, friend, but by their yell
 They beagles are, I know them well."—
 "Beagles or greyhounds, this I know,
 They will effect my overthrow:—
 Mark how they bound with luckless strength,
 I'm sure they're greyhounds by their length."—
 "Poh! poh! they beagles are, I know,
 Their very voices prove them so."—
 "No, no; they're greyhounds."—"You mistake,
 They beagles are—I know their make!"
 At length, so warm the matter rose,
 From words they almost came to blows;
 When straight the dogs, then running mute,
 Killed both, and ended the dispute.

MORAL.

17.—THE LION AND THE ASS HUNTING.

A Lion once, who lov'd the chase,
 Pursued his sport with so much zeal,
 Round his domain he clear'd the place:
 The royal game such panic feel,
 At the least noise, bucks, stags, and boars would fly,
 Nor staid at all to know the reason why.
 Now strength and speed no more avail:
 This adverse run of luck to stem,
 Since all straight-forward methods fail,
 He has recourse to stratagem.
 Low means sometimes the strongest way surpass,
 The monarch gives his orders to an Ass.

"Midst a thick bush, go hide thee, donkey,
 In yon far corner of the wood;
 There bray thy best in sharp and strong key!"
 —Jack went and bray'd as loud as e'er he could.
 The beasts all flying from the fancied danger,
 Fell truly victims of the royal ranger.
 Finish'd the chase, the chanter came,
 And how his notes had sped inquir'd;
 The Lion, now exhibiting the game,
 His vocal efforts very much admired.
 "Had I not known your character and station,"
 Said he, "myself had felt some trepidation."
 Poor silly Jack grew vain and saucy,
 Having once put the beasts to flight;
 Cut off their fears, they soon the cause see,
 For braggart Jack still brays from morn till night.
 Of every beast he grows the jest and scoff,
 And soon his angry patron turns him off.

MORAL.

18.—THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

"Although we both inflict a wound,
 A diff'rence in our power is found,"
 Said in the eloquence of speech,
 The Viper to the harmless Leech;
 "Thy lips a balsam can impart
 To sooth of agony the smart;
 While men, if I appear in sight,
 Hurry away in wild affright,
 Amaz'd, that from so small a thing,
 Such fatal maladies should spring."—
 "The cause I will explain, my friend,"
 Return'd the Leech, "if you'll attend:
 We bite alike, I will confess,
 Yet diff'rent properties possess;
 To me kind nature has bestow'd
 The will and power of doing good.
 I, when malignant fevers reign,
 Or wounds severe occasion pain,
 Allay the direful throb, and save
 Frail mortals from an early grave;

But if you bite, a deadly flame
Pervades, alas! man's hapless frame,
Unstrings his nerves, pollutes his breath,
And gives him to the pangs of death."

MORAL.

19.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GOLDFINCH.

"Come, dear papa," cried Theodore,
"Come listen to this charming bird.
Sing, little warbler, sing once more,
The sweetest notes I ever heard.

"And now another bird I hear,
But not of music such a treat;
His note, though pleasing to my ear,
Is not so strong, nor half so sweet."

A lesson for his child in view,
Of much more worth than song or tale,
The father brought, in cages two,
The Goldfinch and the Nightingale.

"Look at these birds, observe them well,"
He said; "and try (I do not jest)
If, by their looks, my boy can tell
Which is the bird that sings the best."

The boy turned to the Nightingale,
"This little brown and dingy thing,"
He said, "with dusky back and tail,
I'm pretty sure he cannot sing."—

The father cried, "I see the cause,
And in the world 'tis likewise so;
There, oft will beauty gain applause,
While talent must neglected go."

MORAL.

20.—WINE AND WATER.

A party of pleasure their sandwiches took,
In the shade of a willow that hung o'er a brook;
A bottle of Wine, that stood ready for drinking,
Thus spoke to the Water (I think, without thinking):—

"How much more than you, to be envied am I!
The drink of the titled and rich I supply;
While you (I could never endure it, I'm sure),
Are stood in by cattle, and drank by the poor."

"I own," said the Water, with modest reply,
"Your grandeur. I never aspire so high:
I know the rich think me their notice below,
Except just for washing their faces or so."

"If to boasting inclin'd, I have reason—for, see
Yon group of young swimmers delighting in me.
To give pleasure and health to them only is mine;
For who ever bathed in a river of Wine?"

"Then look at the strength of the lads in this place;
Who, contented with me, have such health in their face;
They work for your master, and frugally dine,
And gain him the money to pay for his Wine."

"They envy him not, nor do I envy you;
The rich are but mortals—the poor are so too;
The rich may be happy, with Wine and the gout;
But pray let the poor man be happy without."

MORAL.

21.—THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.

An ape and cat, in roguery and fun,
Sworn brothers twain, both own'd a common master;
Whatever mischief in the house was done,
By Pug and Tom contrived was each disaster.
The feat perform'd, in chimney corner snug,
With face demure, sat cunning Tom and Pug.

By Tom were mice and rats but rarely taken,
A duck or chicken better met his wishes;
More than the rats Tom gnaw'd the cheese and bacon;
'Twas Pug's delight to break the china dishes,
And on the choicest viands oft a guttler,
Still made it seem the footman or the butler.

One winter's day was seen this hopeful pair,
Close to the kitchen fire, as usual, posted.
Amongst the red hot coals the cook with care
Had plac'd some nice plump chestnuts to be roasted,
From whence in smoke a pungent odor rose,
Whose oily fragrance struck the monkey's nose.

"Tom!" says sly Pug: "pray could not you and I
Share this dessert the cook is pleased to cater?
Had I such claws as your's I'd quickly try:
Lend me a hand—'twill be a *coup de maitre*:"
So said, he seiz'd his colleague's ready paw,
Pull'd out the fruit, and cramm'd it in his jaw.

Now came the shining priestess of the fane,
And off in haste the two marauders scamper'd.
Tom for his share of plunder had the pain,
Whilst Pug his palate with the dainties pamper'd.
Pug had the prize: Tom gained at least the learning,
That Pug loved nuts, and gave his friend the burning.

MORAL.

22.—THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A Horse and an Ass, they say,
Travel'd one sultry day,
Jobbing together;
The Ass had panniers two,
Making him sadly rue
Loads and hot weather.
"Good nag," the donkey said,
"Don't horses lend their aid
When asses, overlaid,
Find their legs fail 'em?"
"No, no," replied the nag,
"Horses don't like to fag
Your burdens under.
Should I your panniers take,
All for mere mercy's sake,
How folks would wonder!"
Down dead the donkey fell!
Apples and eggs, pell-mell,
Lay on the grass!

Briskly the rustic rose:
Caught the nag by the nose,
Took the load, I suppose;
Of the dead ass;
Placed it upon the back
Of the cross-temper'd hack;
Made his whip o'er him crack
On that occasion.
Also the donkey's corse
Next he swung o'er the horse;
That was much worse, of course,
Toil and vexation.
Garnish'd with donkey's legs;
Plaster'd with broken eggs,
Down on each side:
Goaded in ribs and flank,
Straining each joint and shank,
He had himself to thank,
And his—own pride!

MORAL.

23.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A Tortoise, nothing swift, but somewhat cunning,
Said to a brisk, young, thoughtless Hare,
"Friend, if you wish to shew your skill in running,
I will against your speed a trial dare.
A verdant parsley-wreath shall grace the winner,
To wear—or else to make a savoury dinner."
"You run with me!" said wond'ring puss,
"Have you these megrims, gossip, had before?
Till now I never saw you thus—
Pray take to-night some grains of hellebore."—
"My brains are sound as yours," the Tortoise cried:
And so at once the experiment was tried.

The garland at the goal was laid:
The Hare, in half a dozen bounds,
(Such as he makes when much afraid,
And throws at distance e'en the fleetest hounds,
Could reach the promis'd garland with ease and pleasure;
She thinks her fame demands to start at leisure.

She takes a nap;—then idly grazes,
 Frisks round, and listens to the wind;
 Doubles thro' all her wanton mazes,
 Nor seems the contest once to bear in mind:
 Letting the Tortoise creep her solemn pace,
 At the last moment means to win the race.

"Ah!" thought the Tortoise, "you'll repent ye:
 These foolish freaks too late you'll rue;
 My motto still, *Festina Lenté*,
 My course thus steady I'll still pursue."
 Now starts the Hare, and like an arrow flies—
 The Tortoise had already touch'd the prize!

MORAL.

24.—THE BOY AND THE WASP.

Among a garden's shrubs and flowers,
 Which just had drunk Spring's genial showers,
 With tottering steps a lively child
 Sported about with rapture wild.
 A gilded Wasp, with venom'd sting,
 Circled about on busy wing;
 And, round and round, he buzzing flew;
 Now farther off, now nearer drew:
 His gold and splendor soon decoy
 The sportive, unsuspecting boy,
 Who, greedy of the glitt'ring prize,
 To catch the insect vainly tries:
 The Wasp escapes from place to place,
 The Boy pursues in eager chase,—
 Just as he deem'd he'd caught his prey,
 The nimble insect stepp'd away;
 Till, tired, at last he sought repose
 Upon the bosom of a rose;
 The attentive Boy, with silent steps,
 Towards the flower on tiptoe creeps;
 And cautious now, lest he should lose
 His wish'd-for prey, he seiz'd the rose,
 And held, within his ardent grasp,
 The flower, together with the Wasp;
 Who, thus assaulted, angry grew,
 And from its sheath, his weapon drew,

And straight transfix'd the tender hand,
 By which he roughly was detain'd.
 The luckless Boy now shriek'd with pain,
 And never chased a Wasp again.

MORAL.

25.—THE RAT AND THE OYSTER.

A Rat, possess'd of little brains,
 Accustom'd but to fields and plains,
 Forsook the plenteous store of corn,
 And (his first trip since he was born,)
 Scorning a parent's kind control,
 Rashly forsook his native hole.
 The very moment he was out,
 He look'd above, and round about:
 "Oh! how extensive is the land!"
 He cried; "the world, how vast and grand!"
 The mole-hills, to his untaught eyes,
 Assum'd the mountains' height and size.
 "Amazing!"—he proceeded thus:—
 "I see the Alps and Caucasus!
 And that (a stream he saw in motion)
 Is, surely, the Atlantic Ocean!"
 At length, proceeding to the shore,
 Where fishermen had been before,
 Some scatter'd Oysters there remained,
 Of the large portion they had gain'd.
 Among them one (as oft we view),
 With shell uprais'd an inch or two,
 Lay as in quiet, soft delight,
 Exposing skin of healthy white;
 So plump and tempting did it lie,
 It caught the Rat's exploring eye.
 "What do I see?" he cried; "a treat!"
 This must be most delicious meat;
 At any rate, this day I dine
 Better than any friend of mine:
 I have been looking for good cheer;
 Lucky am I to find it here."
 Then full of hope, lured by the smell,
 He thrusts his head within the shell.

The Oyster, who had never met
With so much unpoliteness yet,—
And, surely, nothing could be ruder,—
Caught, crush'd, and kill'd the bold intruder.

MORAL.

26.—THE BROOK AND THE FOUNTAIN.

A Fountain varied gambols play'd,
Close by an humble Brook ;
While gently murmuring through the glade,
Its peaceful course it took.

Perhaps it gave one envious gaze
Upon the Fountain's height,
While glittering in the morning rays,
Pre-eminently bright,

In all the colors of the sky,
Alternately it shone :
The Brook observ'd it with a sigh,
But quietly roll'd on.

The owner of the Fountain died ;
Neglect soon brought decay :
The bursting pipes were ill supplied ;
The Fountain ceased to play.

But still the Brook its peaceful course
Continued to pursue ;
Her ample, inexhausted source,
From nature's fount she drew.

"Now," said the Brook, "I bless my fate,
My showy rival gone ;
Contented in its native state,
My little stream rolls on.

"And all the world has cause, indeed,
To own with grateful heart,
How much great nature's works exceed
The feeble work of art."

MORAL.

27.—THE ASS AND THE LAMB.

"How hard is my fate !
What sorrows await,"
Said the Ass to the Sheep, "my deplorable state !
Cold, naked, ill-fed,
I sleep in a shed,
Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head.
All this day did I pass
In a yard without grass :—
What a pity that I was created an Ass.
As for master—he sat
By the fire with the cat ;
And they both look as you do, contented and fat.
Your nice coat of wool,
So elastic and full,
Makes you much to be envied—ah, more than the bull."

"How can you pretend,"
Said her poor, bleating friend,
"To complain ? Let me silence to you recommend.
My sorrows are deep,"
Continued the sheep,
And her eyes look'd as if she were ready to weep.
"I expect—'tis no fable—
To be dragg'd from the stable,
And, to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.
Now you—with docility,
Strength, and civility—
Will live some years longer—in all probability.
So, no envy, I beg,
For, I'll bet you an egg,
You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg."

MORAL.

28.—THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow there was, I've heard them say,
Who thirsted much one sultry day ;
The ponds were empty, pumps were dry,
No water could this bird espy.
At length it luckily befel,
He found a jug beside a well ;
And this, some useful hint to teach,

Had water, but beyond his reach—
 It might be half a pint or so,
 Which sparkled in the jug below.
 The Crow now set his wits to work,
 Tried to upset it with a jerk.
 But no—"The thirsty earth," he said,
 "Will drink the water in my stead."
 He thought again, and was more wise,
 There lay some stones before his eyes.
 Said he, "A thought has cross'd my brain,
 By which my object I'll attain.
 I'll drop the stones in one by one;—
 The thing can easily be done;—
 'Tis not too much I think, to hope,
 They'll sink and raise the water up."
 He dropp'd them gently, laid them snug,
 Until he'd nearly fill'd the mug:
 So to the brim the water rose—
 Then drank, this cleverest of Crows.

MORAL.

29.—THE CHICKEN AND THE COCK.

A Cock, who often was controll'd,
 Though querulous ever, by the bold,
 Was, through his insolence, one day,
 Inveigled in a bloody fray,
 And by a Chicken, strange to tell,
 To his disgrace, was beaten well.
 This brilliant fight, by numbers praised,
 To favor great the youngster raised,
 And justly of his victory proud,
 Across the lawn he crow'd aloud;
 When, lo! the Cock, who fled through fear,
 Said in a tone that all might hear:—
 "Fly, braggart, fly, and life enjoy,
 I scorn to quarrel with a boy;
 But when thy prime thou shalt attain,
 Be cautious how we meet again!"
 Yet it is told the village o'er,
 With him he ne'er encounter'd more.
 It chanced, howe'er, this touchy blade

Presum'd the precincts to invade
 Of one, worn out by care and age,
 And coward-like provoked his rage;
 The veteran rear'd aloft his head,
 And long he fought, and much he bled,
 When finding nought could make him yield,
 The dastard, strutting from the field,
 Exclaim'd, "I'll quit th' unequal fight,
 And not in murder take delight;
 But wert thou not so old, thy life
 Should pay the forfeit of this strife!"

MORAL.

30.—THE STARLING, THE PARROT, AND
THE MAGPIE.

'Twas strutting up a garden walk,
 A Starling heard a Parrot talk,
 And as her talents he admir'd,
 From her instruction straight desir'd;
 Though many a youth of fluent speech
 In vain had tried the bird to teach,
 Flatter'd no doubt, by his request,
 The modest Parrot fears express'd;
 But no refusal would he brook,
 So she the labour undertook.

The pupil long attention paid,
 And really some improvement made;
 Words he could speak with accent true,
 But these indeed were very few;
 Yet in his own opinion taught,
 Elated much, a Pie he sought;
 And that his praise he might repeat,
 Offer'd the youngster to complete
 In every branch of education,
 Befitting his exalted station.—
 Terms settled, straight the Pie was plac'd
 Beneath his care, who learn'd in haste
 All that his stammering tutor knew,—
 Then homeward as proficient flew,
 As those return from school or college,
 Who, swerving from the path of knowledge,

Are taught to speak from bad orations,
And knowledge gain from bad translations;
Neglecting books that study claim;
And masters of establish'd fame.

MORAL.

31.—THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE.

Frisking one morn from tree to tree,
At ease, in perfect liberty,
A Squirrel saw a manag'd Horse
Impetuous bound along the course,
And while, to show the rider's skill,
He gallop'd, rear'd, and leap'd at will;
Pertly, and insolent, indeed,
The Squirrel thus address'd the steed:—
"Though much, my friend, the gaping throng
Admire thy motions firm and strong,
These wond'rous efforts in my eyes
Create nor transport nor surprise;
For I alike can jump with ease,
And run, and caper, if I please;
Spring o'er the brook that bubbling flows,
For few my antics can oppose:
We squirrels scorn to be controll'd,
And are, by nature, brisk and bold."

To whom, by anger much inflam'd,
Aptly the prancing Horse exclaim'd:
"Though all the village train confess
You jump and caper with address,
I fain would know, my honest friend,
To what these freaks and follies tend?
'Tis true I often scour the plain,
But never do I toil in vain;
My master, by my speed and might,
Gains health, and treasure, and delight;
And who'd refuse to labour hard,
When labour brings its own reward?"

MORAL.

32.—THE ACORN AND THE GOURD.

"Methinks the world is oddly made,
And every thing amiss,"
A dull, complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanc'd it in this:—

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A Gourd so large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground:—

"While on this oak an Acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all—
This universal, casual ball,
Its ill-contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
The Gourd upon the tree;
And left the Acorn slightly strung,
'Mong things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller would say,
No further faults disclose;
For, upwards gazing as he lay,
An Acorn loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his nose.

MORAL.

33.—THE ANT AND THE FLEA.

An Ant once shew'd a Flea, her neighbour,
Th' effects of all her toil and labour;
The whole construction of her dwelling,
Explaining ev'ry part, and telling
The uses of each sep'rate story;
The granary—the dormitory—
Shew'd with what ease the grain they bear in,
The task amongst each member sharing,
And other things, which, feign'd or fabled,
Might seem, if we were not enabled

By study and experience due,
 To know and hold them all as true.
 The Flea, to all this information,
 Vouchsafes no other observation
 Than sentences like these:—"Ah—so—
 I understand—of course—I know—
 I see—'tis clear—quite obvious that—
 I don't see much to wonder at."
 "Then," said the Ant, "I wish you'd come
 With me, my friend, and in our home,
 For our advantage, let us see
 A proof of your proficiency.
 You speak in such a master tone,
 'Twill be no sooner said than done."
 The Flea, with impudence unshamed,
 Cut a light caper and exclaim'd,
 "Surely you do not mean to doubt
 My skill to work such trifles out;
 'Tis but t' apply one's self—but stay—
 I am busy now—another day."

MORAL.

34.—THE WAGONER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The rain so soft had made the road,
 That, in a rut, a wagon load,
 The poor man's harvest, (bitter luck!)
 Sank down a foot, and there it stuck.
 He whipp'd his horses, but in vain;
 They pull'd and splash'd and pull'd again,
 But vainly still; the slippery soil
 Defied their strength, and mock'd their toil.
 Panting they stood, with legs outspread;
 The driver stood, and scratch'd his head:
 (A common custom, by the by,
 When people know not what to try,
 Though not, it seems, a remedy.)
 A Butterfly, in flower conceal'd,
 Had travell'd with them from the field;
 Who in the wagon was thrown up,
 While feasting on a buttercup,

The panting of each lab'ring beast
 Disturb'd her at her fragrant feast;
 The sudden stop, the driver's sigh,
 Awoke her gen'rous sympathy,
 And seeing the distressing case,
 She cried, while springing from her place,
 (Imagining her tiny freight
 A vast addition to the weight.)
 "I must have pity, and be gone,—
 Now, master Wagoner, drive on."

MORAL.

35.—THE LION AND THE BULLS.

Four Bulls within a forest fed,
 And very pleasant lives they led;
 What one proposed, obtain'd consent;
 And all were happy and content.
 A Lion in the forest dwelt,
 And much propensity he felt
 To eat them up—for, to be brief,
 He was extremely fond of beef.
 Though much he long'd, what could he do?
 He thought he soon could conquer two;
 But well he knew 'twas rather more
 Than he dare try, to combat four.
 At length he form'd an easy plan,
 These companions to trepan:
 To part them all—when this done,
 He might devour them one by one.
 An artful jackal he employ'd,
 Who soon their confidence destroy'd;
 Creating jealousy and strife,
 Alas! the banes of social life.
 The foolish Bulls, who long had found
 In peace what true delights abound,
 The subtle slanderer believed,
 And thus were fatally deceived.
 Distrustful all, no more they met;
 Their bond of friendship they forget;
 Alas! when friendship's tie gave way,
 The Lion found an easy prey.

MORAL.

36.—PEGGY AND HER POT OF MILK.

A pot of Milk upon her cushion'd crown,
Good Peggy hasten'd to the market town;
Short clad and light with speed she went,
Not fearing any accident;

Her gains already counted,—

Laid out the cash

At a single dash,

Which to a hundred eggs amounted.

Three nests she made,

Which, by the aid

Of diligence and care, were hatch'd.

To raise the chicks,

I'll easy fix,

Said she, Beside our cottage thatch'd

The fox must get

More cunning yet,

Or leave enough to buy a pig.

With little care,

And any fare,

He'll grow quite fat and big;

And then the price

Will be so nice,

For which the pork will sell!

'Twill go quite hard,

But in our yard

I'll bring a cow and calf to dwell—

A calf to frisk among the flock!—

The thought made Peggy do the same,

And down at once the Milk-pot came,

And perish'd with the shock.

Calf, cow, and pig, and chicks, adieu!

Your mistress' face is sad to view;—

She gives a tear to fortune spilt;

Then, with the downcast look of guilt,

Home to her husband empty goes,

Somewhat in danger of his blows.

IMITATION OF FABLES.

SECOND SECTION.

1.—THE PLOUGHMAN AND HIS SONS.

N. B.—The teacher may occasionally require the pupil to write an introduction to the fable.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

The farmer's patient care and toil
Are oft'ner wanting than the soil.

A wealthy Ploughman, drawing near his end,
Call'd in his sons, apart from every friend,
And said, When of your sire bereft,
The heritage our fathers left
Guard well, nor sell a single field,
A treasure in it is conceal'd:
The place, precisely, I don't know;
But industry will serve to show.
The harvest past, Time's forelook take,
And search with plough, and spade, and rake;
Turn over every inch of sod,
Nor leave unsearch'd a single clod.
The father died. The sons—and not in vain—
Turn'd o'er the soil, and o'er again;
That year their acres bore
More grain than e'er before.
Though hidden money found they none,
Yet had their father wisely done,
To show by such a measure,
That toil itself is treasure.

MORAL.

We learn, from this adventure's course,
There needs but little skill to get a living;
Thanks to the gifts of Nature's giving,
Our hands are much the readiest resource.

2.—HERCULES AND THE CLOWN.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

N. B.—The teacher may occasionally require the pupil to write an introduction to the fable.

A rustic, on one wintry day,
Was driving up a miry way,
With loaded cart and aged horse;
He could not well proceed of course.
In fact, he had the adverse luck
To find a slough, in which he stuck;
In vain he flogg'd; in vain the beast
Struggled to get his load released.
The man despair'd, and roar'd at length
To Hercules, the god of strength:
"Oh! have compassion, if you please,
And lift me out, good Hercules!"
So Hercules—as Esop tells—
(I could not have believed it else)—
Inquired, from a descending cloud,
"For what it was he bawl'd so loud."
The Clown now pointed to his beast,
And then repeated his request.
"What! think you," Hercules replied,
"That I have no affairs beside
Assisting lazy drones like you,
Who leave their work for me to do?
Come! clap your shoulders to the wheel,
Before the whip I make you feel;
I'll not indulge your sloth at all,
But cure you thus next time you call!"

MORAL.

N. B.—The pupil must add the moral.

3.—THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

N. B.—The teacher may occasionally require the pupil to write an introduction to the fable.

As prostrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,

His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam! whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
"Weak is the gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that God, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there:
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."
The gale arose; the vapors tost
(The sport of winds) in air were lost:
The glorious orb the day refines,
Thus envy breaks,—thus merit shines.

MORAL.

N. B.—The pupil must add the moral.

4.—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A little Lamb approach'd a purling brook;
It was in summer time, the heat extreme.
By chance a Wolf his morning beverage took
Near the same place, at the same crystal stream.
The prowling robber long had fasted,
Nor lamb nor mutton many days had tasted;
Therefore with pinching want his paunch was pining;
He drank his fill, but long'd the more for dining.

With joy the little Lamb he spied, then growling said,
 "Sirrah! How dare you thus disturb my drink?"
 The Lamb in answer meekly bow'd his head,
 "I trouble not the water, sir, I think;
 Besides, I humbly beg to show
 Your worship is above, and I below;
 And I have noticed every brook and rill
 Pursue their courses constantly down hill."—

"Oh! you chop logic!" said the churlish brute:
 "I can chop too:—you've done me other wrong.
 Youngster, with me 'tis better not dispute:
 You've tarnish'd my fair fame with sland'rous tongue.
 This glaring fact I chanc'd to hear
 From good and high authority last year."—
 "Last year! observe, my dear sir, I'm not yet shorn.
 I at the time you mention was not born!"—

"Well then, I guess it was your elder brother,
 By whom this great and foul offence was done;
 You're all so like, I don't know one from t'other."—
 "Indeed, my lord, I am an only son!"—
 "I'm sure 'twas one of your vile kindred,
 Nor shall my just revenge be longer hinder'd.
 Your clan in all its branches wish my fall,
 Dogs, shepherds, rams, ewes, wethers, lambs, and all!"
 —Thus said, he seiz'd without more form of law
 The ready prize, to glut his empty maw.

MORAL.

N. B.—*The pupil must add the moral.*

5.—THE MOUSE AND THE ELEPHANT.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A pert young Mouse, but just arriv'd
 From Athens, where some time he'd liv'd;
 And daily to the portico,
 To pick up learning, used to go;

Vain of the wisdom he had stor'd,
 And of the books he had devour'd;
 Puff'd up with pride, and self-conceit,
 And proud to show his little wit,
 Thus to an Elephant, one day,
 He took it in his head to say:—
 "Nay, not so pompous in your gait,
 Because dame Nature made you great;
 I tell you, sir, your mighty size
 Is of no value in my eyes;
 Your magnitude, I have a notion,
 Is quite unfit for locomotion;
 When journeying far, you often prove
 How sluggishly your feet can move:
 Now, look at me: I'm made to fly;
 Behold, with what rapidity
 I skip about, from place to place,
 And still unwearied with the race;
 But you,—how lazily you creep,
 And stop to breathe at every step!
 Whenever I your bulk survey,
 I pity—" what he meant to say,
 Or with what kind of peroration
 He'd have concluded his oration,
 I cannot tell; for all at once,
 There pounc'd upon the learned dunce
 An ambush'd cat; who, very soon,
 Experimentally, made known,
 That between Mice and Elephants
 There is a mighty difference.

MORAL.

6.—THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
 A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
 A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
 His eyeballs shot indignant fire;

He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
 Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
 And roar'd aloud, "Suspend the fight ;
 In a whole skin go sleep to-night ;
 Or, tell me, ere the battle rage,
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?
 Is it ambition fires thy breast ;
 Or avarice, that ne'er can rest ?
 From these alone unjustly springs
 The world-destroying wrath of kings."

The surly Mastiff thus returns :
 " Within my bosom glory burns :
 Like heroes of eternal name,
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
 The butcher's spirit-stirring mind,
 To daily war my youth inclin'd ;
 He train'd me to heroic deed ;
 Taught me to conquer or to bleed."
 " Vile dog !" the Bull replied ; " no more
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore ;
 For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd ;
 His daily murders in thy view)
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
 Take, then, thy fate !" — with goring wound,
 At once he lifts him from the ground ;
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies, —
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

MORAL.

7.—THE LION AND THE CUB.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A Lion-Cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the Lion kind ;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president ;

He caught their manners, looks and airs :
 An ass in everything but ears.
 If e'er his highness meant a joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;
 But, at each word, what shouts of praise !
 How well, how natural he brays !
 Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat ;
 Forward and fond to show his parts,
 His highness brays ; — the Lion starts.
 " Thou fool ! that vile vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation,
 Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace." —
 " Why so severe ?" the Cub replies ;
 " Our senate always held me wise." —
 " How weak is pride !" returns the sire ;
 " All fools are vain, when fools admire !
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise.

MORAL.

8.—THE TRAVELLED ANIMALS.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

The prattling Parrot, Monkey sly,
 And Beaver skill'd in masonry,
 From a survey of human kind,
 Th' assembly of the beasts rejoin'd.
 Deputed thence, they had been sent,
 To learn how men their powers augment,
 And, strength creating by address,
 Supply their native feebleness.
 Then to the senate each display'd
 Acquirements which his zeal had made.
 The Parrot, proud to speak like man,
 An endless, senseless rant began
 Of rhimes detach'd, — in hall and school,

Without connection, scope, or meaning,
 The breathless creature had been gleaning.
 —The Monkey next began to prate,
 Or rather to gesticulate :
 He bow'd to all with quaint grimace,
 The pink, he thought, of Gallic grace :
 Then figur'd off a ballet scene,
 With courtly and conceited mien ;
 His head in amorous languor hung,
 And leering glances round him flung,
 —The modest Beaver next display'd
 His progress in the builder's trade.
 For all the zeal he could exert
 Was bent to learn this useful art.
 But, since no other tools he shew'd
 Than those his kind to nature ow'd,
 'Twas Beavers only could reduce
 His studies and his plans to use.
 No profit thence the rest obtain'd,
 But from the whole this maxim gain'd ;
 The eyes of Travellers to suspect,
 And such details from them expect,
 As the peculiar taste of each,
 His talents and his habits reach.

MORAL.

9.—THE TULIP AND THE VIOLET.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

Once on a time, a Tulip gay,
 Attired in rich and fine array,
 Address'd, with insolence and pride,
 A Violet which grew beside :—
 "Poor simple weed, of humble birth,
 Creeping and crouching on the earth,
 What insolence that thou should'st dare
 Approach the queen of this parterre.
 Observe my stem, erect and tall :
 How odious it must be to crawl !
 My splendid crown of dazzling hue,

I see is much admired by you ;
 Well may you mourn your dreadful lot,
 Despised, neglected, and forgot ;
 While I, the garden's darling pride,
 Am more admired than all beside !
 Do take a friend's advice, and grow
 With harmless weeds, remote from show—
 The daisy, and the mignonette,
 And others of the meaner set."
 "Poor thing !" the Violet replied,
 "I envy not thy foolish pride ;
 Contented with my humble sphere,
 I covet not a beauty here ;
 Much less yourself, though rais'd on high,
 With petals dipp'd in golden dye.
 The storm that spares my form to wound,
 Thy boasted charms will scatter round ;
 Or, should the blast thy beauty spare,
 And gardener John, with honest care,
 Protect thee from such fatal harm,
 More than thyself, vain flower, I charm.
 The sweets, which from my breath exhale,
 Perfume the zephyr's balmy gale ;
 And taste, neglecting thee, so fine,
 Does honour at my humble shrine.
 Thy scent, in truth, disgusts much more
 Than all thy beauty charm'd before."

MORAL.

10.—THE VULTURE AND THE TORTOISE.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A famish'd Vulture, from the skies,
 On earth a crawling Tortoise spies :
 "Oho !" he says, "it stirs—'tis game !"
 Then darts, and, swift as lightning's flame,
 He pounces on the sluggish creature ;
 Who opportunely warn'd by nature,
 Composed and snug, its head and claws
 Within its bony rampart draws.

Now, who's the fool? the prowler sure—
 Who must the sad repulse endure
 To find himself so vilely placed,
 Upon a back in armour cased.
 "Shall this insulting reptile, caged
 Within its wall," he cries, enraged,
 "Laugh at my efforts? Shall my beak
 In vain attempt its mail to break?"
 Thus speaking, pride and vengeful ire
 His breast with raging transports fire;
 He madly strikes his prudent foe,
 With rising fury, blow on blow.
 And what's his gain? the gain of those
 Whom casual trifles discompose.
 He breaks his beak, his talons strains;
 And only loses time and pains.
 Sir Vulture's head was surely muddled,
 And had not Antoninus studied.
 His was an error of the great;
 —The error too of childhood's state—
 'Tis worse than death their will to thwart;
 And, while impatience fires their heart,
 They e'en the book of fate would tear:
 But all their rage its leaves can bear,
 Which, made of brass, defy attack,
 —'Tis just the Turtle's marble back.

MORAL.

11.—THE VINE.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

The Trees were making each its boast,
 Of beauty, worth, and power;
 Each vainly thought itself the most
 Excelling shrub and flower.

The Cedar, of its firmness proud,
 Its fragrance and duration,
 Look'd down upon the leafy crowd,
 Bold in its rank and station.

The Palm thus claim'd from all, the meed
 Of homage and of duty:
 "In two great points I all exceed—
 Utility and beauty."

The Fir, the Maple, and the Pine,
 By strength of form protected,
 Look'd down with scorn upon the Vine,
 Weak, helpless, and dejected.

"Alas! I own my feebleness;
 No friend," she cried, "is near me;
 Oh! who will pity my distress?
 Ah! naught have I to cheer me.

"No branch, no blossom, fruit or stem,
 Like other trees possessing;
 I sigh when I compare with them,—
 Now is it not distressing?

"But, hold! I will not make complaint;
 Submission has been taught me;
 And though neglected, weak, and faint,
 Yet patience shall support me.

"On cheering hope my trust relies;
 I know (though long I've waited)
 But for some purpose good and wise,
 I ne'er had been created."

The Farmer saw the drooping Vine,
 And set it near his bower;
 Supported there, it grew, to shine
 In beauty, worth, and power.

A clust'ring store (delicious wealth)!
 Its leaves were soon displaying;
 With comfort, cheerfulness, and health
 The Farmer's care repaying.

For the rich treasure of the Vine
 Enlivens ev'ry station
 With its rich fruit and cheering wine;
 Both good in moderation.

And now the Farmer daily sees
His charity rewarded;
The Vine's reward for patient hope,
I have above recorded.

MORAL.

12.—THE SWAIN AND THE HORSE.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

'Twas at a merry country fair,
Deck'd by his master's hand with care,
A cunning wight, (who gather'd wealth
By cheating, artifice and stealth;)
A Horse, most sightly to behold,
With pomp brought forward to be sold!
Around him straight, the dealers flew—
Bright was his bit,—his saddle new,—
His clothing swept upon the plain,—
And ribbons gay adorn'd his mane:
In short, his numerous faults to hide,
No pains were spared, no arts untried;
And so the wily owner's tongue,
Vociferous in his praises rung,
Till, much convinced, they all confest,
They ne'er had seen so fine a beast.

Charm'd with th' applause the crowd bestow'd,—
The care the crafty vender show'd,—
His dress, that greatly pleased his eye,—
A Swain resolved the Horse to buy;
And, flush'd with money, in a trice,
Without a cavil, paid the price.
But note the sequel of my fable!
Lodg'd safely in the buyer's stable,
The hind, removing all disguise,
Mark'd well his legs, his teeth, his eyes,
And found him, and it vex'd his mind,
Splinter'd, decrepid, gall'd, and blind;
And to augment his spleen and shame,
On crossing him—the Horse was lame.—

“Fool that I was,” exclaim'd the Swain,
Boiling with rage and inward pain,
“To purchase such an arrant beast!
He should have one good point, at least!
But he's so faulty, I confess,
His only value is his dress.”

MORAL.

13.—THE TWO THRUSHES.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A sage old Thrush was once discipling
His grandson Thrush, a hair-brain'd stripling,
In the purveying art. He knew,
He said, where vines in plenty grew,
Whose fruit delicious when he'd come
He might attack *ad libitum*.
“Ha!” said the young one, “Where's this vine—
Let's see this fruit you think so fine.”
“Come then, my child, your fortune's great, you
Can't conceive what feasts await you!”
He said, and gliding through the air
They reach'd a vine, and halted there.
Soon as the grapes the youngster spied,
“Is this the fruit you praise?” he cried:
“Why, an old bird, sir, as you are,
Should judge, I think, more wisely far,
Than to admire, or hold as good,
Such half-grown, small, and worthless food.
Come, see a fruit which I possess
In yonder garden; you'll confess,
When you behold it, that it is
Bigger and better far than this.”—
“I'll go,” he said; “but ere I see
This fruit of yours, whate'er it be,
I'm sure it is not worth a stone,
Or grape-skin from my vines alone.”
They reach'd the spot the Thrushlet named,
And he triumphantly exclaim'd—
“Show me the fruit to equal mine!
A size so great—a shape so fine;

What luxury, however rare,—
 Can e'en your grapes with *this* compare?"—
 The old bird stared, as well he might,
 For lo! a *pumpkin* met his sight!
 Now that a Thrush should take this fancy,
 Without much marvelling I can see;—
 But it is truly monstrous, when
 Those who are held as learned men,
 All books, whate'er they be, despise,
 Unless of largest bulk and size,—
 A book is great, if good at all,—
 If bad—it cannot be too small.

MORAL.

14.—THE SPECTACLES.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A certain artist (I forget his name)
 Had got for making Spectacles a fame,
 Or 'helps to read'—as, when they first were sold,
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
 And for all uses to be had from glass
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.
 There came a man into his shop one day,
 "Are you the Spectacle contriver, pray?"—
 "Yes, sir," said he; "I can in that affair
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
 "Can you? pray do, then."—So at first he chose
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
 And book produced to see how they would fit;
 Ask'd how he liked them.—"Like them! not a bit."
 "Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye."
 "No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort—we'll ev'n try these;
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter:
 Now sir,"—"Why now I'm not a bit the better."
 "No! here, take these, which magnify still more;
 How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before."
 In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
 But all in vain, for none of them would do.

The operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought—sure the man is blind.
 "What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.—
 "Why very good ones, friend, as you may see."
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball;
 Pray let me ask you, can you read at all?"—
 "No, surely not, sir: if I could, what need
 Of paying you for any 'help to read?'"—
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolv'd to post him for an arrant cheat.

MORAL.

15.—THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
 For ev'ry thing alive complain'd.
 Jove calls his Eagle; at the word
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 Th' obedient bird, from heaven's height,
 Downward directs his happy flight;
 Then cited every living thing
 To hear the mandates of his king.

"Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
 These murmurs, which offend the skies?
 Why this disorder? say the cause;
 For just are Jove's eternal laws:
 Let each his discontent reveal;
 To you, sour Dog, I first appeal."

"Hard is my lot," the Hound replies;
 "On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
 While I, with weary step and slow,
 O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go;
 The morning sees my chase begun,
 Nor ends it till the setting sun."

"When," says the Greyhound, "I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure.
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox, the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon, strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valor prized;
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts, to skim beneath the main.
Thus envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate,

The Bird of Heav'n then cried aloud,
"Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers:
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What, silent all: and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind
And proud ambition of mankind."

MORAL.

16.—THE TRAVELLERS.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

In search of science, far from home,
Two gallant youths resolv'd to roam;
Joyous, from town to town they stray'd,
This spot admir'd, that scene survey'd,
Till weary grown, by hunger prest,
They sought an inn to sup and rest.
Awhile a lowly village round
They pac'd, but no asylum found.

Disclosing then their rank and name,
Two gentlemen obsequious came,
And offer'd each, in terms polite,
A habitation for the night;
Which readily embrac'd, content
Each homeward with his patron went.
Lo! to a mansion one retir'd,
Whose outward structure he admir'd;
Rich turrets rear'd on every side,
And battlements of ancient pride;
And numerous vassals rob'd in state,
Bespoke the owner rich and great.
The other to a cot withdrew,
Lowly, but pleasing to the view;
Nothing without was gorgeous seen,
But all was neat and clean within:
And though its owner was no lord,
Some meats luxurious deck'd his board:
And having pass'd some hours in chat,
This topic scann'd, exhausted that,
The friendly host to softest bed,
His grateful guest, with pleasure led.
But in the mansion, strange to tell,
Meanness and pomp were seen to dwell;
Sad was the hungry pilgrim's fare,
Yet served with ceremonious air;
The chamber, filthy to behold,
Ill mantl'd, comfortless, and cold;
And while to usher him to bed,
Three half-starv'd knaves their master led,
The Trav'ler wish'd his host less vain,
And more secure his room from rain.
Anon, as broke the blushing dawn,
The Travellers met upon a lawn,
Blithesome the one arose, refresh'd,
Good was his fare and sweet his rest,
The other, jaded, vex'd, declar'd,
Nor food nor slumber had he shar'd;
For where he lodg'd all was deceit,
Though in exterior so complete.

MORAL.

17.—THE TWO SLEEP-WALKERS.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

One Summer morn, as darkness fled,
Two Walking dreamers rose from bed,
Their foolish pranks, through sleep to play,
Pursuing each his fav'rite way.

One, on the roofs, from house to house,
Sprung like a cat that spies a mouse;
The other paced, devoid of fear,
The railing of a lofty pier.
But him a prudent person spied,
And gently by the hand decoy'd,
Far from the pier's tremendous steep,
Then safely roused him from his sleep.

The other had a different lot—
For while, like nitre quick and hot,
From roof to roof the phantom flew,
The noise a pedant's notice drew,
Who, from his garret's sky-light casement,
Beheld our Dreamer with amazement,
And like a great logician cried,
Proving with syllogistic pride
That folks should rest within by night.
The Dreamer starts: fear dims his sight:
His eyes with horror span the street:
—A gulf that yawns beneath his feet:
His limbs give way, and on the stones
Tumbling amain, he breaks his bones.

The Walking-dreamer here is meant
The state of youth to represent,
With all that ignorance so blind,
Which for its safeguard is design'd.
Watch by its side—its steps partake,
With patient care, till it awake.
Else all our pains are overthrown;
Be silent—and the day's our own.
See that the proper path it keep,
So long as reason lies asleep:
But woo it gently by the hand,
Inculcate nothing—nought command,

Guard it from ill, and good 'twill learn,
When good and ill it can discern;
The master's rules may then succeed,
To close and crown the work with speed.

MORAL.

18.—THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

All upstarts insolent in place
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born
Sat proudly perching on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush, then, the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."—
"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth,
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,

Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
 In base and sordid guise array'd ;
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragg'd a slow and noisome train,
 And from your spider-bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
 I own my humble life, good friend ;
 Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
 And what's a Butterfly ? At best
 He's but a Caterpillar drest ;
 And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
 Shall prove of Caterpillar breed."

MORAL.

19.—THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A Colt, for blood and mettled speed
 The choicest of the running breed,
 Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
 Refused subjection to the rein.
 In vain the groom's officious skill
 Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will ;
 In vain the master's forming care
 Restrain'd with threats or sooth'd with prayer ;
 Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
 Wild o'er the spacious plain he ran.
 Where'er luxuriant Nature spread
 Her flowery carpet o'er the mead,
 Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
 To cool and freshen up the grass,
 Disdaining bounds he cropp'd the blade,
 And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer past,
 Revolving winter came at last ;
 The trees no more a shelter yield,
 The verdure withers from the field,
 Perpetual snows infest the ground,
 In icy chains the streams are bound,
 Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
 His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
 He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise ;
 The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
 And promis'd kind deliverance near.
 A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
 Was now become his wish'd retreat.
 His passion cool'd, his pride forgot,
 A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
 His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
 And friendly to the stable led,
 And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
 In slothful ease all night he lay ;
 The servants rose at break of day ;
 The market calls : along the road
 His back must bear the pond'rous load :
 In vain he struggles or complains,
 Incessant blows reward his pains.

To-morrow varies but his toil ;
 Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil,
 While scanty meals at night repay
 The painful labours of the day.

Subdued by toil, with anguish rent,
 His self-upbraiding found a vent :
 "Wretch that I am !" he sighing said,
 "By arrogance and folly led,
 Had but my restive youth been brought
 To learn the lesson Nature taught,
 Then had I, like my sires of yore,
 The prize from every courser bore.
 Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot ;
 Doom'd am I for my pride to bear
 A living death from year to year.

MORAL.

20.—THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

"Is there no hope ?" the Sick Man said ;
 The silent doctor shook his head,

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
 When thus the Man with gasping breath :
 " I feel the chilling wound of death ;
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant, my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade ;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession ;
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 Is well increased. If unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs,
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail ;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends ;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By Heav'n and Earth, 'twill then be known,
 My charities were amply shown."
 An Angel came. " Ah, friend ! " he cried,
 " No more in flattering hope confide :
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days ;
 A pious action 's in thy pow'r—
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere ;
 This instant give a hundred pound ;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound."
 " But why such haste ? " the Sick Man whines ;
 " Who knows as yet what Heaven designs ?
 Perhaps I may recover still :
 That sum and more are in my will."
 " Fool ! " says the Vision ; " now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain ;
 From ev'ry side, with all your might,

You scrap'd and scrap'd beyond your right ;
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own."
 " While there is life, there's hope," he cried ;
 " Then why this haste ? " so groan'd and died.

MORAL.

21.—THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A Fox made friendship with a Goat :—
 A journey they agreed to take together
 O'er heath and mountain ;
 His horns were high, and shaggy was his coat,
 'Twas summer-time, and very sultry weather.
 In all their route, no river, lake,
 Or brook occur'd, their thirst to slake,
 Or bubbling fountain :
 But to a well at length their fortune brought 'em,
 Whose rocky sides had water at the bottom.
 Thirst will, like hunger, brave stone walls,—
 In storms will any harbour welcome seem.
 Down they both leap.—
 Eager to drink, each weary pilgrim falls,
 And quaffs with glee the pure but scanty stream,
 Which from the rock in liquid crystal ran.
 " Friend," said the Fox, " d'ye think you can
 Climb up this steep ?
 To come down here was wise, beyond a doubt,
 But it will still be wiser to get out."
 The Goat had nothing to propose,
 Nor could his hoofs the humid dungeon scale,
 Being rather heavy ;
 Poor Long-beard seldom look'd beyond his nose.
 " I have thought of something which can hardly fail,"
 Said the sly Fox ; " if long we stay,
 Some shepherd, who may stroll this way,
 Will raise a levy,
 And hurling on our heads a shower of stones,
 Will leave us here to die with broken bones.

"Quick your fore-feet against the side extend;
 Form with your person an inclining plane,
 And hold your head high.
 Then, by that slope, I can with ease ascend:
 From off your horns a spring the top will gain;
 Thus when I've fairly reach'd the brink,
 And 'you are satisfied with drink,
 I shall be ready
 To give my friend below a helping hand.—
 What think you of the scheme my brain has plann'd?"

"Now, by my beard," the Goat replied,
 "'Tis excellent! how rare a thing,
 In all distresses,
 'Tis to have wits in which you can confide!"
 Up scrambled Reynard with an active spring.
 Then to his comrade, with a grin,
 Said, "I much fear you'll pull me in—
 And bus'ness presses.
 You'll find some other means to get away;
 I'm sorry time will not permit my stay."

MORAL.

22.—THE FROGS DEMANDING A KING.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

Of democratic squabbles tir'd,
 As with one mind and voice inspir'd,
 The Frogs of Jove a King desir'd
 With hoarse, loud cries.
 Such being the universal bent,
 The God, to give their hearts content,
 A mild, pacific monarch sent
 Down from the skies.

Great Jove's assent had made them cheerful,
 Yet are the Frogs a nation fearful:
 And as their lake was now not near full,
 The King had grounded.
 His entry made a monstrous splash,
 Not one bold Frog appear'd so rash
 As not to dread a general smash,
 And fly astounded!

Thus sudden fright to joy succeeds;
 Some sought the deep, and some the reeds,
 And some the thick entangled weeds,
 So much they fear him.—
 'Twas a huge Log!—he seem'd asleep—
 One curious hero dar'd to peep,
 Soon others follow'd, just like sheep,
 And ventured near him.

The gentle monarch lay so quiet,
 Round him at length was held a diet,
 Where croaking all with clam'rous riot,
 And nothing slack,
 To shew contempt they all began;
 Each to insult his sovereign ran:
 The basest coward of the clan
 Leap'd on his back!

Now with vociferating noise
 To Jove again they raise their voice,
 Begging he'll make a better choice
 Than he has done;

"Our wooden King may have some merit,
 As Jove's high gift we must infer it;
 But what we want is fire and spirit,
 King Log has none!"

Great Jupiter then sent a Crane,
 Who did not bear his pow'r in vain:
 Each day some scores of subjects slain
 Now met their fate.
 Much as they wish'd an active stirrer,
 The restless wretches found their error,
 And long'd to change their reign of terror,—
 But 'twas too late.

MORAL.

23.—THE WALLET.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

Jove once assembling all his creatures,
 Proclaim'd, who'er dislik'd his lot,

As far as outward form and features,
Might have them mended on the spot.

Amongst the rest he saw the Ape—
Thought him fit subject for beginning :
But Jacko faultless found his shape,
And saw the graces in his grinning.

Said Jack, "You might have pitch'd a worse on,
Sire, in the crowd that's here attending !
There's brother Bruin's half-lick'd person,
May need, I think, some little mending."—

The Bear, not wishing to complain,
Said : "That pert Jackanapes must dote.
How many beasts desire in vain,
The comforts of my shaggy coat.

"Yon Elephant, our height o'ertopping,
In clumsy bulk perhaps is stronger—
But sure his ears require some cropping,—
Should not his tail be somewhat longer?"—

The Elephant these changes scouted ;
The same vain notions e'en prevail
In his wise head ; he rather doubted
If not too large was fat dame Whale.

Contented was my lady Whale,
While mistress Ant believed miss Mite
Was made on much too small a scale,—
She thought her own dimensions right.

Not one there was in all the crowd
Wish'd to be larger, smaller, straighter :—
The ugliest monster there was proud
Of the fair gifts bestow'd by Nature.

Above the rest conspicuous, Man
Appear'd, than other creatures vainer.
Great Jove contrived a simple plan,
To make this obvious truth the plainer.

At his command men Wallets bore :
For holding faults was made the sack.
One end, as usual, hung before,
The other close behind his back.

Each to his own dear failings blind,
To find another's error labours ;
Packs up his own faults snug behind,
And crams the front pouch with his neighbour's !

MORAL.

24.—THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

INTRODUCTION to the following fable.

A prudish Lark for once had miss'd a mate,
Nor of the other Larks pursued the plan,
Who in green wheat essay the nuptial state.
When summer came, she yielded ;—then began
To form her procreant nest, tho' rather late :
Scarce fledg'd her young, when now the husbandman,
View'd his tall corn assume a tint of brown,
And thought 'twas almost time to cut it down.

The anxious mother, ere she left her brood,
(For distant was her flight each dewy morn,
To gather for her tender nurslings food,
Who lay conceal'd among the ripening corn,)
Trembling at thoughts of reaper's footsteps rude,
Thus her half callow birds began to warn :
"Yon farmer, with his son, comes here each day ;
If I am absent, mark well what they say ;

"At my return report each single word ;
On what you hear our movements must depend."
She fled :—the rustics came as spoke the bird—
"Go," said the father, "summon ev'ry friend ;
The wheat is ripe, and must not be deferr'd,
Let the whole troop at break of day attend.
The joyous task with glee we will begin,
And numerous hands shall get the harvest in."

The little Larks heard this with throbbing heart :
"Mother," said they, "to-day the farmer calls
His friends to work, and each will take a part :
What fate to-morrow our poor nest befalls !"
"If that's the worst," she said, "we need not start :
This news with no alarm my mind appals.
Sleep sound to-night, my children, free from sorrow,
But listen with increasing care to-morrow."

Bright dawn'd the day, and glorious rose the sun,
 Off flew the Lark:—the farmer takes his round,
 As usual,—but of friends appear'd not one!
 "Poor help," the good man cries, "in friend is found.
 Haste thee, my boy, to all our kindred run,
 In relatives, 'tis well that we abound—
 No more we'll trust, my son, in friendship fickle,
 But ask our cousins each to bring his sickle."

At sounds like these more terror seized the nest;—
 "Mother," they cried, "he sends for all his kin,
 Who will at once comply with his request:
 To-morrow's dawn will see the work begin!"—
 "Let not this threat, my dears, disturb your rest;
 Not yet the foe will this asylum win.
 Here sleep in peace, nor yield to groundless fear,
 But lend to all that's said attentive ear."

The morning broke, but not a cousin came!
 The farmer, mindful of his rural pelf,
 Said, "Twice, my son, have I been much to blame;
 Who trusts in friends is but a foolish elf;
 He who confides in kindred is the same:
 A wise man still depends upon himself.
 To-morrow you and I our hooks will wield;
 Slow perseverance well shall rid the field."

When this the Lark was told, "My children, now,
 Here to remain no longer must we dare:
 No longer stay the Destinies allow;
 To spoil our nest in earnest they prepare;
 Before the sun ascends yon mountain's brow,
 Weak tho' your pinions, you must tempt the air."
 At dawn of day the active rustics come,
 And the young Larks decamp *sans* beat of drum.

MORAL.

IMITATIONS OF LEGENDS, POEMS, &c.

THIRD AND FOURTH SECTIONS.

N. B.—These Sections, although united, afford exercises of two kinds.
 The Third Section, which we designate as literal imitations, (or *résumés*), gives
 an exercise similar to the prose imitation of *The Faithful Greyhound*.
 For the Fourth Section, in which the verse is rendered freely, or amplified in
 prose, an example may be found in the prose of *Bruce's Heart*.

1.—THE FAITHFUL GREYHOUND.

Argument.—Lewellyn, about to set out for the chase, sounds the horn
 in vain for his hound Gelert.—Returning to his castle after the chase,
 he meets Gelert covered with blood.—The astonishment and dreadful
 presentiment of the Prince.—He hastens to the cradle of his infant
 son.—He finds the child away, and the clothes stained with blood.—
 He slays the hound.—The infant is awakened by the noise.—A dead
 wolf is found beneath the overturned bed.—The sorrow of Lewellyn.
 —A tomb is raised to Gelert.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn,
 And many a dog and many a hound
 Obey'd Lewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer,
 "Come, Gelert, thou wert ne'er the last
 Lewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flow'r of all his race?
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Lewellyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed:
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
 And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells,
The gallant chiding rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
And many mingled cries.

That day Lewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved—
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Lewellyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.]

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His favorite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Lewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood drops shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
With blood-stain'd cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild:
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Vile brute! my child by thee's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh,
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant cry.

Conceal'd beneath a tumbl'd heap,
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

No wound had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pains?
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Lewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Lewellyn's woe:
Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow that laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marble storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Lewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave.

1.—THE FAITHFUL GREYHOUND.

Imitation of the foregoing Legend.

In a retired hamlet, at the foot of Mount Snowdon, Lewellyn the Great had a country seat. His father-in-law, King John, had presented him with a noble greyhound, named Gelert, whose extraordinary qualities, both in the chase and about the family, strongly endeared him to his master. On one occasion, when Lewellyn was about starting upon the chase, Gelert did not appear at the sound of his master's horn, and Lewellyn rode on without him. The prince soon returned, as the chase contained but little interest when his faithful dog was absent. On nearing the castle gate, what was his surprise to see the dog coming towards him dripping with blood. The thought flashed across his mind, that perhaps it might be the blood of his only son, who had been left in the castle. Frantic with terror, the father hurried to the bed-chamber of his child: the supposition seemed but too true, his boy was gone. There lay his bed overturned upon the floor, while the covering and the walls were crimsoned with blood; again and again did the half frantic parent call upon his missing son, but no answer was returned. Maddened to desperation, he drew his sword and plunged it into the heart of the once-loved greyhound. The dog gave one long piercing yell, and fell dead at his master's feet. That yell revealed the prince's precipitation; it awoke the boy, who had been quietly sleeping under the bloody clothing, and there, close beside him, was stretched the dead body of a hideous wolf, the last proof of Gelert's faithfulness and courage.

Lewellyn was struck with horror at his own rashness, and bitterly did he bewail the death of his faithful dog.

To preserve the remembrance of his fidelity, the prince caused a splendid tomb to be erected over his remains, and to this very day the place is known by the name of Gelert's Grave.

2.—THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

Argument.—When Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, found his end drawing nigh, he summoned his barons and peers around him, and earnestly entreated the good Lord James of Douglas, as his old friend and companion in arms, to cause his heart to be taken from his body, after death, and to transport it to Palestine, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go thither in person. Douglas accepted this offer. After the death of Robert Bruce, his heart was taken from his body and embalmed. Afterwards Douglas set forward for the Holy Land. In going to Palestine, he landed in Spain, where he was killed in a battle against the Saracens.

King Robert bore, with gasping breath
The strife of mortal pain,
And gathering round his couch of death,
His nobles mourn'd in vain.
Bath'd were his brows in chilling dew
As thus he faintly cried,
"Red Comyn in his sins I slew
At the high altar's side.

"For this, a vow my soul hath bound
In armed lists to ride
A warrior to that Holy Ground
Where my Redeemer died.
Lord James of Douglas, see! we part!
I die before my time.
I charge thee, bear this pulseless heart
A pilgrim to that clime."

He ceased, for lo! in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
He came, who treads with icy foot,
Upon the lamp of life.
The brave Earl Douglas, train'd to meet
Dangers and perils wild,
Now kneeling at his sovereign's feet,
Wept as a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfirmline's hallowed nave,
 Enwrap't in cloth of gold,
 The Bruce's relics found a grave,
 Deep in their native mould ;
 But lock'd within its silver vase,
 Next to Lord James's breast,
 His heart went journeying on apace,
 In Palestine to rest.

While many a noble Scottish knight,
 With sabre, shield and plume,
 Rode as its guard in armour bright,
 To kiss their Saviour's tomb.
 As on the scenery of Spain,
 They bent a traveller's eye,
 Forth came in bold and glorious train,
 Her flower of chivalry.

Led by Alphonso 'gainst the Moor,
 They came in proud array,
 And set their serried phalanx sure,
 To bide the battle-fray.
 "God save thee now, ye gallant band,
 Of Scottish warriors true,
 Good service for the Holy Land,
 Ye on this field may do."

So with the cavalry of Spain,
 In brother's grasp they closed,
 And the grim Saracen in vain,
 Their blended might opposed.
 But Douglas with his falcon-glance,
 O'erlooking crest and spear,
 Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance,
 That friend from childhood dear.

He saw him by a thousand foes
 Opprest and overborne,
 And high the blast of rescue rose,
 From his good bugle-horn ;
 And reckless of the Moorish spears
 In bristling ranks around,
 His monarch's heart oft steep'd in tears,
 He from his neck unbound,

And flung it toward the battle front,
 And cried with panting breath,
 "Pass first, my liege, as thou wert wont,
 I follow thee to death."
 Stern Osmyn's sword was dire that day,
 And keen the Moorish dart,
 And there Earl Douglas bleeding lay,
 Beside the Bruce's heart.

2.—THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

Imitation of the foregoing legend.

Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, did not long survive the treaty of Northampton, which was concluded with England in the year 1328. He was then not more than four-and-fifty years old ; but his illness was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the Church and before the altar. He said, that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens, who held the Holy Land. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land.

Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office,—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship.

The King, Robert Bruce, soon afterwards expired, and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed ; that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave King, Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. But,

alas! Douglas was never able to fulfil the sad duty he had undertaken.

In going to Palestine, he landed in Spain, where the Saracen king or sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish king of Castille. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded him, that he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem.

Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens, who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah, illiah Allah*, which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily.

In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair, of Roslyn, fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help." With that, he galloped to his rescue, but was himself also surrounded by many Moors.

When Douglas found the enemy press so thickly round him, as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and spoke to it as he would have done to the King, had he been alive—"Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He then threw the King's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last care to defend the Bruce's heart.

3.—THE TAMING OF BUCEPHALUS.

Argument.—It is related of Alexander the Great, that, when a young man, witnessing the unsuccessful attempts of certain grooms to mount a remarkable horse that had been presented to King Philip, his father, he asked permission of the King to attempt it himself. Having with great difficulty obtained permission, he turned the head of the horse towards the sun, and then he mounted him with an ease that seemed almost supernatural to those who had not seen, as he had, that it was the sight of his shadow that had made the horse so unmanageable. The horse Bucephalus became the favourite of Alexander, and bore him in most of his important battles.

"Bring forth the steed!".....It was a level plain,
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison-caves the winds lie chain'd.
There Philip sat, pavillion'd from the sun;
There all around, throng'd Macedonia's hosts,
Banner'd, and plumed, and arm'd—a vast array!
Then Philip waved his sceptre. Silence fell
O'er all the plain. 'Twas but a moment pause;
"Obey my son, Pharsalian! bring the steed!"
The monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
"Mount,—ha! art slain? Another: mount again!"
'Twas all in vain. No hand could curb a neck,
Clothed with such might and grandeur, to the rein.
No thong or spur could make his fury yield.
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears—
Now madly plunges—strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird—his fellow King of air!

Then Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier; prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him. He started back;
But with firm grasp the youth retain'd, and turn'd
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun.
Then with that hand, in after-times which hurl'd
The bolts of war among embattled hosts,
Conquer'd all Greece, and over Persia sway'd
Imperial command—which on Fame's temple
Graved, *Alexander, Victor of the World!*—
With that bold hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while,
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.....

Firmly the hero sat; his glowing cheek
 Flush'd with the rare excitement: his high brow
 Pale with a stern resolve: his lip as smiling,
 And his glance as calm, as if, in dalliance,
 Instead of danger, with a lamb he play'd.
 Untutor'd to obey, how raves the steed!
 Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
 And struggling to be free, that he might dart,
 Swift as an arrow from a shivering bow.
 The rein is loosen'd." "Now Bucephalus!
 Away! away!—he flies, away—away!
 The multitude stood hush'd, in breathless awe,
 And gazed into the distance.

Lo! a speck—
 A darksome speck on the horizon! 'Tis—
 'Tis he! Now it enlarges; now are seen
 The horse and rider; now, with order'd pace,
 The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
 Down to the earth, and bends his rapid pace
 Unto the king's pavilion. The wild steed,
 Unled, uncall'd, is following his subduer.
 Philip wept tears of joy: "My son, go seek
 A larger empire; for so vast a soul,
 Too small is Macedonia!"

4.—TASSO AND HIS SISTER.

Argument.—Cornelia, the sister of Tasso, sorrowful at the prolonged absence of her brother, is seated upon a rising ground that commands an extensive view of the sea.—She is surrounded by her children, to whom she is reading the poem, "Jerusalem Delivered."—Just as the children are expressing their feelings in tears, a pilgrim approaches.—Cornelia cannot recognise the stranger.—His surprise and grief at this.—Cornelia, overcome with joy, falls into the arms of the pilgrim.

She sat, where on each wind that sigh'd,
 The citron's breath went by,
 While the red gold of eventide,
 Burn'd in th' Italian sky.
 Her bower was one where daylight's close
 Full oft sweet laughter found,
 As thence the voice of childhood rose,
 To the high vineyard's round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,
 Her children stood that hour,
 Their bursts of song, and dancing glee,
 Hush'd as by words of power.
 With bright, fix'd, wondering eyes, that gaz'd
 Up to their mother's face,
 With brows through parted ringlets rais'd,
 They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her look
 Of mournfulness was spread—
 Forth from a poet's magic book,
 The glorious numbers read;
 The proud undying lay, which pour'd
 Its light on evil years;
 His of the gifted pen and sword,
 The triumph—and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
 Which Venice once might hear,
 Sung on her glittering seas at night,
 By many a gondolier;
 Of him she read, who broke the charm
 That wrapt the myrtle grove;
 Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
 That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glow'd,
 Young holy hearts were stirr'd;
 And the meek tears of woman flow'd
 Fast o'er each burning word.
 And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,
 Came sweet, each pause between;
 When a strange voice of sudden grief
 Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turn'd—a way-worn man,
 In pilgrim garb stood nigh,
 Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
 Of proud yet mournful eye.
 But drops, which would not stay for pride
 From that dark eye gush'd free,
 As pressing his pale brow, he cried,
 "Forgotten! e'en by thee!"

"Am I so chang'd?—and yet we two
 Oft hand in hand have play'd;—
 This brow hath been all bath'd in dew,
 From wreaths which thou hast made;
 We have knelt down and said one prayer,
 And sung one vesper strain;
 My soul is dim with clouds of care—
 Tell me those words again!

"Life has been heavy on my head,—
 I come a stricken deer,
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
 'To bleed in stillness here."
 She gaz'd—till thoughts that long had slept
 Shook all her thrilling frame—
 She fell upon his neck and wept,
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her Brother's name!—and who was he,
 The weary one, th' unknown,
 That came, the bitter world to flee,
 A stranger to his own?—
 He was the bard of gifts divine,
 To sway the souls of men;
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,
 He of the sword and pen!

5.—RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

Argument.—The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey Church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a King lay stately on his bier,
 In the church of Fontevraud.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath;
 And light, as noon's broad day, was flung
 On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare,
 Though dimm'd at time by the censer's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there:
 As if each deeply furrow'd trace
 Of earthly years to show,—
 —Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
 By a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
 Sang mass for the parted soul;
 And solemn were the strains they pour'd
 Through the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
 And the silent King in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
 As of steel-girt men the tread,
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
 With a sounding thrill of dread;
 And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
 As by the torch's flame,
 A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
 With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
 An eagle glance and clear;
 But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook,
 When he stood beside the bier!
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,
 And clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—
 For his father lay before him low,
 It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed.

And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast,
 But there's more in late repentant love
 Than steel may keep suppress'd!
 And his tears brake forth at last, like rain—
 —Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
 And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead,
 And sorrow seem'd to lie—
 A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“Oh, father! is it vain—
 This late remorse and deep?
 Speak to me, father! once again,
 I weep—behold, I weep!
 Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my sire!
 To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to me! mighty grief
 Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
 Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
 My King! I must be heard!
 —Hush'd, hush'd—how is it that I call,
 And that thou answerest not?
 When was it thus?—Woe, woe for all
 The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hair I see,
 So still, so sadly bright!
 And father, father! but for me
 They had not been so white!
 I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
 No longer couldst thou strive;—
 Oh! for one moment of the past,
 To kneel and say, ‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest King
 On royal throne e'er seen;
 And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
 Of all, the stateliest mien;
 And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
 In war, the bravest heart—
 —Oh! even the renown'd and loved
 Thou wert, and there thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood's guide
 Didst take fond joy to be!—
 The times I've sported at thy side,
 And climb'd thy parent knee!
 And there before the blessed shrine,
 My sire! I see thee lie,—
 How will that sad still face of thine
 Look on me till I die!”

6.—KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Argument.—Lear, an ancient king of England, has three daughters, and wishes to learn which of them loves him most.—He asks them.—Their answers.—He reproaches the youngest.—He banishes Cordelia, and divides the kingdom between her sisters.—Injustice of this decision.—Cordelia, after having a long time wandered about England, at length withdraws to France, where she becomes queen.

King Lear once ruled in this land,
 With princely power and peace;
 And had all things with heart's content
 That might his joys increase.
 Amongst those things that nature gave,
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
 A question thus to move,
 Which of his daughters to his grace
 Could show the dearest love:
 “For to my age you bring content,”
 Quoth he, “then let me hear,
 Which of you three in plighted troth
 The kindest will appear.”

To whom the eldest thus began:
 “Dear father, mind,” quoth she,
 “Before your face, to do you good,
 My blood shall render'd be:
 And for your sake my bleeding heart
 Shall here be cut in twain,
 Ere that I see your reverend age
 The smallest grief sustain.”

"And so will I," the second said ;
 "Dear father, for your sake,
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake :
 And serve your highness night and day
 With diligence and love ;
 That sweet content and quietness
 Discomforts may remove."

"In doing so, you glad my soul,"
 The aged king repli'd ;
 "But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love alli'd ?"
 "My love," quoth young Cordelia then,
 "Which to your grace I owe,
 Shall be the duty of a child,
 And that is all I'll show."

"And wilt thou show no more," quoth he,
 "Than doth thy duty bind ?
 I well perceive thy love is small,
 When as no more I find.
 Henceforth I banish thee my court,
 Thou art no child of mine ;
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favour shall be thine."

"Thy elder sisters' loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdom and my land,
 My pompal state and all my goods,
 That lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd
 Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
 By these two sisters here ;
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear :
 For poor Cordelia patiently
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpiti'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an English town :

Until at last in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found ;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground :
 Where, when the king her worth had heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court
 He made her wife and queen.

Continuation of the foregoing legend.

Argument.—The ingratitude of Ragan, the eldest daughter.—Regrets of the king.—He retires to the palace of his second daughter, Gonorell.—Her reception and words.—The king determines to return to Ragan.—She orders him to be driven from the gate.—He returns to Gonorell, and receives the same treatment.—Reduced to the greatest distress, he loses his reason.—Cordelia learns the misfortune of her father and offers him a home.—She undertakes to re-establish him on his throne.—She is slain in the battle.—The king dies of grief.—The English lords condemn to death the two ungrateful daughters.

Her father (poor) king Lear, this while
 With his two daughters staid :
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd ;
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee :
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him ;
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
 "In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave ?"

I'll go unto my Gonorell :
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court :
 Where, when she heard his moan,
 Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
 That all his means were gone :
 But no way could relieve his wants ;
 Yet that if he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then ;
 " In what I let myself be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again," quoth he,
 " Unto my Ragan's court ;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort."

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away :
 When he was well within her court,
 She said, he could not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell,
 The woful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was denied,
 Which she had promis'd late :
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
 He wander'd up and down :
 Being glad to feed on beggars' food,
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words,

That said the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords :
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of wo :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread
 To hills and woods, and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
 He passed o'er to France,
 In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
 To find some gentler chance ;
 Most virtuous dame ! which, when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant sort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganipus' court ;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To re-possess king Lear,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear.
 Where she, true-hearted, noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain :
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who died indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted:
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
 The end of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents;
 And being dead, their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

8.—THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

THE TEMPEST.

Argument.—And the Lord said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh, and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet.
 Thou shalt speak all that I command thee, and Aaron thy brother shall speak unto Pharaoh, that he send the children of Israel out of his land.

And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt.

But Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you, that I may lay my hand upon Egypt, and bring forth mine armies, and my people, the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt, by great judgments.

Exodus, chap. vii.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour roll'd
 On marble towers and roofs of gold;
 Hall, court, and gallery below,
 Were crowded with a living flow;
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
 The bearers of the bow and spear;
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
 The slave, the gemm'd and glittering page—
 Helm, turban, and tiara, shone
 A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
 Shrank backward from his stately stride:
 His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;
 A shepherd's staff was in his hand:
 A shudder of instinctive fear
 Told the dark King what step was near;
 On through the host the stranger came,
 It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,
 He clasp'd not sandal, kiss'd not throne;
 Erect he stood amid the ring,
 His only words—"Be just, O King!"
 On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,
 A fire was in his sullen eye;
 Yet on the chief of Israel
 No arrow of his thousands fell:
 All mute and moveless as the grave
 Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;
 Haughty and high the words outbroke:
 "Is Israel weary of its lair,
 The forehead peal'd, the shoulder bare?
 Take back the answer to your band:
 Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
 Go, vilest of the living vile,
 To build the never-ending pile,
 Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
 The vulture on their flesh is fed.
 What better asks the howling slave
 Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers,
 Upclash'd to heaven the golden spears.
 "King! thou and thine are doom'd!—behold!"
 The prophet spoke—the thunder roll'd!
 Along the pathway of the sun
 Sail'd vapoury mountains, wild and dun.
 "Yet there is time," the prophet said—
 He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd:
 "King! be the word of freedom given:
 What art thou, man, to war with heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke !
 Like a huge city's final smoke,
 Thick, lurid, stifling, mix'd with flame,
 Through court and hall the vapours came.
 Loose as the stubble in the field,
 Wide flew the men of spear and shield ;
 Scatter'd like foam along the wave,
 Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave :
 Or, in the chains of terror bound,
 Lay corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
 "Speak, King !—the wrath is but begun—
 Still dumb ?—Then, Heaven, thy will be done !"
 Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
 Like ocean on the midnight shore ;
 A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd,
 The solid ground beneath them reel'd ;
 In dust sank roof and battlement ;
 Like webs the giant walls were rent ;
 Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
 The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
 Still swell'd the plague—the flame grew pale ;
 Burst from the clouds the charge of hail ;
 With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
 Down pour'd the ministers of fate ;
 Till man and cattle, crush'd, conceal'd,
 Cover'd with death the boundless field.

Still swell'd the plague—uprose the blast,
 The avenger, fit to be the last ;
 On ocean, river, forest, vale,
 Thunder'd at once the mighty gale.
 Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
 Beneath the whirlwind roar'd the sea ;
 A thousand ships were on the wave—
 Where are they ?—Ask that foaming grave !
 Down go the hope, the pride of years,
 Down go the myriad mariners ;
 The riches of earth's richest zone,
 Gone ! Like a flash of lightning, gone !

And, lo ! that first fierce triumph o'er,
 Swells ocean on the shrinking shore ;
 Still onward, onward, dark and wide,

Engulfs the land the furious tide.
 Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn King,
 Thou serpent, rest of fang and sting ;
 Humbled before the prophet's knee,
 He groan'd, "Be injured Israel free."
 To Heaven the sage upraised his wand ;
 Back roll'd the deluge from the land ;
 Back to its caverns sank the gale ;
 Fled from the moon the vapours pale ;
 Broad burn'd again the joyous sun :
 The hour of wrath and death was gone.

9.—THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Argument.—And it came to pass the day after, that he (Jesus) went into a city called Nain ; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.

Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and much people of the city was with her.

And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

And he came and touched the bier : and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.—LUKE, chap. viii.

The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
 Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
 Of comers to the city mart was done,
 For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
 Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
 And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
 And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
 Upon his spear the soldier lean'd, and kept
 His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
 Was broken by the solitary foot
 Of some poor mendicant, he rais'd his head
 To curse him for a tributary Jew,
 And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.
 The dull, low murmur of a funeral
 Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
 Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel

Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that, in the burning sun,
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burthen. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay,
Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on,
From every swelling mount, he saw afar
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand, and the path

Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a grasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gaz'd on his calm looks. A minute's space,
He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

10.—THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

Argument.—And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham. And he said, Behold, here I am.

And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee unto the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering, upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning . . . and took with him Isaac his son; and went up into the place of which God had told him . . .

. . . And Isaac spoke unto Abraham his father, and said, My father. And he said, Here I am, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering . . .

. . . And Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order; and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son.

And the Angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham! And he said, Here I am.

And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and, behold, behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.—GEN., chap. xxii.

Morn breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And nature, from the wavy forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet—
Ay, beautifully meet, for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore strength. But now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at its pencill'd messengers
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watch'd their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,

E'en in his fair-hair'd beauty to be slain,
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair proportions, as of one
Whose years were freshly number'd. He stood up,
Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncover'd; and his face
Impress'd with the stern majesty of grief
Nerv'd to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him.
He seem'd to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees.
And all that giveth the delicious East
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Everything he met,
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path:
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering; turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,

Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
 Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
 To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
 And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings
 As in the early morning; but he kept
 Close by his father's side, and bent his head
 Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
 Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
 A look up to the face whose sternness aw'd
 His childishness to silence.

It was noon—
 And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,
 And buried up his face, and pray'd for strength.
 He could not look upon his son, and pray;
 But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
 Of the fair, kneeling boy, he pray'd that God
 Would nerve him for that hour. Oh! man was made
 For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
 There is more tenderness; the thousand chords,
 Woven with every fibre of her heart,
 Complain like delicate harpstrings, at a breath;
 But love in man is one deep principle,
 Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
 Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
 The wood upon the altar. All was done.
 He stood a moment—and a deep quick flush
 Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerv'd
 His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
 "Isaac! my only son!"—The boy look'd up,
 And Abraham turn'd his face away, and wept.
 "Where is the lamb, my father?"—Oh the tones,
 The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!—
 How it doth agonize at such an hour!—
 It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
 His lov'd, his beautiful, his only son,
 And lifted up his arm, and called on God—
 And lo! God's angel staid him—and he fell
 Upon his face, and wept.

N. B.—Not to enlarge this volume unnecessarily, we have given in the selection a few exercises, leaving the selection of others to the discretion of the Teacher.

NEW ZETETIC METHOD

FOR COMPOSITION.

Second Part.

AMPLIFICATIONS AND LETTERS.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

Argument.—A sudden rise of the Adige has carried off the greater part of the bridge of Verona.—A single arch remains.—On it are the house and family of the bridge-keeper.—Describe briefly this touching spectacle, and the gradual progress of the evil.—The governor of the city offers a reward of two hundred sequins to whoever will rescue the family.—Describe the danger of the attempt.—No one dare make it.—A peasant passing by, soon learns the cause of the crowd.—He attempts to rescue those in danger.—They enter his boat by means of a rope.—He cheers them.—Prayer.—After great efforts they reach the shore in safety.—The governor redeems his promise by offering his purse, containing two hundred sequins.—The peasant's reply.—He refuses.—The money is given to the rescued family.—Congratulations.

AMPLIFICATION.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the Adige overflowed, and caused great devastation. With the first rise of the waters, the extremities of the bridge of Verona gave way, and soon the bridge was entirely carried off, except the middle part, which rested on a single arch. On this remaining part, was the house of the toll-gatherer, who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.

They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth

their hands, screaming and vainly imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, the Governor of the city, after having tried in different ways to soften the hardened hearts of those present, now held out a purse of two hundred sequins (four hundred and fifty dollars) as a reward to any adventurer, who would take a boat and deliver the unhappy family.

But so great was the risk of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or being crushed by the falling stones, that not one among the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant passing along, saw the danger of this unfortunate family, and immediately jumping into a boat, by strength of arm, gained the middle of the river, and brought his boat under the remaining arch; then throwing a rope to the poor toll-gatherer, he bade him fasten it to the timber. By its friendly aid, the whole family safely descended into the boat.

"Have courage!" cried the peasant; "one moment more and you will be out of danger, but pray God to give me strength to conduct you to the shore." Then all fell upon their knees, and the venerable bridge-keeper, whose head was silvered by age, addressed a short, but fervent prayer to Almighty God, to grant them His protection once more.

The peasant, moved by this touching spectacle, seemed to have gained new strength, and by still more strenuous efforts, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to the shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the Governor, handing him the purse; "here is the promised recompense; take that purse, it contains two hundred sequins."

"I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant; "my labor is a sufficient livelihood for my wife, my children, and myself. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

The old man wished to thank the deliverer of his family, but his voice was drowned in sighs, and he could but cast himself into the arms of his deliverer and benefactor, and cover him with tears of gratitude.

The people admiring the courage and generosity of the peasant, carried him, in spite of himself, in triumph to his cottage.

LETTER.

Argument.—Write to your father, congratulating him on the commencement of the New Year.

Acknowledge with gratitude the means he is affording you of obtaining a liberal education.

Relate the progress you are making in your studies.

Express the gratification which you expect to enjoy by residing at home during the ensuing vacation. Mention something that relates particularly to your mother.

Finish your letter with compliments to your mother, &c. &c.

OSSINING, January 1st, 1847.

Dear Father: I should neglect a most important duty, if I did not address you on the beginning of the year; to congratulate you on its arrival, and to wish you a long succession of them, each happier than the preceding.

Permit me at the same time, my dear father, to express my gratitude for all your kindnesses, particularly for the excellent education you intend to give me, which will enable me to move in a respectable circle, and will, I hope, render me hereafter a useful member of society. Believe me, I feel fully sensible of its value, and I will constantly endeavour to prove myself worthy of it.

The progress I make in my learning will be considered as proof how sensible I am of your kindness; the best proof I can give you of my endeavours is in the daily report of my teacher, which will be sent to you at the end of next week.

My teacher has told me that if I will remain with him, and study all the next vacation, I shall enter the second class in Latin, when the term opens. I have declined his obliging offer, for I like better to be the first in my present class, than to be the last in one more advanced. Besides, I must confess it, I should not like the idea of being from

home for almost a year. I like being here very much indeed; but still I love my own dear home better, and sometimes, when I go to bed, I wish I could have a kiss from my dear mother. I often pity my cousin Alfred, because he has no mother, and sometimes tell him how sorry I feel for him, but he says that a father is as good as a mother. Poor Alfred! he don't know how good it is to have both!

Pray, give my best New-Year's compliments (which are my daily thoughts) to my beloved mother, to my brothers and sisters, to our relatives and friends, and believe me, dear father,

Your most dutiful

And affectionate son.

FILIAL PIETY.

You will describe briefly the beginning of an eruption of Mount Etna.—You will say that scarcely had the flames begun to spread, when the city of Catania was agitated by a dreadful earthquake.—You will describe briefly the effects of the earthquake.—You will say that every citizen tries to save his riches, and that the fire devours the most tardy.—Say that two brothers had reached a place of safety, when they perceived their father and mother in danger.—They hastened to their aid, and taking them in their arms, divided the burden, under which they felt their strength increase.—Mention the obstacles they had to surmount.—At last they carried away their precious burden.

End by saying, that the city of Catania, in memory of this event, dedicated a temple to filial piety.

STRIFE OF TWO ROSES.—FABLE.

Two roses, one artificial, and the other natural, one day disputed for the pre-eminence.—Each boasted of its own merits, and sought to overthrow its rival.—Give first the words of the artificial rose.—She boasts her bright tints—Her beauty is not perishable as that of the garden rose, which blooms one day, to die the next.—The natural rose exclaims, that she is proud of being dyed by the blood of Venus—That she alone has the power of afford-

ing a delightful perfume, while she charms the eye.—She speaks of the variety of her family.—The decision of the question is referred to the zephyr, who, reviewing the dispute, gives his voice for the natural beauty.

MORAL.

LETTER.

Write to your father your safe arrival at school.

Express the kind reception you received from your teacher and his wife.

Express the pleasure you had in again meeting all your old school-mates, and particularly A. C. and B. D. your best friends.—Give your reasons for such preference.

Say that the desire of pleasing your family will make you redouble your endeavours to excel in your studies, &c. &c.

THE SHIP ST. FRANCIS.

On the 22d of October, 1820, as the ship St. Francis was about entering the port of Quiberon, a frightful tempest arose.—You will describe the tempest, and the terror of the passengers.—The captain, seeing the danger which threatened his ship, (you will describe the danger,) decided to get out his boat and try to reach the shore.

A lady, who was in the cabin taking care of her sick daughter, did not perceive the preparations for leaving the ship, until all the passengers and the crew had embarked in the life-boat—She succeeded, with much difficulty, in getting her head out of the window of her state-room, and, appealing to the generosity of the captain, she conjured him to save her daughter—"Commit your soul to God! you and your daughter are lost," replied the captain—He then ordered his men to row to the shore.—The lady went upon the deck, holding her child in her arms.—You will describe her despair.

A sailor, indignant at so base an action, sprung into the sea, and after many dangers (you will describe them,) arrived at the ship.

—"Give me your child," said he.—His efforts were crowned with success.—But during that time, the ship had drifted towards a chain of rocks.—Describe briefly this touching spectacle, and the gradual progress of the evil.

The sailor dashed again in the waves, regained the vessel, and had the happiness to seize the mother, and to transport her to the shore.—You will describe the congratulations he received.

THE MEETING OF ANIMALS FOR THE CHOICE OF A KING.—FABLE.

The Lion being dead, all the animals assembled at the den of the Lioness.—The usual compliments and expressions of sympathy.—The young Lion was too feeble.—Speech that he made.—The Leopard speaks next; he founds his demand on his resemblance to the Lion.—The Bear then speaks, and boasts his qualities.—The Elephant shows his right to the throne, but with more modesty.—The Horse, the Stag, urge in turn their claims.—The Monkey does not forget to mention his superiority, and particularly in one respect.—The Parrot contends his superiority.

Relate the dispute that arose between them.—The assembly laughs at the disputants, and gives the crown to the Elephant.

MORAL.

LETTER.

Write to your father requesting him to inform you respecting a fire which has occurred in the street in which he resides.—Express your hopes that he has not been injured, that your mother and all the family are safe.—You will add, that your fears are very great, because, on the day of the fire, it was very windy here.—Draw some conclusion from that.

You will say, that the suspense in which you are, hinders you from joining in the sports of your comrades.

Ask your father to write to you as soon as possible, to relieve you from this unpleasant suspense, &c., &c.

ARGUS, THE DOG OF ULYSSES.

You will say, that of all animals, the Dog is the one that has the highest powers of instinct, and is most remarkable for his fidelity.

After the destruction of Troy, Ulysses returned to his native Ithaca, and under the disguise of a mendicant approached his palace.—An old dog, named Argus, lay at the gate of his palace.—Poor Argus, he found himself beaten and despised by the very slaves of the house, in which, when young and able to lead the chase, he had received the flattering caresses of all the lords and ladies of the court.—You will make some remarks about the ingratitude of men towards faithful dogs.—You will add that as soon as Argus saw his master, he recognized him and showed his joy.—Ulysses recalls the image of his faithful Argus.—Soon the dog, overcome by his feelings, fell dead at his master's feet.—You will describe that scene.

THE TIGER AND THE FAWN.—FABLE.

Describe a forest in which a young fawn lived happily in the midst of his kindred.

One day this fawn, forgetting the counsels of his father, wandered far from his home.—He meets a tiger, who fiercely seizes him.—Give the words of the fawn, who speaks of his peaceful and inoffensive life, and tries to excite the pity of the terrible animal.—Describe the furious looks of the tiger.—He upbraids the fawn, with entering his domain without leave.—Innocent answer of the fawn.—He begs pardon for his fault, and promises greater care in future.—He begs the tiger to imitate the generosity of the lion, the king of beasts.—Hearing the name of his old rival, the fury of the tiger is aroused; he devours the innocent animal.

MORAL.

LETTER.

Write to your mother that you have received a letter from your father, which informs you of the trouble that the fire has caused to all your family, and particularly to your mother.—You will express your hopes for her speedy recovery.

You will express your satisfaction on account of your family's not removing.—You will mention the reasons for your not desiring their removal.—Your garden.—The trees and the plants that you have seen grow, &c., &c.

You will finish by saying that this attachment, puerile in itself, gives you an idea of the love of a mother towards her children, &c., &c.

THE COW LOST AND FOUND.

You will say that a poor family, living in the suburbs of Cambrai, had, as all their wealth, a cow.—One day, after their hard labour, the poor family discovered that the cow had disappeared.—They sought for her in all directions, but in vain.—Describe their despair.—At last, after three days, the object of their anxiety returns.—Describe the joy of the family.—But who has brought back the animal they love so much?—It is their worthy archbishop Fénelon.

End by giving a eulogy of this virtuous prelate.

THE CAMEL, THE MONKEY, AND THE DOG.

A King having three sons, who were of age, determined to choose his successor.—This choice depended on the King alone.—He was a good prince.—He wished thoroughly to understand the character of his children, who seemed to show almost equally good dispositions.—To this end he had recourse to stratagem.—Mention a menagerie containing all kinds of animals.—Describe the visit to it.—Say that the King calls on his sons, each to make choice of some animal.—Each will in turn show his taste, and give the reasons for it.—The three animals chosen were those mentioned.—The father gives to each one the animal of his choice, and as he does so, he makes some reflections upon it: the Dog, he considers a flatterer; the Monkey a buffoon, who can only amuse; but the Camel has the preference, (for reasons which you must give.)—The father designs for his successor that one of his sons who chose the Camel.—The remarks which the King makes in doing this, must contain some moral suited to the subject.

LETTER.

Write to your father, informing him of your progress in your various studies, &c., &c.

Ask him to present you with some books appropriate to your studies, specifying some particular object, and explaining why you want them.

Inform your father that your brother, or yourself, had by accident, &c., &c.

Express your satisfaction with the kind attention which has been paid to your brother, or yourself, by your preceptor and his wife, and that by their care, he or you recovered in a few days.

State the present health of your brother and yourself, &c.

THE TRIUMPH OF GRATITUDE.

Louis XIV having already bombarded Algiers, as a punishment for her piracies, ordered Admiral Duquesne to attack that city a second time, as a punishment for her insolence and treachery.—Describe the bombardment and the despair of the corsairs.

The Dey, to avenge himself, causes all the French prisoners to be fettered together, and placed before the mouths of the cannon.—One of these unfortunate men, named Choiseul, is recognized by an Algerine captain, whose life he had saved.—Describe the efforts and prayers of the Algerine to obtain the pardon of the Frenchman.—These are in vain.—Just as the cannons were to be discharged, the Algerine rushes to the side of Choiseul, and placing himself nearest to the gun, is determined to share the fate of his preserver.—Repeat his words to the Dey as he does so.

The Dey is touched by this noble mark of gratitude, and revokes the order.

THE PEASANT'S DOG.

Describe the progress of the cholera through France in 1832.—Say that during the ravages of this pestilence, a beautiful little village near Paris was fearfully visited by it.—Describe the village and the villagers after the appearance of the cholera among them.—Say that a whole family had been attacked with the

disease, and that only one old man, the grandfather of the family, had escaped.—Describe his watchfulness and care for the sick.—Say, that at length, just as he had buried the last of his kindred, he fell to the earth, struck with sudden death.—He remained two days unburied.—His dog, who kept constant watch over the remains of his master, was the only creature who could give him burial.—Describe how he did it.

LETTER.

Write to your father, and express your solicitude and affliction, on hearing of the sickness of your elder sister.

Describe her endearing qualities, and request that, if possible, he will write to you daily till her health be restored, &c., &c.

Solicit the permission of your father to learn one of the modern languages.

Mention the reason of such wish, its advantages, &c., &c.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

Begin by giving your own thoughts respecting a mother's love for her child.

Relate the following incident, which must be in illustration of what you have said:

The widow of a poor woodman had been accustomed to place her infant under the shelter of a bush, while she was engaged in her work of wood-chopping.—One day, as usual, she had placed the child in this friendly retreat.—Returning after some time, she saw a hungry wolf, ready to rush upon her infant, and immediately threw herself before him.—Describe the fight between the mother and the wolf.—The mother is victorious, killing her enemy with the wood-knife, but falls, at the same instant, almost lifeless by the side of the savage beast.

The child, awaked by the fearful noise, now calls in piteous cries for his mother.—She has only strength to drag herself to the spot, and, exhausted by the effort, gives the last token of maternal love, as she presses him to her bosom, and expires.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

You will say that as soon as the news of the death of Washington had reached France, Napoleon, then first Consul, issued a general order, that crape should be suspended for ten days from all the flags and standards of the French republic.

You will relate his order of the day, in which he compares the French soldiers to the American citizens, fighting for the liberty of their country.

A few days after, Napoleon paid a public homage to the virtue, which neither his character, his wishes, nor his circumstances enabled him to emulate.—You will describe the celebration of a great funeral service, to the memory of Washington, in the Church of Invalids.—All the ministers, the counsellors of State, and generals were present.—The pillars and roofs were hung with the trophies of the campaign of Italy, and the bust of Washington was placed under a trophy composed of Egyptian flags.

Mr. de Fontanes, a very celebrated writer and orator, delivered the funeral oration.

You will describe the effect which this ceremony produced upon the spectators.

OF WOMEN, CELEBRATED FOR THEIR TALENTS AND ATTAINMENTS.

After some remarks on the talents and attainments of ladies, you will mention the names of some, who have made themselves immortal by their literary talents in Europe and America.

You will say that many authors have written eulogies of the celebrated women of all countries.

You will say what you think of the abilities of women, and if they are capable of the same attainments as the other sex.

LETTER.

Write to your elder sister, on hearing from her that she has recovered.

Express, as feelingly as you can, the pleasure you have experienced in consequence of her convalescence, &c.

Request her to write further, as soon as she can make it convenient, &c.

Mention a card of invitation you had received from one of your school-fellows, to a party at his house.

Describe the party, &c.

FREDERICK AND HIS OFFICER.

You will say that in the first war of Silesia, Frederick the Great, wishing to make some change in the disposition of his camp, prohibited any light to be kept burning after a certain hour. — You will say that the king personally made the patrol of his camp.

In passing the tent of Zitern, a captain, Frederick saw a light shining through the cracks of the canvass. — He entered, and Zitern rose with a letter in his hand.

Relate the king's reproaches to his officer. — Zitern threw himself at the king's feet, and, without attempting to excuse his fault, said, "It was to my mother!" — "Rise," said Frederick, "and add to the letter what I tell you." — The captain did so. — "Write," said Frederick, "to-morrow I die on the scaffold." — The next day Zitern was executed.

Close by saying, that in this instance, Frederick pushed the rigors of his military discipline to a barbarous extreme, and rather emulated the cruelty of Manlius, than the wise conduct of a magnanimous prince.

BURNING OF ROME BY NERO.

You will say, that Nero wishing to enjoy the sight of a great conflagration, caused the city of Rome to be set on fire.

Describe the agitation and alarm of the citizens, who sought at first to extinguish the flames, and then to escape from them. — The satellites of the cruel son of Agrippina forced back the flying wretches, and made them perish in the ruins of their own homes. — Describe the scene.

All this time, the tyrant secure in an elevated situation, looked down upon the scene, and with his lyre in hand, sang the destruction of Troy.

Say something of the character of this prince.

LETTER.

Write to your father that, as a special favour, your teacher has permitted those scholars, who have excelled in their studies, to go home, at the next vacation, one day before the other scholars.

Tell him that you are one of the favoured ones, but as your brother cannot go with you, you have preferred to stay, &c. &c.

You will mention the reason why you wish to do so.

Give some directions about your landing, &c. &c.

Express the pleasure you feel at the prospect of meeting your family, &c. &c.

THE EMIGRATION.

Many years ago a number of Germans took passage at Havre on board of an American ship, bound for the new world.

Describe the different feelings which are entertained by the old men, the women, and the youth, at the moment of quitting for ever the soil of Europe.

Their clergyman was with them. — Relate the exhortations and consolations that he offers.

As they are about pushing off, the clergyman sings the verses of a hymn, and all join in singing it.

Relate their farewell to their friends.

After a stormy passage, they salute with enthusiasm the coasts of America. — Describe their arrival in New York.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

Say that a rich farmer had in his employ a young shepherd named Isidore. — Describe the good qualities of the young shepherd.

On a beautiful morning in summer he led his flock to the richest pastures. — Describe briefly his dog and flock. — Isidore stops his flock near a mountain at the foot of which ran a rivulet. — Describe the spot. — The sheep scatter themselves here and there to graze. — The young shepherd, falling asleep, leaves his dog to watch the sheep.

Say that during his sleep a wolf had scared away his flock.—Describe the sorrow of the young man.

After a fruitless search, Isidore, fearing the reproaches of his master, hung himself on the branches of a tree.

Some moments after this fatal event, a boy passing by sees the body of his comrade.—Describe his grief.

While he yet mourns the death of his friend, he sees Isidore's dog dying with sorrow.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

At evening, on a part of the coast inhabited by the families of fishermen, a woman was expecting the return of her husband.—You will contrast the anxiety of this woman with the joy that was felt in the cottages of her neighbours.

She retires to her cabin, and when her children have fallen asleep, she kneels in prayer, and her prayer seems to give her new strength.—At the bed-side of her children, she waits for the morning.

Describe her despair, when on the morrow, at the earliest dawn, she finds on the shore the wrecked boat and the disfigured body of her husband.

The children awake, and anxious at their mother's absence, they go to the shore.—Describe their grief.—Promises made by the eldest boy, fourteen years old.

DESTRUCTION OF ALBA.

You will say that a Roman army had already approached to overthrow the rival of Rome.—You will describe the terror of the unfortunate Albians, driven from their homes, the tombs of their ancestors, and all that men hold dear.—Fire is about to destroy in a few moments, the labours of four centuries.—Sad fate of empires.—You will add, that, by the order of the Roman king, the temples alone are spared.—Draw an affecting picture of the misfortunes of these descendants of Ascanius, passing under the power of Rome, by which they lost at once their liberty and their country.

LETTER.

Write to your uncle about your not immediately answering his letter.—The post office was closed.—It was the fourth of July.

Describe the manner in which the fourth of July was celebrated, in the place where you reside.

Express the feelings which you entertained on the occasion, and your determination, that as soon as you arrive at the age of manhood, you will exert your utmost abilities to support the liberties of your country.

Reply to his inquiries.

Finish your letter by inquiring after the health of all the family of your uncle, &c., &c.

THE BALL OF THREAD.—FABLE.

A genius had given a ball of thread to a boy: this was the thread of his days.—While in possession of this precious gift, the boy could, at his will, either lengthen or lessen his life.

Relate that, tired of being under the guardianship of his parents, and under the watchfulness of the servants, he drew his thread, so that he might become immediately ten years old.—Relate an event which caused him to do this.

Arrived at this age, he soon became tired of the authority of his preceptor, and again drew the thread.—Relate an event which caused him to do this.

At twenty years of age he drew it again, to be free from all dependence.

At every epoch in his life, he thought he saw something better in the future than in the present.—And frequently using the power of making himself older at his will, he soon arrived at the end of his days.

MORAL.

DEATH OF DUGUESCLIN IN 1380.

The famous warrior Duguesclin commanded the French army at the siege of Chateau-neuf.—Describe his humanity to the besieged.

The commander of the city had promised to surrender on the 12th of July following, if he was not reinforced.

Some days after this stipulation, Duguesclin was seized with a violent fever.—Describe his sufferings and his resignation.

When he found himself at the point of death, he assembled all his officers in his tent and addressed them in the following speech.—Relate his speech, in which he exhorted them to defend their country and their honour, but to spare the churches, the old men, the women and children.

Describe the sorrows that his death caused, both in his own army and in that of the enemy.

The commander of Chateau-neuf was summoned to surrender on the 12th of July, the same day on which Duguesclin died.—He came, followed by a crowd of people, and laid the keys of the city on Duguesclin's coffin.

Relate his remarks, in which he shewed the great regard he had for the virtues of the lamented hero.

THE CHASE.

You will describe a fine forest.—Under the noble oaks of this forest, at early dawn, there began to assemble a great variety of persons.—First came the huntsman with the dogs, some tied and some in carts.—Describe the dress of the huntsman and the appearance of some of the dogs.—After a great deal of noise and confusion, the principal persons arrive.—The huntsman takes measures to begin the chase.—Soon the bugle is heard, a sign that the stag has started; describe the scene that follows.—Say that, at last, as the stag landed from a lake, across which he had swam, he was attacked by three of the boldest dogs.—Describe the fight and death of the stag.

LETTER.

Write to your cousin at college an account of the manner in which you spent the Christmas holidays; the different parties, which have been at your father's house, and those which you may have attended in other places, &c.

Mention the presents you received; and particularly some very useful books.—Say what you think of them.

Relate a dreadful accident which happened to one of your schoolmates, when on a sleighing party.

Express, as feelingly as you can, your sorrow for the injury which your comrade sustained, &c., &c.

SELICO, THE NEGRO.

Say that a young slave, owned by a rich planter of Jamaica, was greatly disliked by the wife and daughter of his master.—Say who this slave was.—Describe the bad treatment he daily received.—Say that, at last, Selico determines to make his escape.—He visits the grave of his mother, and tells her of his plans of escape.

At length the evening came, and as Selico was about leaving the place, a fire burst out from the roof.—Describe the progress of the fire.—The whole building was soon in flames.—The parents, in the height of distress, point to a chamber, and call for their daughter.—“My fortune,” said the father, “my fortune for her life.”—But the crowd of slaves moved not.—A moment after, a dark form passed through the throng and entered the house.—He soon returned, and Selico laid the insensible girl at the feet of her frantic mother.—Relate her words to Selico, and his answer.

THE SHIP.—ALLEGORY.

Describe, under an allegory, the life of a great man for a long time in seclusion, and unknown to fame.

You must compare the life of this man to the fortunes of a ship, which for a long time kept in port, by calms, or adverse winds, at length sets sail, and makes many successful voyages of discoveries.

Having a long time traversed the stormy seas, the ship returns to port; the noise of cannon and the shouts of the people welcome her home: but, alas! shattered by tempests, she is no longer fit

for service, her timbers are rotten, her seams open and she barely reaches the wharf.

Give some examples in illustration of great men who have died, after years of labour, just as they were becoming known.

A CITY TAKEN BY ASSAULT.

Begin the description in nearly the following words: Already the signal is given; already, on all sides, the cannons are pointed at the walls.—They are discharged, and the balls, thick as hail, batter the walls and destroy the intrenchments.—Meanwhile the bombs are fired.

They fly through the air, and bursting into fragments, scatter wounds, death and flames on every side.—There is no cessation, no rest for the besieged.—Reduced to the last extremity, they open their gates.—Describe the sacking of the place.

End by saying, that at length peace is made, and the land gradually forgets the evils of war.

LETTER.

Write to your father in reply to his inquiry, whether you had fixed your mind on the trade or profession of your future life.

Inform your father of your wish, that as soon as you have acquired sufficient knowledge of the mathematics and of the theory of navigation, he would endeavour to get you a warrant as midshipman in some of our vessels of war.

Tell him why you would prefer a nautical life to any other, &c., &c.

Tell him that you would endeavour to emulate the heroic deeds of Decatur, Hull, Perry, &c. &c.

Say that you would think yourself very happy if your choice had his approbation, &c., &c.

THE COWARDLY SPARTAN.

You will relate, that a Spartan soldier, unworthy of the name, fled at the approach of Xerxes, and dared not to die at Thermopylæ with Leonidas and his three hundred brave Spartans.

You will describe the arrival of this deserter at Lacedæmon.—At the sight of him his wife turns away, and repulses him.—He goes to the house of his mother.—His reflections while going.

The old Spartan lady overwhelms him with reproaches.—“Away thou deserter,” says she, “thou art no longer my son, &c. &c. Go find the Xerxes from whom you have fled, but pass not by Thermopylæ, thy presence will, &c. &c.”

Hasten thy flight, and since thou art used to it now, flee from your country.—Carry elsewhere a life, which the Gods of Hades would despise.—Quit the household gods (Penates) of your mother.—Her house never sheltered a deserter, &c.”

Describe his feelings and reflections.

THE PLAGUE.

Describe briefly the ravages of the Plague which desolated France in 1348.

Say that two priests visited several villages, dispensing not only the consolations of religion, but also giving to the poor every other comfort.—Relate some of their truly Christian actions.

They arrive at a village which has not yet been affected by the pestilence.—The inhabitants, thinking themselves free from danger, give themselves up to dancing and other pleasures.—Exhortations of the priests.—The villages, despising their advice, continue their diversions.

When the priests returned some time after, almost all the population of the village had been carried off by the Plague.

Finish with some moral and religious reflections.

LETTER.

Write to your junior brother at boarding-school, congratulate him that he has got rid of his home-sickness.

Give him some advice, for the best way to promote his success in his studies.

Give him an account of the commencement of Columbia, or some other college.—Express your opinion concerning the speeches, and speakers.

Express your hope, that when it shall come his turn to take his degree, he will be able to acquit himself as well as any of them.

THE LAST PAINTING OF RAPHAEL.

Describe Raphael in his studio at the moment when he feels his end drawing near; with tears he regards his unfinished painting of "the Transfiguration," which, although still unfinished, is the chef d'œuvre of painting.—He collects all his strength, calls for his pencils, and with a dying hand, but with his genius still the same, he attempts to add some bold touches to his noble work.

Describe his dying eyes, sparkling with delight at the boldness of his last touches.—But he soon faints, and his pupils bear him to his bed, where he expires, showing by his gestures, his disappointment that he could not finish the painting.

You will end by an enthusiastic eulogy of Raphael.

LETTER.

Write to your uncle a letter of introduction, in which you earnestly commend one of your friends, on account of his good qualities.—You will enumerate them.

Tell him that your young friend is an orphan, &c., &c.

THE AVALANCHE OF THE ALPS.

Begin by describing the situation of a cottage at the base of the great Simplon.

Say that in the absence of the father of the family, his young daughter and her mother went to the stable at the usual hour, to milk their cow.—The season was in the depth of winter.—Describe the tempest.—An immense avalanche, detached from the top of the mountain, came thundering down the steep sides, and before the terrified peasants could escape, buried them alive.

Describe the anxiety that preyed upon the father, when he saw

the desolation.—"Alas, my wife, my child," said he, "you are lost, you are lost."—Describe his sorrow.

Six weeks had passed, when the peasant was able to collect a number of his neighbours, and began the great work of removing the snow.—Describe the work.—At length a passage was opened to the house; but no one answered to his calls.—They now resumed their labours, and cleared a way to the stable.—And what is the joy of all present, when they find the objects of their search alive and well.—Describe how they had been supported.

After their first moments of joy, they did not fail to thank the kind Parent of all, for his gracious care.

LETTER.

Write to your father, who is an officer in the navy, and who is ordered to sail immediately for the Mediterranean.

Describe your feelings, &c., &c.

THE MASSACRE OF THESSALONICA.

You will say that the Emperor Theodosius, to avenge the outrage committed against his Majesty, (they had thrown down his statues,) gave orders that a general massacre of the inhabitants of Thessalonica should take place, while they were at the circus.

You will narrate the diverse circumstances of the bloody execution.—Add that a merchant of this city heard that his two children were shut up in the amphitheatre.—Describe his sorrow, and the efforts he made to find them.

After a long search, he perceives them imploring their life at the feet of the satellites of Theodosius.—Relate the supplications of the father.—He offers his fortune to save the life of his sons.—The soldiers permit him to choose which of his sons shall survive the other.—You will describe his hesitation, and the struggles which he undergoes.—While the father hesitates, his children are murdered.

LETTER.

Write a letter of consolation to one of your school-mates, who has just lost his mother, &c., &c.

Tell him how sincerely you sympathize with him in his irreparable loss, &c., &c.

End by some religious consolations, &c., &c.

THE BOY AND THE SHARK.

Beckner and his son, Volney, twelve years of age, were passengers in a ship bound to France.—On a beautiful summer's morning, the passengers were all on deck.—A little girl fell overboard.—Beckner without hesitation threw himself into the sea.—Describe the despair and anxiety of the mother of the little girl.—Beckner seized the child, and strove to swim to the ship.—He perceived a large fish (describe a shark,) advancing rapidly towards him.—The passengers began a brisk fire against the shark.

Volney, seeing the danger to which his father was exposed, seized a sword and plunged with it into the sea.—Getting behind the shark, he begins to attack it.

Describe the combat of the animal and the boy.—The crew had, meanwhile, thrown out ropes to the father, who with the little girl reached the vessel.—Describe the joy of her mother.—Volney seizes a rope, and he is soon above the water.—But the animal caught the boy as he clung to the rope and plunged into the sea.—Describe the horror that this scene produced.

Describe the despair of Beckner.—He is seized with a violent fever.—In his despair he cries for his son, but in vain.—He dies a few hours after in pronouncing the name of his son.

BONAPARTE AT MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

On the 20th of May, 1800, a few days before the battle of Marengo, a part of the French army, which Bonaparte, then first consul, commanded, crossed Mount St. Bernard.—Describe Mount St. Bernard, and the obstacles that the army met with during its march.—Relate some of the impressions which Bonaparte should

have felt in crossing the Alps.—Compare his passage to that of Hannibal.

Say that a young villager, who served as a guide, appeared pensive.—Bonaparte asked him the cause of his melancholy.—Relate the friendly conversation held between the first consul and the villager.—The young peasant confessed to the first consul that he had asked in marriage a young girl of his village; but that her father would not consent, on account of his poverty.

Bonaparte, moved by the young man's simple but expressive language, presented him with an order for two hundred louis d'or.—Describe the astonishment and joy of the young villager.—He soon married the object of his affections, and never forgot the generosity of the first consul.—Relate a trait of his gratitude towards Bonaparte.

LETTER.

Write to your father, who is an officer in the army in Mexico, and who was wounded in the battle of Palo Alto.

Tell him how great is your grief, &c.

Express the anxiety that all your family feels for your father.

Express your hope that he will soon recover, &c., &c.

THE SHIPWRECK AND MISFORTUNES OF CAMOENS.

Camoens, the most celebrated of the Portuguese poets, being persecuted in his own country, went to Goa, where he brought upon himself the hatred of the viceroy of the West Indies, who exiled him to Macao.

You will describe Camoens in that land of exile, writing his *Lusiad* in praise of the exploits and discoveries of his countrymen.—Soon he was recalled to Goa.—But the vessel in which he was encountered a severe storm.—You will describe the storm.—Camoens is obliged to throw himself into the sea.—He saved his poem by holding it above the waves as he swam ashore.

After many other misfortunes, (you will mention them,) he

sailed for Lisbon.—You will say that, during his voyage, Camoens was thinking of the renown that would immortalize his name.

The *Lusiad* appeared in 1572, and was universally applauded.—The laurel of Camoens was, however, a barren one.—Camoens was reduced to exist on alms.—Describe his faithful slave begging alms for the author of the *Lusiad*.—Camoens expired in an almshouse.

You will finish by saying that a country often acts ungratefully towards the great men she has produced.—You will give some examples.

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

You will say that this illustrious man, condemned by an unjust sentence, expected, in his prison, the slave who was to bring him the fatal draught.—Describe the grief of his wife Xantippe, of his children and friends.—Relate the words of the sage as he urges his wife to bring up their children in the ways of virtue and patriotism.

Relate the offer of his friend Crito of the means of escape.—Give the noble reply of Socrates, as, proud of the testimony of his own conscience, he refuses to interrupt the course even of the unjust law.—At length the slave brings the cup.—Socrates drinks without apparent emotion.—Relate his remarks as he tries to console his weeping wife and friends.—You will describe the progressive effect of the poison, and the last sight of the just man.

Finish by expressing your indignation against Anytus and Melitus, the base accusers of the philosopher.

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PREFACE.

WE have stated in the preface to our First Series, that in pre-
paring themes for composition, we have followed the method re-
commended by Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, and the great Rhetor-
icians of antiquity ; it only remains to add a few explanations.
Our method answers the questions that pupils never fail to put to
their instructor* each time that he gives them a subject for com-
position : "How shall I begin ? What must I say ?" Our
arguments indicate to the pupils the path most natural to follow ;
but should their imagination furnish them with different means
of execution, they may follow their imagination, provided that
those means help on the end that we have marked out.

The first care of the pupil, before commencing his composi-
tion, is to comprehend well his subject, that is, to think upon
what he ought to say ;— for the pupil who has not sufficiently re-
flected upon his subject before taking his pen, will soon find him-
self at a stop ; a disheartening sense of incapacity comes upon
him ; his ideas do not present themselves, or they appear confused
and indistinct ; the work becomes difficult—repulsive even. But
the pupil, who, in the face of his subject, will study the parts of

* In our humble judgment, we could not sufficiently blame those instructors who
permit their pupils to select their own themes ; first, because negligent pupils take
a book and copy their compositions, whilst, on the other hand, the studious pupils
often choose dry topics, such as *salt, pepper, metals, steam, &c. &c.*, which, what-
ever else may be said of them, at least are very dry and difficult to treat. And we
say it with all sincerity, the teacher who permits his pupils to select subjects such
as *metals, fossils, mineralogy, &c. &c.*, would, perhaps, be puzzled himself to write
ex tempore upon them ; how can he, then, correct the false ideas which the pupils
may have written ? Besides, we ask every sensible person, if it is upon such topics
that the pupils can develop their ideas and form their style !

916 M. Jan 24/11

it, will soon see, with as much surprise as joy, the first shadows dissipate, and the theme unfold itself to him as a whole.

But, at the age in which the art of writing is studied, the rapidity of the imagination and the mobility of the mind oppose themselves to a clear and patient conception of the subject; few pupils habituate themselves to make a plan before writing, and yet, a plan well conceived is the indispensable condition of good writing. Before commencing his composition, the pupil ought to know whence he sets out, to what point he wishes to come, and, with the exception of the details, by what paths he is to reach it. Our method spares the pupil this labour, which is often above his intelligence; it indicates to him the principal points, and the duty of the pupil consists in finding the secondary facts in completing an argument; in drawing a consequence from a principle; in evolving one idea from another, and in completing a picture from an unfinished sketch.

Nearly all the subjects of composition which we offer, have been treated by ourselves, when we were pupils, and if we have often made changes, for the better, in these arguments, it is that, having our own compositions before us, we have been able to judge where our inexperience had led us astray. We have endeavoured, in making changes, to smooth the way for the pupil. May we have succeeded!

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INTRODUCTION TO THE RHETORIC.

"I admit," says Blair, in his XIVth lecture, "that persons may both speak and write with propriety, who know not the names of any of the figures of speech, nor ever studied any rules relating to them. Nature dictates the use of the figures, and like Monsieur Jourdain, in Molière, who had spoken for forty years in prose, without ever knowing it, many a one uses metaphorical expressions, for good purpose, without any idea of what metaphor is. It will not, however, follow thence, that rules are of no service. All science arises from observations on practice. Practice has always gone before method and rule, but method and rule, have afterwards improved and perfected practice in every art. We every day meet with persons who sing agreeably, without knowing one note of the gamut, yet it has been found of importance to reduce these notes to a scale, and to form an art of music; and it would be ridiculous to pretend that the art is of no advantage, because the practice is founded in nature. Propriety and beauty of speech are certainly as improveable as the ear or the voice; and to know the principles of this beauty, or the reasons which render one figure or one manner of speech preferable to another, cannot fail to assist and direct a proper choice."

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

Figures, in general, may be ascribed to that language which is prompted by the imagination or by the passions. Rhetoricians commonly divide them into two great classes: figures of words and figures of thought. The former, figures of words, are commonly called tropes, and consist in a word's being employed to signify something that is different from its original and primitive meaning; so that if you alter the word, you destroy the figure. When I say, for instance, that *a good man enjoys comfort in the midst of adversity*, I just express my thought in the simplest manner possible. But when I say *to the upright there ariseth light in darkness*, the same sentiment is expressed in a figurative style; a new circumstance is introduced, *light* is put in the place of *comfort*, and *darkness* used to suggest the idea of

OF THE METHOD OF ATTAINING A GOOD STYLE.—*Blair.*

To pretend to teach the art of fine writing by a series of mechanical rules, would be highly absurd. The young student may, however, be assisted by a few plain directions concerning the most proper method of attaining a correct and elegant style. The celebrated Dr. Blair, in his "Lectures on Rhetoric," has given excellent directions on this subject.

In the *first place*, we ought always to endeavour to obtain a clear and precise idea of every subject of which we propose to treat. This is a direction which may, at first, appear to have little relation to style. Its relation to it, however, is close. The foundation of fine writing, is good sense accompanied with a lively imagination. The style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that it is frequently a difficult task to distinguish between what depends upon the one and what upon the other. Whenever the impressions of objects upon the mind are feint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our style in treating of such subjects can never be luminous or beautiful. Whereas what we conceive clearly, and feel strongly, we shall naturally express with perspicuity and with strength. This, then, is an important rule, that we should think closely on the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter, which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. To speak in general terms, the best and most proper expressions are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or consideration.

In the *second place*, to the acquisition of a good style, frequency of composition is indispensably necessary. But it is not every kind of composition which will improve style. By a careless and hasty habit of writing, a bad style will be acquired, and more trouble will be afterwards necessary to unlearn faults, than to become acquainted with the rudiments of composition. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly and with much care. Facility and speed are the fruit of practice. We must be cautious, however, not to retard the course of thought, nor cool the ardour of imagination on every word. On certain occasions,

a glow of composition must be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expense of some inaccuracies. A more severe examination must be the work of correction. What we have written should be laid by, for some time, till the ardour of composition is past; till partiality for our expressions be weakened, and the expressions themselves forgotten; and then, reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discover many imperfections which at first escaped us. It is then the season for pruning redundancies; for examining the arrangement of sentences; and for bringing style into a regular and correct form. To this labour of correction, all those must submit who would communicate their thoughts to others with proper advantage; and some practice in it will soon render the task more easy and practicable than might be at first imagined.

In the *third place*, acquaintance with the style of the best authors is peculiarly requisite. Hence a just taste will be formed, and a copious fund of words supplied on every subject. No exercise will, perhaps, be found more useful for acquiring a proper style, than translating some passage from an eminent author into our own words. Thus, to take, for instance, a page of one of Addison's Spectators, and read it attentively two or three times, till we are in full possession of the thoughts it contains; then to lay aside the book; to endeavour to write out the passage from memory as well as we can; and then to compare what we have written with the style of the author. Such an exercise will show us our defects, will teach us to correct them, and from the variety of expressions which it will exhibit, will conduct us to that which is most beautiful.*

In the *fourth place*, we must beware of falling into a servile imitation of any author however celebrated. Imitation is always dangerous. It fetters genius, and is likely to produce a stiff manner. Those who are addicted to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No one will ever become a good writer or speaker, who has not some confidence in his own genius. We ought, therefore, carefully to avoid the using of any author's peculiar phrases, and of transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will be fatal to all genuine composition. It is

* Our method affords another kind of exercise—see Exercise in *Rhetorical Analysis*, page 25.

much better to have something of our own, though of moderate beauty, than to share in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the poverty of our genius.

In the *fifth place*, those who are ambitious of attaining a chaste style, ought to study, with attention, the works of the most eminent poets. From this source, is often derived a more delicate and elevated mode of expression, as well as of thinking. We, accordingly, find that the most excellent prose-writers, both in ancient and modern times, are those who, during some part of their lives, have applied themselves to the study of poetry. It will be sufficient to mention the names of PLATO, CICERO, TEMPLE, DRYDEN, POPE, ADDISON, MELMOTH, JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, FÉNÉLON, and VOLTAIRE.

In the *sixth place*, always adapt your style to the subject, and likewise to the capacity of your readers or hearers. To attempt a poetical style, when it is our business only to reason, is absurd in the highest degree. To speak with elaborate pomp of words, before those who cannot comprehend them, is equally ridiculous. When we are to write or speak, we should previously fix in our minds, a clear idea of the end aimed at, keep this steadily in view, and regulate our style accordingly.

In the *seventh place*, let not attention to style so much occupy our minds, as to prevent a higher degree of attention to the thoughts. This rule is more necessary, since the present taste is more directed to style than to thought. It is much more easy to dress up trifling and common thoughts with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious and useful sentiments. The latter requires genius; the former may be attained by industry. Hence we are pestered with that crowd of writers, who, though rich in style, are poor in sentiment. Custom obliges us to be attentive to the ornaments of style, if we wish our labours to be read and admired: but he is a contemptible writer, who looks not beyond the dress of language, who lays not the chief stress upon his matter, and employs not such sentiments of style to recommend it as are manly, not foppish.

In the *eighth place*, Reading will be found of universal advantage, not only as it respects our improvement in style; but, likewise, in other matters, at least, equal in importance. In perusing the writings of sensible men we

have frequent opportunities of examining our own hearts, and thereby attaining a more certain knowledge of ourselves. For we find that we are sensibly touched with incidents, or reflections of a certain nature; and, on the contrary, that we pass over others without the least emotion. Thus it is easy to discourse on which of our passions predominate, and which, consequently, require the most attention. We learn to love virtue and to shun vice. By reading, we also learn to judge of the different styles of various authors, and insensibly improve our own. If we happen to be blessed with a strong memory, we not only recollect frequent lessons and examples for our own conduct, but have many opportunities of instructing those with whom we converse: and if our memories are the most extraordinary, it is very certain, that reading will, at least by degrees, improve our taste, our understanding, and our mode of expressing ourselves, whether by writing or elocution.

EXERCISE IN RHETORICAL ANALYSIS.

COMBAT OF THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

The description of this combat is, certainly, one of the most beautiful passages in Livy, and the most proper to teach youth how to adorn a narration with natural and ingenious thoughts. In order to know the art and delicacy of this fine passage, we need only to reduce it to a simple relation, by divesting it of all its ornaments, without, however, omitting any essential circumstance. I shall mark the different parts by different figures, in order the better to distinguish and compare them afterwards, with the narrative itself, as we find it in Livy.

SIMPLE RELATION.

1. *The treaty being concluded, the three brothers on each side take arms according to agreement.*
2. *They advance immediately between the two armies.*
3. *The two armies remain on either side near their camps, anxiously gazing upon this sight.*
4. *The signal is given; the three young men, with hostile intentions, march up from each side.*
5. *When they had contended with equal strength for some*