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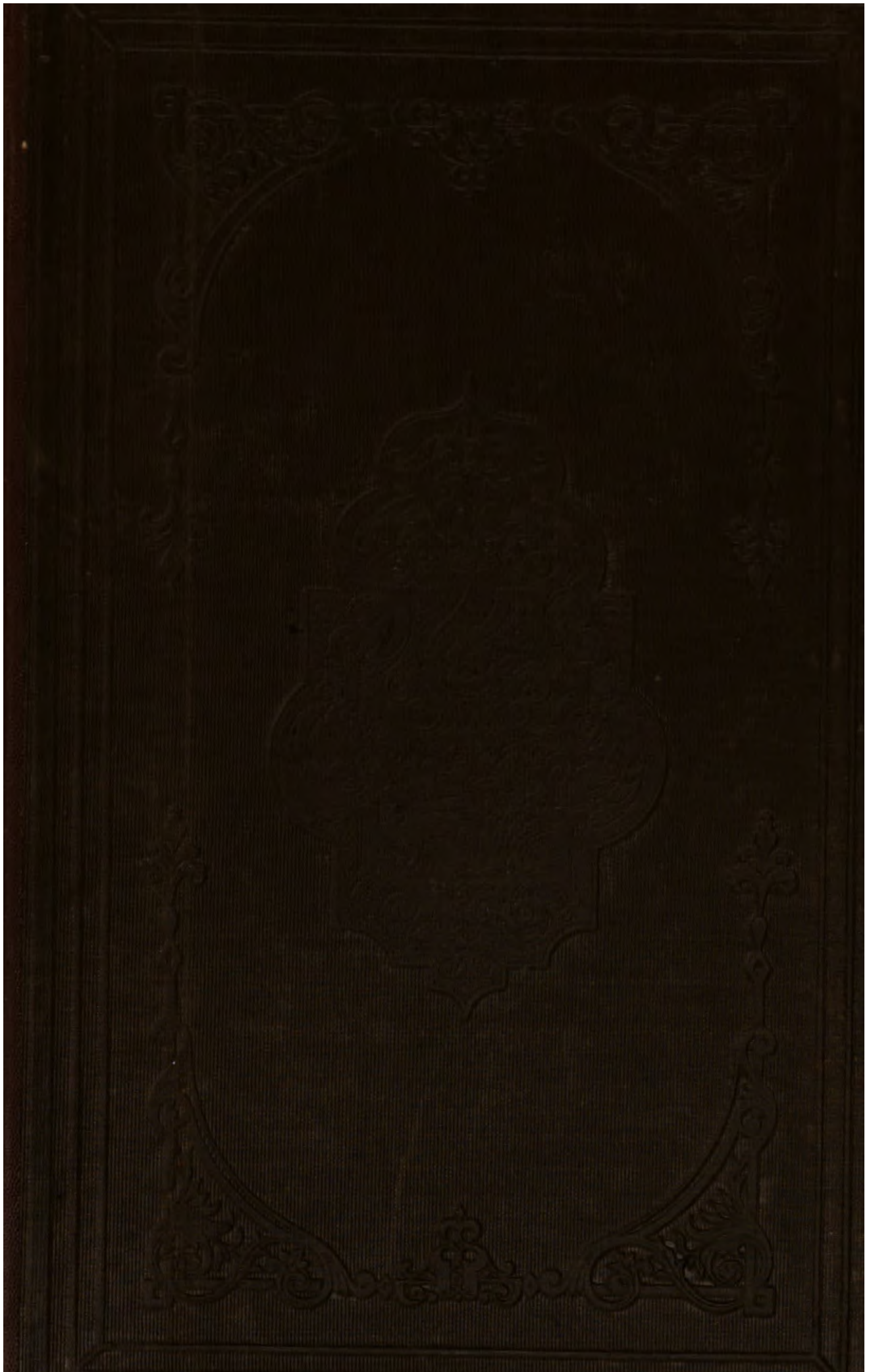
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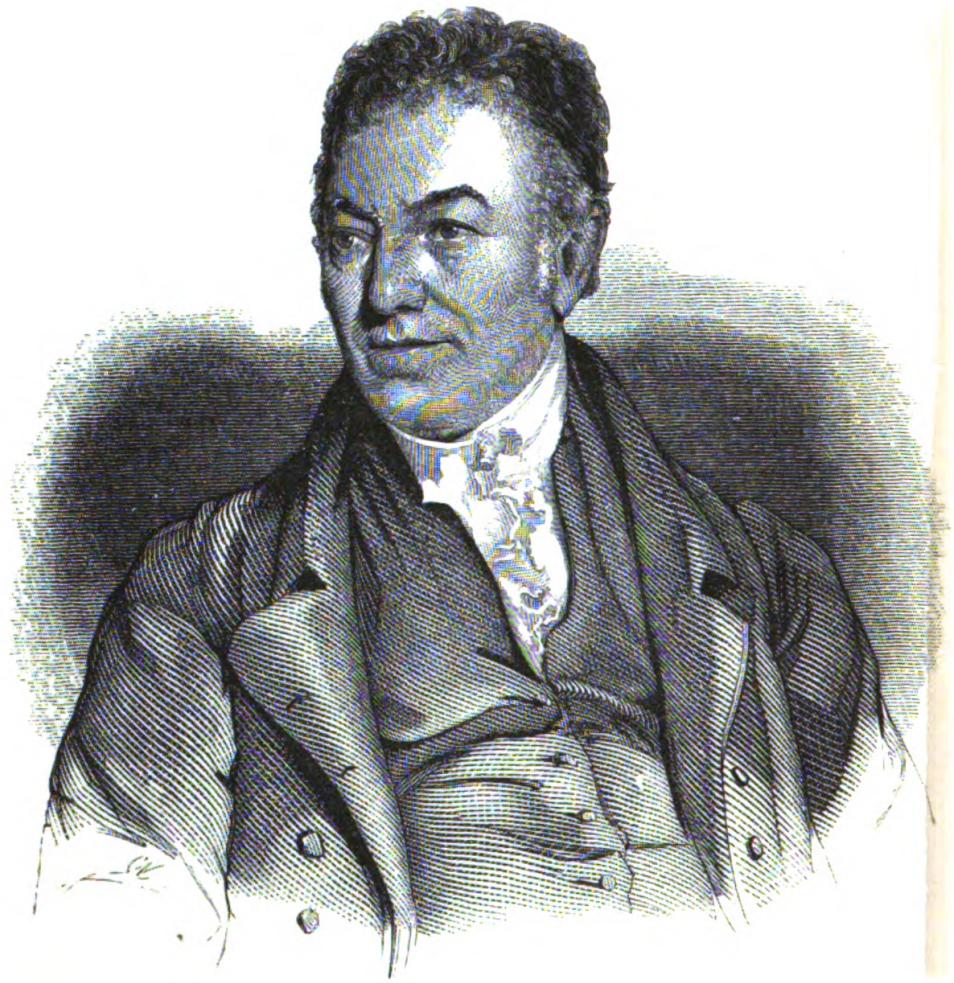


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Thomas Bewick

Select Fables;

WITH CUTS, DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY

THOMAS AND JOHN BEWICK,

And Others,

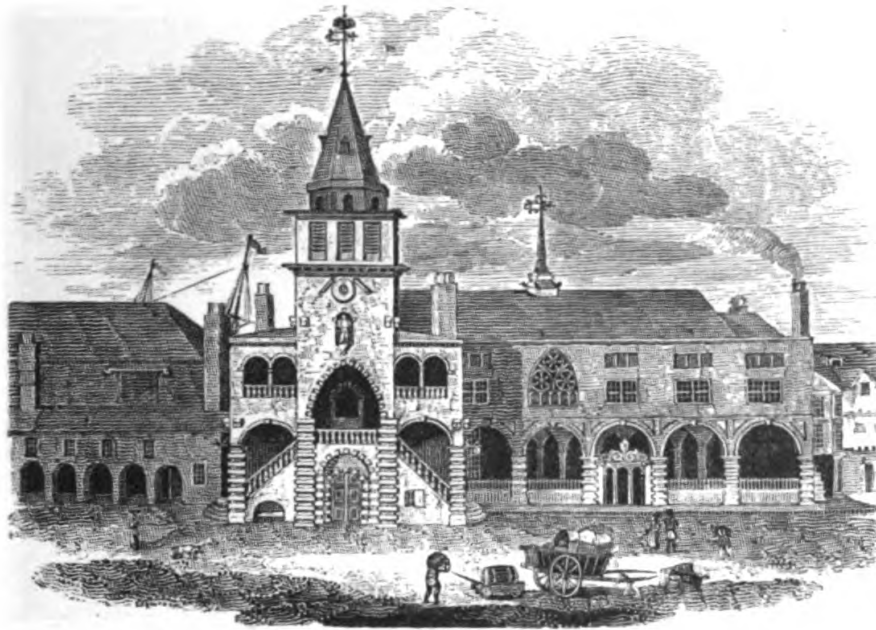
PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1784:

TOGETHER WITH A

Memoir; and a descriptive Catalogue

OF THE

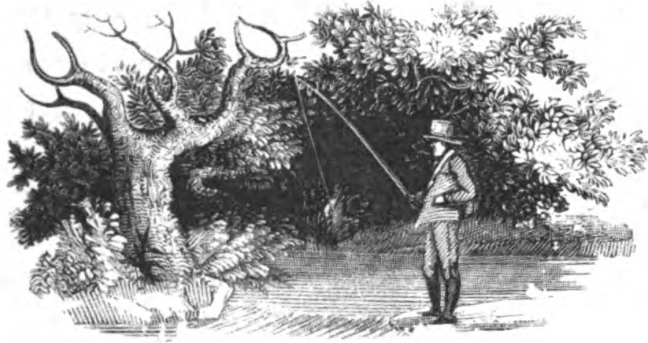
WORKS OF MESSRS. BEWICK.



Newcastle:

PRINTED BY S. HODGSON, FOR EMERSON CHARNLEY,
AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY, LONDON.

M. DCCC. XX.



Advertisement.

As Mr. Bewick has no concern, or interest whatever, in the work now submitted to the public, it is but justice to him to apprise the reader of what has led to its publication.

Before and during the year 1784, Mr. Bewick and his Brother were employed by Mr. Thomas Saint, an extensive printer in this town, to engrave a number of wood-cuts, for different publications in which he was

engaged. Many of them were inserted in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Select Fables," published in 1784.

These cuts, as well as many others engraved by the Messrs. Bewick, were afterwards purchased by Hall and Elliott, the printers of the Newcastle Courant newspaper. This collection, after remaining with them several years, was sold to Messrs. Wilson of York, printers, who had then in their possession various other cuts executed by the Bewicks. The set thus accumulated, amounting to upwards of twelve hundred in number, was offered to, and bought by, the Publisher of the present volume, about two years ago.

Though aware that Mr. Bewick wishes it to be fully understood, that *he* has not any desire "to feed the whimsies of bibliomanists," as he himself expresses it; the Editor, conscious of

"What wild desires, what restless torments seize

"The hapless man, who feels the book disease,"

conceives he is rendering, to the curious in wood engraving, a very acceptable acquisition, by thus rescuing from destruction so many valuable specimens of the abilities of the artists, who may be justly designated the fathers of the revival of this elegant art. Some of the cuts here given are their very earliest efforts; and however rude and imperfect some of them unquestionably are,

they for the most part clearly indicate the promise of that talent, which afterwards so eminently displayed itself, and has since been so conspicuously developed, in many of the later, and more finished, productions of Mr. Bewick; with which, however, it is not, for one moment, intended to put the present in competition, though they are of themselves too valuable to be lost.

It is proper to mention that several of the tail pieces, introduced into this volume, have been executed by Isaac Nicholson, an engraver, of this place, formerly a pupil of Mr. Bewick's. They can, however, be easily distinguished by the eye of the connoisseur. The vignette of the Old Exchange, in the title, was engraved by Mr. Thomas Bewick, in 1819.

Reduced facsimiles on wood, of the different portraits which have been engraved of Mr. Thomas Bewick, will be found at the end of the Catalogue; and a striking likeness, drawn on the block by William Nicholson, of Edinburgh, and beautifully executed by Charlton Nesbit, one of Mr. Bewick's earliest and most successful pupils, forms the frontispiece to the volume.

The Editor cannot conclude without offering his acknowledgments to the printer, for the care and skill he has bestowed, and the taste and execution he has displayed, in rendering his department beautiful and accurate; and whatever the fate of the book may be in other

respects, it will always retain one feature of excellence, hardly equalled, and certainly never surpassed, by any thing that has hitherto issued from a provincial press.

Newcastle, 12th June. 1820.





Memoir.

WHEN Men, by the extraordinary efforts of their genius, so distinguish themselves as to gain the summit of popular fame in any particular line of art or science, we naturally indulge a wish to become acquainted, not only with the most interesting particulars of the different pursuits, in which they have been from time to time engaged; but even with those other circumstances concerning them which would be considered trifling and unworthy of record, had they reference to persons of inferior merit. A

kind of additional consequence is derived from their relation, when connected with those, whose acquirements have excited a large portion of public admiration, and whose productions have been viewed with so much pleasure.

It is not, however, to be expected that the memoirs of an artist—tranquilly engaged in the practice of his profession, and chiefly occupied in solitary labour—can afford that general interest to the reader, which the splendid achievements of the warrior, or the more important occupations of the statesman, are better adapted to excite; yet it must be acknowledged that it cannot but be interesting to those—who take a delight in tracing the moral cultivation of man—to form an acquaintance with such circumstances as have progressively tended to create and direct the taste and judgment of a man, eminent, beyond all his cotemporaries, in the Art of Wood Engraving. The writer would also fain hope that it may, in some degree, stimulate the ardent emulation of others; who—feeling all the emotions of genius during the progress of their studies—have many disadvantages to contend with—peculiar difficulties to surmount.

England has ever had reason to be proud of her sons, in every walk of life. To promote the fine arts, as Lord Kaimes justly observed, has become of greater import-

ance than is generally imagined. It unquestionably affords the fairest and most promising field for the exercise of real abilities. The physician is sometimes more indebted for success to his address than his skill; the lawyer often requires adventitious aid—a lucky incident to develop his talents, or powerful connexions to force them into notice; the divine, with very slender pretensions, is every day seen to reach the highest dignities in the church, by the mere help of patronage alone; but neither address—nor connexions—nor patronage, can make a man an excellent artist, without intrinsic merit. Gifted with that, he will at last overcome every obstacle that is placed in his way; and, trusting to it alone, will, if properly called into action, command that attention which the generality of mankind, in other situations of life, are obliged to court. Those, who are possessed of genius and an inclination to attempt great things, are generally said to be endowed with vigour of mind to perform them.

It would, on an occasion like the present, be extremely gratifying to the writer, to be able to present the curious with a short Inquiry into the History of Wood Engraving; but the fact is, the origin of this art, like many of the most important inventions of human ingenuity—notwithstanding the influence they have all had, more or less, in the progress of civilization—seems lost in the

darkness of the traditionary annals of remote ages. The subject has, no doubt, met with that attention from the learned, which its importance appeared to deserve; but they have laboured in vain to dispel the clouds by which it is obscured. Every attempt, therefore, either to develop its true origin, or to trace the gradations by which it has arrived at its present perfection, has hitherto been rendered unavailing; and conjecture and hypothesis—the ruin of all investigations—must still be employed to fill the chasms which contemporaneous evidence cannot be found to occupy.

Mr. Thomas Bewick, in contemplating whose career the above observations were suggested, was born in the year 1753, at a place called Cherryburn, in the parish of Ovingham, in the County of Northumberland. He is the eldest son of John Bewick,* who had for many years the land-sale colliery at Mickley-Bank, now in the possession of his son William. The father was considered a great wit in this part of the country; and being

* The family burying-place is in Ovingham church-yard, where there is a stone, bearing the following inscription:—

In Memory of John and Jane

Bewick, of Cherry Bourn.

He died 15 Novr. 1785, Aged 70.

She died 20 Feby. 1785, Aged 58.

Hannah, their daughter,

died 24 June, 1785, Aged 30.

Sarah died 27 Decr. 1782, Æ 16.

possessed of a vast fund of anecdote, was in the daily habit of entertaining his customers with his stories, so long as he had company at the colliery.

John Bewick, the younger brother of Thomas, and his coadjutor in many of his works, was also born at Cherryburn. Both the sons were put to school at Ovingham, with the Rev. Christopher Gregson.

During the hours of intermission from instruction at school, Thomas was in the constant habit of amusing himself with drawing, in which he manifested great skill at a very early age. The accuracy of his execution, even before he had a single lesson in the art, soon determined his friends as to the profession which he was to follow. At the age of fourteen he was accordingly sent to Newcastle, where he was bound apprentice to the late Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver.

While in his apprenticeship, Mr. Bewick conducted himself with great steadiness; and employed his leisure hours in improving himself in drawing, under the care of a master. At this time he seldom omitted to visit his parents every Sunday at Cherryburn, distant from Newcastle about fourteen miles; and when it happened that he could not get across the Tyne, on account of the floods which occasionally swelled that water, he shouted over to them, and thus made his inquiries respecting the family before he returned home.

In 1775, when only twenty-two years of age, he had a premium presented to him by the Society of Arts, for an engraving on wood of the Old Hound. The following is an impression from the original cut, for which the prize was awarded.



Soon after the expiration of his servitude, he was taken into partnership by his master; and they continued in business together, under the firm of Beilby and Bewick, until the year 1798.

Mr. Bewick's natural turn of mind led him to observe and delineate the form and manners of the animal creation at home; and he never neglected an opportunity of visiting and drawing such foreign animals, as were

exhibited in the different itinerant collections which occasionally came to Newcastle. He soon found that the yielding consistence of wood was much better adapted than copper, to express the ease, freedom, and spirit which ought to characterize portraits of animated beings.

This led to the design of the *History of Quadrupeds*, which was published by the partnership in 1790. The book was uncommonly well received by the public, and has ever since been held in increased estimation. The representations, that are given of the various tribes of four-footed animals, are far more accurate than any that had before appeared; possessing, as has been said on another occasion, a boldness of design, a correctness of outline, an exactness of attitude, and a discrimination of general character, that convey, at the first glance, a just and lively idea of each different animal. The figures are accompanied with a clear and concise statement of the nature, habits, and disposition of each Quadruped; and it was the endeavour of the publishers, as expressed in their advertisement, to lay before their readers a particular account of the animals, with which our own country is abundantly stored; especially of those, which have so materially contributed to the strength, the wealth, and the happiness of this kingdom; and, in treating of these, they have noticed the improvements, which an enlarged system of agriculture, supported by a noble spirit of

generous emulation, has introduced into all parts of the country.

Mr. William Bulmer—whose splendid publications of Shakspeare, Milton, and other valuable works of elegance, so effectually contributed to remove the opprobrium, which had but too justly been attached to the modern productions of English printers, when contrasted with the extraordinary performances of Didot and Bodoni—being desirous of giving to the world, through the medium of the Shakspeare Press, a complete specimen of the Arts of Type and Block Printing, engaged the Messrs. Bewick, two of his earliest acquaintances, to engrave a set of cuts to embellish Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village, and Parnell's Hermit.

These Poems were presented to the public in 1795, in a royal quarto volume, and attracted a great share of attention, as well on account of the beauty of the printing, as of the novelty of the ornaments. The latter, after designs made from the most interesting passages of the poetry they are intended to illustrate, were all executed with the greatest care; and were universally allowed to exceed anything of the kind that had ever before been produced in this country. Indeed, it was conceived at that time almost impossible that such delicate effects could be obtained from blocks of wood; and many persons actually doubted if they were in reality

what they professed to be. It his said his late Majesty entertained so great a doubt on the subject, that he ordered his bookseller, Mr. George Nicol, to procure the blocks for his inspection, that he might convince himself of the fact, which was of course done.

The distinguished success that attended this volume induced Mr. Bulmer to engage in the publication of *The Chace*, by Somerville, with engravings on wood; intended as a companion to the Goldsmith and Parnell.

This latter volume was produced in 1796, and the subjects which ornament it, being entirely composed of landscape scenery and animals, are adapted, above all others, to display the beauties of wood-engraving; but, unfortunately for the admirers of the art, Mr. Bulmer, on this occasion, had the painful task of announcing the death of his friend, the younger Mr. Bewick, who died at Ovingham, in December 1795, of a pulmonary complaint. Previously, however, to his departure from London for the place of his nativity, he had prepared, and indeed finished on wood, the whole of the designs, except one, which embellish *The Chace*. They may, therefore, literally be considered as the last efforts of this ingenious artist.

In executing the engraving of these cuts, his brother Thomas bestowed every possible attention; and the beautiful effect, produced by their joint labours, renders

this book every way worthy of being placed by the side of the former.

John Bewick died a bachelor, and was interred at Ovingham, where there is a stone erected against the church to his memory, bearing the following inscription :

In Memory of
JOHN BEWICK,
Engraver,
who died Dec. 5, 1795,
Aged 35 Years.

His Ingenuity as an
Artist
was excelled only by
his conduct as a
Man.

In 1797, Messrs. Beilby and Bewick published the first volume of the History of British [Land] Birds. The whole work contains an account of all the various feathered tribes, either constantly residing in, or occasionally visiting, our island, accompanied with representations of almost every species, faithfully drawn from nature, and engraved on wood. It is observed in the Preface, that while one of the Editors was engaged in preparing the engravings, the completion of the descriptions was undertaken by the other, subject, however, to the corrections of his friend,* whose habits had led him

* The Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle.

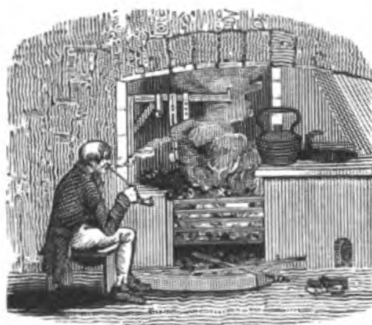
to a more intimate acquaintance with this branch of Natural History.

Immediately after the publication of this volume, a separation of interests took place between the Editors ; and the compilation and completion of the second volume, containing the History of British Water Birds, devolved upon Mr. Bewick alone. From various unforeseen obstacles this did not appear until the year 1804. In the Advertisement to the second volume the Editor says, “ When the History of British Birds was first undertaken, the splendid museum of the late Marmaduke Tunstall, of Wycliffe, Esq. was obligingly thrown open by his nephew, Francis Sheldon, Esq. (now Francis Constable, Esq. of Burton Constable, in Holderness), with the kindest offer of the use of its abundant stores. During a residence of nearly two months at that little earthly paradise—the secure asylum of its feathered visitors, which were suffered by the late benevolent owner to pick up their daily pittance unmolested—drawings were taken from the stuffed specimens of most of the British species, and many of these were afterwards traced and engraven upon the blocks of wood ; but in the progress of the work, so many both dead and living specimens of the birds themselves, (to which stuffed subjects commonly bear only an imperfect resemblance,) were furnished by the patrons of the work, that the necessity

of using several of these drawings was superseded by this more near approach to perfect nature." The Editor also acknowledges his obligations to the Rev. Henry Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington, for his literary corrections.

In this publication it will be found that the drawings are minutely accurate. The peculiar softness of wood-engraving has been applied with most extraordinary success in the delineations; the cuts expressing all the natural delicacy of fur, feather, and foliage, in a manner peculiarly happy and beautiful. Indeed, there is a life and spirit imparted to these figures, which will, in all probability, remain unrivalled.

We shall now proceed to the descriptive Catalogue of the principal works, in which the Messrs. Bewick, at different times, have been engaged.



Catalogue.

THE Fables of Mr. John Gay. Complete in two Parts.
With cuts, by Thomas and John Bewick.

Newcastle: printed for T. Saint, 1779. 12mo.

Select Fables, a new Edition improved.

—————Is not the Earth

With various living creatures, and the air
Replenished, and all those at thy command
To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime.

Paradise Lost, b. 8. l. 370.

Newcastle: printed by and for T. Saint, 1784. 12mo.

The first edition of this work was published in the year 1776, with a very indifferent set of wood cuts. For the edition of 1784, a new series was engraved by the Bewicks; and the book was printed in a much more respectable form.

A wood-cut of "The Wild Bull, of the ancient Caledonian breed, now in the Park, at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Solomon Hodgson, 1789.

Size of the cut 9½ in. by 7½ in. Only 230 Copies printed.

This is the largest wood-cut which Thomas Bewick ever engraved,

and is considered his master-piece. The block, from its great size, after very few impressions were taken off, split into several pieces, and remained so until the year 1817, when (with the exception of the figured border) the pieces were adjusted in the nicest manner, and the block so *clamped* together with iron, as to bear the force of printing, so that impressions may still be taken from it. The border was figured, and about three quarters of an inch in breadth; it was cut upon separate pieces of wood, and put round the block. About six proof impressions were taken off on thin vellum, which are without the name on the block. One of these, late belonging to Mr. Beilby, is now in the possession of the writer, and another has been valued at twenty guineas!

The impressions are very brown, and appear as if they had been printed with bad ink.

A Tour through Sweden, Swedish Lapland, Finland, and Denmark. In a series of letters illustrated with copper-plates, designed and engraved by Ralph Beilby and Thomas Bewick. By Matthew Consett, Esq. who accompanied Sir H. G. Liddell, Bart. and Mr. Bowes, in this Tour.

Stockton: printed by R. Christopher, 1789. Demy 4to.

This work may now be considered as a great curiosity, being one of the very few publications which contain any of Thomas Bewick's engravings on copper.

Emblems of Mortality; representing, in upwards of fifty cuts, Death, seizing all Ranks and Degrees of People; imitated from a Painting in the Cemetery of the Dominican Church, at Basil, in Switzerland: with an Apostrophe to each, translated from the Latin and French. Intended as well for the information of the Curious, as the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth. To which is prefixed, a copious Preface, containing an historical Account of the above, and other paintings on

this subject, now or lately existing in divers parts of Europe.

London: printed for T. Hodgson, in George's-Court, St. John's-Lane, Clerkenwell, 1789. 12mo.

This work, the cuts for which were engraved by John Bewick, reached a third edition; but the first is decidedly the best, being much better printed, and now very scarce. The wood-cuts were destroyed by a fire in London.

A Copper-plate of "The Whitley large Ox, belonging to Mr. Edward Hall, of Whitley, in Northumberland. Rising seven years when killed at Newcastle, by Mr. Thomas Horsley, weighed 187 st. at the public weigh-house, March 21, 1789." Drawn and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: published and sold by Beilby and Bewick, Newcastle, April 10, 1789.

Size of the print 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. by 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

This cut contains a distant view of Tynemouth Castle, &c. It is not so well engraved as the print of the Kyloe Ox next described.

A Copper-plate of "The remarkable Kyloe Ox, bred in the Mull, Argyleshire, by Donald Campbell, Esq. and fed by Mr. Robert Spearman, of Rotheley Park, Northumberland. Six years old, killed July 22d, 1790." Drawn and engraved by Thomas Bewick, 1790.

Size of the print 13 in. by 10 in.

This is a very curious specimen of copper-plate engraving, more especially the minute manner in which the verdure is executed, it being a combination of style between wood and copper.

The plate was engraved for Mr. Spearman.

A General History of Quadrupeds. The Figures engraved on Wood by T. Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by and for S. Hodgson, R. Beilby,

and T. Bewick, Newcastle: sold by them, by G. G. J. and J. Robinson, and C. Dilly, London, 1790. Demy and royal octavo.

A second edition was printed, on demy and royal octavo, in 1791.

A third edition was printed, on demy and royal octavo, in 1792.

A fourth edition was printed, on demy, royal, and imperial octavo, in 1800.

A fifth edition was printed, on demy, royal, and imperial octavo, in 1807.

A sixth edition was printed, on demy octavo, in 1811.

A seventh edition was printed, on demy, royal, and extra imperial octavo, in 1820.

Poems by Goldsmith and Parnell, with wood-cuts, engraved by Thomas and John Bewick.

London: printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Shakspeare Printing Office, Cleveland Row, 1795. Royal quarto.

One copy of this beautiful book was printed upon *white satin*, which was purchased by a gentleman of Altona. Three other copies were printed upon *vellum*. Of these, one went into the Royal Library, another into that of Mr. Hoare, and the third was purchased by the late James Edwards, the bookseller. The price of each was 12 guineas. Mr. Edwards's copy had been disposed of, and it was afterwards sold by auction in 1804, beautifully bound in green morocco, to Sir M. M. Sykes, for 14 guineas.

A second edition of this work was published in 1804, in super royal octavo, by W. Bulmer and Co. of London.

The Chase; a Poem. By William Somervile, Esq. With wood-cuts, engraved by Thomas Bewick, from the designs of John Bewick.

London: printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Shakspeare Printing Office, Cleveland Row, 1796. Royal quarto.

Three copies of this delightful volume were printed upon vellum; but in whose possession they are we do not know.

A second edition of this work was published in 1802, in super royal octavo, by W. Bulmer and Co. of London.

Fabliaux or Tales, abridged from French Manuscripts of the 12th and 13th Centuries, by M. le Grand, selected and translated into English verse, by the late Gregory Lewis Way, Esq.; with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix, by G. Ellis, Esq. Embellished with wood-cuts, by Thomas and John Bewick.

London: printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland Row, St. James's; and sold by R. Faulder, New Bond Street; 1796—1800. 2 Volumes, super royal octavo.

The first volume of these elegant pieces was finished in 1796, and the other not until 1800, owing to the ill state of health of Mr. Way, the translator, and the delay of the engraver.

A second edition of this work was published in 1815, in 3 volumes, crown octavo, by J. Rodwell, London.—This is merely a reprint, and held in little estimation. The first edition is now rare.

A History of British Birds. The Figures engraven on Wood, by T. Bewick. Vol. I. containing the History and Description of Land Birds.

Newcastle: printed by Sol. Hodgson, for Beilby and Bewick: sold by them, and G. G. and J. Robinson, London; 1797. Demy, royal, and imperial 8vo.

A Wood-cut of "A Zebra," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Solomon Hodgson, 1799.

Size of the cut $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 4 in. Only 150 Copies printed.

This cut was engraved for Mr. Pidcock, while he was in Newcastle, with his celebrated collection of wild beasts. Mr. Bewick had a few impressions taken off on drawing-paper, for the curious; which (as well as the three following) are now very seldom to be met with. This cut has a little back-ground of rock and foliage.

A Wood-cut of "An Elephant," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Solomon Hodgson, 1799.

Size of the cut 7½ in. by 5½ in. Only 250 Copies printed.

This cut was also engraved for Mr. Pidcock; and a few impressions were taken off on drawing-paper. The cut has no back-ground, being merely the figure of the animal.

A Wood-cut of "A Tiger," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Solomon Hodgson, 1799.

Size of the cut 6¾ in. by 4 in. Only 200 Copies printed.

This cut was likewise engraved for Mr. Pidcock; and a few impressions were taken off on drawing-paper.—It has no back-ground.

A Wood-cut of "A Lion," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Solomon Hodgson, 1799.

Size of the cut 9 in. by 4 in. Only 150 Copies printed.

This cut was also engraved for Mr. Pidcock; and a few impressions were taken off on drawing-paper. It has a little back-ground.

Figures of British Land Birds, engraved on Wood, by T. Bewick. To which are added, a few Foreign Birds, with their vulgar and scientific names.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne: printed by S. Hodgson, for R. Beilby and T. Bewick; sold by them, and by J. Mawman, Poultry, London; 1800. Royal octavo.

This volume of the figures contains also the tail pieces; and the Editors say, in their advertisement, that they, "in compliance with the wishes of many of their friends, who were desirous of possessing good impressions of the British Birds, unaccompanied with the descriptive part, have been induced to throw off a few copies in that way."

A History of British Birds. The figures engraven on Wood, by T. Bewick. Vol. II. containing the History and Description of Water Birds.

Newcastle: printed by Edw. Walker, for T. Bewick; sold by him, and Longman and Rees, London: 1804. Demy, royal, and imperial octavo.

A second edition of the two volumes was printed, in royal and imperial octavo, in 1805.

A third edition was printed, in demy octavo, in 1809.

A fourth edition was printed, in demy octavo, in 1816.

A Wood-cut of "The Wild Bull, of the Ancient Caledonian Breed, now in the Park, at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland," designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Edward Walker, 1817.

Size of the cut $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

This is the same cut that was engraved in the year 1789, in its repaired state, with the exception of the figured border.

Figures of British Land and Water Birds, together with a few Figures of Foreign Birds, drawn from life, and engraved on wood, by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Edward Walker, for Thomas Bewick and Son, 1817. Demy quarto.

Only 25 Copies printed.

These figures are printed without any letter-press.

Figures of Quadrupeds, drawn from life, and engraved on wood, by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by Edward Walker, for Thomas Bewick and Son, 1818. Demy quarto.

Only 25 Copies printed.

These figures are also printed without the letter-press.

The Fables of Æsop, and others, with designs on wood, by Thomas Bewick.

“The wisest of the Ancients delivered their conceptions of the Deity and their Lessons of Morality, in Fables and Parables.”

Newcastle: printed by E. Walker, for T. Bewick and Son; sold by them, Longman and Co. London, and all Booksellers; 1818. Demy, royal, and imperial octavo.

The subscribers to this work were presented with a curious Bill and Receipt (to bind up with the volume), containing a dark wood-cut, with a red sprig printed on it, from a copper-plate, in imitation of sea-weed.

A Wood-cut of “A Lion,” designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick.

Newcastle: printed by S. Hodgson, for Emerson Charnley, 1819.

Size of the cut 7½ in. by 6 in.

A few very beautiful impressions of this cut were taken off on India paper.

This is the last piece of work, of any importance, executed by Thomas Bewick, and the figure of the animal is the largest ever engraved by him on wood.

It is due to Mr. Bewick's merits as an artist, to state, that his powers extend far beyond the mere delineation of the animal or feathered tribe. The landscape, which he occasionally introduces, as a relief to his principal figures, as well as his vignettes, invariably show the hand of a master: possessing a truth and nature that will bear the most rigid examination.

Portraits.

THE first engraved Portrait of Thomas Bewick, was on copper, by T. A. Kidd, from a Painting by Miss Kirkley, and was published January 4, 1798.

Size $3\frac{3}{4}$ inch. by 3.

This wood-cut is a reduced copy of the above.



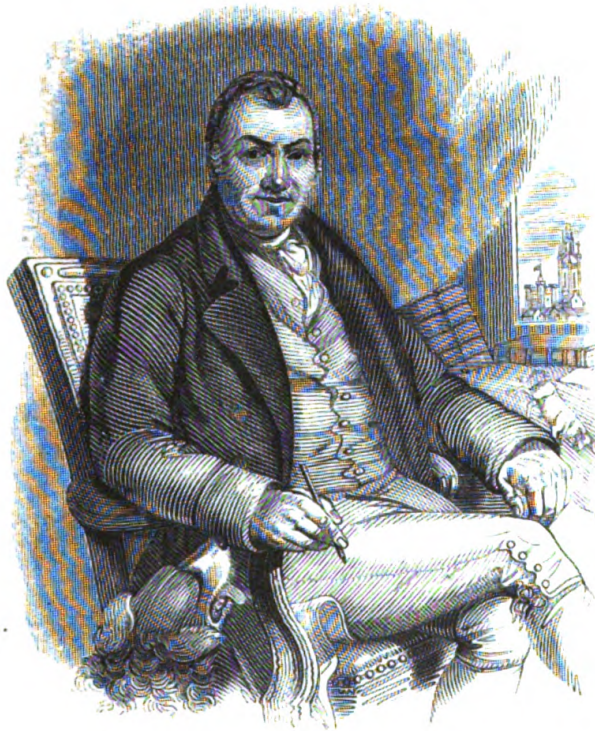
MR. THOS. BEWICK,
THE
CELEBRATED ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

d

The second engraved Portrait of Thomas Bewick was on copper, by Thomas Ranson, from a Painting by William Nicholson, and was published January, 1816.

Size $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch. by $6\frac{1}{2}$.

This wood-cut is a reduced copy of the above.



THOMAS BEWICK,
THE
CELEBRATED ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

The third engraved Portrait of Thomas Bewick, was on copper, by I. Summerfield, from a Miniature, by Murphy, in the possession of Mr. Bewick, and was published February 1, 1816.

Size $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch. by $2\frac{3}{4}$.

This wood-cut is a reduced copy of the above.



MR. THOS. BEWICK,
 RESTORER OF THE ART OF
 ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

The fourth engraved Portrait of Thomas Bewick, was on copper, by John Burnet, from a Painting by James Ramsay, and was published October 25, 1817.

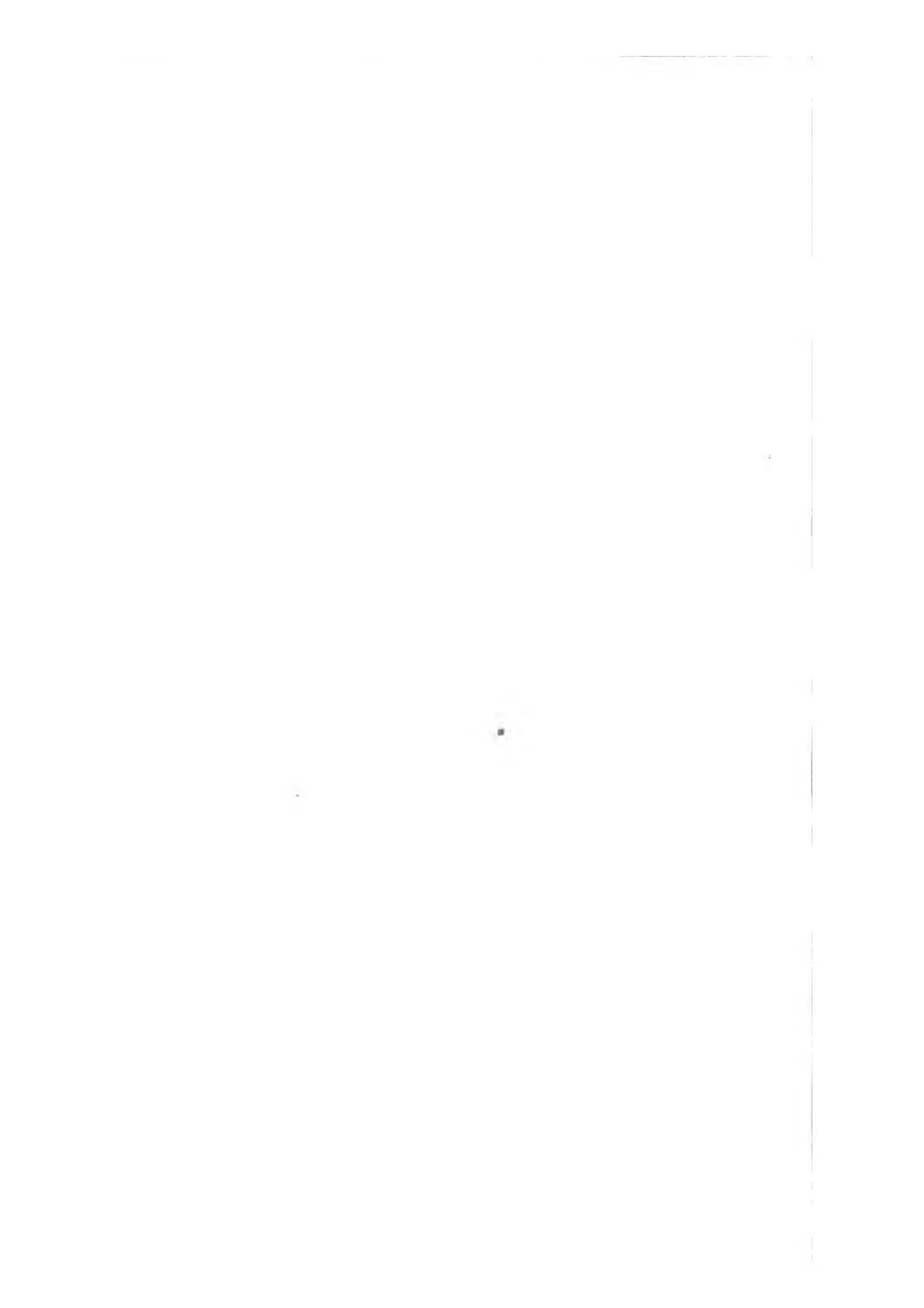
Size $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch. by $4\frac{1}{2}$.

This wood-cut is a reduced copy of the above.



MR. THOS. BEWICK.

ENGRAVER ON WOOD.





THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A.

	PAGE
THE Ant and the Caterpillar - -	55
The Ant and the Fly - -	67
The Ants and the Grasshopper - -	95
The Discontented Ass - -	103
The Ass and his Master - -	151
The Ass, the Ape, and the Mole - -	193
The Ant, formerly a Husbandman - -	263
The Ape and her two Young Ones - -	319

B.

	PAGE
The Butterfly and the Rose - - -	35
The Bee and the Fly - - -	39
The Beggar and his Dog - - -	65
The Boar and the Fox - - -	101
The Brother and Sister - - -	155
The Bear and the Bees - - -	167
The Belly and the Members - - -	175
The Mock-Bird - - -	187
The Boy and the Nettle - - -	189
The Boy and his Mother - - -	207
The Butterfly, the Snail, and the Bee - - -	277
The Boar and the Ram - - -	285
The Bees and the Wasps - - -	289
The two Bears and the Bee-Hives - - -	291
The Discontented Bee - - -	313

C.

The Cock and the Jewel - - -	1
The Bald Cavalier - - -	11
The Clock and the Dial - - -	31
The Country-Maid and the Milk-Pail - - -	37
The Countryman and the Ass - - -	107
The Cock and the Fox - - -	113
The Crow and the Pitcher - - -	119
The Countryman and the Snake - - -	127
The Cat and the Fox - - -	161
The Collier and the Fuller - - -	205
The Wanton Calf - - -	209
The Fighting Cocks - - -	225
The Christian and the Pagan - - -	257

CONTENTS.

xxxv

	PAGE
The Court of Death - - -	281
The Cameleon and the Travellers - -	293

D.

The Dog and the Shadow - - -	21
The Daw with borrowed Feathers - -	53
The two Dogs - - -	61
The Dog, the Cock, and the Fox - -	93
The Dog and the Cat - - -	99
The Dog and the Crocodile - - -	147
The Dove and the Bee - - -	181
The Dog, the Sheep, the Kite, and the Wolf	199
The Doves and their Young Ones - -	237
The Dove with a String at its Foot - -	249
The Daw and the Pigeons - - -	269
The Dog and the Bull - - -	271
The Dog in the Manger - - -	295

E.

The Eagle and the Owl - - -	27
The Eagle, the Cat, and the Sow - -	145
The Eagle, the Crow, and the Lamb - -	153
The Elm and the Vine - - -	243
The two Enemies at Sea - - -	255
The Eagle and the Owl - - -	323

F.

The Fox and the Crow - - -	3
The Father and his Sons - - -	47
The Fox and the Stork - - -	63
The Fox and the Grapes - - -	75

	PAGE
The two Frogs - - - -	77
The Fox and the Countryman - -	81
The Fir and the Bramble - - -	85
The Fox without a Tail - - -	89
The Fox and the Ass - - -	97
The Fox and the Ape - - -	111
The Proud Frog - - -	129
The Fox and the Bramble - - -	169
Fortune and the Boy - - -	173
The Fly in St. Paul's Cupola - -	227
The Fox and the Goat - - -	231
The two Foxes - - -	233
The Flatterer and the Painter - -	303
The Fowler and the Ringdove - -	329
G.	
The Gnat and the Bee - - -	23
Genius, Virtue, and Reputation - -	43
The Gardener and the Boar - - -	265
The Goose and the Monkey - - -	321
H.	
The Hares and Frogs - - -	5
The Horse and the Ass - - -	69
The Husbandman and the Stork - -	71
The Huron and the Frenchman - -	137
Hercules and the Carter - - -	159
The two Horses - - -	183
The Huntsman and the Old Hound - -	201
The Hounds in Couples - - -	239
The Husbandman that turned Soldier and Merchant	267
The Horses' Petition to Jupiter - -	301

CONTENTS.

xxxvii

I.

	PAGE
Industry and Sloth - - - -	139

J.

Jupiter's Lottery - - - -	59
Joy and Sorrow - - - -	109
The Partial Judge - - - -	143
Jupiter and the Herdsman - - - -	211

K.

The Sick Kite - - - -	15
The Kite and the Pigeons - - - -	221

L.

The Sick Lion, the Fox, and the Wolf -	25
The Lion, the Bear, the Monkey, and the Fox	33
The Lion and the Gnat - - - -	41
The two Lizards - - - -	57
The Undutiful Young Lion - - - -	105
The Lion, the Tiger, and the Fox - - - -	157
The Lion and the Ass - - - -	163
The Lion, the Fox, and the Bulls - - - -	219
The Lion and the Asses - - - -	283

M.

The Miller, his Son, and their Ass - - - -	19
The Mice in Council - - - -	73
The Mountains in Labour - - - -	79
Mercury and the Woodman - - - -	83
The Old Man and the Scoffer - - - -	115
The Young Man and the Swallow - - - -	149
The Blind Man and the Lame - - - -	179

	PAGE
The City Mouse and the Country Mouse -	191
The Young Men and the Cook - -	203
The Man and the Fly - - -	245
The Old Man and Death - - -	251
The Old Man and his Son - - -	253
Minerva's Olive - - -	275
The Man that was bitten by a Dog - -	287
The Mule - - - -	309
The Covetous Man and the Envious One -	327
N.	
The Nightingale and his Cage - -	223
The Nurse and the Wolf - - -	307
O.	
The Oak and the Willow - - -	45
The Oak and the Rose Tree - - -	279
The Owl and the Echo - - -	311
P.	
The Peacock and the Crane - - -	7
The two Pots - - - -	17
The Passenger and the Pilot - - -	141
The Plague among the Beasts - - -	235
The Peacock - - - -	241
The Prince and the Hermit - - -	247
The Pigeon and the Magpie - - -	259
Prosperity and Adversity - - -	325
S.	
The Shepherd and the Young Wolf - -	29
The One-Eyed Stag - - - -	49

CONTENTS.

xxxix

			PAGE
The Swallow and the Spider	-	-	87
The Swan and the Stork	-	-	91
The Splenetic Traveller	-	-	117
The Shepherd's Boy and the Wolf	-	-	121
The Sick Father and his Children	-	-	123
The Stag looking into the Water	-	-	125
The Sparrow and the Hare	-	-	133
The Spider and the Silkworm	-	-	135
The Seamen Praying to Saints	-	-	195
The Scoffer Punished	-	-	197
The Snipe Shooter	-	-	213
The Sheep and the Bramble	-	-	229
The Sun and the Vapour	-	-	261
The Swallow and other Birds	-	-	305

T.

The Thief and the Dog	-	-	9
The Tortoise and the two Crows	-	-	131
The Trumpeter taken Prisoner	-	-	165
The Travellers and the Bear	-	-	171
The Trouts and the Gudgeon	-	-	185
The Boasting Traveller	-	-	297
The Traveller and the Lion	-	-	317
There's no To-morrow	-	-	331

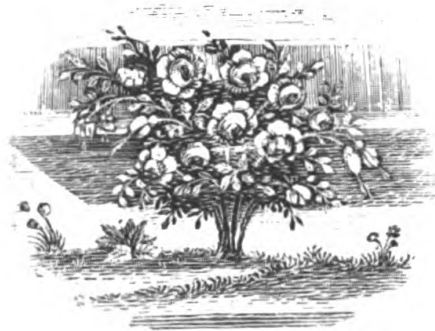
V.

The Viper and the File	-	-	13
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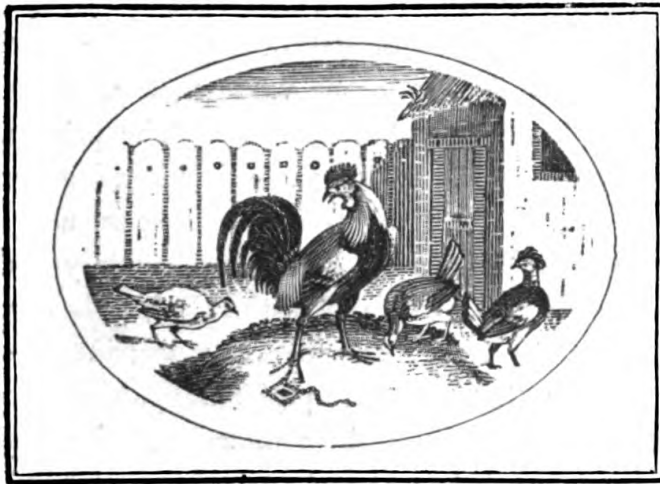
W.

The Wolf in Disguise	-	-	51
The Wolf and the Lamb	-	-	177

			PAGE
The Wolf and the Shepherds	-	-	215
The Wind and the Sun	-	-	217
The Wolf and the Mastiff	-	-	273
The Wolf and the Dog	-	-	299
The Wolf and the Shepherd's Dog	-	-	315



SELECT FABLES.



THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

A Cock, in scratching upon a dunghill, found a Jewel ; what a prize, says he to himself, would this have been to a lapidary, but as to any value it is to me, a barley-corn would have been worth forty of it.

REFLECTION.

This fable may be considered as holding forth an emblem of industry and moderation. The Cock lives by his honest labour, and maintains his family out of it ;

his scratching upon the dunghill is but working in his calling: the precious Jewel is only a gaudy temptation that fortune throws in his way to divert him from his business and his duty; he would have been glad, he says, of a barley-corn instead of it, and so casts it aside as a thing not worth the heeding. What is this, but forming a true estimate upon the matter in question, in preferring that which Providence has made and pronounced to be the staff of life, before a glittering gew-gaw, that has no other value than what vanity, pride, and luxury have set upon it? The price of the market to a jeweller in his trade, is one thing, but the intrinsic worth of a thing to a man of sense and judgment, is another. Nay, that very lapidary himself, with a craving stomach, and in the Cock's place, would have made the Cock's choice. The doctrine, in short, may be this: that we are to prefer things necessary before things superfluous; the comforts and the blessings of Providence before the dazzling and the splendid curiosities of mode and imagination: and finally, that we are not to govern our lives by fancy, but by reason.





THE FOX AND THE CROW.

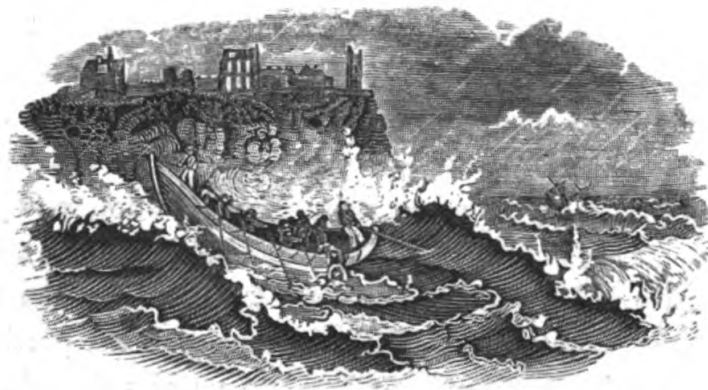
A Crow, having taken a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it; which a Fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the subject of her beauty. "I protest," says he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there! And I make no question but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you." The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and riggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, began to sing, and in the same instant let the

cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he chopped it up in a moment, and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the Crow.

REFLECTION.

There is hardly any man living that may not be wrought upon more or less by flattery; for we do all of us naturally overween in our own favour. But when it comes to be applied once to a vain person, there is no end then can be proposed to be attained by it, but may be effected.

“ It is a maxim in the schools,
“ That Flattery’s the food of fools;”
And whoso likes such airy meat,
Will soon have nothing else to eat.





THE HARES AND FROGS.

UPON a great storm of wind that blew among the trees and bushes, and made a rustling with the leaves, the Hares, in a certain park where there happened to be plenty of them, were so terribly frightened, that they ran like mad all over the place, resolving to seek out some retreat of more security, or to end their unhappy days by doing violence to themselves. With this resolution they found an outlet where a pale had been broken down, and bolting forth upon an adjoining common, had not run far before their course was stopped by that of a gentle brook which glided across the way they intended to take. This was so grievous a disappointment, that they were not able to bear it; and they determined rather to throw themselves headlong into the water, let what would become of it, than lead a life so full of dangers and crosses. But, upon their coming

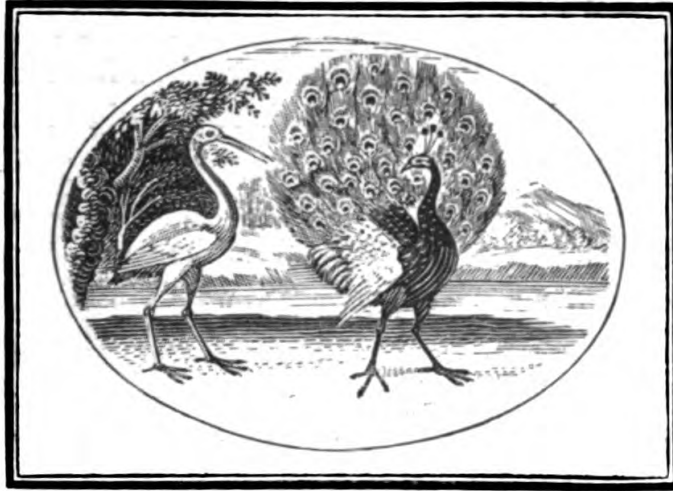
to the brink of the river, a parcel of Frogs, which were sitting there, frightened at their approach, leaped into the stream in great confusion, and dived to the very bottom for fear; which a cunning old Puss observing, called to the rest and said, " Hold, have a care what ye do: here are other creatures, I perceive, which have their fears as well as us: don't then let us fancy ourselves the most miserable of any upon earth; but rather, by their example, learn to bear patiently those inconveniences which our nature has thrown upon us."

REFLECTION.

There is no contending with the orders and decrees of Providence. He that makes us, knows what is fittest for us; and every man's own lot, well understood and managed, is undoubtedly the best.

The miseries of half mankind unknown,
Fools vainly think no sorrows like their own;
But view the world, and you will learn to bear
Misfortunes well, since all men have their share.





THE PEACOCK AND THE CRANE.

THE Peacock and the Crane by chance met together. The Peacock erecting his tail, displayed his gaudy plumes, and looked with contempt upon the Crane, as some mean ordinary person. The Crane, resolving to mortify his insolence, took occasion to say, that Peacocks were very fine birds indeed, if fine feathers could make them so; but that he thought it a much nobler thing to be able to rise above the clouds, than to strut about upon the ground, and be gazed at by children.

REFLECTION.

The mind which is stored with virtuous and rational sentiments, and the behaviour which speaks complacence and humility, stamps an estimate upon the possessor, which all judicious spectators are ready to admire and

acknowledge. But if there be any merit in an embroidered coat, a brocade waistcoat, a shoe, a stocking, or sword-knot, the person who wears them has the least claim to it; let it be ascribed where it justly belongs—to the several artisans, who wrought and disposed the materials of which they consist. This moral is not intended to derogate any thing from the magnificence of fine clothes, and rich equipages, which, as times and circumstances require, may be used with decency and propriety enough: but one cannot help being concerned, lest any worth should be affixed to them more than their own intrinsic value.





THE THIEF AND THE DOG.

A THIEF, coming to rob a certain house in the night, was disturbed in his attempts by a fierce vigilant Dog, who kept barking at him continually. Upon which the Thief, thinking to stop his mouth, threw him a piece of bread: but the Dog refused it with indignation; telling him, that before, he only suspected him to be a bad man; but now, upon his offering to bribe him, he was confirmed in his opinion; and that, as he was intrusted with the guardianship of his master's house, he should never cease barking while such a rogue as he lay lurking about it.

REFLECTION.

It is a common and known maxim, to suspect an enemy, even the more, for his endeavouring to convince us of his benevolence; because the oddness of the thing

puts us upon our guard, and makes us conclude, that some pernicious design must be couched under so sudden and unexpected a turn of behaviour: but it is no unnecessary caution to be upon the watch against even indifferent people, when we perceive them uncommonly forward in their approaches of civility and kindness. The man, who at first sight makes us an offer, which is due only to particular and well-acquainted friends, must be either a knave, and intends by such a bait to draw us into his net; or a fool, with whom we ought to avoid having any communication.

Thus far the consideration of this Fable may be useful to us in private life; what it contains farther, in relation to the public, is, That a man, truly honest, will never let his mouth be stopped with a bribe; but the greater the offer is, which is designed to buy his silence, the louder, and more constantly, will he open it against the miscreants who would practise it upon him.





THE BALD CAVALIER.

WHEN periwigs were first used, and then chiefly to cover the defect of baldness, a certain Cavalier had one for that purpose, which passed for his own hair. But as he was one day riding out with some others a hunting, a sudden puff of wind blew off both his wig and hat, and set the company in a loud laugh at his bald pate. He, for his part, fell a laughing with the rest, and said, "Why, really, Gentlemen, this is merry enough; for how could I expect to keep other people's hair, who could not preserve my own?"

REFLECTION.

The edge of a jest is quite blunted and turned off when a man has presence of mind to join in it against himself, or begin it.

A frank easy way of openness and candour agrees

best with all humours; and he, that is over solicitous to conceal a defect, often does as good as make proclamation of it. And it is a turn of art in many cases, where a man lies open to ridicule, to anticipate the jest and make sport with himself first.

When the loud laugh prevails at your expense,
All want of temper is but want of sense;
Would you disarm the sneerer of his jest,
Frown not, but laugh in concert with the rest.





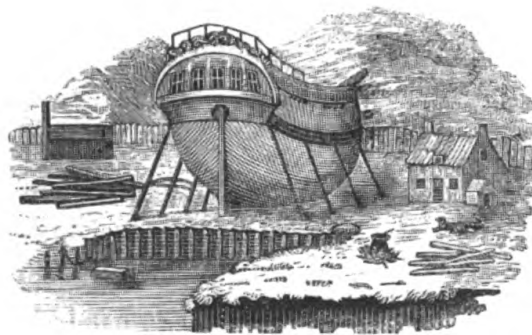
THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

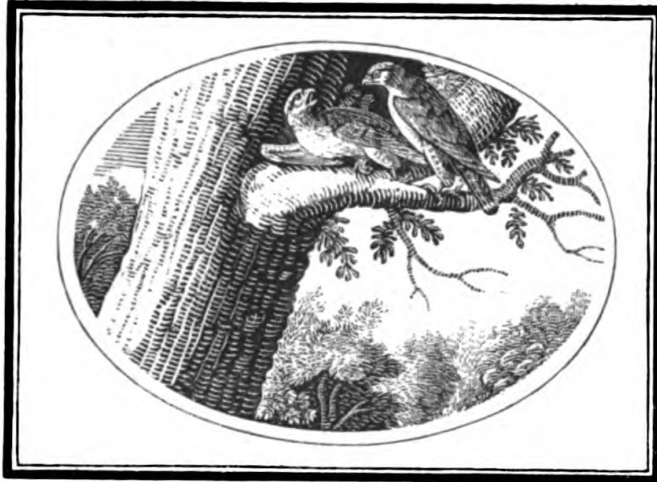
A VIPER, entering a smith's shop, looked up and down for something to eat, and seeing a File, fell to gnawing it as greedily as could be. The File told him, very gruffly, that he had best be quiet and let him alone; for that he would get very little by nibbling at one, who, upon occasion, could bite iron and steel.

REFLECTION.

By this fable we are cautioned to consider what a person is, before we make an attack upon him after any manner whatsoever: particularly how we let our tongues slip in censuring the actions of those, who are, in the opinion of the world, not only of an unquestioned reputation, so that nobody will believe what we insinuate against them, but of such an influence, upon account of their own veracity, that the least word from them would

ruin our credit to all intents and purposes. If wit be the case, and we have a satirical vein, which at certain periods must have a flow, let us be cautious at whom we level it; for if the person's understanding be of better proof than our own, all our ingenious sallies, like water thrown against the wind, will recoil back upon our own faces, and make us the ridicule of every spectator. This Fable, besides, is not an improper emblem of Envy; which, rather than not bite at all, will fall foul where it can hurt nothing but itself; and such is its malignancy, that the greatest wits, and brightest characters in all ages, have ever been the objects of its attack: ought we not then to guard against the admission of an inmate, that not only attempts to injure the virtuous part of mankind, but also effectually ruins the peace of its possessor?





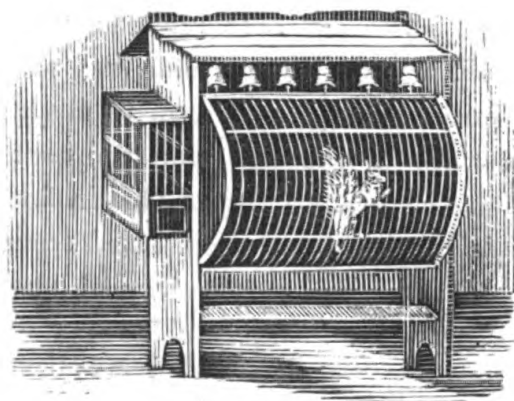
THE SICK KITE.

A KITE had been sick a long time; and finding there were no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houses in the country, to try what prayers and promises would effect in his behalf. The old Kite replied: “Indeed, dear Son, I would willingly undertake any thing to save your life, but I have great reason to despair of doing you any service in the way you propose: for, with what face can I ask any thing of God in favour of one, whose whole life has been a continued scene of rapine and injustice, and who has not scrupled, upon occasion, to rob the very altars themselves?”

REFLECTION.

The perusal of this fable almost unavoidably draws our attention to that very serious and important point,

the consideration of a death-bed repentance. And, to expose the absurdity of relying upon such a weak foundation, we need only ask the same question with the Kite in the fable: how can he, that has offended God all his life-time by doing acts of dishonour and injustice, expect, that he should be pleased with him at last, for no other reason but because he fears he shall not be able to offend him any longer; when, in truth, such a repentance can signify nothing, but a confirmation of his former impudence and folly? For sure no stupidity can exceed that of the man, who expects a future judgment, and yet can bear to commit any piece of injustice, with a sense and deliberation of the fact.





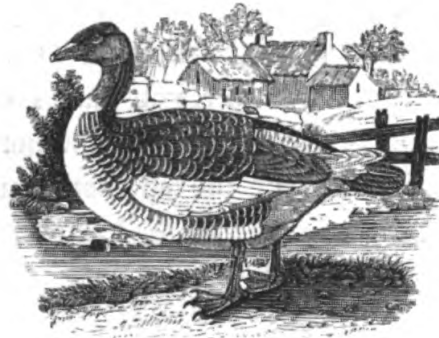
THE TWO POTS.

AN earthen Pot and one of brass, standing together upon the river's brink, were both carried away by the flowing in of the tide. The earthen Pot showed some uneasiness, as fearing he should be broken; but his companion of brass bid him be under no apprehensions, for that he would take care of him. O! replies the other, keep as far off as ever you can, I entreat you; it is you I am most afraid of: for, whether the stream dashes you against me, or me against you, I am sure to be the sufferer; and therefore, I beg of you, do not let us come near one another.

REFLECTION.

A man of a moderate fortune, who is contented with what he has, and finds he can live happily upon it, should take care not to hazard and expose his felicity,

by consorting with the great and the powerful. People of equal conditions may float down the current of life without hurting each other; but it is a point of some difficulty to steer one's course in the company of the great, so as to escape without a bulge. One would not choose to have one's little country-box situated in the neighbourhood of a very great man; for whether I ignorantly trespass upon him, or he knowingly encroaches upon me, I only am like to be the sufferer. I can neither entertain, nor play with him, upon his own terms; for that which is moderation and diversion to him, in me would be extravagance and ruin.





THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Ass to market, in order to sell him: and that he might get thither fresh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not proceeded far, when they met with a company of travellers. Sure, say they, you are mighty careful of your Ass: methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as suffer him to walk on at his ease, while you trudge after on foot. In compliance with this advice, the Old Man set his Son upon the beast. And now, they had scarce advanced a quarter of a mile farther, before they met another company. You idle young rogue, said one of the party, why don't you get down, and let your poor father ride? Upon this, the Old Man made his Son dismount, and got up himself. While they were marching in this manner, a third company began to insult the Father.

You hard-hearted unnatural wretch, say they, how can you suffer that poor lad to wade through the dirt, while you, like an alderman, ride at your ease? The good-natured Miller stood corrected, and immediately took his Son up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the rest—Was there ever such a couple of lazy boobies! to overload in so unconscionable a manner, a poor dumb creature, who is far less able to carry them than they are to carry him! The complying Old Man would have been half inclined to make the trial, had not experience by this time sufficiently convinced him, that there cannot be a more fruitless attempt, than to endeavour to please all mankind.

REFLECTION.

It is better to pursue the dictates of one's own reason, than attempt to please all mankind.





THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A Dog, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own Shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another Dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting any thing by his greedy design, that he dropt the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

REFLECTION,

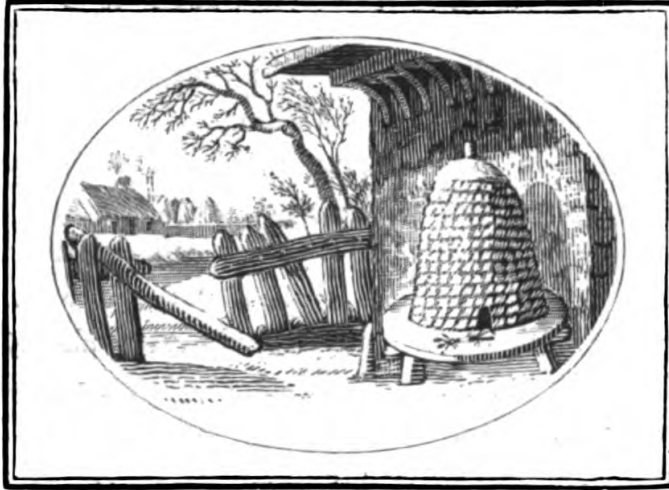
It is wisely decreed, that vice should carry its own punishment along with it. Therefore, he, that catches at more than belongs to him, justly deserves to lose what he has; yet nothing is more common and, at the same time, more pernicious, than this selfish principle. It prevails from the king to the peasant; and all orders

and degrees of men are, more or less, infected with it. Great monarchs have been drawn in, by this greedy humour, to grasp at the dominions of their neighbours; not that they wanted any thing more to feed their luxury, but to gratify their insatiable appetite for vain glory. If the Kings of Persia could have been contented with their own vast territories, they had not lost all Asia, for the sake of a little petty state of Greece.

He, that thinks he sees another's estate in a pack of cards, or a box and dice, and ventures his own in the pursuit of it, should not repine, if he finds himself a beggar in the end.

Base is the man, who pines amidst his store,
And fat with plenty, griping, covets more:
But doubly vile, by av'rice when betray'd,
He quits the substance for an empty shade.





THE GNAT AND THE BEE.

A GNAT, half starved with cold and hunger, went one frosty morning to a Bee-hive, to beg charity; and offered to teach music in the Bee's family, for her diet and lodging. The Bee very civilly desired to be excused: for, says she, I bring up all my children to my own trade, that they may be able to get their living by their industry; and I am sure I am right; for see what that music, which you would teach my children, has brought you yourself to!

REFLECTION.

The many unhappy persons, whom we daily see singing up and down in order to divert other people, though with very heavy hearts of their own, should warn all those, who have the education of children, how necessary it is to bring them up to industry and

business, be their present prospects ever so hopeful; that so, upon any unexpected disaster, they might be able to turn their hands to a course which might procure them an honest livelihood.

The Gnat in the fable, we may further observe, is very like many inconsiderate persons in life: they gaily buzz about in the *summer of prosperity*, and think of nothing but their present enjoyments: but when the *winter of adversity* comes, they poorly creep about, and supplicate the industrious inhabitants of every *Bee-hive*, charitably to relieve those wants which they have brought upon themselves; and often deservedly meet the repulse and the sting, which the Bee gives to the Gnat in the fable.

The wretch, who works not for his daily bread,
Sighs and complains, but ought not to be fed.
Think, when you see stout beggars on their stand,
The lazy are the locusts of the land.





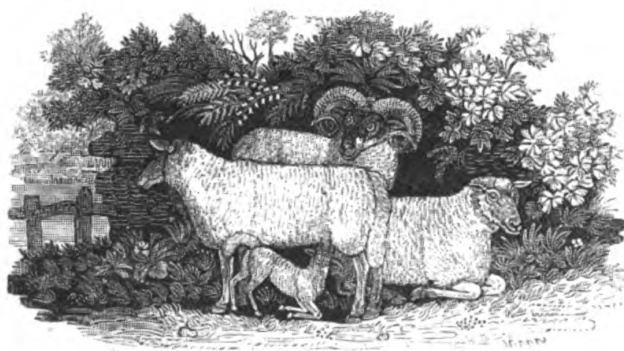
THE SICK LION, THE FOX, AND THE WOLF.

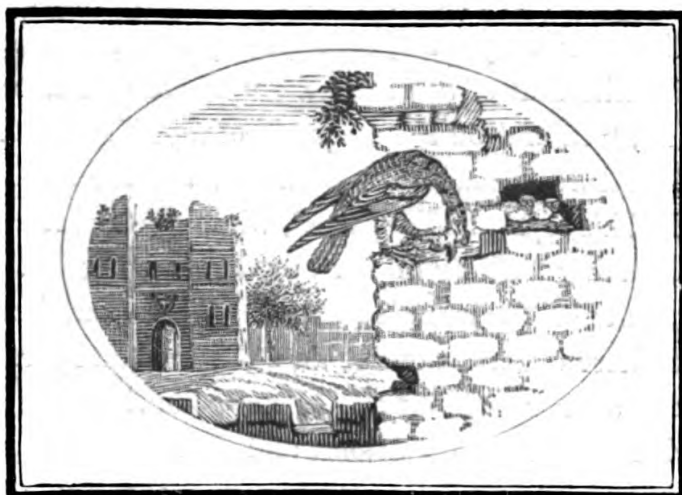
A LION, having surfeited himself with feasting too luxuriously on the carcase of a wild boar, was seized with a violent and dangerous disorder. The beasts of the forest flocked in great numbers to pay their respects to him upon the occasion, and scarce one was absent except the Fox. The Wolf, an ill-natured and malicious beast, seized this opportunity to accuse the Fox of pride, ingratitude, and disaffection to his Majesty. In the midst of his invective, the Fox entered; who, having heard part of the Wolf's accusation, and observing the Lion's countenance to be kindled into wrath, thus adroitly excused himself, and retorted upon his accuser. "I see many here, who with mere lip service have pretended to show you their loyalty; but for my part, from the moment I heard of your Majesty's illness, neglecting useless compliments, I employed myself day and night

to inquire among the most learned physicians, an infallible remedy for your disease, and have at length happily been informed of one. It is a plaster made of part of a Wolf's skin, taken warm from his back, and laid to your Majesty's stomach." This remedy was no sooner proposed, than it was determined that the experiment should be tried: and whilst the operation was performing, the Fox, with a sarcastic smile, whispered this useful maxim in the Wolf's ear, "If you would be safe from harm yourself, learn for the future not to meditate mischief against others."

REFLECTION.

Men, who meditate mischief, suggest the same to others; and generally pay dear for their froward gratifications.





THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

AN Eagle and an Owl having entered into a league of mutual amity, one of the articles of their treaty was, that the former should not prey upon the younglings of the latter. "But tell me," said the Owl, "should you know my little ones, if you were to see them?" "Indeed I should not," replied the Eagle; "but if you describe them to me, it will be sufficient." "You are to observe then," returned the Owl, "in the first place, that the charming creatures are perfectly well shaped; in the next, that there is a remarkable sweetness and vivacity in their countenances; and then there is something in their voices so peculiar melodious." "'Tis enough," interrupted the Eagle; "by these marks I cannot fail of distinguishing them: and you may depend upon their never receiving any injury from me." It happened not long afterwards, as the Eagle was upon the wing in quest of his prey,

that he discovered amidst the ruins of an old castle a nest of grim-faced ugly birds, with gloomy countenances, and a voice like that of the Furies. "These undoubtedly," said he, "cannot be the offspring of my friend, and so I shall venture to make free with them." He had scarce finished his repast and departed, when the Owl returned; who, finding nothing of her brood remaining but some fragments of the mangled carcasses, broke out into the most bitter exclamations against the cruel and perfidious author of her calamity. A neighbouring Bat, who overheard her lamentations, and had been witness to what had passed between her and the Eagle, very gravely told her, that she had nobody to blame for this misfortune but herself: whose blind prejudices in favour of her children, had prompted her to give such a description of them, as did not resemble them in any one single feature or quality.

REFLECTION.

The partiality of parents often makes themselves ridiculous, and their children unhappy.





THE SHEPHERD AND THE YOUNG WOLF.

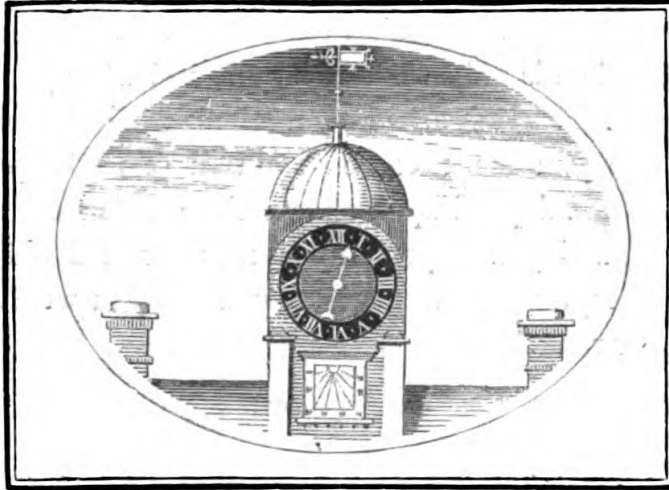
A SHEPHERD took a Wolf's sucking whelp, and trained it up with his dogs. The whelp fed with them, grew up with them, and whensoever they went out upon the chase of a wolf, the whelp would be sure to make one. It happened sometimes that the wolf escaped; but this domestic Wolf would be still hunting on, after the dogs had given over the chase, till he came up to his true brethren, where he took part of the prey with them, and then went back again to his master. And when he could come in for no snacks with the wolves, he would now and then make free, by the bye, with a straggling sheep out of the flock. He carried on this trade for a while; but at last he was caught in the fact, and hanged by his injured master.

REFLECTION.

Ill dispositions may be dissembled for a while, but

nature is very hardly to be altered, either by counsel or education. It may do well enough for curiosity and experiment, to try how far ill-natured men, and other creatures, may be wrought upon by fair usage and good breeding; but the inclination and cruelty of the dam will be hardly ever out of the whelp. This fable is a true portrait of an ungrateful and treacherous mind, which, according to the proverb, *holds with the Hare, and runs with the Hound*; which pretends greater zeal than others, like the Wolf's whelp in the chase, in the detection and pursuit of a common enemy; but at the same time divides spoils with him, and, rather than want an opportunity of doing mischief, will prey privately upon the property he pretends to defend. Many such instances we might give in public life; and there have been too many such also in private life.





THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

A Clock, which served for many years to repeat the hours and point out time, happened to fall into conversation with a Dial, which also served when the sun shone to tell what was the time of day. It happened to be in a cloudy forenoon, when the sun did not shine. Says the Clock to the Dial, "What a mean slavery do you undergo; you cannot tell the hour without the sun pleases to inform you, and now the half of the day is past, and you know not what o'clock it is: I can tell the hour at any time, and would not be in such a dependent state as you are in for the world: night and day are both alike to me: it is just now twelve o'clock." Upon this the sun shone forth from under the cloud, and showed the exact time of the day: it was half an hour past twelve. The Dial then replied to the Clock, "You may now perceive that boasting is not good; for you

see you are wrong: it is better to be under direction and follow truth, than to be high to one's self and go wrong; your freedom is only a liberty to err, and what you call slavery in my case is the only method of being freely in the right: you see, that we should all of us keep our stations, and depend upon one another; I depend upon the sun, and you depend upon me; for if I did not serve to regulate your motions, you see you would for ever go wrong."

REFLECTION.

There is no absolute independency in the world; every one depends in his station upon some above him, and if this order was taken away, there would be nothing except error and confusion in the universe.





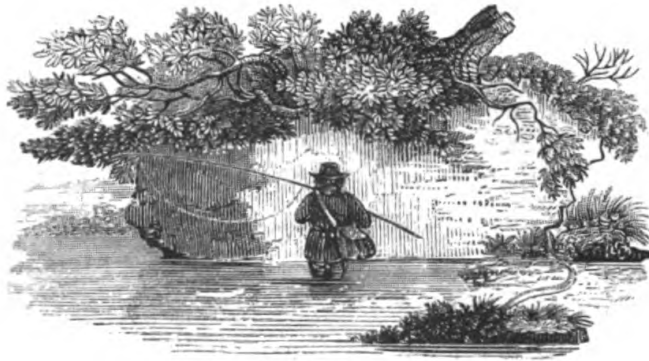
THE LION, THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE
FOX.

THE Tyrant of the forest issued a proclamation, commanding all his subjects to repair immediately to his royal den. Among the rest, the Bear made his appearance; but pretending to be offended with the steams which issued from the Monarch's apartments, he was imprudent enough to hold his nose in his Majesty's presence. This insolence was so highly resented, that the Lion in a rage laid him dead at his feet. The Monkey, observing what had passed, trembled for his carcase; and attempted to conciliate favour by the most abject flattery. He began with protesting, that for his part he thought the apartments were perfumed with Arabian spices; and exclaiming against the rudeness of the Bear, admired the beauty of his Majesty's paws, so happily formed, he said, to

correct the insolence of clowns. This fulsome adulation, instead of being received as he expected, proved no less offensive than the rudeness of the Bear: and the courtly Monkey was in like manner extended by the side of Sir Bruin. And now his Majesty cast his eye upon the Fox. "Well, Reynard," said he, "and what scent do you discover here?" "Great Prince," replied the cautious Fox, "my nose was never esteemed my most distinguishing sense; and at present I would by no means venture to give my opinion, as I have unfortunately got a terrible cold."

REFLECTION.

It is often more prudent to suppress our sentiments, than either to flatter or to rail.





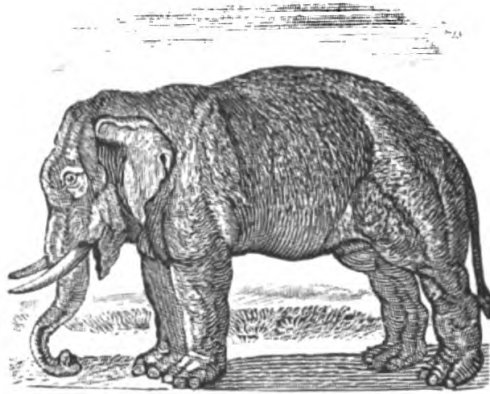
THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE.

A FINE powdered Butterfly fell in love with a beautiful Rose, who expanded her charms in a neighbouring garden. Matters were soon adjusted between them, and they mutually vowed eternal fidelity. The Butterfly, perfectly satisfied with the success of his amour, took a tender leave of his mistress, and did not return again till noon. "What!" said the Rose, when she saw him approaching, "is the ardent passion you vowed, so soon extinguished? It is an age since you paid me a visit. But no wonder: for I observed you courting by turns every flower in the garden." "You little coquet," replied the Butterfly, "it well becomes you truly, to reproach me with my gallantries; when in fact I only copy the example which you yourself have set me. For, not to mention the satisfaction with which you admitted the kisses of the fragrant Zephyr,

did I not see you displaying your charms to the Bee, the Fly, the Wasp, and, in short, encouraging and receiving the addresses of every buzzing insect that fluttered within your view? If you will be a coquet, you must expect to find me inconstant.”

REFLECTION.

We exclaim loudly against that inconstancy in another, to which we give occasion by our own.





THE COUNTRY MAID AND THE MILK-PAIL.

A COUNTRY Maid was walking very deliberately with a Pail of Milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections:—"The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bear a good price: so that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young men will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them." Trans-

ported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down came the Pail of Milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.

REFLECTION.

When men suffer their imagination to amuse them with the prospect of distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.





THE BEE AND THE FLY.

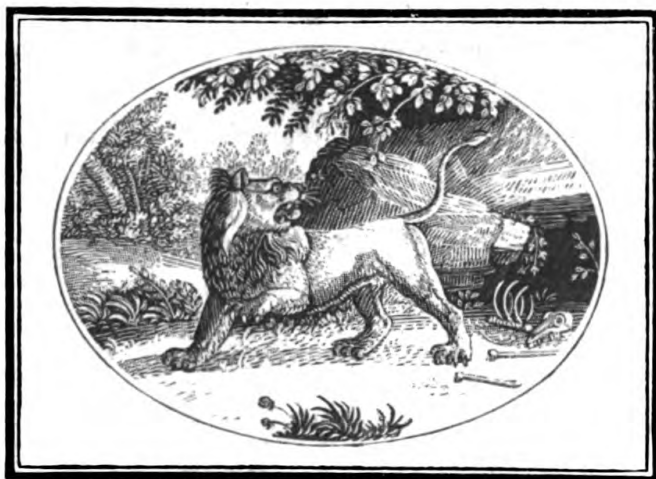
A BEE, observing a Fly frisking about her hive, asked him, in a very passionate tone, what he did there? "Is it for such scoundrels as you," said she, "to intrude into the company of the queens of the air?" "You have great reason, truly," replied the Fly, "to be out of humour: I am sure they must be mad, who would have any concern with so quarrelsome a nation." "And why so, thou saucy thing?" returned the enraged Bee; "we have the best laws, and are governed by the best policy in the world. We feed upon the most fragrant flowers, and all our business is to make honey: honey, which equals nectar, thou tasteless wretch, who livest upon nothing but putrefaction." "We live as we can," rejoined the Fly: "poverty, I hope, is no crime; but passion is one, I am sure. The honey you make is sweet, I grant you; but your heart is all bitter-

ness: for to be revenged on an enemy, you will destroy your own life; and are so inconsiderate in your rage, as to do more mischief to yourselves than to your adversary. Take my word for it, one had better have less considerable talents, and use them with more discretion.”

REFLECTION.

The greatest genius with a vindictive temper is far surpassed in point of happiness by men of talents less considerable.





THE LION AND THE GNAT.

“AVAUNT! thou paltry, contemptible insect!” said a proud Lion one day to a Gnat that was frisking about in the air near his den. The Gnat, enraged at this unprovoked insult, vowed revenge, and immediately darted into the Lion’s ear. After having sufficiently teased him in that quarter, she quitted her station and retired under his belly: and from thence made her last and most formidable attack in his nostrils, where stinging him almost to madness, the Lion at length fell down, utterly spent with rage, vexation, and pain. The Gnat having thus abundantly gratified her resentment, flew off in great exultation: but in the heedless transports of her success, not sufficiently attending to her own security, she found herself unexpectedly entangled in the web of a spider; who, rushing out upon her, put an end to her triumph and her life.

REFLECTION.

Little minds are so much elevated by any advantage gained over their superiors, that they are often thrown off their guard against a sudden change of fortune.





GENIUS, VIRTUE, AND REPUTATION.

GENIUS, Virtue, and Reputation, three intimate friends, agreed to travel over the island of Great Britain, to see whatever might be worthy of observation. But as some misfortune, said they, may happen to separate us, let us consider before we set out, by what means we may find each other again. "Should it be my ill fate," said Genius, "to be severed from you, my associates, which Heaven forbid, you may find me kneeling in devotion before the tomb of Shakespear, or wrapt in some grove where Milton talked with angels, or musing in the grotto where Pope caught inspiration." Virtue, with a sigh, acknowledged that her friends were not very numerous: "But were I to lose you," she cried, "with whom I am at present so happily united, I should choose to take sanctuary in the temples of religion, in the palaces of royalty, or in

the stately domes of ministers of state: but as it may be my ill-fortune to be there denied admittance, inquire for some cottage where Contentment has a bower, and there you will certainly find me." "Ah! my dear companions," said Reputation very earnestly, "you, I perceive, when missing, may possibly be recovered; but take care, I entreat you, always to keep sight of me, for if I am once lost, I am never to be retrieved."

REFLECTION.

There are few things so irreparably lost as Reputation.





THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

A CONCEITED Willow had once the vanity to challenge his mighty neighbour the Oak to a trial of strength. It was to be determined by the next storm; and Æolus was addressed by both parties, to exert his most powerful efforts. This was no sooner asked than granted; and a violent hurricane arose: when the pliant Willow, bending from the blast, or shrinking under it, evaded all its force; while the generous Oak, disdaining to give way, opposed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the Willow began to exult, and to claim the victory; when thus the fallen Oak interrupted his exultation: "Callest thou this a trial of strength? Poor wretch! not to thy strength, but weakness; not to thy boldly facing danger, but meanly skulking from it, thou owest thy present safety. I am an Oak, though fallen; thou still a Willow,

though unhurt: but who, except so mean a wretch as thyself, would prefer an ignominious life, preserved by craft or cowardice, to the glory of meeting death in an honourable cause."

REFLECTION.

The courage of meeting death in an honourable cause is more commendable, than any address or artifice we can make use of to evade it.





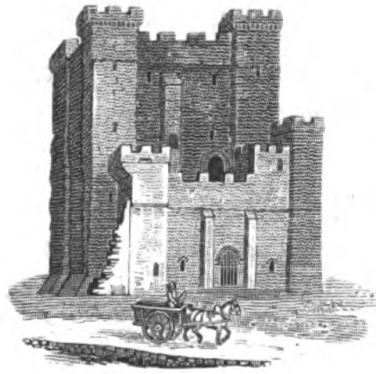
THE FATHER AND HIS SONS.

A VERY honest man happened to have a contentious brood of children. He called for a rod, and bade them try one after another, with all their force if they could break it. They tried, and could not. "Well," says he, "unbind it now, and take every twig of it apart, and see what you can do that way." They did so, and with great ease, by one and one, they snapped it all to pieces. "This," says he, "is the true emblem of your condition; keep together, and you are safe; divide, and you are undone."

REFLECTION.

This fable intimates the force of union and the danger of division. Intestine commotions have destroyed many a powerful state; and it is as ruinous in private affairs as it is in public. A divided family

can no more stand, than a divided commonwealth; for every individual suffers in the neglect of a common safety. It is a strange thing, that men should not do that, under the government of rational spirit and a natural prudence, which wolves and bears do by the impulse of an animal instinct. For they, we see, will make head, one and all, against a common enemy: whereas the generality of mankind lie pecking at one another, till one by one they are all torn to pieces, never considering (as this fable teaches) the necessity and benefits of union.





THE ONE-EYED STAG.

A ONE-EYED Stag, that was afraid of the huntsmen at land, kept a watch that way, and fed with his blind-side towards an arm of the sea, where he thought there was no danger. In this hope of security, he was shot by a ball from a boat, and so ended his days with this lamentation: "Here I am destroyed," says he, "where I reckoned myself to be safe, on the one hand; and no evil has befallen me where I most dreaded it, on the other. But it is my comfort that I intended the best."

REFLECTION.

We are many times preserved or destroyed by those accidents or counsels that in all probability should have had quite contrary effects. But yet it is our part to act according to reason, and commit ourselves to Heaven for the rest. The wisest of men have their *follies* or

blind-sides, and have their enemies too, who watch to take advantage of their weakness. It behoves us, therefore, to look to ourselves on the *blind-side*, as the part that lies most exposed to an attack. And yet, when we have done our best to prevent mischief, the very precaution itself serves many times to contribute to our ruin. In short, the ways and workings of Providence are unsearchable, and it is not in the power of human prudence to obviate all the accidents of life.





THE WOLF IN DISGUISE.

A WOLF, who by frequent visits to a flock of sheep in his neighbourhood, began to be extremely well known to them, thought it expedient, for the more successfully carrying on his depredations, to appear in a new character. To this end he disguised himself in a shepherd's habit; and resting his fore feet upon a stick, which served him by way of crook, he softly made his approaches towards the fold. It happened that the shepherd and his dog were both of them extended on the grass, fast asleep; so that he would certainly have succeeded in his project, if he had not imprudently attempted to imitate the shepherd's voice. The horrid noise awakened them both: when the Wolf, encumbered with his disguise, and finding it impossible either to resist or to flee, yielded up his life an easy prey to the shepherd's dog.

REFLECTION.

Designing hypocrites frequently lay themselves open to discovery by over-acting their parts.





THE DAW WITH BORROWED FEATHERS.

A PRAGMATIC Jackdaw was vain enough to imagine, that he wanted nothing but the coloured plumes to render him as elegant a bird as the Peacock: puffed up with this wise conceit, he dressed himself with a sufficient quantity of their most beautiful feathers, and in this borrowed garb, forsaking his old companions, endeavoured to pass for a peacock; but he no sooner attempted to associate with these genteel creatures, than an affected strut betrayed the vain pretender. The offended Peacocks, plucking from him their degraded feathers, soon stripped him of his finery, reduced him to a mere Jackdaw, and drove him back to his brethren; by whom he was now equally despised, and justly punished with derision and contempt.

REFLECTION.

When a pert young templar, or city apprentice,

sets up for a fine gentleman, with the assistance of an embroidered waistcoat and Dresden ruffles, but without one qualification proper to the character, how frequently does it happen, that he is laughed at by his equals, and despised by those whom he presumed to imitate !





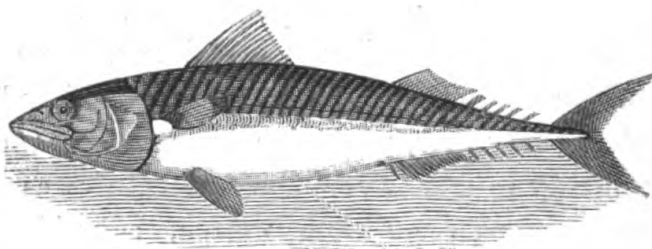
THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As a Caterpillar was advancing very slowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert lively Ant, who tossing up her head with a scornful air, cried, "Prithee, get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not presume to obstruct the paths of thy superiors, by wriggling along the road, and besmearing the walks appropriated to their footsteps. Poor creature! thou lookest like a thing half made, which Nature not liking threw by unfinished. I could almost pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to such mean creatures as thou art: and so, poor crawling wretch, adieu!" The humble Caterpillar, struck dumb with this disdainful language, retired, went to work, wound himself up in a silken cell, and at the appointed time came out a beautiful Butterfly. Just as he was sallying forth, he

observed the scornful Ant passing by. "Proud insect," said he, "stop a moment, and learn from the circumstances in which you now see me, never to despise any one for that condition in which Providence has thought fit to place him; as there is none so mean, but may one day, either in this state or in a better, be exalted above those who looked down upon him with unmerited contempt."

REFLECTION.

Boys of no very promising appearance often become the greatest men.





THE TWO LIZARDS.

As two Lizards were basking under a south wall, "How contemptible," said one of them, "is our condition! We exist, 'tis true, but that is all: for we hold no sort of rank in the creation, and are utterly unnoticed by the world. Cursed obscurity! Why was I not rather born a Stag, to range at large, the pride and glory of some royal forest?" It happened, that, in the midst of these unjust murmurs, a pack of hounds was heard in full cry after the very creature he was envying, who, being quite spent with the chase, was torn in pieces by the dogs in sight of the two Lizards. "And is this the lordly Stag, whose place in the creation you wish to hold?" said the wiser Lizard to his complaining friend: "Let his sad fate teach you to bless Providence for placing you in that

humble situation, which secures you from the dangers of a more elevated rank.”

REFLECTION.

The superior safety of an obscure and humble station, is a balance for the honours of high and envied life.





JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

JUPITER, in order to please mankind, directed Mercury to give notice that he had established a Lottery, in which there were no blanks; and that amongst a variety of other valuable chances, Wisdom was the highest prize. It was Jupiter's command, that in this Lottery some of the gods should also become adventurers. The tickets being disposed of, and the wheels placed, Mercury was employed to preside at the drawing. It happened, that the best prize fell to Minerva: upon which a general murmur ran through the assembly, and hints were thrown out that Jupiter had used some unfair practices to secure this desirable lot to his daughter. Jupiter, that he might at once both punish and silence these impious clamours of the human race, presented them with Folly in the place of Wisdom; with which they went

away perfectly well contented. And from that time the greatest fools have always looked upon themselves as the wisest men.

REFLECTION.

Folly, passing with men for wisdom, makes each contented with his own share of understanding.



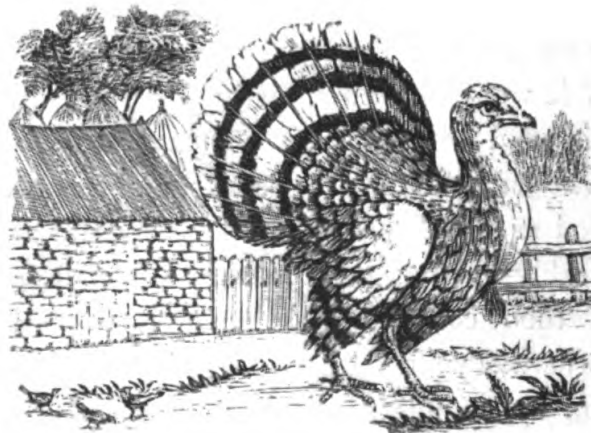


THE TWO DOGS.

A GOOD-NATURED Spaniel overtook a surly Mastiff, as he was travelling upon the high road. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tyger, very civilly accosted him : “ And if it would be no interruption,” he said, “ he should be glad to bear him company on his way.” Tyger, who happened not to be altogether in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal; and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation they arrived at the next village, where Tyger began to display his malignant disposition by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers immediately sallied forth with great indignation to rescue their respective favourites; and falling upon the two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason but his being found in bad company.

REFLECTION.

Hasty and inconsiderate connexions are generally attended with great disadvantages: and much of every man's good or ill fortune depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.





THE FOX AND THE STORK.

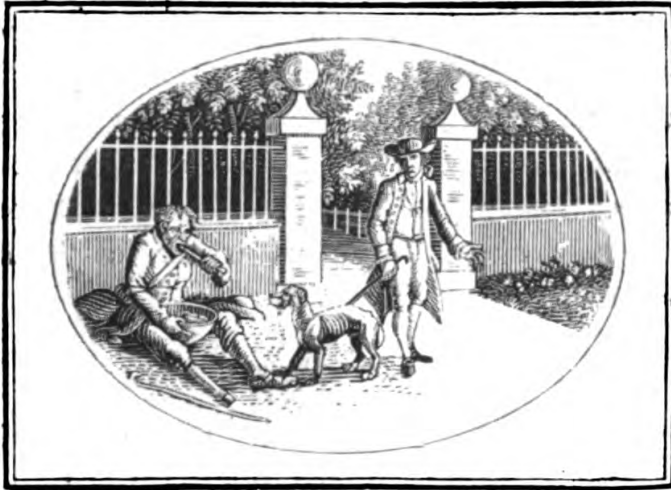
THE FOX, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour the Stork. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the Stork found it consisted entirely of different soups, served up in broad, shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The Fox lapped it up very readily, and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment, hoped that every thing was seasoned to her mind, and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly. The Stork, perceiving she was played upon, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and at parting pressed the Fox so earnestly to return her visit,

that he could not in civility refuse. The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment; but, to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The Stork thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully; then, turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled, "I am very glad," said she, smiling, "that you seem to have so good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did the other day at yours." Reynard hung down his head, and looked very much displeased. "Nay, nay," said the Stork, "don't pretend to be out of humour about the matter; they that cannot take a jest, should never make one."

REFLECTION.

We should always reflect, before we rally another, whether we can bear to have the jest retorted.





THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

A BEGGAR and his Dog sat at the gate of a noble courtier, and were preparing to make a meal on a bowl of fragments from the kitchen-maid. A poor Dependant of his Lordship's, who had been sharing the singular favour of a dinner at the steward's table, was struck with the appearance, and stopped a little to observe them. The Beggar, hungry and voracious as any courtier in Christendom, seized with greediness the choicest morsels, and swallowed them himself; the residue was divided into portions for his children. A scrag was thrust into one pocket for honest Jack, a crust into another for bashful Tom, and a luncheon of cheese was wrapt up with care for the little favourite of his hopeful family. In short, if any thing was thrown to the Dog, it was a bone so closely picked, that it scarce afforded a pittance to keep life and soul

together. "How exactly alike," said the Dependant, "is this poor Dog's case and mine! He is watching for a dinner from a master who cannot spare it; I for a place from a needy Lord, whose wants, perhaps, are greater than my own, and whose relations are more clamorous than any of this Beggar's brats. Shrewdly was it said by an ingenious writer, a '*Courtier's Dependant is a Beggar's Dog.*'"

REFLECTION.

'Tis misery to depend upon patrons, whose circumstances make their charity necessary at home.





THE ANT AND THE FLY.

“WHERE’S the honour, or the pleasure in the world,” says the Fly, in a dispute for pre-eminence with the Ant, “that I have not my part in? Are not all temples and places open to me? Am not I the taster to gods and princes in all their sacrifices and entertainments? And all this without either money or pains? I trample upon crowns, and kiss what ladies’ lips I please. And what have you now to pretend to all this while?” “Vain boaster!” says the Ant, “dost thou not know the difference between the access of a *guest* and that of an *intruder*? for people are so far from liking your company, that they kill you as soon as they catch you. You are a plague to them wherever you come. Your very breath has maggots in it; and for the kiss you brag of, what is it but the perfume of the last dunghill you touched upon, once removed? For my part, I live

upon what's my own, and work honestly in the summer to maintain myself in the winter; whereas the whole course of your scandalous life is only cheating or sharpening one half of the year, and starving the other."

REFLECTION.

The happiness of life does not lie so much in enjoying small advantages, as in living free from great inconveniences. An honest mediocrity is the happiest state a man can wish for.





THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A PROUD pampered Horse, bedecked with gaudy trappings, met in his course a poor creeping Ass, under a heavy burden, that had fallen into the same track with him. "Why, how now, sirrah!" says he, "do you not see by these arms and trappings to what master I belong? And do you not understand, that when I have that master of mine upon my back, the whole weight of the state rests upon my shoulders? Out of the way, thou slavish, insolent animal, or I'll tread thee to dirt!" The wretched Ass immediately slunk aside, with this envious reflection between his teeth, "*What would I give to change conditions with that happy creature there!*" This fancy kept in his head till it was his lot, a little while after, to see this very Horse doing drudgery in a common coal-cart. "Why, how now, friend," says the Ass, "how comes this about?"

“ Only the chance of war,” says the other: “ I was a General’s Horse, you must know; and my master carried me into a battle, where I was hacked and maimed; and you have here before your eyes the catastrophe of my fortune.”

REFLECTION.

This fable shows the folly, and the fate, of pride and arrogance; and the mistake of placing happiness in any thing that may be taken away; as also the blessing of freedom in a mean estate.





THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK.

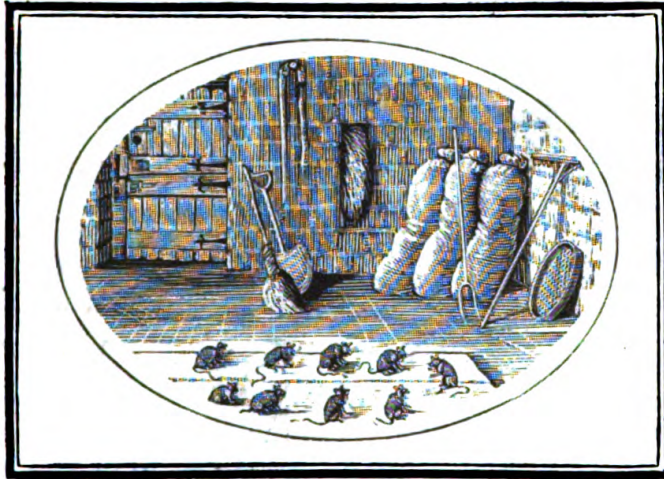
A POOR innocent Stork had the misfortune to be taken in a net that was laid for geese and cranes. The Stork's plea for herself was simplicity and piety, the love she bore to mankind, her duty to her parents, and the service she did in picking up venomous creatures. "This may be all true," said the Husbandman, "for what I know; but as you have been taken with ill company, you must expect to suffer with it."

REFLECTION.

The world will always form an idea of the character of every man from his associates. Nor is this rule founded on wrong principles; for, generally speaking, those, who are constant companions, are either drawn together from a similitude of manners, or form such a similitude to each other by daily commerce and continual conversation.

If bad company had nothing else to make us shun and avoid it, this, methinks, might be sufficient, *that it infects and taints a man's reputation to as great a degree, as if he were thoroughly versed in the wickedness of the whole gang.* What is it to me if the thief, who robs me of my money, gives part of it to build a church? Is he ever the less a thief? No: such mixtures of religion and sin make the offence but the more flagrant, as they convince us, that it was not committed out of ignorance. Indeed, there is no living without being guilty of some faults, more or less; which the world ought to be good-natured enough to overlook, in consideration of the general frailty of mankind, when they are not too gross and too abundant. But, when we are so abandoned to stupidity, and a neglect of our reputation, as to keep bad company, however little we may be criminal in reality, we must expect the same censure and punishment as is due to the most notorious of our companions.





THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

THE Mice called a general council; and, having met, after the doors were locked, entered into a free consultation about ways and means how to render their fortunes and estates more secure from the danger of the Cat. Many things were offered, and much was debated, *pro* and *con*, upon the matter. At last a young Mouse, in a fine florid speech, concluded upon an expedient, and that the only one, which was to put them, for the future, entirely out of the power of the enemy; and this was, that the Cat should wear a bell about her neck, which, upon the least motion, would give the alarm, and be a signal for them to retire into their holes. This speech was received with great applause, and it was even proposed by some, that the Mouse who made it should have the thanks of the assembly. Upon which, an old grave Mouse, who had sat silent all the while, stood up, and in another speech, owned that the contrivance was

admirable, and the author of it, without doubt, an ingenious Mouse ; but, he said, he thought it would not be so proper to vote him thanks, till he should farther inform them how this bell was to be fastened about the Cat's neck, and what Mouse would undertake to do it.

REFLECTION.

Many things appear feasible in speculation, which are afterwards found to be impracticable. And since the execution of any thing is that which is to complete and finish its very existence, what raw counsellors are those who advise, what precipitate politicians those who proceed to the management of things in their nature incapable of answering their own expectations, or their promises to others ! At the same time, the fable teaches us not to expose ourselves in any of our little politic coffee-house committees, by determining what should be done upon every occurrence of mal-administration, when we have neither commission nor power to execute it. He that, upon such occasion, adjudges, as a preservative for the state, that this or that should be applied to the neck of those who have been enemies to it, will appear full as ridiculous as the Mouse in the fable, when the question is asked, Who shall put it there ? In reality, we do but expose ourselves to the hatred of some, and the contempt of others, when we inadvertently utter our impracticable speculations, in respect of the public, either in private company, or authorized assemblies.





THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox, very hungry, chanced to come into a Vineyard, where there hung many bunches of charming ripe grapes; but nailed up to a trellis so high, that he leaped till he quite tired himself without being able to reach one of them. At last, "Let who will take them!" says he; "they are but green and sour; so I will even let them alone."

REFLECTION.

This fable is a good reprimand to a parcel of vain coxcombs in the world, who, because they would never be thought to be disappointed in any of their pursuits, pretend a dislike to every thing which they cannot obtain. There is a strange propensity in mankind to this temper, and there are numbers of grumbling malecontents in every different faculty and sect in life. The

discarded statesman, considering the corruption of the times, would not have any hand in the administration of affairs for all the world. A young fellow being asked how he liked a celebrated beauty, by whom all the world knew he was despised, answered, She had a stinking breath. How insufferable is the pride of this poor creature man, who would stoop to the basest, vilest actions, rather than be thought not able to do any thing! For what is more base and vile than lying? And when do we lie more notoriously, than when we disparage and find fault with a thing for no other reason but because it is out of our power.

When a man finds it impossible to obtain the things he longs for, it is a mark of sound wisdom and discretion to make a virtue of necessity.





THE TWO FROGS.

ONE hot sultry summer, the lakes and ponds being almost every where dried up, a couple of Frogs agreed to travel together in search of water. At last they came to a deep well, and sitting upon the brink of it, began to consult, whether they should leap in or no. One of them was for it; urging, that there was plenty of clear spring water, and no danger of being disturbed. Well, says the other, all this may be true; and yet I cannot come into your opinion for my life: for, if the water should happen to dry up here too, how should we get out again?

REFLECTION.

The moral of this fable is intended to put us in mind *to look before we leap*. That we should not undertake any action of importance, without considering first,

what the event of it is like to prove, and how we shall be able to come off, upon such and such provisos. A good general does not think he diminishes any thing of his character when he looks forward beyond the main action, and concert measures, in case there should be occasion, for a safe retreat.

How many unfortunate matches are struck up every day for want of this wholesome consideration! Profuse living, and extravagant gaming, both which terminate in the ruin of those that follow them, are mostly owing to a neglect of this precaution. Wars are begun by this blind stupidity, from which a state is not able to extricate itself with either honour or safety; and projects are encouraged by the rash accession of those, who never considered how they were to get out, until they had plunged themselves irrecoverably into them.





THE MOUNTAINS IN LABOUR.

THE Mountains were said to be in Labour, and uttered most dreadful groans. People came together, far and near, to see what birth would be produced; and after they had waited a considerable time in expectation, out crept a mouse.

REFLECTION.

Great cry and little wool, is the English proverb; the sense of which bears an exact proportion to this fable. By which are exposed, all those who promise something exceeding great, but come off with a production ridiculously little. Projectors of all kinds, who endeavour by artificial rumours to raise the expectations of mankind, and then by their mean performances defeat and disappoint them, have, time out of mind, been lashed with the recital of this fable. How

agreeably surprising is it to see an unpromising favourite, whom the caprice of fortune has placed at the helm of state, serving the commonwealth with justice and integrity, instead of smothering and embezzling the public treasure to his own private and wicked ends! And on the contrary, how melancholy, how dreadful—or rather, how exasperating and provoking a sight is it, to behold one, whose constant declarations for liberty and the public good have raised people's expectations of him to the highest pitch, as soon as he is got into power exerting his whole art and cunning to ruin and enslave his country! The sanguine hopes of all those that wished well to virtue, and flattered themselves with a reformation of every thing that opposed the well-being of the community, vanish away in smoke, and are lost in a dark, gloomy, uncomfortable prospect.





THE FOX AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A Fox, being hard hunted, and having run a long chase, was quite tired. At last he spied a countryman in a wood, to whom he applied for refuge, entreating that he would give him leave to hide himself in his cottage, until the hounds were gone by. The man consented, and the Fox went and covered himself up close in a corner of the cottage. Presently the hunters came up, and inquired of the man, if he had seen the Fox. "No," says he, "I have not seen him indeed:" but all the while he pointed with his finger to the place where the Fox was secreted. However, the hunters did not understand him, but called off their hounds, and went another way. Soon after the Fox, creeping out of his hole, was going to sneak off; when the man, calling after him, asked, "if that was his manners, to go away without thanking his benefactor, to whose fidelity

he owed his life." Reynard, who had peeped all the while, and seen what passed, answered, " I know what obligations I owe you well enough; and I assure you, if your actions had but been agreeable to your words, I should have endeavoured, however incapable of it, to have returned you suitable thanks."

REFLECTION.

Sincerity is a most valuable virtue: but there are some, whose natures are so poor-spirited and cowardly, that they are not capable of exerting it. Indeed, unless a man be steady and constant in all his actions, he will hardly deserve the name of sincere. An open enemy, though more violent and terrible, is not, however, so odious and detestable as a false friend. To pretend to keep another's counsel, and appear in their interest, while under-hand we are giving intelligence to their enemies, is treacherous, knavish, and base.





MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A MAN, felling a tree on the bank of a river, by chance let the hatchet slip out of his hand, which dropt into the water, and immediately sank to the bottom. Being therefore in great distress for the loss of his tool, he sat down and bemoaned himself most lamentably. —Upon this, Mercury appeared to him, and being informed of the cause of his complaint, dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, shewed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which Mercury dived a second time, and brought up a silver one. The man refused it, alleging likewise that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual hatchet the man had lost; upon sight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulness. Mercury was so pleased with the fellow's

honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain as a reward for his just dealing. The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the river's side, and let his hatchet fall designedly into the stream. Then sitting down upon the bank, he fell a weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and sorely afflicted. Mercury appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a golden hatchet, asking if that was the hatchet he lost. Transported at the sight of the precious metal, he answered, "yes;" and went to snatch it greedily. But the god, detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own hatchet again.

REFLECTION.

Honesty is the best policy; religion absolutely requires it of its votaries: and the honest man, provided his other talents are not deficient, always carries the preference in our esteem, before any other, in whatever business he employs himself.





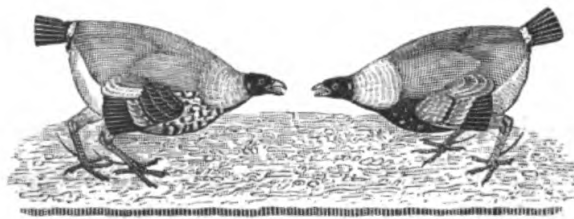
THE FIR AND THE BRAMBLE.

“ My head,” says the boasting Fir tree to the humble Bramble, “ is advanced among the stars; I furnish beams for palaces, and masts for shipping; the very sweat of my body is a sovereign remedy for the sick and wounded: whereas thou, O rascally Bramble, runnest creeping in the dirt, and art good for nothing in the world but mischief.” “ I pretend not to vie with thee,” said the Bramble, “ in the points thou gloriest in. But, not to insist upon it, that He, who made thee a lofty Fir, could have made thee an humble Bramble, I pray thee tell me, when the carpenter comes next with the axe into the wood, to fell timber, whether thou hadst not rather be a Bramble than a Fir tree ?”

REFLECTION.

The answer of the humble Bramble to the proud Fir tree is so pathetic, that it may of itself serve for a very

good moral to this fable. Nothing of God's works is so mean as to be despised, and nothing so lofty but it may be humbled; nay, and the greater the height, the greater the danger. For a proud great man to despise a humble little one, when Providence can so easily exalt the one, and abase the other, and has not for the merit of the one, or the demerit of the other, conferred the respective conditions, is a most inexcusable arrogance. The Fir may boast of the uses to which it is put, and of its strength and stature; but then it has not to boast of the creeping Bramble's safety; for the value of the one tempts the carpenter's axe, while the poverty of the other makes it little worth any one's while to molest it. Upon the whole matter, we may add, That as pride or arrogance is a vice that seldom escapes without a punishment; so humility is a virtue that hardly ever goes without a blessing.





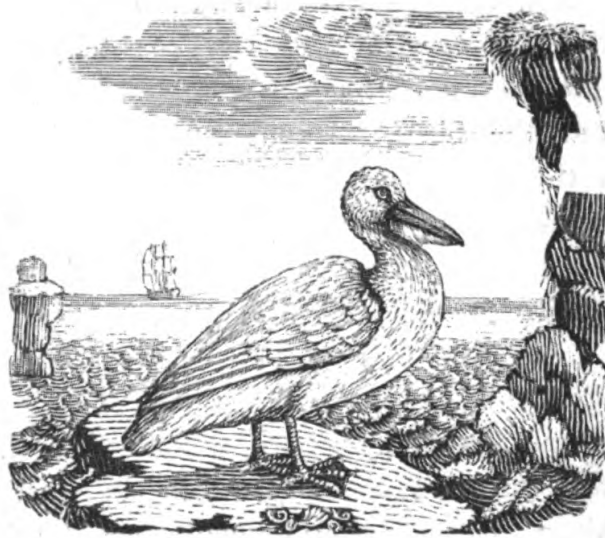
THE SWALLOW AND THE SPIDER.

A SPIDER, that observed a swallow catching flies, fell immediately to work upon a net to catch Swallows ; for she looked upon it as an encroachment upon her right : but the birds, without any difficulty, brake through the work, and flew away with the very net itself. “ Well,” says the Spider, “ bird-catching is none of my talent, I perceive ;” and so she returned to her old trade of catching flies again.

REFLECTION.

Every man should examine the strength of his own mind with attention and impartiality, and not fondly flatter himself by measuring his own talents by the false standard of the abilities of another. We can no more adopt the genius of another man, than assume his shape and person ; and an imitation of his manner would no

more become us, than his clothes. Man is indeed an imitative animal; but whatever we take from general observation, without servilely copying the practice of any individual, becomes so mixed and incorporated with our notions that it may fairly be called our own. Almost every man has something original in himself, which, if duly cultivated, might perhaps procure him esteem and applause; but if he neglects his natural talents, or perverts them by an absurd imitation of others, he becomes an object of ridicule; especially, if he attempts to perform things beyond the compass of his strength or understanding.





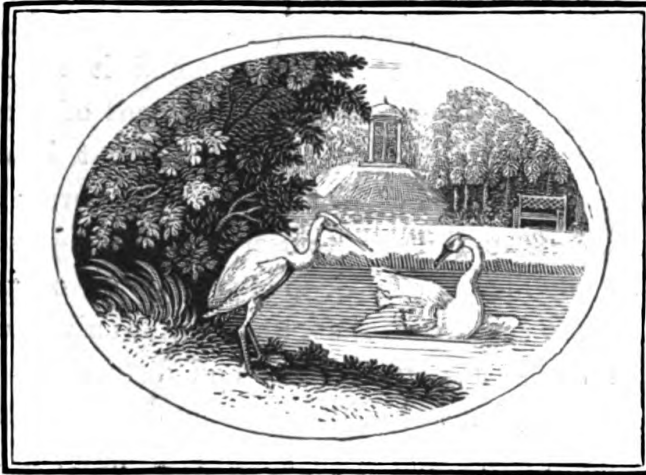
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

A Fox taken in a trap was glad to compound for his neck, by leaving his tail behind him. It was so uncouth a sight for a Fox to appear without a tail, that the very thought of it made him weary of his life: but, however, for the better countenance of the scandal, he got the *master and wardens of the Foxes' company* to call a *court of assistants*, where he himself appeared, and made a learned discourse upon the trouble, the uselessness, and the indecency of Foxes wearing tails. He had no sooner delivered his oration, but up rises a cunning snap, then at the board, who desired to be informed, whether the worthy member that moved against the wearing of tails, gave his advice for the advantage of those that *had tails*, or to palliate the deformity and disgrace of those that *had none*.

REFLECTION.

In respect to temporal affairs, they who pretend to advise what measures are most conducive to the public welfare are often guided entirely by their own private interest: but whenever they counsel any extraordinary innovations, or endeavour to change any established proceedings long used and approved, we may be almost certain that they have some other design, rather than the promotion of the general good. When new regulations are proposed, we should turn our eyes on those who propose them, and consider with attention, whether they have not some personal motives for their conduct, and we should be particularly cautious not to suffer ourselves to be imposed on by fine speeches and pretended patriotism: for he, who is very solicitous to bring about a scheme, not attended with any visible advantage to the community, must only mean his own benefit; or, like the Fox, when he has been caught himself in one trap, endeavour to catch us in another.





THE SWAN AND THE STORK.

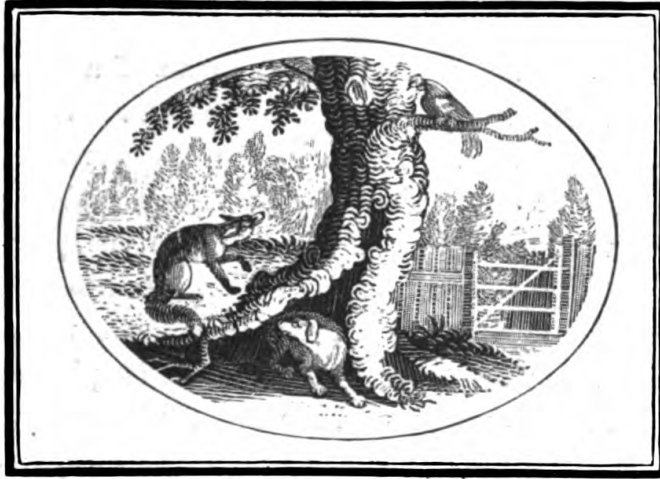
A Stork, that was present at the song of a dying Swan, told her, it was contrary to nature to sing so much out of season; and asked her the reason of it. "Why," says the Swan, "I am now entering into a state where I shall be no longer in danger of either snares, guns, or hunger; and who would not rejoice at such a deliverance?"

REFLECTION.

It is a great folly to fear that which it is impossible to avoid; and it is yet a greater folly to fear the remedy of all evils: for death cures all diseases, and frees us from all cares. It is as great a folly, again, not to prepare ourselves, and provide for an inevitable fate. We are as sure to go out of the world, as we are that ever we came into it; and nothing but the conscience

of a good life can support us in that last extremity. The fiction of a Swan's singing at her death does, in the moral, but advise and recommend it to us to make ready for the cheerful entertainment of our last hour, and to consider with ourselves, that if death be so welcome a relief even to animals, barely as a deliverance from the cares, miseries, and dangers of a troublesome life, how much greater blessing ought all good men to account it, then, that are not only freed by it from the snares, difficulties, and distractions of a wicked world, but put into possession of an everlasting peace, and the fruition of joys that shall never have an end?



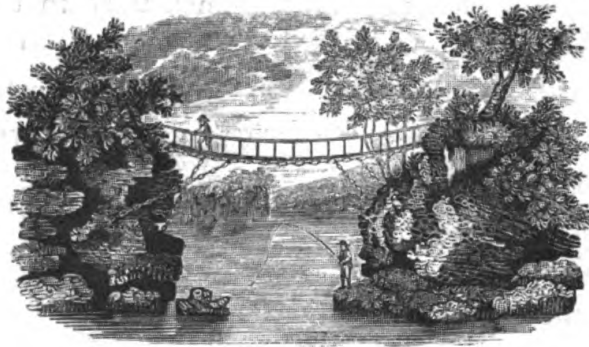


THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX.

A Dog and a Cock took a journey together: the Dog kenneled in the body of a hollow tree, and the Cock roosted at night upon the branches. The Cock crowed about midnight; which brought a Fox, that was abroad upon the hunt, immediately to the tree; and there he stood licking his lips at the Cock, and fell a wheedling to get him down. He protested he never heard so sweet a voice; and what would not he do now to embrace the creature that had given him so admirable a serenade! "Pray," says the Cock, "speak to the porter below to open the door, and I'll come down to you:" the Fox, little dreaming of the Dog so near, did as he was directed, and the Dog presently seized and destroyed him.

REFLECTION.

Experience makes many a wise man of a fool, and security makes many a fool of a wise man. We have an instance of the former in the Cock's over-reaching the Fox; and of the other, in the Fox's supine confidence, that made him so intent upon his prey, as to neglect his safety, and to fall himself into the pit that he had digged for another. It is much the same case in the world, when Providence is pleased to confound the presumptuous, the false, the mighty, and the bloodthirsty, by judgments of lice and frogs; that is to say, by the most despicable of instruments; and that frequently at a crisis of time, when they think themselves sure of the success of their mischievous projects.





THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

As the Ants were airing their provisions one winter, a hungry Grasshopper begged charity of them. They told him, that he should have wrought in summer, if he would not have wanted in winter. "Well," says the Grasshopper, "but I was not idle neither; for I sung out the whole season." "Nay, then," said they, "you will even do well to make a merry year of it, and dance in winter to the tune that you sung in summer."

REFLECTION.

The stress of this moral lies upon the preference of honest labour to idleness; and the refusal of relief, on the one hand, is intended only for a reproof to the inconsiderate loss of opportunity, on the other. This does not hinder yet, but that the Ants, out of their

abundance, ought to have relieved the Grasshopper in her distress, though it was her own fault that brought her to it : for if one man's faults could discharge another man of his duty, there would be no longer any place left for the common offices of society. To conclude, we have our failings, every one of us ; and the improvidence of my neighbour must not make me inhuman. The Ant did well to reprove the Grasshopper for her slothfulness ; but she did ill, after that, to refuse her charity in her distress.





THE FOX AND THE ASS.

AN Ass, finding a Lion's skin, disguised himself with it, and ranged about the forest, putting all the beasts that saw him into bodily fear. After he had diverted himself thus for some time, he met a Fox; and being desirous to frighten him, as well as the rest, he leapt at him with some fierceness, and endeavoured to imitate the roaring of the Lion. "Your humble servant," says the Fox; "if you had held your tongue, I might have taken you for a Lion, as others did; but now you bray I know who you are."

REFLECTION.

This is so trite and common a subject, that there is scarce any one who is ignorant of it. A man is known by his words, as a tree is by its fruit; and, if we would be apprised of the nature and qualities of any one, let

him but discourse, and he himself will speak them to us, better than another can describe them. We may therefore perceive from this fable, how proper it is for those to hold their tongues, who would not discover the weakness of their understandings.

Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,
When these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.

The deepest rivers are most silent ; the greatest noise is ever found where there is the least depth of water. And it is a true observation, that those who are the weakest in understanding, and most slow of apprehension, are generally the strongest in opinion, and most precipitate in uttering their crude conceptions.





THE DOG AND THE CAT.

NEVER did two creatures live better together than a Dog and a Cat, brought up in the same house from a whelp and a kitten; so kind, so frolicsome and diverting, that it was half the entertainment of the family to see the gambols and love-tricks that passed betwixt them. Only it was observed, that still at meal times, when scraps fell from the table, or a bone was thrown down to them, they would be snarling and spitting at one another under the table, like the worst of foes.

REFLECTION.

Here is a perfect emblem of the practices and friendships of the world. We contract little likings, enter into agreeable conversations, and pass away the time so merrily and kindly together that one would think it impossible for any thing under the sun to break the

interest; and yet, upon the throwing in of any cross interest among us, which is all one with the bone under the table, nay, upon a jealous thought, or a mistaken word or look, all former bonds are cancelled, the league broken, and the farce concludes in biting and scratching each other's eyes out. The same figure will serve for princes and states, public persons and private, married and single; people, in short, of all professions and pretences.

How does each bosom friendship warm,
Till clashing interests break the charm;
For quickly then each loving brother
Puffs, frets, and envies one another.





THE BOAR AND THE FOX.

As a Boar was whetting his teeth against a tree, up comes a Fox to him. "Pray, what do you mean by that?" says he. "I do it," says the Boar, "to be in readiness in case of an attack by an enemy." "But," replies the Fox, "I see no occasion for it; for there is no enemy near you." "Well," says the Boar, "but I see occasion for it; for when I come once to be set upon, it will be too late for me to be whetting when I should be fighting."

REFLECTION.

He that is not idle when he is at leisure, may play with his business. A discreet man should have a reserve of every thing that is necessary beforehand; that when the time comes for him to make use of them, he may not be in a hurry and a confusion. A wise general

has not his men to discipline, or his ammunition to provide, when the trumpet sounds *To Arms*; but sets apart his times of exercise for one, and his magazines for the other, in the calm season of peace. We hope to live to a good old age: should we not then lay up a store of conveniences against that time, when we shall be most in want of them, and least able to procure them? We must die; nay, never start; we must. Are there not some necessary things for us to transact before we depart; at least, some trifle or other for us to bequeath, which a sudden stroke may prevent us from doing? Sure there is. And if so, how inexcusable shall we be, if we defer the execution of it, till the alarm comes upon us. *I did not think of it*, is an expression unworthy a wise man's mouth; and was only intended for the use of fools.





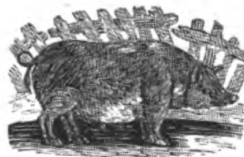
THE DISCONTENTED ASS.

AN Ass, in a hard winter, wished for a little warm weather and a mouthful of fresh grass, in exchange for a heartless truss of straw and a cold lodging. In good time the warm weather and the fresh grass came on; but so much toil and business along with it, that the Ass grows quickly as sick of the spring as he was of the winter. He next longs for summer, and when that comes, finds his toils and drudgery greater than in the spring; and then he fancies he shall never be well till autumn comes: but there again, what with carrying apples, grapes, fuel, winter provisions, and such like, he finds himself in greater trouble than ever. In fine, when he has trod the circle of the year in a course of restless labour, his last prayer is for winter again, and that he may but take up his rest where he began his complaint.

REFLECTION.

There is no measure to be taken of an unsteady mind ; but still it is either too much or too little, too soon or too late. The love of novelty begets and increases the love of novelty ; and the oftener we change, the more dangerous and troublesome do we find this fondness of variety to be. The Ass was sick of the winter, sicker yet of the spring, more sick still of the summer ; and sickest of all of the autumn ; till he is brought in the end to compound for his first condition again, and so take up with that for his satisfaction, which he reckoned upon before for his misfortune.

Thus it is, when fickle and foolish people will be prescribing to, and refining upon the wise and gracious appointments of, the Maker of the world. They know not what they are, and they know not what they would be, any farther, than that they would not be what they are. Were we to pay a proper attention to that celebrated sentence of the Delphic oracle, " Know Thyself," we should experience fewer disappointments, become better members of society, and enjoy a greater portion of that tranquillity of soul, that internal serenity of mind, without which every station in life, however garnished with honours, however loaded with riches, may be pronounced miserable.





THE UNDUTIFUL YOUNG LION.

AMONG other good counsels that an old experienced Lion gave to his whelp, this was one, that he should never contend with a Man: "for," says he, "if ever you do, you will be worsted." The young Lion gave his father the hearing, and kept the advice in his thought, but it never went near his heart. When he came to be grown up, and in the flower of his strength and vigour, he ranged about looking for a Man to grapple with. In his ramble he met with a yoke of oxen, and then with a horse, saddled and bridled, and severally asked them if they were men; but they saying they were not, he goes after this to one that was cleaving of timber: "Do you hear?" says the Lion, "you seem to be a Man:" "And a Man I am," says the fellow. "That's well," quoth the Lion, "and dare you fight with me?" "Yes," says the Man, "I dare." "Why, I can tear all these

blocks you see to pieces." "Put your feet now into this rent, where you see an iron thing there, and try what you can do." The Lion presently put his paws into the gaping of the wood, and with one lusty pluck, made it give way, and out drops the wedge; the wood immediately closing upon it, caught the Lion by the toes. The Woodman immediately upon this raises the country, and the Lion finding the strait he was in, gave one hearty twitch, and got his feet out of the trap, but left his claws behind him. So away he goes back to his father, all lame and bloody, with this confession in his mouth: "Alas! my dear father," says he, "*this had never been, if I had followed your advice.*"

REFLECTION.

Children are not to reason upon obedience to parents, provided there be nothing in the command, or in the imposition, that is simply evil; for headstrong and undutiful children seldom escape a remarkable punishment; that which gives them reason to say to their parents, "This had never been the case, if I had followed your advice."





THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE ASS.

AN old Man was feeding an Ass in a fine green meadow; and being alarmed with the sudden approach of the enemy, was impatient with the Ass to put himself forward, and fly with all the speed that he was able. The Ass asked him, "Whether or no he thought the enemy would clap a pair of panniers upon his back?" The Man said, "No; there was no fear of that." "Why then," says the Ass, "I will not stir an inch; for what is it to me who my master is, since I shall but carry my panniers as usual."

REFLECTION.

This fable shews us, how much in the wrong the poorer sort of people most commonly are, when they are under any concern about the revolutions of a government. All the alteration which they can feel,

is, perhaps, in the name of their sovereign, or some such important trifle: but they cannot well be poorer, or made to work harder than they did before. And yet how are they sometimes imposed upon, and drawn in by the artifices of a few mistaken or designing men, to foment factions, and raise rebellions, in cases where they can get nothing by the success; but, if they miscarry, are in danger of suffering an ignominious, and untimely death.

The man, that is poor, may be void of all care,
If there's nothing to hope, he has nothing to fear:
Whether stocks rise or fall, or whate'er be the news,
He is sure not to win, and has nothing to lose.





JOY AND SORROW.

Joy and Sorrow, two twin-sisters, once quarrelled who should have the preference; and being unable to decide the matter, left it to Minos to determine. He tried all means to make them agree, and go hand in hand together, as loving sisters ought; but finding his counsel had no effect upon them, he decreed that they should be linked together with a chain; and each of them in turn should be perpetually treading upon the heel of the other; and not a pin matter then, says he, which goes foremost.

REFLECTION.

It is the lot of mankind to be happy and miserable by turns. The wisdom of Providence will have it so; and it is for our advantage that it should be so. There is nothing pure and unmixed under the heavens; and if

there were, such an abstracted simplicity would be neither nourishing nor profitable to us. By the meditation of this mixture, we have the comfort of *Hope* to support us in our distresses, and the apprehensions of a change to keep a check upon us in the very pride of our greatness; so that by this vicissitude of *good* and *evil* we are kept steady in our philosophy, and in our religion. The one minds us of God's omnipotence and justice; the other, of his goodness and mercy: the one tells us, there is no trusting to our own strength; the other preaches faith and resignation in the prospect of an over-ruling Providence that takes care of us. What is it but sickness that gives us a taste of health? Bondage, the relish of liberty? And what but the experience of want, that enhances the value of plenty? That, which we call ease, is only an indolence or a freedom from pain; and there is no such thing as felicity or misery, but by comparison. It is very true, that hopes and fears are the snares of life in some respects; but they are the reliefs of it in others. Now for fear of the worst on either hand, every man has it in his power, by the force of natural reason, to avoid the danger of falling either into presumption or despair.





THE FOX AND THE APE.

ONCE upon a time, the beasts were so void of reason as to choose an Ape for their king. He had danced, and diverted them with playing antic tricks, and nothing would serve, but they must anoint him their sovereign. Accordingly crowned he was, and affected to look very wise and politic. But the Fox, vexed at his heart to see his fellow brutes act so foolishly, was resolved the first opportunity, to convince them of their silly choice, and punish their king for his presumption. Soon after, spying a trap in a ditch, which was baited with a piece of flesh, he went and informed the Ape of it, as a treasure, which, being found upon the waste, belonged to his majesty. The Ape, dreaming nothing of the matter, went very briskly to take possession, but had no sooner laid his paws upon the bait, than he was caught in the trap; where, betwixt shame and anger, he began to

reproach the Fox, calling him rebel and traitor, and threatening to be revenged of him : At all which Reynard laughed heartily ; and going off, added, with a sneer, You a king, and not understand trap !

REFLECTION.

A weak man should not aspire to be a king ; for if he were, in the end it would prove as inconvenient to himself, as disadvantageous to the public. To be qualified for such an office, the person should be of a distinguished prudence, and most unblemished integrity ; too honest to impose upon others, and too penetrating to be imposed upon ; thoroughly acquainted with the laws and genius of the realm he is to govern ; brave, but not passionate ; good-natured, but not soft ; aspiring at just esteem ; despising vain-glory ; without superstition ; without hypocrisy. When thrones have been filled by people of a different turn from this, histories shew what a wretched figure they always made ; what tools they were to particular persons, and what plagues to their subjects in general. They who studied their passions and entered into their foibles, led them as they pleased ; and took them off from the guardianship of the public, by some paltry amusement, that themselves might have the better opportunity to rifle and plunder it.





THE COCK AND THE FOX.

A Cock, being perched among the branches of a lofty tree, crowed aloud, so that the shrillness of his voice echoed through the wood, and invited a Fox to the place, who was prowling in quest of his prey. But Reynard, finding the Cock was inaccessible, by reason of the height of his situation, had recourse to stratagem in order to decoy him down; so, approaching the tree, "Cousin," says he, "I am heartily glad to see you; but at the same time, I cannot forbear expressing my uneasiness at the inconvenience of the place, which will not let me pay my respects to you in a handsomer manner; though I suppose you will come down presently, and so that difficulty is easily removed." "Indeed, cousin," says the Cock, "to tell you the truth, I do not think it safe to venture myself upon the ground, for though I am convinced how much you are my

friend, yet I may have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of some other beast, and what will become of me then?" "O dear," says Reynard, "is it possible that you can be so ignorant, as not to know of the peace that has been lately proclaimed between all kinds of birds and beasts; and that we are, for the future, to forbear hostilities on all sides, and to live in the utmost love and harmony, and that, under penalty of suffering the severest punishment that can be inflicted?" All this while the Cock seemed to give little attention to what was said, but stretched out his neck, as if he saw something at a distance. "Cousin," says the Fox, "what is that you are looking at so earnestly?" "Why," says the Cock, "I think I see a pack of hounds yonder." "O then," says the Fox, "your humble servant, I must be gone." "Nay, pray cousin, don't go," says the Cock, "I am just coming down; sure you are not afraid of dogs in these peaceable times." "No, no," says he; "but ten to one whether they have heard of the proclamation yet."

REFLECTION.

Perfidious people are naturally to be suspected in reports that favour their own interest.





THE OLD MAN AND THE SCOFFER.

A PERT and inconsiderate Youth happened to meet an old Man, whose age and infirmity had brought his body almost double. “Pray, father,” says he, “will you sell your bow?” “Save your money, you fool,” says the man: “when you come to my years, you shall have such a bow for nothing.”

REFLECTION.

There cannot be a greater folly and impertinence than that of young men scoffing at the infirmities of age. We are all born to die, and it is as certain, that we shall go out of the world, as that we are already come into it. We are helpless in infancy, ungovernable in youth; our strength and vigour scarce outlast a morning sun; our infirmities hasten upon us as our years advance, and we grow helpless in our old age as

in our infancy. What then have the best of us to boast of? Even time and human frailty alone will bring us to our end, without the help of any accidents or distempers; so that our decays are as much the works of nature, as the first principles of our being; and the young man's conceit of the crooked bow, is no better than an irreverent way of making sport with the course of Providence; besides shewing the folly of scoffing at that in another, which he himself was sure to come to at last.





THE SPLENETIC TRAVELLER.

A SPLENETIC and a facetious man were once upon a journey: the former went slugging on with a thousand cares and troubles in his head, exclaiming over and over, "Lord, what shall I do to live?" The other jogged merrily away, and left his matters to Providence and good fortune. "Well, brother," says the sorrowful wight, "how can you be so frolicsome now? As I am a sinner, my heart is even ready to break for fear I should want bread." "Come, come," says the other, "fall back, fall edge, I have fixed my resolution, and my mind is at rest." "Aye, but for all that," says the other, "I have known the confidence of as resolute people as yourself has deceived them in the conclusion;" and so the poor man fell into another fit of doubting and musing, till he started out of it all on a sudden: "Good Sir!" says he, "what if I should fall blind?"

and so he walked a good way before his companion with his eyes shut, to try how it would be, if that misfortune should befall him. In this interim, his fellow traveller, who followed him, found a purse of money upon the way, which rewarded his trust in Providence; whereas the other missed that encounter as a punishment of his distrust; for the purse had been his, as he went first, if he had not put himself out of condition of seeing it.

REFLECTION.

He that commits himself to Providence is sure of a friend in time of need; while an anxious distrust of the divine goodness makes a man more and more unworthy of it, and miserable beforehand, for fear of being so afterwards.





THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a Pitcher which he beheld at some distance. When he came he found water in it, but so near the bottom, that with all his stooping and straining he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the Pitcher, that at least he might be able to get a little; but his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them one by one into the Pitcher; and thus, by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim, and satisfied his thirst.

REFLECTION.

Many things which cannot be effected by strength, or by the old vulgar way of enterprising, may yet be brought about by some new and untried means. A man of sagacity and penetration, upon encountering a

difficulty or two, does not immediately despair; but if he cannot succeed one way, employs his wit and ingenuity another; and, to avoid or get over an impediment, makes no scruple of stepping out of the path of his forefathers. Since our happiness, next to the regulation of our minds, depends altogether upon our having and enjoying the conveniences of life, why should we stand upon ceremony about the methods of obtaining them, or pay any deference to antiquity upon that score? If almost every age had not exerted itself in some new improvements of its own, we should want a thousand arts; or, at least, many degrees of perfection in every art, which at present we are in possession of. The invention of any thing, which is more commodious for the mind or body, than what they had before, ought to be embraced readily, and the projector of it distinguished with a suitable encouragement.





THE SHEPHERD'S BOY AND THE WOLF.

A SHEPHERD'S Boy kept his sheep upon a common, and for sport and wantonness, had gotten a roguish trick of crying, A Wolf! A Wolf! when there was no such thing, and deceiving the country people with false alarms. He had been at this sport so often, that at last they would not believe him when he was in earnest; and so the Wolves broke in upon the flock, and worried the sheep without resistance.

REFLECTION.

The Shepherd's Boy, in the fable, went too far upon a topic he did not understand. And he, that is detected for being a notorious liar, besides the ignominy and reproach of the thing, incurs this mischief, that he will scarce be able to get any one to believe him again, as long as he lives. However true our complaint may be,

or how much soever it may be for our interest to have it believed, yet, if we have been frequently caught tripping before, we shall hardly be able to gain credit to what we relate afterwards. Though mankind are generally weak enough to be often imposed upon, yet few are so senseless as to believe a notorious liar, or to trust a cheat upon record. These little falsities, when found out, are sufficiently prejudicial to the interest of every private person who practises them. But, when we are alarmed with imaginary dangers in respect of the public, till the cry grows quite stale, how can it be expected we should know when to guard ourselves against real ones?





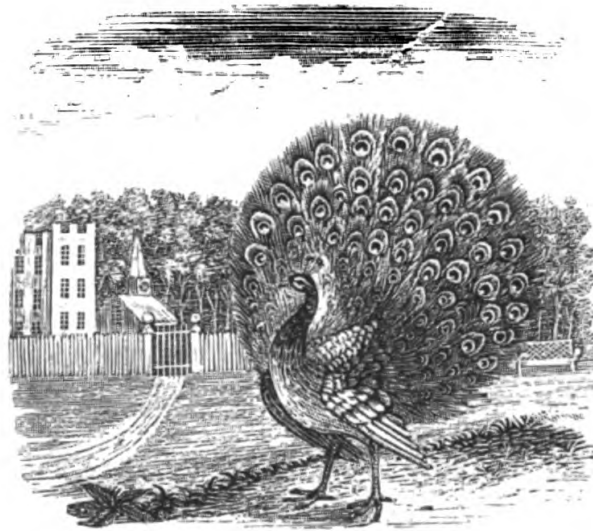
THE SICK FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

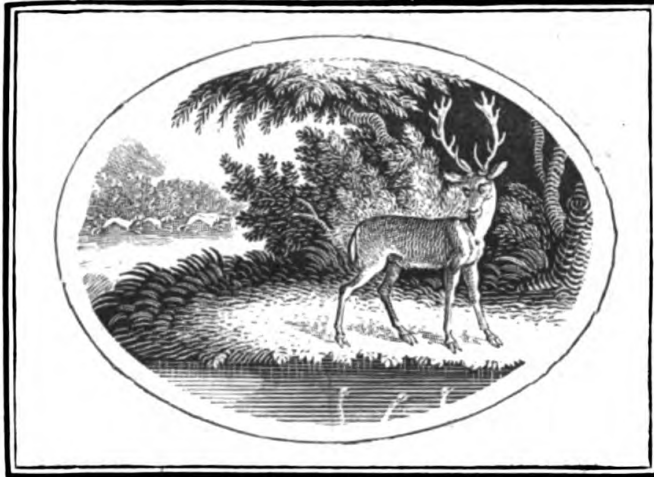
A COUNTRYMAN, who had lived respectably in the world upon his honest labour and industry, was desirous his sons should do so after him ; and being now upon his death-bed, “ My dear Children,” says he, “ I feel myself bound to tell you before I depart, that there is a considerable treasure hid in my vineyard ; wherefore pray be sure to dig, and search narrowly for it, when I am gone.” The Father dies, and the Sons fall immediately to work upon the vineyard. They turned it up over and over again, and not one penny of money was to be found there ; but the profit of the next vintage expounded the riddle.

REFLECTION.

There is no wealth like that which comes by honest labour and warrantable industry. Here is an incitement

to an industrious course of life, by a consideration of the profit, the innocence, and the virtue of such an application. There is one great comfort in hand, beside the hope and assurance of more to come. It was a touch of art in the Father, to cover his meaning in such a manner as to create a curiosity and an earnest desire in his sons to find it out. And it was a treble advantage to them besides; for there was health in the exercise, profit in the discovery, and the comfort of a good conscience in discharging the duty of a filial obedience.





THE STAG LOOKING INTO THE WATER.

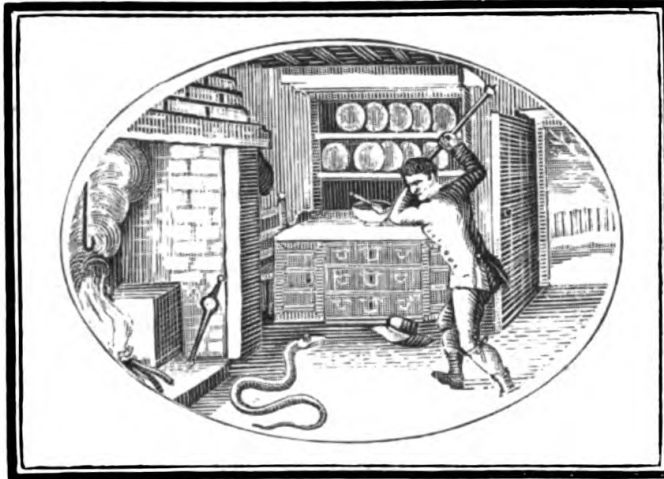
A STAG, that had been drinking at a clear spring, saw himself in the water; and, pleased with the prospect, stood for some time contemplating and surveying his shape and features, from head to foot. "Ah!" says he, "what a glorious pair of branching horns are there! How gracefully do those antlers hang over my forehead, and give an agreeable turn to my whole face! If some other parts of my body were but proportionate to them, I would turn my back to nobody; but I have such a set of legs as really makes me ashamed to see them. People may talk what they please of their conveniences, and in what great need we stand of them, upon several occasions; but for my part, I find them so very slender and unsightly, that I had as well have none at all." While he was giving himself these airs, he was alarmed with the noise of some huntsmen and a pack of

hounds, that were making towards him. Away he flies in great consternation, and, bounding nimbly over the plain, threw dogs and men at a vast distance behind him. After which, taking a very thick copse, he had the ill-fortune to be entangled by his horns in a thicket; where he was held fast, till the hounds came in and pulled him down. Finding now how it was like to go with him, in the pangs of death, he is said to have uttered these words: "Unhappy creature that I am! I am too late convinced, that, what I prided myself in, has been the cause of my undoing; and what I so much disliked, was the only thing that could have saved me."

REFLECTION.

We should examine things deliberately, and candidly consider their real usefulness before we place our esteem on them; otherwise, like the foolish Stag, we may happen to admire those accomplishments which are of no real use, and often prove prejudicial to us, while we despise those things on which our safety may depend.





THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE.

A VILLAGER, in a frosty, snowy winter, found a Snake under a hedge, almost dead with cold. He could not help having compassion for the poor creature, so brought it home, and laid it upon the hearth, near the fire; but it had not lain there long, before it began to erect itself, and fly at his wife and children, filling the whole cottage with dreadful hissings. The Countryman, hearing an outcry, and perceiving what was the matter, took up a mattock, and soon dispatched him, upbraiding him at the same time in these words: "Is this, vile wretch, the reward you make to him that saved your life? Die, as you deserve; but a single death is too good for you."

REFLECTION.

It is the nature of ungrateful men to return evil for good; and the moralists in all ages have incessantly

declaimed against the enormity of this crime, concluding that they, who are capable of hurting their benefactors, are not fit to live in a community; being such, as the natural ties of parent, friend, or country, are too weak to restrain within the bounds of society. It was not at all unnatural in the Snake to hiss, and brandish his tongue, and fly at the first that came near him, as soon at the person that saved his life as any other; indeed more likely, because nobody else had so much to do with him. Nor is it strange at any time to see a reprobate person throwing his poisonous language about, and committing his extravagancies against those, more especially, who are so inadvertent as to concern themselves with him. The Snake and the reprobate will not appear extraordinary in their malevolence: but the sensible part of mankind cannot help thinking those guilty of great indiscretion, who receive either of them into their protection.





THE PROUD FROG.

AN Ox, grazing in a meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and trod one of them to death. The rest informed their mother, when she came home, what had happened; telling her, that the beast which did it was the hugest creature that they ever saw in their lives. "What, was it so big?" says the old Frog, swelling and blowing up her speckled belly to a great degree. "Oh, bigger by a vast deal," say they. "And so big?" says she, straining herself yet more. "Indeed, mamma," say they, "if you were to burst yourself, you would never be so big." She strove yet again, and burst herself indeed.

REFLECTION.

Whenever a man endeavours to live equal with one of a greater fortune than himself, he is sure to share a

like fate with the Frog in the fable. How many vain people, of moderate easy circumstances, burst and come to nothing, by vying with those, whose estates are more ample than their own! Sir Changeling Plumbstock was possessed of a very considerable demesne, devolved to him by the death of an old uncle of the city, who had adopted him his heir. He had a false taste of happiness; and, without the least economy, trusting to the sufficiency of his vast revenue, was resolved to be outdone by nobody, in shewing grandeur, and expensive living. He gave five thousand pounds for a piece of ground in the country to set a house upon, the building and furniture of which cost fifty thousand more; and his gardens were proportionably magnificent: besides which, he thought himself under a necessity of buying out two or three tenements which stood in his neighbourhood, that he might have elbow room enough. All this he could very well bear; and still might have been happy, had it not been for an unfortunate view which he one day happened to take of my Lord Castle-builder's gardens, which consisted of twenty acres, whereas his own were not above twelve. For from that time he grew pensive; and, before the ensuing winter, gave five and thirty years' purchase for a dozen acres more to enlarge his gardens, built a couple of extravagant greenhouses, and a large pavilion at the farther end of a terrace walk, the bare repairs of which called for the whole of the remaining part of his income.





THE TORTOISE AND THE TWO CROWS.

A TORTOISE, weary of passing her days in the same obscure corner, conceived a wonderful inclination to visit foreign countries. Two Crows, whom the simple Tortoise acquainted with her intention, undertook to oblige her upon the occasion. Accordingly they told her, that if she would fasten her mouth to the middle of a pole, they would take the two ends, and transport her whithersoever she chose to be conveyed. The Tortoise approved of the expedient; and every thing being prepared, the Crows began their flight with her. They had not travelled long in the air, when they were met by a Magpie, who enquiring what they were bearing along, they replied the queen of the Tortoises. The Tortoise, vain of the new and unmerited appellation, was going to confirm the title, when opening her mouth for that purpose, she let go her hold, and was dashed to pieces by her fall.

REFLECTION.

Vanity and idle curiosity are qualities which generally prove destructive to those who suffer themselves to be governed by them.





THE SPARROW AND THE HARE.

A HARE, being seized by an Eagle, squeaked out in a most woful manner. A Sparrow, that sat upon a tree just by and saw it, could not forbear being unseasonably witty, but called out and said to the Hare, "So ho! what! sit there and be killed? Pr'ythee up and away; I dare say, if you would but try, so swift a creature as you are would easily escape from the Eagle." As he was going on with this cruel raillery, down came a Hawk, and snapt him up; and, notwithstanding his vain cries and lamentations, fell a devouring of him in an instant. The Hare, who was just expiring, yet received comfort from this accident, even in the agonies of death; and addressing her last words to the Sparrow, said, "You, who just now insulted my misfortue with so much security, as you thought, may please to shew us how well you can bear the like, now it has befallen you."

REFLECTION.

Nothing is more impertinent than for people to be giving their opinion and advice in cases, in which, were they to be their own, themselves would be as much at a loss what to do. But so great an itch have most men to be directors in the affairs of others, either to shew the superiority of their understanding, or their own security and exemption from the ills they would have removed, that they forwardly and conceitedly obtrude their counsel, even at the hazard of their own safety and reputation.



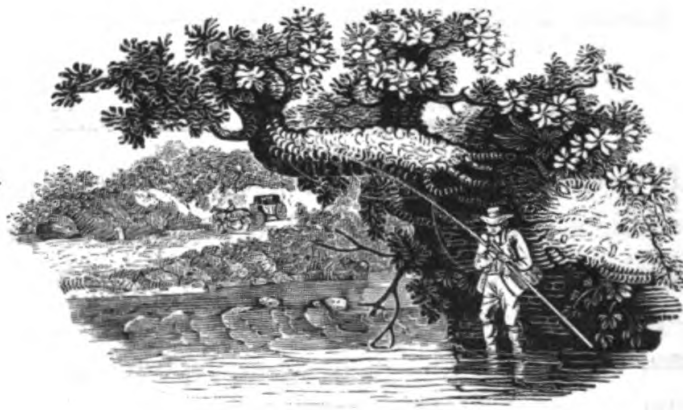


THE SPIDER AND THE SILKWORM.

How vainly we promise ourselves, that our flimsy productions will be rewarded with immortal honour! A Spider, busied in spreading his web from one side of a room to the other, was asked by an industrious Silkworm, to what end he spent so much time and labour, in making such a number of lines and circles? The Spider angrily replied, "Do not disturb me, thou ignorant thing: I transmit my ingenuity to posterity, and fame is the object of my wishes." Just as he had spoken, a chambermaid, coming into the room to feed her Silkworms, saw the Spider at his work; and with one stroke of her broom, swept him away, and destroyed at once his labours and his hope of fame.

REFLECTION.

He that is employed in works of use, less generally advantages himself or others; while he who toils alone for fame, must often expect to lose his labour.





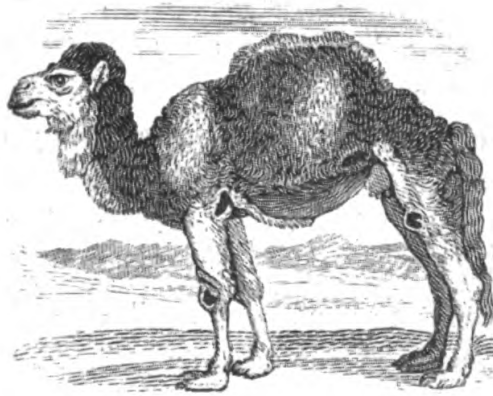
THE HURON AND THE FRENCHMAN.

AN airy Frenchman happened to meet a Huron upon the Mississippi, as he went with his bow and arrow to seek provision for his family. Says Monsieur to the Savage, "You have a very toilsome life of it, who, when other people sit by the fire-side, enjoying the benefit of good food and good company, are obliged to traverse the woods in the midst of snow and storms to preserve a wretched existence." "How come you by your food?" replies the Huron. "Does it rain from the clouds to you?" "No," says the Frenchman: "we work in summer, and make provision for winter; and, during the cold months, sit by the fire and enjoy ourselves." "For the same reason," says the Huron, "do we lay up provisions in winter, that we may rest in summer when the days are hot. What you account pleasure, would be none to us; and your

manner of life appears as ridiculous to the Hurons, as ours appears to you." The Frenchman could make no reply, and the Huron proceeded in his hunting.

REFLECTION.

Custom has a mighty effect upon mankind, and more difference arises in character from custom than from natural causes. Perhaps all men are in the state they should be in; therefore they should live contented.





INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

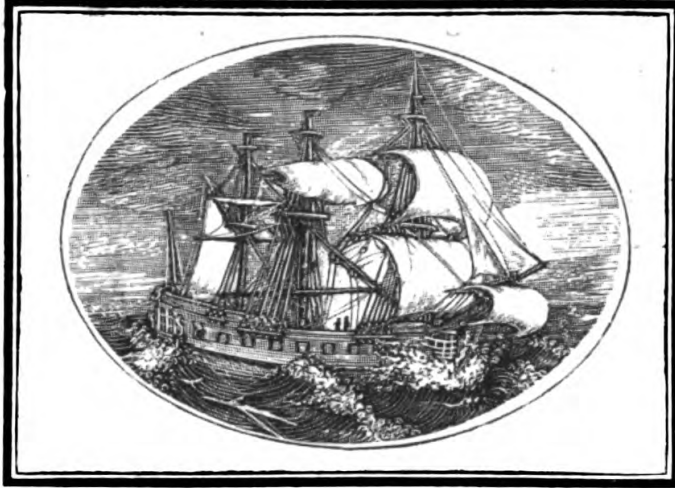
AN indolent young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, jocosely and carelessly answered, "Every morning of my life I am hearing causes. I have two fine girls, their names are Industry and Sloth, close at my bed-side, as soon as ever I awake, pressing their different suits. One entreats me to get up, the other persuades me to lie still: and then they alternately give me various reasons, why I should rise, and why I should not. This detains me so long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on either side, that before the pleadings are over, it is time to go to dinner."

REFLECTION.

How many live in the world as useless as if they had never been born! They pass through life like a bird

through the air, and leave no trace behind them; waste the prime of their days in deliberating what they shall do; and bring them to a period, without coming to any determination.





THE PASSENGER AND THE PILOT.

IT had blown a violent storm at sea, and the whole crew of a large vessel were in imminent danger of shipwreck. After the rolling of the waves was somewhat abated, a certain Passenger, who had never been at sea before, observing the Pilot to have appeared wholly unconcerned even in their greatest danger, had the curiosity to ask him what death his father died. “What death?” said the Pilot, “why he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him.” “And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has thus proved fatal to your family?” “Afraid! by no means; why, we must all die: is not your father dead?” “Yes, but he died in his bed.” “And why then are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed?” “Because I am there perfectly secure.” “It may be so,” replied the Pilot; “but if the hand of Providence is equally

extended over all places, there is no more reason for me to be afraid of going to sea, than for you to be afraid of going to bed."

REFLECTION.

We are nowhere out of the reach of Providence, either to punish or to protect us.





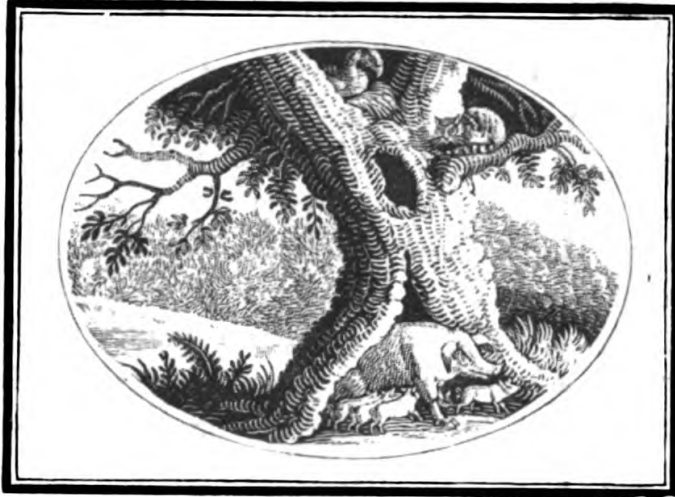
THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

A FARMER came to a neighbouring Lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which he said had just happened. "One of your oxen," continued he, "has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I shall be glad to know how I am to make you a reparation." "Thou art a very honest fellow," replied the Lawyer, "and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return." "It is no more than justice," quoth the Farmer, "to be sure: but what did I say!—I mistake—It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen." "Indeed," says the Lawyer, "that alters the case: I must inquire into the affair; and if"—"And *if*!" said the Farmer, "the business I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others as to exact it from them."

REFLECTION.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same scales.





THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW.

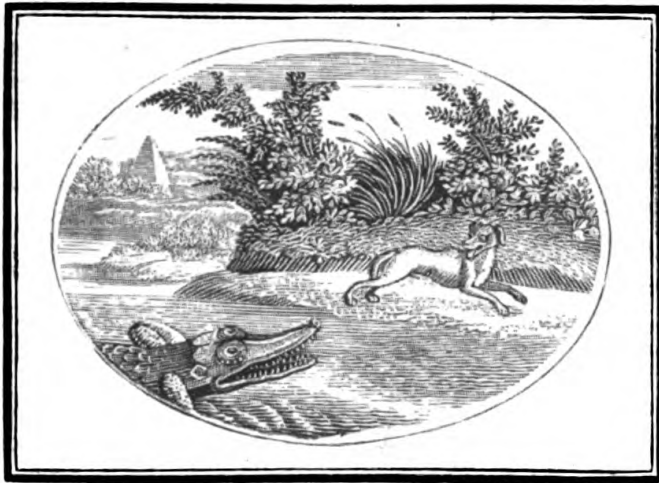
AN Eagle had built her nest upon the top branches of an old oak ; a wild Cat inhabited a hole in the middle ; and in the hollow part at the bottom, was a Sow, with a whole litter of pigs. A happy neighbourhood ; and might long have continued so, had it not been for the wicked insinuations of the designing Cat. For, first of all, up she crept to the Eagle ; and, “ good neighbour,” says she, “ we shall be all undone : that filthy Sow yonder does nothing but lie routing at the foot of the tree, and, as I suspect, intends to grub it up, that she may the more easily come at our young ones. For my part, I will take care of my own concerns ; you may do as you please, but I will watch her motions, though I stay at home this month for it.” When she had said this, which could not fail of putting the Eagle into a great fright, down she went, and made a visit to the

Sow at the bottom; and, putting on a sorrowful face, "I hope," says she, "you do not intend to go abroad to-day?" "Why not?" says the Sow. "Nay," replies the other, "you may do as you please; but I overheard the Eagle tell her young ones, that she would treat them with a pig, the first time she saw you go out; and I am not sure but she may take up with a kitten in the mean time; so, good-morrow to you; you will excuse me, I must go and take care of the little folks at home." Away she went accordingly; and, by contriving to steal out softly at nights for her prey, and to stand watching and peeping all day at her hole, as under great concern, she made such an impression upon the Eagle and the Sow, that neither of them dared to venture abroad, for fear of the other. The consequence of which was, that themselves and their young ones in a little time were all starved, and made prizes of by the treacherous Cat and her kittens.

REFLECTION.

There can be no peace in any state or family where whisperers and tale-bearers are encouraged.





THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

As a Dog was coursing on the banks of the Nile, he grew thirsty ; but, fearing to be seized by the monsters of that river, he would not stop to satiate his thirst, but lapped as he ran. A Crocodile, raising his head above the surface of the water, asked him, “ why he was in such a hurry ? he had often,” he said, “ wished for his acquaintance, and should be glad to embrace the present opportunity.” “ You do me great honour,” returned the Dog, “ but it is to avoid such companions as you that I am in so much haste.”

REFLECTION.

We can never be too carefully guarded against a connexion with persons of an ill character.





THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SWALLOW.

A PRODIGAL young Spendthrift, who had wasted his whole patrimony in taverns and gaming houses among idle company, was taking a melancholy walk near a brook. It was in the month of January, and happened to be one of those warm sunshiny days, which sometimes smile upon us even in that wintry season of the year; and to make it the more flattering, a Swallow, which had made its appearance, by mistake, too soon, flew skimming along upon the surface of the water. The giddy youth, observing this, without any farther consideration, concluded that summer was now come, and that he should have little or no occasion for clothes, so went and pawned them at the broker's, and ventured the money for one stake more, among his sharpening companions. When this too was gone the same way with the rest, he took another solitary walk in the same

place as before. But the weather, being severe and frosty, had made every thing look with an aspect very different from what it did before; the brook was quite frozen over, and the poor Swallow lay dead upon the bank of it; the very sight of which cooled the young spark's brains, and coming to a kind of sense of his misery, he reproached the deceased bird, as the author of all his misfortunes. "Ah, wretch that thou wast!" says he, "thou hast undone both thyself and me, who was so credulous as to depend upon thee."

REFLECTION.

Some will listen to no conviction but what they derive from fatal experience.

Still blind to reason, nature, and his God,
Youth follows pleasure, till he feels the rod
Of sad experience, then bemoans his fate,
Nor sees his folly till it is too late.





THE ASS AND HIS MASTER.

A DILIGENT Ass, daily loaded beyond his strength by a severe Master, whom he had long served, and who fed him very sparingly, happened one day in his old age to be oppressed with a more than ordinary burthen of earthenware. His strength being much impaired, and the road deep and uneven, he unfortunately made a trip, and, unable to recover himself, fell down and broke all the vessels to pieces. His Master, transported with rage, began to beat him most unmercifully. Against whom the poor Ass, lifting up his head as he lay on the ground, thus strongly remonstrated: "Unfeeling wretch! to thy own avaricious cruelty, in first pinching me of food, and then loading me beyond my strength, thou owest the misfortune which thou so unjustly imputest to me."

REFLECTION.

Avarice often misses its point, through the means it uses to secure it.





THE EAGLE, THE CROW, AND THE LAMB.

AN Eagle, from the top of a high mountain, making a dart at a Lamb, seized it, and bore it away to her young. A Crow, who had built her nest in a cedar near the foot of the rock, observing what passed, was ambitious of performing the same exploit: and darting from her nest, fixed her talons in the fleece of another Lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor to disentangle her feet, she was taken by the Shepherd, and carried away for his children to play with; who, eagerly enquiring what bird it was:—"An hour ago," said he, "she fancied herself an Eagle; however, I suppose, she is by this time convinced that she is but a Crow."

REFLECTION.

To mistake our own talents, or over-rate our abilities,
is always ridiculous, and sometimes dangerous.





THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

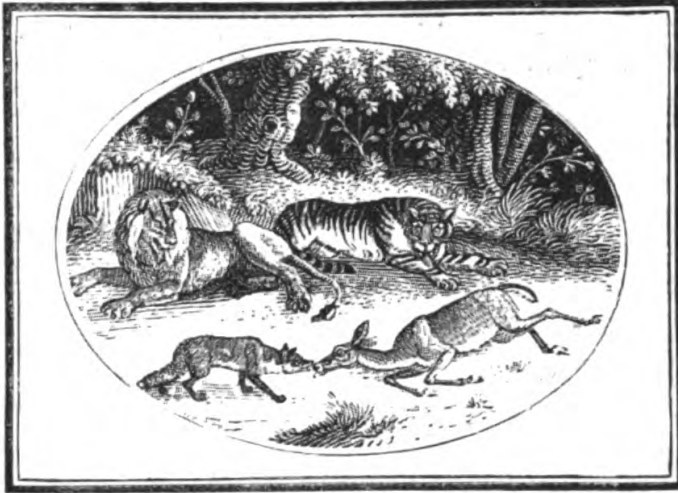
A CERTAIN Man had two children, a son and a daughter: the Boy beautiful and handsome; the Girl not quite so well. They were both very young, and happened, one day, to be playing near the looking-glass, which stood on their mother's toilet. The Boy, pleased with the novelty of the thing, viewed himself for some time, and, in a wanton roguish manner, took notice to the Girl, how handsome he was. She resented it, and could not bear the insolent manner in which he did it; for she understood it as intended for a direct affront to her. Therefore she ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother; particularly, for having acted so effeminate a part, as to look in a glass, and meddle with things which belonged to women only. The father, embracing them both with much tenderness and affection,

told them, that he should like to have them both look in the glass every day; to the intent that you, says he to the Boy, if you think that face of your's handsome, you may not disgrace and spoil it by a bad temper, and a foul behaviour. You, says he, speaking to the Girl, that you may make up for the defects of your person, if there be any, by the sweetness of your manners, and the agreeableness of your conversation.

REFLECTION.

Ill manners may deform the fairest face,
But gentleness gives ugliness a grace :
Sure snarling Veny's beauty less we prize,
Than Pug's black nose with his good-natur'd eyes.





THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE FOX.

A LION and a Tiger jointly seized on a young Fawn, which they immediately killed. This they had no sooner performed, than they fell a fighting, in order to decide whose property it should be. The battle was so bloody, and so obstinate, that they were both compelled, through weariness and loss of blood, to desist; and lay down by mutual consent, totally disabled. At this instant, a Fox unluckily came by; who perceiving their situation, made bold to seize the contested prey, and bore it off unmolested. As soon as the Lion could recover his breath, "How foolish," said he, "has been our conduct! Instead of being contented, as we ought, with our respective shares, our senseless rage has rendered us unable to prevent this rascally Fox from defrauding us of the whole."

REFLECTION.

The intemperate rage of clients gives the lawyer an opportunity of seizing the property in dispute.





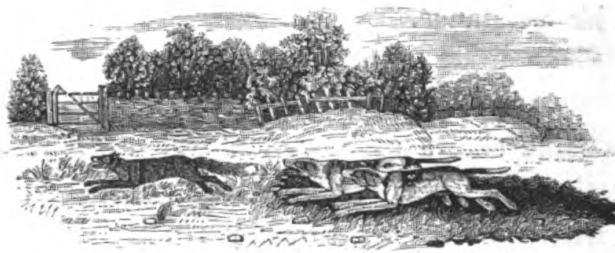
HERCULES AND THE CARTER.

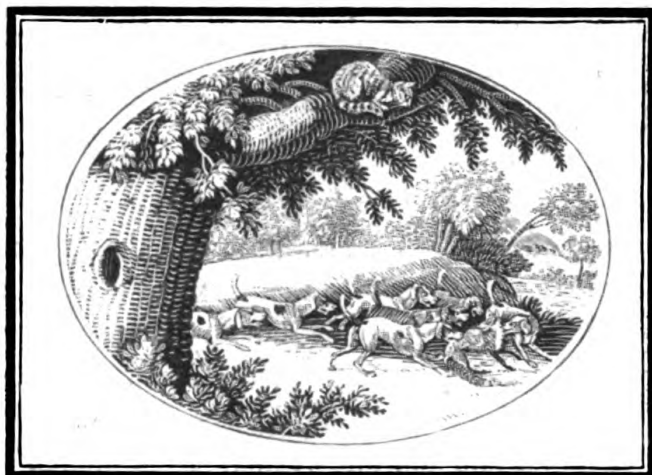
As a clownish Fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay, that the horses could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to Hercules to come and help him. Hercules looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel, adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

REFLECTION.

This fable shows us how vain and ill-grounded the expectations of those people are, who imagine they can obtain whatever they want by importuning Heaven with their prayers; for it is so agreeable to the nature of the Divine Being to be better pleased with virtuous actions

and an honest industry, than idle prayers, that it is a sort of blasphemy to say otherwise. These were the sentiments of honest good heathens, who were strangers to all revealed religion. But it is not strange that they should embrace and propagate such a notion, since it is no other than the dictate of common reason. What is both strange in itself, and surprising how it could be made so fashionable, is, that most of those, whose reason should be enlightened by revelation, are very apt to be guilty of this stupidity, and, by praying often for the comforts of life, to neglect that business which is the proper means of procuring them. How such a mistaken devotion came to prevail, one cannot imagine, unless from one of these two motives; either that people, by such a veil of hypocrisy, would pass themselves upon mankind for better than they really are; or are influenced by unskilful preachers, to mind the world as little as possible, even to the neglect of their necessary callings.





THE CAT AND THE FOX.

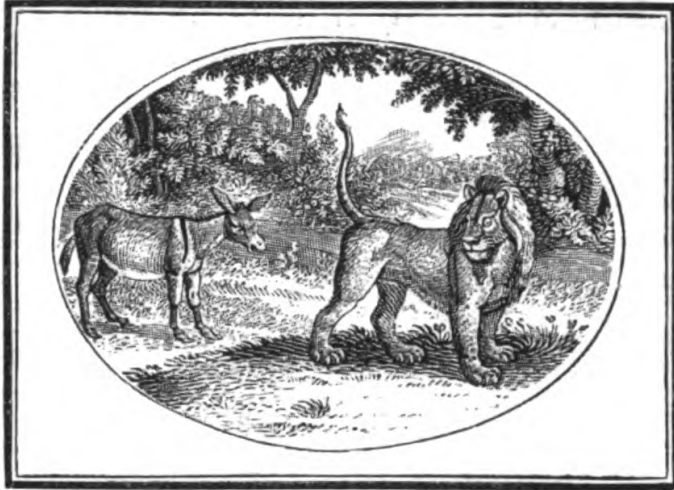
As a Cat and a Fox were talking politics together, in the middle of a forest, Reynard said, "Let things turn out ever so bad, he did not care, for he had a thousand tricks for them yet, before they should hurt him: but pray," says he, "Mrs. Puss, suppose there should be an invasion, what course do you design to take?" "Nay," says the Cat, "I have but one shift for it, and if that won't do I am undone." "I am sorry for you," replies Reynard, "with all my heart, and would gladly furnish you with one or two of mine, but indeed, neighbour, as times go, it is not good to trust; we must even be every one for himself, as the saying is, and so your humble servant." These words were scarce out of his mouth, when they were alarmed by a pack of hounds that came upon them full cry. The Cat, by the help of her single shift, ran up a tree, and sat securely among

the top branches; from whence she beheld Reynard, who had not been able to get out of sight, overtaken with his thousand tricks, and torn in as many pieces by the dogs which had surrounded him.

REFLECTION.

A man that sets up for more cunning than the rest of his neighbours, is generally a silly fellow at the bottom. Whoever is master of a little judgment and insight into things, let him keep them to himself, and make use of them as he sees occasion; but he should not be teasing others with an idle and impertinent ostentation of them. One good discreet expedient made use of upon an emergency, will do a man more real service, and make others think better of him, than to have passed all along for a shrewd crafty knave, and be bubbled at last.



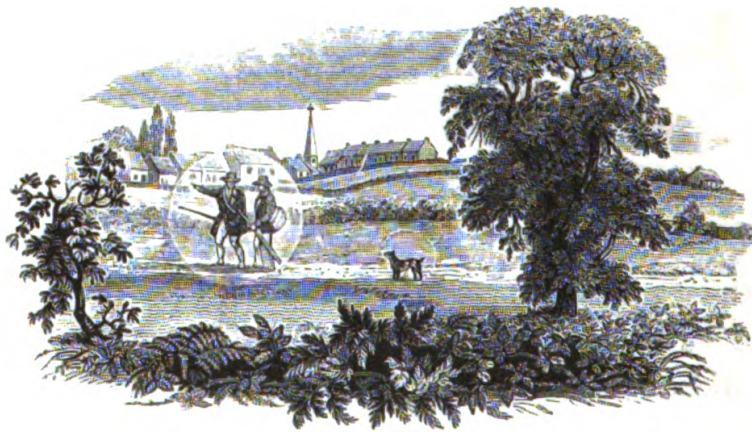


THE LION AND THE ASS.

A CONCEITED Ass had once the impertinence to bray forth some contemptuous speeches against the Lion. The suddenness of the insult at first raised some emotions of wrath in his breast; but turning his head and perceiving from whence it came, they immediately subsided; and he very sedately walked on, without deigning to honour the contemptible creature, even so much as with an angry word.

REFLECTION.

A total neglect is the best return a generous mind
can make to the scurrility of the base.





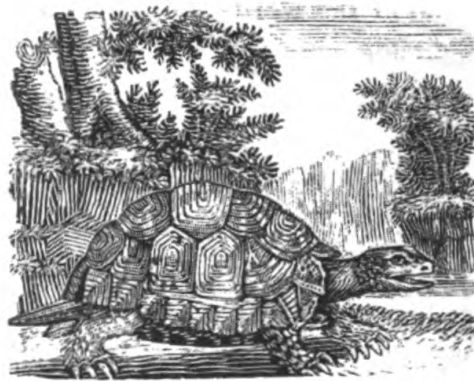
THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

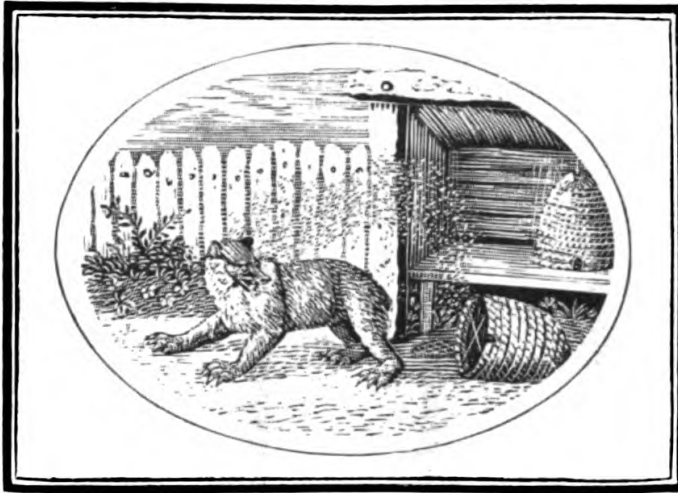
A TRUMPETER, being taken prisoner in a battle, begged hard for quarter, declaring his innocence, and protesting, that he neither had, nor could kill any man, bearing no arms but only his trumpet, which he was obliged to sound at the word of command. "For that reason," replied his enemies, "we are determined not to spare you; for though you yourself never fight, yet with that wicked instrument of yours you blow up animosity between other people, and so become the occasion of much bloodshed."

REFLECTION.

A man may be guilty of murder, who has never handled a sword, or pulled a trigger, or lifted up his arm with any mischievous weapon. There is a little incendiary called the tongue, which is more venomous

than a poisoned arrow, and more killing than a two-edged sword. The moral of the fable therefore is this, that if, in any civil insurrection, the persons taken in arms against the government deserve to die, much more do they whose devilish tongues gave birth to the sedition, and excited the tumult. When wicked priests, instead of preaching peace and charity, employ that engine of scandal, their tongue, to foment rebellions, whether they succeed in their designs or no, they ought to be severely punished; for they have done what in them lay, to set folks together by the ears; they have blown the trumpet and sounded the alarm; and if thousands are not destroyed by the sword, it is none of their fault.





THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

A BEAR happened to be stung by a Bee, and the pain was so acute, that in the madness of revenge he ran into the garden and overturned the Hive. This outrage provoked their anger to a high degree, and brought the fury of the whole swarm upon him. They attacked him with such violence, that his life was in danger, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he made his escape, wounded from head to tail. In this desperate condition, lamenting his misfortunes and licking his sores, he could not forbear reflecting how much more advisable it had been to have patiently acquiesced under one injury, than thus by an unprofitable resentment to have provoked a thousand.

REFLECTION.

It is more prudent to acquiesce under an injury from a single person, than by an act of vengeance to bring upon us the resentment of a whole community.





THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLE.

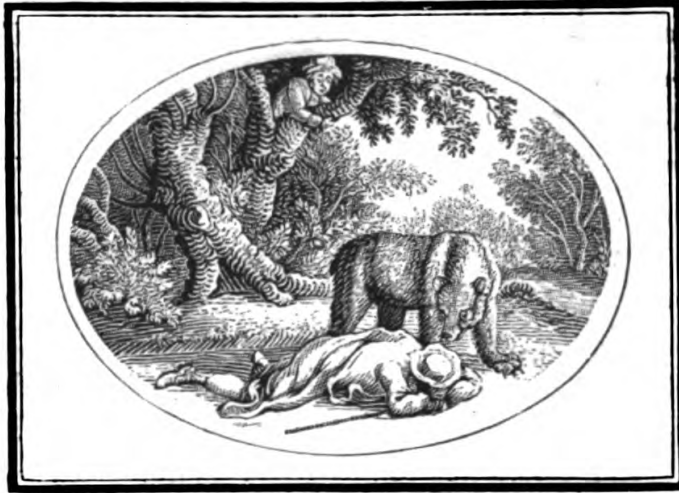
A Fox, hard pressed by the hounds, was getting over a hedge, but tore his foot upon a Bramble which grew just in the midst of it ; upon which he reproached the Bramble for his inhospitable cruelty, in using a stranger, which had fled to him for protection, after such a barbarous manner. “ Yes,” says the Bramble, “ you intended to have made me serve your turn, I know ; but take this piece of advice with you for the future, Never lay hold of a Bramble again, as you tender your sweet person ; for laying hold, is a privilege that belongs to us Brambles, and we do not care to let it go out of the family.”

REFLECTION.

Impertinent people, who are most apt to take liberties with others, are generally the most surprised, if they are

retorted upon with any severity; though they, of all people, have the least reason to expect quarter. It cannot but be pleasant to indifferent spectators, when they see one of this fraternity meet with his match, and beaten with his own weapons. He that is known to be an ill man, may be hurt unpitied; his misfortunes are conferred upon him to the satisfaction of him that occasions them; and we do not look upon him as an object of pity, but an example of justice. This fable has an eye to a moral which has been already drawn from some others; and advises us to be cautious whom we lay hold of, or meddle with, in too familiar a way: for those, who can lay hold again, and perhaps are better qualified for it than ourselves, are carefully to be avoided.





THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR.

Two Men being to travel through a forest together, mutually promised to stand by each other, in any danger they should meet upon the way. They had not gone far, before a Bear came rushing towards them out of a thicket; upon which one, being a light nimble fellow, got up into a tree; the other falling flat upon his face, and holding his breath, lay still, while the Bear came up and smelled at him; but that creature, supposing him to be a dead carcase, went back again into the wood, without doing him the least harm. When all was over, the spark who had climbed the tree, came down to his companion, and, with a pleasant smile, asked him what the Bear said to him; “for,” says he, “I took notice that he clapt his mouth very close to your ear.” “Why,” replies the other, “he charged me to take care for the future, not to put any confidence in such cowardly rascals as you are.”

REFLECTION.

Though nothing is more common than to hear people profess services of friendship, where there is no occasion for them ; yet scarce anything is so hard to be found as a true friend, who will assist us in time of danger and difficulty. All the declarations of kindness, which are made to an experienced man, though accompanied by a squeeze of the hand and a solemn asseveration, should leave no greater impression upon his mind, than the whistling of the hollow breeze which brushes one's ear with an unmeaning salute, and is presently gone. He that succours our necessity by a well-timed assistance, though it were not ushered in by previous compliments, will ever after be looked upon as our friend and protector ; and, in a so much greater degree, as the favour was unasked and unpromised ; as it was not extorted by importunities on the one side, nor led in by a numerous attendance of promises on the other. 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.





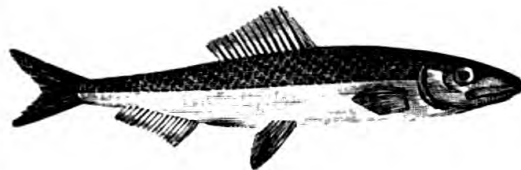
FORTUNE AND THE BOY.

A Boy was sleeping by the side of a well. Fortune saw him, and came and waked him, saying, "Prythee, good child, do not lie sleeping here; for if you should fall in, nobody would impute it to you, but lay all the blame upon me, Fortune."

REFLECTION.

Poor Fortune has a great deal thrown upon her indeed; and oftentimes very unjustly too. Those of our actions, which are attended with success, though often owing to some accident or other, we ascribe, without any scruple, to some particular merit or good quality in ourselves; but when any of our doings miscarry, though probably through our own insufficiency or neglect, all the ill consequence is imputed to Fortune, and we acquit ourselves of having contributed any

thing towards it. The weakest part of each sex, when they dispose of themselves indiscreetly or disadvantageously in marriage, and have nothing else to say in excuse, cry out, Oh, there is a fate in every thing, and there is no resisting fate, &c. But these people should take notice, that, as they have a very good proverb on their side in relation to Fortune already, it is highly unreasonable in them to claim more than their share, and to ascribe the ill success of their own foolish negotiations to the management of Fortune. Probably, the first occasion of confining the smiles of Fortune to people of this stamp more particularly, might arise from the improbability of their succeeding by any art or right application of their own. And, therefore, by an opposite rule, the wise and industrious only should be entitled to ill luck, and have it in their power to charge Fortune with every loss and cross which befalls them; for if, when they have concerted their measures judiciously, and been vigilant and active in their business, matters refuse still to answer expectation, they must be allowed to have very hard fortune; but fools have not the least right to take hold of this handle.





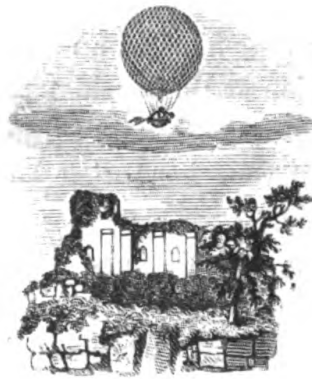
THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

IN former days, when the Belly and the other parts of the Body enjoyed the faculty of speech, and had separate views and designs of their own; each part, it seems, in particular, for himself, and in the name of the whole, took exception at the conduct of the Belly, and were resolved to grant him supplies no longer. They said they thought it very hard, that he should lead an idle good-for-nothing life, spending and squandering away, upon his own ungodly guts, all the fruits of their labour; and that, in short, they were resolved for the future to strike off his allowance and let him shift for himself as well as he could. The Hands protested they would not lift up a finger to keep him from starving; and the Mouth wished he might never speak again, if he took in the least bit of nourishment for him so long as he lived; and, say the Teeth, May we be rotten if ever

we chew a morsel for him for the future. This solemn league and covenant was kept as long as any thing of that kind can be kept, which was, until each of the rebel Members pined away to the skin and bone, and could hold out no longer. Then they found there was no doing without the Belly, and that, as idle and insignificant as he seemed, he contributed as much to the maintenance and welfare of all the other parts, as they did to his.

REFLECTION.

It is a folly even to wish to withhold our part from the support of civil government.





THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF and a Lamb were accidentally quenching their thirst together at the same rivulet. The Wolf stood towards the head of the stream, and the Lamb at some distance below. The injurious Beast, resolved on a quarrel, fiercely demands—"How dare you disturb the water which I am drinking?" The poor Lamb, all trembling, replies, "How, I beseech you, can that possibly be the case, since the current sets from you to me?" Disconcerted by the force of truth, he changes the accusation. "Six months ago," says he, "you vilely slandered me." "Impossible," returns the Lamb, "for I was not then born." "No matter, it was your father then, or some of your relations;" and immediately seizing the innocent Lamb, he tore him to pieces.

REFLECTION.

When cruelty and injustice are armed with power,
and determined on oppression, the strongest pleas of
innocence are preferred in vain.





THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME.

A BLIND Man, being stopped in a bad piece of road, meets with a Lame Man, and entreats him to guide him through the difficulty he was got into. “How can I do that,” replied the Lame Man, “since I am scarce able to drag myself along? but as you appear to be very strong, if you will carry me, we will seek our fortunes together. It will then be my interest to warn you of any thing that may obstruct your way; your feet shall be my feet, and my eyes yours.” “With all my heart,” returned the blind man; “let us render each other our mutual services.” So taking his lame companion on his back, they by means of their union travelled on with safety and pleasure.

REFLECTION.

The wants and weaknesses of individuals form the connections of society.





THE DOVE AND THE BEE.

A BEE, compelled by thirst, went to drink in a clear purling rivulet; but the current, with its circling eddy, snatched her away, and carried her down the stream. A Dove, pitying her distressed condition, cropt a branch from a neighbouring tree, and let it fall into the water, by means of which the Bee saved herself, and got ashore. Not long after, a Fowler, having a design upon the Dove, planted his nets and all his little artillery in due order, without the bird's observing what he was about; which the Bee perceiving, just as he was going to put his design in execution she stung him on the cheek, and made him give so sudden a start, that the Dove took the alarm, and flew away.

REFLECTION.

One good turn deserves another; and gratitude is excited by so noble and natural a spirit, that he ought

to be looked upon as the vilest of creatures, who has no sense of it. It is, indeed, so very just and equitable a thing, and so much every man's duty, that to speak of it properly one should not mention it as any thing meritorious, or that may claim praise and admiration, any more than we should say a man ought to be rewarded or commended for not killing his father, or forbearing to set fire to his neighbour's house. The bright and shining piece of morality, therefore, which is recommended to us in this fable, is set forth in this example of the Dove, who, without any obligation or expectation, does a voluntary office of charity to its fellow-creature in distress.





THE TWO HORSES.

Two Horses were travelling the road together; one loaded with a sack of flour, the other with a sum of money. The latter, proud of his splendid burthen, tossed up his head with an air of conscious superiority, and every now and then cast a look of contempt upon his humble companion. In passing through a wood, they were met by a gang of highwaymen, who immediately seized upon the horse that was carrying the treasure: but the spirited steed not being altogether disposed to stand so quietly as was necessary for their purpose, they beat him most unmercifully, and after plundering him of his boasted load, left him to lament at his leisure the cruel bruises which he had received. "Friend," says his despised companion to him, (who had now reason to triumph in his turn,) "distinguished posts are often dangerous to those who possess them:

if you had served a miller, as I do, you might have travelled the road unmolested."

REFLECTION.

The object of our pride is often the cause of our misfortunes.



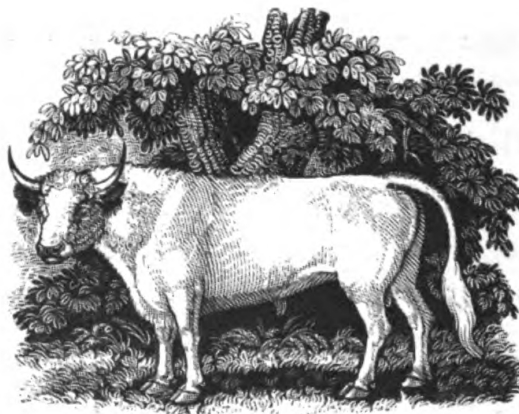


THE TROUTS AND THE GUDGEON.

A FISHERMAN in the month of May stood angling on the banks of the Thames with an artificial fly. He threw his bait with so much art, that a young Trout was rushing towards it, when she was prevented by her mother. "Never," said she, "my child, be too precipitate, where there is a possibility of danger. Take due time to consider, before you risk an action that *may* be fatal. How know you whether yon appearance be *indeed* a fly, or the snare of an enemy? Let some one else make the experiment *before* you. If it be a fly, he very probably will elude the first attack : and the second may be made, if not with success, at least with safety." She had no sooner uttered this caution, than a Gudgeon seized upon the pretended fly, and became an example to the giddy daughter, of the great importance of her mother's counsel.

REFLECTION.

A person can hardly be deemed too cautious, where the first mistake is irretrievable or fatal.





THE MOCK-BIRD.

THERE is a certain bird in the West Indies, which has the faculty of mimicking the notes of every other songster, without being able himself to add any original strains to the concert. As one of these Mock-birds was displaying his talent of ridicule among the branches of a venerable wood: “’Tis very well,” said a little warbler, speaking in the name of all the rest, “we grant you that our music is not without its faults: but why will you not favour us with a strain of your own?”

REFLECTION.

Ridicule appears with a very ill grace in persons who possess no one talent beside.





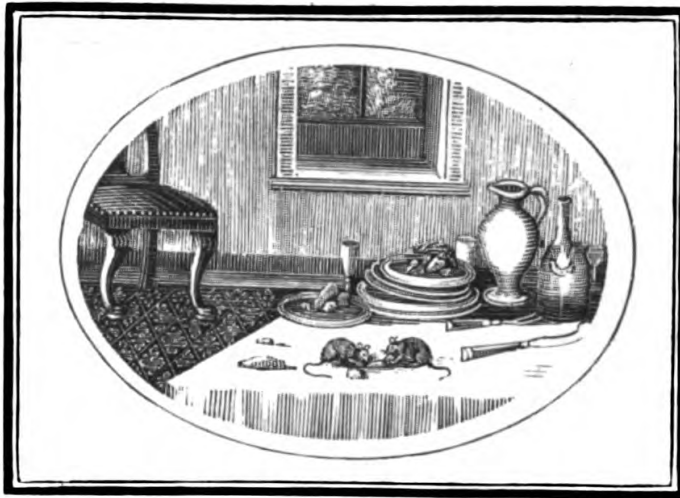
THE BOY AND THE NETTLE.

A LITTLE Boy playing in the fields, chanced to be stung by a Nettle, and came crying to his father: he told him, he had been hurt by that nasty weed several times before; that he was always afraid of it; and that now he did but just touch it, as lightly as possible, when he was so severely stung. "Child," says he, "your touching it so gently and timorously is the very reason of its hurting you. A Nettle may be handled safely, if you do it with courage and resolution; if you seize it boldly and gripe it fast, be assured it will never sting you: and you will meet with many sorts of persons, as well as things in the world, which ought to be treated in the very same manner."

REFLECTION.

There are certain persons who require to be treated rather with spirit and resolution, than either tenderness or delicacy.





THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

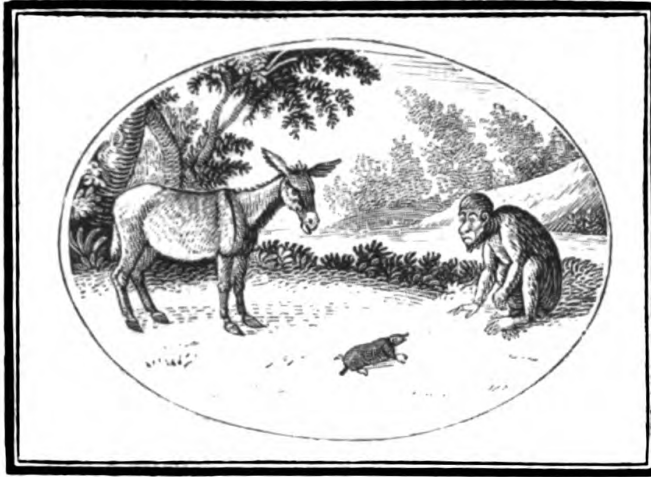
A COUNTRY Mouse invited a City Sister of hers to a collation, where she spared for nothing that the place afforded; as mouldy crusts and cheese-parings. The City Dame was too well bred to find fault with her entertainment; but yet represented, that such a life was unworthy of a merit like hers; and letting her know how splendidly she lived, invited her to accompany her to town. The Country Mouse consented, and away they trudged together, and about midnight got to their journey's end. The City Mouse shewed her friend the larder, the pantry, the kitchen, and other offices where she laid her stores; and after this carried her into the parlour, where they found, yet upon the table, the relics of a mighty entertainment of that very night. The City Mouse carved her companion of what she liked best, and so to it they fell upon a velvet couch. The Country

Mouse, who had never seen or heard of such doings before, blessed herself at the change of her condition; when all on a sudden the doors flew open, and in comes a crew of noisy servants, to feast upon the dainties that were left. This put the poor mice to their wit's end how to save their lives; the stranger especially, who had never been in such danger before: but she made a shift, however, for the present to slink into a corner, where she lay trembling and panting till the company went away. As soon as ever the house was quiet again, "Well! my Court Sister," says she, "if this be the sauce to your rich meats, I'll even back to my cottage and my mouldy cheese again; for I had much rather lie nibbling of crusts, without fear or hazard in my own hole, than be mistress of all the delicacies in the world, and subject to such terrifying alarms and dangers."

REFLECTION.

This fable shews the difference between a court and a country life: the delights, innocence, and security of the one, compared with the anxiety, voluptuousness, and hazards of the other.





THE ASS, THE APE, AND THE MOLE.

AN Ass and an Ape were conferring on grievances. The Ass complained mightily for want of horns, and the Ape was as much troubled for want of a tail. "Hold your tongues, both of you," says the Mole, "and be thankful for what you have; for the poor blind Moles are in a worse condition than either of you."

REFLECTION.

Since nature provides for the necessities of all creatures, and for the well-being of every one in its kind; and since it is not in the power of any creature to make itself other than what by Providence it was designed to be, what a madness it is to wish ourselves other than what we are; and what we must continue to be. Every atom of the creation has its place assigned: every creature has its proper figure, and there is no disputing with

Him that made it so. Why have I not this? and, why have I not that? are questions for a Philosopher of Bedlam to ask; and we may as well cavil at the motions of the heavens, the vicissitude of day and night, and the succession of the seasons, as expostulate with Providence upon any of the rest of God's works.





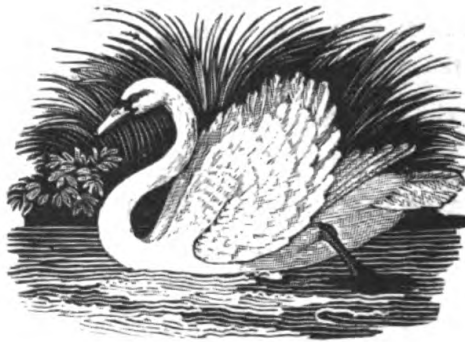
THE SEAMEN PRAYING TO SAINTS.

IN a terrible storm at sea, a seaman took notice, that the rest of his shipmates were praying severally to so many Saints. "Have a care, my friends," says he, "what you do; for what if we should all be drowned now before the messenger can deliver his errand? would it not be better, without going so far about, to pray to Him that can save us without help?"

REFLECTION.

"What needs any man make his court to the servant," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, "when his access is open to the master? and especially when that master is as ready to give, as the petitioner to ask."—With regard to secular matters, we are told a pleasant story of one of our princes, King Charles II. He had often observed a country gentleman attending to speak with one of his

first ministers ; and once passing through the apartment where the gentleman happened to be alone, he asked him his business. He told him, that he was attending upon his minister, as he had often done, for such a post in his Majesty's gift. The King asked him what he was to give for it to the minister ; he said £1000. The King humorously told him, he should have it, and bid him give him £500. and keep the other £500. to himself ; and if he or his friends wanted any more such bargains, he might apply to *himself* directly, and be served at half price.





THE SCOFFER PUNISHED.

A PRESUMPTUOUS Scoffer at things sacred took a journey to Delphi, on purpose to try if he could put a trick upon Apollo. He carried a sparrow in his hand under his coat, and told the God, "I have something in my hand," says he: "is it dead or living?" If the oracle should say it was dead, he could show it alive; if living, it was but squeezing it, and then it was dead. He, that saw the iniquity of his heart, gave him this answer: "It shall even be which of the two thou pleasest: for it is in thy choice to have it either the one or the other, as to the bird, but it is not in thy power as to thyself;" and immediately struck the bold Scoffer dead, for a warning to others.

REFLECTION.

Presumption naturally leads people to infidelity, and that by insensible degrees to atheism: for when men

have once cast off a reverence for religion, they are come within one step of laughing at it.

That there's a God, all nature loud proclaims,
Though the vile Atheist the great truth disclaims;
Or warp'd by prejudice, or sunk in sin,
His fright'ned conscience feels the lash within.





THE DOG, THE SHEEP, THE KITE, AND THE
WOLF.

THE Dog sued the Sheep for a debt, of which the Kite and the Wolf were to be judges. They, without debating long upon the matter, or making any scruple for want of evidence, gave sentence for the plaintiff; who immediately tore the poor Sheep in pieces, and divided the spoil with the unjust judges.

REFLECTION.

Deplorable are the times, when open barefaced villany is protected and encouraged, when innocence is obnoxious, honesty contemptible, and it is reckoned criminal to espouse the cause of virtue. Men originally entered into covenants and simple compacts with each other for the promotion of their happiness and well-being, for the establishment of justice and public peace.

How comes it then that they look stupidly on and tamely acquiesce, when wicked men pervert this end, and establish an arbitrary tyranny of their own upon the foundation of fraud and oppression? Among beasts, who are incapable of being civilised by social laws, it is no strange thing to see innocent helpless Sheep fall a prey to Dogs, Wolves, and Kites: but it is amazing how mankind could ever sink down to such a low degree of base cowardice, as to suffer some of the worst of their species to usurp a power over them, to supersede the righteous laws of good government, and to exercise all kinds of injustice and hardship in gratifying their own vicious lusts.



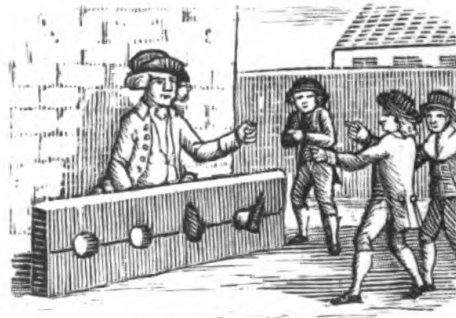


THE HUNTSMAN AND THE OLD HOUND.

AN Old Hound, who had been a good one in his time, and had given his master great sport and satisfaction in many a chase, at last, by the effect of years, became feeble and unserviceable. However, being in the field one day, when the stag was almost run down, he happened to be the first that came in with him, and seized him by one of his haunches; but his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their hold, the deer escaped, and threw him quite out. Upon which, his master, being in a great passion, was going to strike him, when the honest old creature is said to have barked out this apology: "Ah! do not strike your poor old servant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my strength and speed that fail me. If what I now am displeases, pray don't forget what I have been."

REFLECTION.

This fable may serve to give us a general view of the ingratitude of the greatest part of mankind. Notwithstanding all the civility and complaisance that is used among people where there is a common intercourse of business, yet, let the main spring, the probability of their being serviceable to each other, either in point of pleasure or profit, be but once broken, and farewell to courtesy. So far from continuing any regard in behalf of past favours, it is very well, if they forbear doing any thing that is injurious. If the master had only ceased to caress and make much of the old Hound, when he was past doing any service, it had not been very strange ; but to treat a poor creature ill, not for a failure of inclination, but merely a defect of nature, must, notwithstanding the crowd of examples there are to countenance it, be pronounced inhuman and unreasonable.





THE YOUNG MEN AND THE COOK.

Two young Men went into a cook shop, under pretence of buying meat; and while the Cook's back was turned, one of them snatched up a piece of beef, and gave it to his companion, who immediately put it under his cloak. The Cook turning round, and missing his beef, began to charge them with it; upon which, he that first took it swore bitterly he had it not. He that had it swore as heartily, that he had taken up none of his meat. "Why, look ye, gentlemen," says the Cook, "I see your equivocation; and though I cannot tell which of you has taken my meat, I am sure, between you both, there is a thief, and a couple of rascals."

REFLECTION.

An honest man's word is as good as his oath; and so is a rogue's too; for he that will cheat and lie, why

should he scruple to forswear himself? Is the latter more criminal than either of the former? An honest man needs no oath to oblige him; and a rogue only deceives you the more certainly by it, because you think you have tied him up, and he is sure you have not. In truth, it is not easy, with the eye of reason, to discern, that there is any good in swearing at all. We need not scruple to take an honest man's bare asseveration; and we should do wrong if we believe a rogue, though he swears by the most solemn oaths that can be invented.





THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER.

A COLLIER and a Fuller, being old acquaintances, happened to meet together; and the latter, being but ill provided with a habitation, was invited by the former to come and live in the same house with him. “I thank you, my dear friend,” replies the Fuller, “for your kind offer, but it cannot be; for if I were to dwell with you, whatever I should take pains to scour and make clean in the morning, the dust of you and your coals would blacken and defile, as bad as ever, before night.”

REFLECTION.

It is of no small importance in life, to be cautious what company we keep, and with whom we enter into friendship: for though we are ever so well disposed ourselves, and happen to be ever so free from vice and debauchery, yet if those, with whom we frequently

converse, are engaged in a lewd wicked course, it will be almost impossible for us to escape being drawn in with them. If we are truly wise, and would shun those *siren* rocks of pleasure, upon which so many have split before us, we should forbid ourselves all manner of commerce and correspondence with those, who are steering a course, which, reason tells us, is not only not for our advantage, but must end in our destruction.

With vice allied, however pure,
No virtue can be long secure :
Shun then the traitress and her wiles,
Whate'er she touches she defiles.





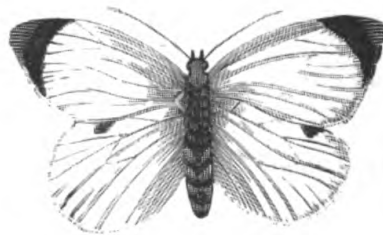
THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A LITTLE Boy, who went to school, stole one of his schoolfellow's books, and brought it home to his mother, who was so far from correcting and discouraging him upon account of the theft, that she commended and gave him an apple for his pains. In process of time, as the child grew up to be a man, he accustomed himself to greater robberies; and at last, being apprehended and committed to gaol, he was tried and condemned for felony. On the day of his execution, as the officers were conducting him to the place of execution, he was attended by a vast crowd of people, and among the rest by his mother, who came sighing and sobbing along, and deploring extremely her son's unhappy fate; which the criminal observing, he called to the sheriff, and begged the favour that he would give him leave to speak a word or two to his poor afflicted mother. The

sheriff gave him permission ; and the felon, while every one thought he was whispering something of importance to his mother, bit off her ear, to the great offence and surprise of the whole assembly. “ What,” say they, “ was not this villain contented with the impious facts which he has already committed, but he must increase the number of them, by doing this violence to his mother ? ” “ Good people,” replied he, “ I would not have you be under a mistake ; that wicked woman deserves this, and even worse at my hands ; for if she had chastised, instead of rewarding and caressing me, when in my infancy I stole the book, I had not come to this untimely end.”

REFLECTION.

Youthful minds, like the pliant wax, are susceptible of the most lasting impressions, and the good or evil bias they then receive is seldom or ever eradicated.





THE WANTON CALF.

A CALF, full of play and wantonness, seeing an Ox at plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry drudge art thou," says he, "to bear that heavy yoke upon your neck, and go all day drawing a plough at your tail, to turn up the ground for your master! But you are a wretched slave, and know no better, or else you would not do it. See what a happy life I lead; I go just where I please; sometimes I lie down under the cool shade; sometimes frisk about in the open sunshine; and, when I please, slake my thirst in the clear brook: but you have not so much as a little dirty water to refresh you." The Ox, not at all moved with what he said, went quietly and calmly on with his work; and, in the evening, was unyoked and turned loose. Soon after which he saw the Calf taken out of the field, and delivered into the hands of a priest, who immediately

led him to the altar, and prepared to sacrifice him. His head was hung round with fillets of flowers, and the fatal knife was just going to be applied to his throat, when the Ox drew near and whispered him to this purpose: "Behold the end of your insolence and arrogance; it was for this only you were suffered to live at all; and pray now, friend, whose condition is best, yours or mine?"

REFLECTION.

To insult people in distress is the property of a cruel, indiscreet, and giddy temper; for, on the next turn of fortune's wheel, we may be thrown down to their condition, and they exalted to ours.



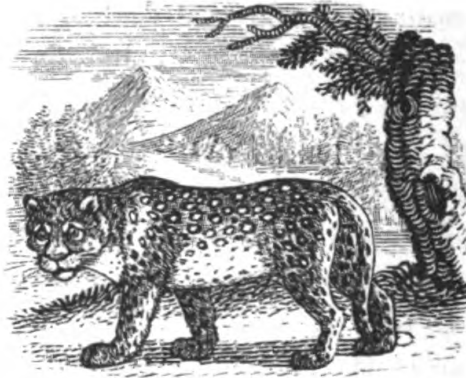


JUPITER AND THE HERDSMAN.

A HERDSMAN, missing a young heifer that belonged to his herd, went up and down the forest to seek it. And having walked over a great deal of ground to no purpose, he fell a praying to Jupiter for relief: promising to sacrifice a kid to him, if he would help him to a discovery of the thief. After this, he went on a little farther, and came near a grove of oaks, where he found the carcass of his heifer, and a lion grumbling over and feeding upon it. This sight almost frightened him out of his wits; so down he fell upon his knees once more, and addressing himself to Jupiter, "O Jupiter!" says he, "I promised thee a kid to show me the thief, but now I promise thee a bull, if thou wilt be so merciful as to deliver me out of his clutches."

REFLECTION.

How ignorant and stupid are some people, who form their notions of the Supreme Being from their own poor shallow conceptions; and then, like froward children with their nurses, think it consistent with infinite wisdom and unerring justice, to comply with all their whimsical petitions. Let men but live as justly as they can, and just Providence will give them what they ought to have. Of all the involuntary sins which men commit, scarce any are more frequent than that of their praying absurdly and improperly, as well as unseasonably, when their time might have been so much better employed.





THE SNIPE SHOOTER.

As a Sportsman ranged the fields with his gun, attended by an experienced old Spaniel, he happened to spring a Snipe; and almost at the same instant, a covey of partridges. Surprised at the accident, and divided in his aim, he let fly too indeterminately, and by this means missed them *both*. “Ah, my good master,” said the Spaniel, “you should never have two aims at once. Had you not been dazzled and seduced by the luxurious hope of Partridge, you would most probably have secured your Snipe.”

REFLECTION.

We often miss our point by dividing our attention.





THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

“ A WOLF,” says Plutarch, “ peeping into a hut where a company of Shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton ; “ Lord,” said he, “ what a clamour would these men have raised, if they had caught *me* at such a banquet !”

A prowling Wolf one evening put
 His muzzle in a Shepherd's hut ;
 And there at table saw them seated,
 To a young lamb's fat quarter treated.
 “ Aye, aye, 'tis very well,” said he ;
 “ Did you at such a feast find me,
 “ The country up in arms would be.”

}

REFLECTION.

How apt are men to condemn in others what they
practise themselves without scruple!

The powerful too oft abuse
Rights, which to others they refuse.





THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A DISPUTE once arose betwixt the North-Wind and the Sun, about the superiority of their power ; and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveller, which should be able to get his cloak off first. The North-Wind began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible. Next came the Sun, who, breaking out from a thick watery cloud, drove away the cold vapours from the sky, and darted his warm sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten traveller. The man, growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies for protection to the shade of a neighbouring grove.

REFLECTION.

There is something in the temper of men so averse to severe and boisterous treatment, that he, who endeavours to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him, whom he has thus attempted, in a more confirmed and obstinate situation, than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.





THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE BULLS.

FOUR Bulls, which had entered into a very strict friendship, kept always near one another, and fed together. The Lion often saw them, and as often had a mind to make one of them his prey: but though he could easily have subdued any of them singly, yet he was afraid to attack the whole alliance, as knowing they would have been too many for him, and therefore contented himself for the present with keeping at a distance. At last, perceiving no attempt was to be made upon them as long as this combination held, he engaged a Fox, who took occasion, by whispers and hints, to foment jealousies, and raise divisions among them. This stratagem succeeded so well, that the Bulls grew cold and reserved towards one another, which soon after ripened into a downright hatred and aversion; and, at last, ended in a total separation. The Lion had now obtained

his ends; and, as impossible as it was for him to hurt them while they were united, he found no difficulty, now they were parted, to seize and devour every Bull of them, one after another.

REFLECTION.

The moral of this fable is so well known and allowed, that to go about to enlighten it, would be like holding a candle to the sun. A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand; and as undisputed a maxim as it is, was however thought necessary to be urged to the attention of mankind, by the best man that ever lived. And since friendships and alliances are of so great importance to our well-being and happiness, we cannot be too often cautioned not to let them be broken by tale-bearers and whisperers, or any other contrivance of our enemies.





THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

A KITE, who had kept sailing in the air for many days near a dove-house, and made a stoop at several Pigeons, but all to no purpose, at last had recourse to stratagem, and took his opportunity one day to make a declaration to them, in which he set forth his own just and good intentions, who had nothing more at heart than the defence and protection of the Pigeons in their ancient rights and liberties, and how concerned he was at their fears and jealousies of a foreign invasion, especially their unjust and unreasonable suspicions of himself, as if he intended, by force of arms, to break in upon their constitution, and erect a tyrannical government over them. To prevent all which, and thoroughly to quiet their minds, he thought proper to propose to them such terms of alliance and articles of peace, as might for ever cement a good understanding betwixt them: the

principal of which was, That they should accept of him for their King, and invest him with all kingly privilege and prerogative over them. The poor simple Pigeons consented: the Kite took the coronation oath after a very solemn manner, on his part, and the Doves, the oaths of allegiance and fidelity, on theirs. But much time had not passed over their heads, before the good Kite pretended that it was part of his prerogative to devour a Pigeon whenever he pleased. And this he was not contented to do himself only, but instructed the rest of the royal family in the same kingly arts of government. The Pigeons, reduced to this miserable condition, said one to the other, "Ah! we deserve no better! Why did we let him come in?"

REFLECTION.

What can this fable be applied to, but the exceeding blindness and stupidity of that part of mankind, who wantonly and foolishly trust their native rights of liberty without good security?





THE NIGHTINGALE AND HIS CAGE.

A NIGHTINGALE, which belonged to a person of quality, was fed every day with plenty of choice dainties, and kept in a stately cage. Yet notwithstanding this happy situation, he was uneasy, and envied the condition of those birds who lived free in the woods, and hopped up and down, unconfined, from bough to bough. He earnestly longed to lead the same life, and secretly pined with grief, because his wishes were denied him. After some time, however, it happened, that the door of his cage was left unfastened, and the long wished-for opportunity was given him of making an elopement. Accordingly, out he flew, and conveyed himself among the shades of a neighbouring wood, where he thought to spend the remainder of his days in content. But alas! poor bird, it was mistaken; a thousand inconveniences, which he never dreamt of, attended this elopement of

his, and he was now really that miserable creature, which, before, his imagination only made him. The delicate food with which he used to be fed, was no more; he was unskilled in the ways of providing for himself, and even ready to die with hunger. A storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, filled all the air, and he had no place to screen or protect him; his feathers were wetted with the heavy shower, and blasted with the flashes of lightning. His tender nature could not stand the severe shock; he even died under it. But, just before he breathed his last, he is said to have made this reflection: "Ah! were I but in my cage again, I would never wander more."

REFLECTION.

This fable may be a proper lesson to those who are possessed with a spirit of rambling, and trying experiments; who are so infatuated with these airy notions, that though they have a warm house over their heads, and a good table to eat at, kind indulgent parents, or fond husbands, yet they cannot be contented, but must sally forth into the wide world, and pass, as it were, into a new and untried being. People may have felt imaginary inconveniences at home; but as they have been used to live in a dependence upon others, let them but go abroad, and try to shift for themselves, and they will, in all probability, soon feel real miseries.





THE FIGHTING COCKS.

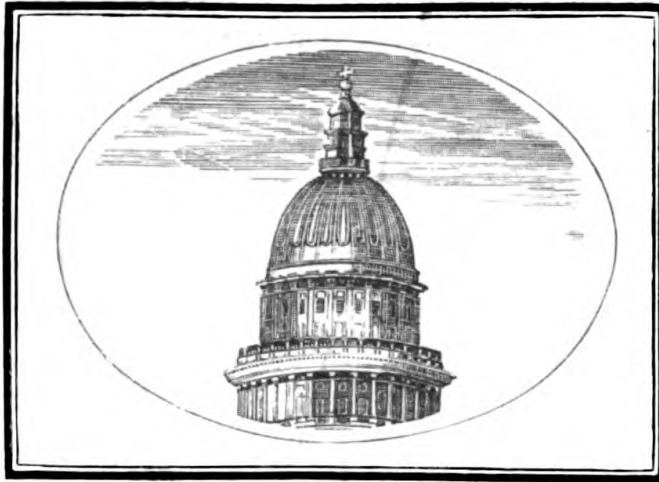
Two Cocks were fighting for the sovereignty of the dunghill. And one of them having got the better of the other, he that was vanquished crept into a hole, and hid himself for some time ; but the victor flew up to an eminent place, clapt his wings and crowed out victory. An eagle, who was watching for his prey near the place, saw him, and making a stoop, seized him in his talons, and carried him off. The Cock that had been beaten, perceiving this, soon quitted his hole, and shaking off all remembrance of his late disgrace, gallanted the hens with all the intrepidity imaginable.

REFLECTION.

This fable shows the impropriety and inconvenience of running into extremes. Much of our happiness depends upon keeping an even balance in our words

and actions ; in not suffering the scale of our reason to mount us too high in time of prosperity, nor to sink us too low with the weight of adverse fortune.





THE FLY IN ST. PAUL'S CUPOLA.

As a Fly was crawling leisurely up one of the columns of St. Paul's Cupola, she often stopped, surveyed, examined, and at last broke forth into the following exclamation: "Strange! that any one, who pretended to be an artist, should ever leave so superb a structure with so many roughnesses unpolished!" "Ah, my friend," said a very learned architect, who hung in his web under one of the capitals, "you should never decide of things beyond the extent of your capacity. This lofty building was not erected for such diminutive animals as you or I; but for a certain sort of creatures, who are at least ten thousand times as large: to their eyes, it is very possible, these columns may seem as smooth, as to you appear the wings of your favourite mistress."

REFLECTION.

We should never estimate things beyond our reach,
by the narrow standard of our own capacities.





THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE.

A SHEEP, during a severe storm, wandered into a thicket for shelter, and lay there so snug and warm, that he soon fell fast asleep. The clouds clearing away, and the wind returning to rest, inclined the Sheep to return to his pasture, but ah! what was his situation; a Bramble had laid such a firm hold of his fleece, that it was left as a forfeit, for the protection the thicket had given him.

REFLECTION.

This fable strongly recommends a due consideration of the thicket of law, before we go into it, for although judgment and sentence are passed in our favour, still we may be fleeced to the skin.





THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A Fox and a Goat travelling together in a very sultry day, found themselves exceedingly thirsty; when looking round the country in order to discover a place where they might probably meet with water, they at length descried a clear spring at the bottom of a pit. They both eagerly descended; and having sufficiently allayed their thirst, began to consider how they should get out. Many expedients for that purpose were mutually proposed and rejected. At last the crafty Fox cried out with great joy, "I have a thought just struck into my mind, which I am confident will extricate us out of our difficulty: do you," said he to the Goat, "only rear yourself up upon your hinder legs, and rest your forefeet against the side of the pit. In this posture, I will climb up to your head, from whence I shall be able, with a spring, to reach the top: and when I am once

there, you are sensible it will be very easy for me to pull you out by the horns." The simple Goat liked the proposal well; and immediately placed himself as directed: by means of which the Fox, without much difficulty, gained the top. "And now," said the Goat, "give me the assistance you promised." "Thou old fool," replied the Fox, "hadst thou but half as much brains as head, thou wouldst never have believed, that I would hazard my own life to save thine. However, I will leave with thee a piece of advice, which may be of service to thee hereafter, if thou shouldst have the good fortune to make thy escape:—never venture into a pit again, before thou hast well considered how to get out of it."

REFLECTION.

When we are going to encounter difficulties, we should depend more upon our own strength than the assistance of our neighbour.





THE TWO FOXES.

Two Foxes formed a stratagem to enter a hen-roost: which having successfully executed, and killed the cock, the hens, and the chickens, they began to feed upon them with singular satisfaction. One of the Foxes, who was young and inconsiderate, was for devouring them all upon the spot: the other, who was old and covetous, proposed to reserve some of them for another time. "For experience, child," said he, "has made me wise, and I have seen many unexpected events since I came into the world. Let us provide, therefore, against what may happen, and not consume all our store at one meal." "All this is wondrous wise," replied the young Fox; "but for my part, I am resolved not to stir till I have eaten as much as will serve me a whole week: for who would be mad enough to return hither, when it is certain the owner of these fowls will watch for us, and if he

should catch us, would certainly put us to death!" After this short discourse, each pursued his own scheme: the young Fox ate till he burst himself, and had scarcely strength to reach his hole before he died. The old one, who thought it much better to deny his appetite for the present, and lay up provision for the future, returned the next day, and was killed by the farmer. Thus every age has its peculiar vice: the young suffer by their insatiable thirst after pleasure; and the old, by their incorrigible and inordinate avarice.

REFLECTION.

We should ever guard against those vices that are chiefly incident to our times of life; excess and riot, while we are young; and egregious parsimony, as we grow in years.





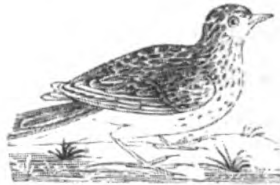
THE PLAGUE AMONG THE BEASTS.

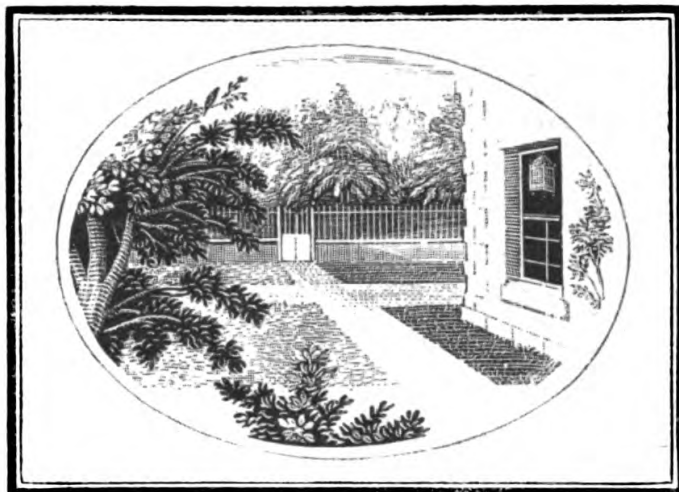
A MORTAL distemper once raged among the Beasts, and swept away prodigious numbers. After it had continued some time without abatement, it was concluded in an assembly of the brute creation to be a judgment inflicted upon them for their sins, and a day was appointed for a general confession; when it was agreed, that he who appeared to be the greatest sinner should suffer death, as an atonement for the rest. The Fox was appointed father confessor upon the occasion; and the Lion, with great generosity, condescended to be the first in making public confession. "For my part," said he, "I must own I have been an enormous offender; I have killed many innocent sheep in my time, nay once, but it was a case of necessity, I made a meal of the shepherd." The Fox, with much gravity, acknowledged that these in any other than the king would have been inexpiable crimes;

but that his majesty had certainly a right to a few silly sheep, nay, and to the shepherd too, in a case of necessity. The judgment of the Fox was applauded by all the superior savages; and the Tiger, the Bear, and the Wolf, made confession of many enormities of the like nature: all of which were excused with the same lenity and mercy. At last, a poor penitent Ass, with great contrition, acknowledged, that once going through the parson's meadow, being very hungry, and tempted by the sweetness of the grass, he had cropt a little of it, not more however in quantity than the tip of his tongue: he was very sorry for the misdemeanour, and hoped—"hope!" exclaimed the Fox with singular zeal, "what canst thou hope for, after the commission of so heinous a crime? what! eat the parson's grass? Oh sacrilege! this, this is the flagrant wickedness, my brethren, which has drawn the wrath of heaven upon our heads, and this the notorious offender, whose death must make atonement for all our transgressions." So saying, he ordered his entrails for sacrifice, and the rest of the Beasts went to dinner upon his carcase.

REFLECTION.

The poor and helpless undergo those punishments for small and trivial offences, which the rich and powerful escape for crimes of a much blacker nature.





THE DOVES AND THEIR YOUNG ONES.

A DOVE, that had a mate and young ones, happening to spy her cage-door open, was driven by a sudden impulse to fly out into an adjacent grove. There perched upon the bough of a sycamore, she sat as it were wrapt in deep contemplation; not recovering from her reverie until the owner drew nigh, unseen, and brought her back to her little family. "Art thou not ashamed then," says her mate, "thus to desert thy helpless offspring? Art thou not base, to abandon me for the company of birds to whom thou art a stranger? Could I have harboured such a thought? I, who have been ever constant to our first engagement, and must have died of mere despair, hadst thou not returned to my embraces! But how, alas! returned? Not, as it seems, by choice, but ensnared by dint of artifice, and brought hither by constraint." "Have patience," replied the rambler,

“and hear the plea of thy repentant mate. Witness, all ye powers of wedlock, ye that know what passes in the hearts of Doves, if ever, before this unhappy moment, I felt a wish to part from thee! The door, so seldom open, allowed but one moment for deliberation, and I happened to decide amiss. When removed to yonder wood, the air of liberty breathed so sweet, that, with horror I speak it, I felt a suspense about returning to the cage. Pardon, I pray thee, this one crime, and be well assured I will never repeat it. And that thou mayest be the more induced to pardon me, know, that the love of liberty burns ever the strongest in the bosoms that are most open to conjugal affection, and the love of their young.”

REFLECTION.

The love of liberty, in well-constituted minds, holds a place little inferior to that of natural affection.





THE HOUNDS IN COUPLES.

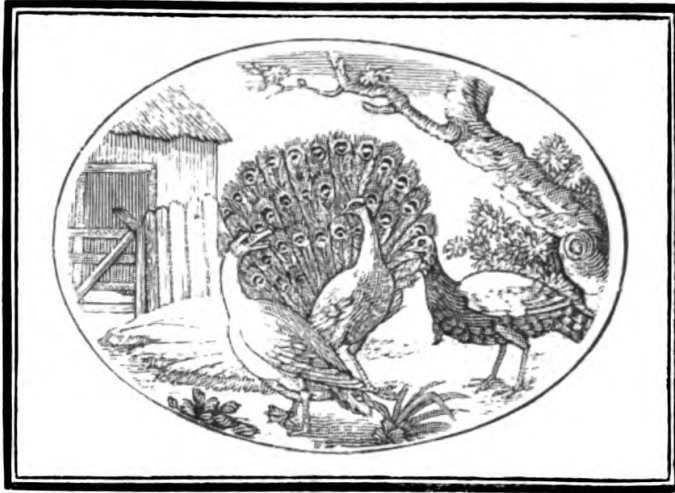
A HUNTSMAN was leading forth his Hounds one morning to the chase, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting disorderly, as their own inclinations and fancy should direct them. Among others it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be thus yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together; and in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part. It might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still more closely united. However, in fact it proved otherwise; they had not been long joined together before both parties were observed to express uneasiness at their

present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and to exert themselves. If one chose to go this way, the other was as eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing forward, the other was sure to lag behind; Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen; Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler; till at last it came to a downright quarrel between them; and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting each other, an old hound, who had observed all that had passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them: "What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be perpetually worrying yourselves at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclination a little? When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found that thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself; and my yoke-fellow happily came into the same way of thinking."

REFLECTION.

Mutual compliances are necessary to matrimonial happiness.





THE PEACOCK.

THE Peacock, who at first was distinguished only by a crest of feathers, preferred a petition to Juno that he might be honoured also with a train. As the bird was a particular favourite, Juno readily enough assented; and his train was ordered to surpass that of every fowl in the creation. The minion, conscious of his superb appearance, thought it requisite to assume a proportionable dignity of gait and manners. The common poultry of the farm-yard were quite astonished at his magnificence; and even the pheasants themselves beheld him with an eye of envy. But when he attempted to fly, he perceived himself to have sacrificed all his activity to ostentation; and that he was encumbered by the pomp in which he placed his glory.

REFLECTION.

The parade and ceremony belonging to the great are often a restraint upon their freedom and activity.





THE ELM AND THE VINE.

AN extravagant young Vine, vainly ambitious of independency, and fond of rambling at large, despised the alliance of a stately Elm that grew near, and courted her embraces. Having risen to some small height without any kind of support, she shot forth her flimsy branches to a very uncommon and superfluous length; calling on her neighbour to take notice how little she wanted his assistance. "Poor infatuated shrub," replied the Elm, "how inconsistent is thy conduct! Wouldst thou be truly independent, thou shouldst carefully apply those juices to the enlargement of thy stem, which thou lavishest in vain upon unnecessary foliage. I shortly shall behold thee grovelling on the ground; yet countenanced, indeed, by many of the human race, who, intoxicated with vanity, have despised economy; and who, to support for a moment their empty boast of independence, have exhausted the very source of it in frivolous expenses."

REFLECTION.

People who pride themselves upon their independence,
often slight economy, the sole foundation of it.





THE MAN AND THE FLY.

A MAN, being bit upon the cheek by a Fly, could not imagine at first what was the matter, but at last clapping his hand upon the place, he took the poor animal prisoner. The Fly was then for making her excuses, alleging that nature had allowed to her breed no other way for a livelihood: hereupon she intreated him to release her, saying, the only harm she did was to tickle him. "You are mistaken," says the Man, "and for that very reason I intend to put thee to death, because thou oughtst not to offend any person whatever, neither little nor great."

REFLECTION.

It is but a sorry excuse for criminals to plead their weakness, in order to evade the punishment which is due unto their crimes. This is by no means an argument

of justifying them, much less of clearing them from the malice that they foster secretly in their breasts. For to render a man unworthy of pardon, it is enough that he has shown some tokens of the wickedness of his will, though it has not been attended with any extraordinary bad circumstance, or has been diverted by some unexpected accident. To this we may add, that it is still more criminal to undertake a vicious action, when there is little or no hopes of escaping the punishment that ensues. Æsop therefore was in the right of it, in introducing the Man of this fable with this argument in his mouth, that the smaller any creature is, the less he ought to be pardoned, being guilty of a higher crime, and less capable of making any resistance. Hence it is that we every day see, that the lesser criminals are made examples to the rest, to deter them from the same crime ; because in their deaths there are but few who concern themselves, or sue out for an arrest of judgment. To this the proverb of the ancients bears some allusion, when speaking of the laws, they compare them to a spider's web, in which the little flies are caught, whilst the great ones break through and escape.





THE PRINCE AND THE HERMIT.

A CERTAIN Hermit had scooped his cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence he had an opportunity of surveying a large extent both of sea and land. He sat one evening, contemplating with pleasure on the various objects that lay diffused before him. The woods were drest in the brightest verdure, the thickets adorned with the gayest blossoms. The birds caroled beneath the branches; and the ships, driven by gentle gales, were returning safely into their proper harbours. In short, the arrival of spring had doubly enlivened the whole scene before his eyes; and every object yielded a display either of beauty or of happiness. On a sudden arose a violent storm. The winds mustered all their fury, and whole forests of oak lay scattered on the ground. Darkness instantly succeeded; hail-stones and rain were poured forth in cataracts, and lightning and

thunder added to the horror of the gloom. And now the sea, piled up in mountains, bore aloft the largest vessels; while the horrid roar of its waves drowned the shrieks of the wretched mariners. When the whole tempest had exhausted its fury, it was instantly followed by the shock of an earthquake. A Prince, who was at that time in the same neighbourhood, repaired to the Hermit's cave, laden with jewels, religiously hoping that the Hermit's well known sanctity would protect him in his distress. He was, however, not a little surprised at the profound tranquillity that appeared in his countenance. "My friend," said he, "be not dismayed. Terrible to me, as well as to you, would have been the war of elements we have just beheld; but that I have meditated with so much attention on the various works of Providence, as to be persuaded that his goodness is equal to his power."

REFLECTION.

The goodness of Providence, apparent in his works, is a proper motive for our tranquillity amid every exertion of his power.





THE DOVE WITH A STRING AT ITS FOOT.

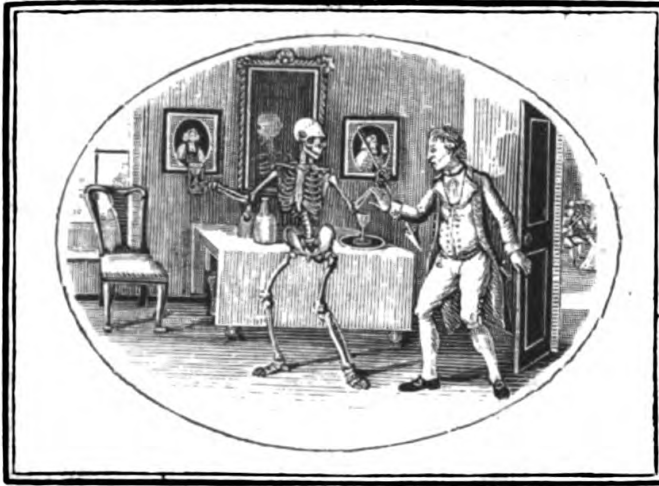
A COUNTRY Fellow took a Dove, and tied a String to its foot, and so gave it to a little boy to play with. The Dove did not much like his companion, and upon the first opportunity gave him the slip, and flew away into the woods again, where he was shackled and starved. When he came to die, he reflected upon the folly of exposing his life in the woods, rather than live in an easy servitude among men.

REFLECTION.

Men that are impatient under imaginary afflictions, change commonly for the worse, as the Dove did here in the fable, that threw himself into a starving situation, rather than submit to the tolerable inconvenience of an easy restraint. Nothing would serve him, but he must

be at his own disposal, and so away he goes, carries his String along with him, and shackles himself in the wood, where he dies for want of food and water.





THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

ONCE upon a time Death called upon an Old Man, and bade him come along with him. The Man excused himself, that the other world was a great journey to take upon so short a warning, and begged a little time only to make his will before he died. "Why," says Death, "you have had warning enough, one would think, to have made ready before this." "In truth," says the Old Man, "this is the first time I ever saw you in my life." "That is false," says Death; "for you have had daily examples of mortality before your eyes, in all sorts of people, ages, and degrees; and is not the frequent spectacle of other people's deaths, a memento sufficient to make you think of your own? Your dim and hollow eyes, the loss of your hearing, and the faltering of the rest of your senses, should mind you, that Death has laid hold of you already: and is this a time of day, do

you think, to stand shuffling it off still? Your hour, I tell you, is now come, and there is no thought of a reprieve in the case of fate.”

REFLECTION.

It is the great business of life to fit ourselves for our end; and no man can live well, that has not Death in his eye. It is a strange mixture of madness and folly in one solecism, for people to say or imagine, that ever any man was taken out of this world without time to prepare himself for Death: but the delay of fitting ourselves is our own fault, and we turn the very sin into an excuse: every breath we draw is not only a step towards Death, but a part of it. It was born with us, it goes along with us: it is the only constant companion that we have in this world, and yet we never think of it any more than if we knew nothing of it. The text is true to the very letter, that we die daily, and yet we feel it not. Everything under the sun reads a lecture of mortality to us. Our neighbours, our friends, our relations, that fall every where round about us, admonish us of our last hour; and yet here is an Old Man, on the wrong side of fourscore, complaining that he is surprised.





THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON.

A CERTAIN Old Man, much infected by superstition, dreamed one night that his only Son was thrown from his horse as he was hunting, and killed upon the spot. This dream made so strong an impression upon the weak and credulous father, that he formed a resolution never more to suffer his son to partake of this his favourite diversion. The next morning that the hounds went out, the young man requested permission to follow them; but instead of receiving it, as usual, his father acquainted him with the dream, and peremptorily enjoined him to forbear the sport. The youth, greatly mortified at this unexpected refusal, left the room much disconcerted, and it was with some difficulty that he restrained his passion from indecently breaking out in his father's presence. But upon his return to his own apartment, passing through a gallery of pictures, in which was a

piece representing a company of gypsies telling a country girl her fortune—"it is owing," said he, "to a ridiculous superstition of the same kind with that of this simple wench that I am debarred from one of the principal pleasures of my life:" at the same time, with great emotion, he struck his hand against the canvass; when a rusty old nail behind the picture ran far into his wrist. The pain and anguish of the wound threw the youth into a violent fever, which proved too powerful for the skill of the physicians, and in a few days put an end to his life: illustrating an observation, that an over-cautious attention to avoid evils, often brings them upon us: and that we are frequently thrown headlong into misfortunes by the very means we make use of to avoid them.

REFLECTION.

The means, suggested by superstition to secure us from misfortune, often brings it upon our heads.





THE TWO ENEMIES AT SEA.

THERE were two Enemies at Sea in the same vessel, the one at the ship's head, the other at the stern. It blew a dreadful storm, and when the vessel was just ready to be swallowed up, one of them asked the master, "which part of the ship would be first under water;" so he told him the other end would sink first. "Why then," says he, "I shall have the comfort of seeing my enemy go before me."

REFLECTION,

There is some comfort in company, even in a state of adversity. Society is so necessary and agreeable to mankind in all cases, that death is certainly the more uneasy for a man's going alone into another world: but the consolation pointed at in this fable, is, that which an envious man takes in the ruin of his enemy. There is a

memorable instance to this purpose, of a gentleman that had an estate for lives, and two of his tenants in the lease : one of them dies, and the other desires his landlord to lay both farms into one, and accept of him for his tenant. The gentleman fairly excused himself, and away goes the man in a rage to his wife, told her how it was, and swore that he would be revenged of his landlord. This was in harvest time, and he went out next day to his reapers, but stayed so long, that his wife sent up and down to look after him. At last they found him in a ditch vomiting. The man, it seems, had poisoned himself, and the revenge upon his landlord was the defeating him of his estate, by destroying the last life in his lease. In one word, revenge stops at nothing that is violent and wicked. It divides the dearest friends, embroils governments, and tears families to pieces. But to say no more of it, the histories of all ages are full of the tragical outrages that have been executed by this diabolical passion : beside, that it hardens people into a brutal contempt of death, as the fable proves, where they may but see their Enemies fall for company.





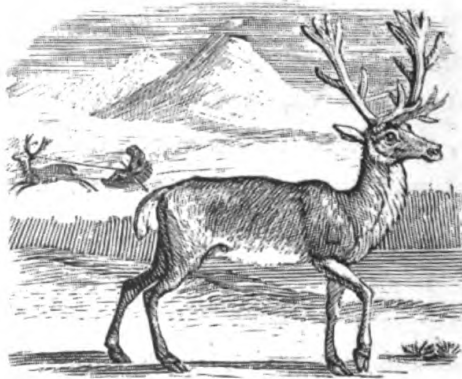
THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PAGAN.

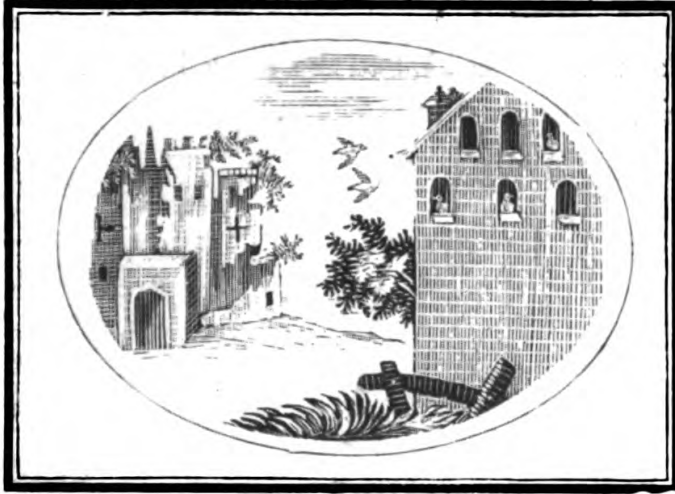
A CHRISTIAN and a Pagan, that had been old acquaintance and fellow-travellers, had several discourses upon the way together, about religion; and coming into Italy, the Christian advised the Infidel, for his better satisfaction, only to go to Mass once, and then tell him what he thought of it. The Pagan accordingly went to church, and being afterwards asked his opinion of the ceremonies and solemnity of the office, his answer was, “that he saw but one thing there that he disliked; which was, that it looked a little uncharitable for one man to eat and drink by himself, and all the rest to look on.”

REFLECTION.

The poison of this fable, in the liberty of jesting with holy matters, would need an antidote to go along with it,

if it were not that it is a Pagan's conceit, and consequently suitable enough to the character and humour of an Infidel, to have the offices of Christianity in derision. If we look at it on that side, it may serve for a reproof to those among ourselves that take the same freedom of scoffing at religion, and religious rites and ceremonies. These people pass in the world under the name of Christians, but in their hearts and manners they are little better than Pagans: the frolic of a merry word goes farther with them, than the conscience of their profession, and if they can but elude the dint of a pinching conviction by some trivial jest, the conceit, they think, atones for the wickedness.





THE PIGEON AND THE MAGPIE.

A MAGPIE was wondering once to a Pigeon, why she would breed still in the same house, where her young ones were constantly taken away from her before they were able to fly. "Why, that is my simplicity," says the Pigeon. "I mean no harm, and I suspect none."

REFLECTION.

The truer hearted any man is, the more liable he is to be imposed upon: and then the world calls it outwitting a man; when, in truth, he is only outknaved: and obliged, even in charity and good nature, to believe till he be completely cozened. This does not yet hinder sincere singleness of heart from being a virtue so necessary for the comfort and security of mankind, that human society cannot subsist without it. And therefore it is a thousand pities it should be so discountenanced, and

abused, as in the common practice of the world we find it is. But it stands firm however to the same tenor of life; as the Pigeon kept to the same house to lay her eggs in, whatever she lost by it.





THE SUN AND THE VAPOUR.

IN the evening of a summer's day, the Sun, as he descended behind the western hills, beheld a thick and unwholesome Vapour extending itself over the whole face of the valleys. Every shrub and every flower immediately folded up its leaves, and shrunk from the touch of this detested enemy. "Well hast thou chosen," said the God of day, "the hour of my departure, to spread thy pestilential influence, and taint the beauties of the creation. Enjoy for a short space the notable triumphs of thy malignity. I shall return again with the morning, repair thy mischiefs, and put an end to thy existence. May the slanderer, in thy fate, discern his own, and be warned to dread the return of truth."

REFLECTION.

Truth, though vanished, returns again; slander is never of a durable nature.





THE ANT FORMERLY A HUSBANDMAN.

THE Ant, or Pismire, was formerly an husbandman, that secretly filched away his neighbour's goods and corn, and stored all up in his own barn. He drew a general curse upon his head for it, and Jupiter, as a punishment, and for the credit of mankind, turned him into a Pismire; but this change of shape wrought no alteration either of mind, or of manners; for he keeps the same humour and nature to this very day.

REFLECTION.

When vicious inclinations are brought once, by custom and practice, to be habitual, the evil is desperate, for nature will be still true to herself, through all forms and disguises. And custom is a second nature. By the poetical fictions of men turned into the shape of beasts and insects, we are given to understand, that they do

effectually make themselves so, when they degenerate from the dignity of their kind: so that the metamorphosis is in their manners, not in their figure. When a reasonable soul descends to keep company in the dirt with ants and beetles, and to abandon the whole man to the sensuality of brutal satisfactions, he forfeits his peerage, and the very privilege of his character and creation; for he is no longer a man, that gives himself wholly up to the works of a beast.





THE GARDENER AND THE BOAR.

A GARDENER once took a Boar in his garden, and cut off one of his ears with a spade. He took him a second time, and cut off the other. He took him a third time, and made a present of him to his landlord. Upon the opening of his head, they found he had no brains, and every body fell a wondering and discoursing upon it. "Sir," says the Gardener, "if this Boar had had any brains, he would have taken the loss of both his ears for a warning, never to come into my garden again."

REFLECTION.

The life and conversation of some men are so brutal, as if they had only the shape, without the faculties of reasonable creatures. What better is he than the Boar

in the fable, that abandons himself wholly to his appetites and pleasures; and after so many repeated warnings, one upon the neck of another, still persists in his folly, in despite of all punishments? The Boar's intemperance, and the note upon him afterwards, on the cutting of him up, that he had no brains in his head, may be moralized into the figure of a sensual man, that has neither grace nor knowledge, but runs headlong on to his ruin, without either consideration or conscience.





THE HUSBANDMAN THAT TURNED SOLDIER
AND MERCHANT.

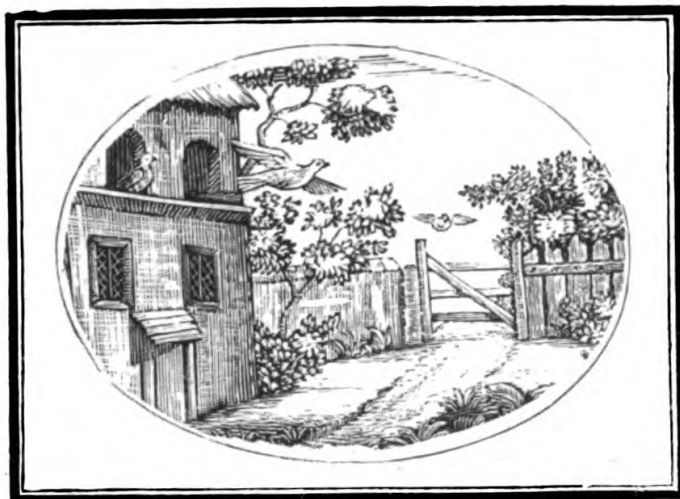
ONCE upon a time, as a Husbandman was meditating in his yard, he cried to Hercules, "Oh, the endless misery of the life I lead! to spend all my days in ploughing, sowing, digging, and dunging, and to make nothing of it at last! Why now, in a soldier's life there is honour to be got, and one lucky hit sets up a man for ever. Faith, I will even sell off my stock, get a horse and arms, and try the fortune of war." Away he goes; makes his push; stands the shock of a battle, and compounds at last for the leaving of a leg behind him, to get home again. By this time he has had his bellyful of knight-errantry, and a new freak takes him in the head. He might do better, he fancies, in the way of a merchant. This maggot no sooner set him agog, but he gets a ship

immediately; freights her, and so away to sea upon adventure; builds castles in the air, and conceits both the Indies in his coffers, before he gets so much as clear of the port. Well! and what is the end of all this at last? He falls into foul weather, among sands and rocks, where merchant, vessel, goods, and all are lost in one common wreck.

REFLECTION.

This doctrine concerns those that rashly change their condition and fortune, and commonly fall into the inconveniences that they thought to avoid. He that is well already, and, upon a levity of mind, quits his station, in hope to be better, it is forty to one he loses by the change: for this lightness is both a vice and a disease, and rather the wallowing of a sickly qualm, than any reasonable agitation of counsel and debate. In the fable, the Husbandman envies the Soldier; the Soldier envies the Merchant; and when he has tried all turns and projects, what with the chance of war, storms, and pirates, he sees his folly too late, and in vain wishes himself with his hinds and flocks again. To say all in a word, this levity is both attended and punished, with an impossibility of mending our condition; for we apply to our bodies, and our fortunes, when the distemper lies in our minds.





THE DAW AND THE PIGEONS.

A DAW took a particular notice of the Pigeons in a certain dove-house, that they were well fed and provided for: so he went and painted himself a dove colour, and took his commons with the Pigeons. So long as he kept his own counsel, he passed for a bird of the same feather; but it was his misfortune once to cry “kaw,” upon which discovery they beat him out of the house, and when he came to his old companions again, they would not admit him neither; so that he lost himself both ways by this disguise.

REFLECTION.

This is to caution us against all superfluous and dangerous desires. Our own lot is best, and by aiming at what we have not, and what is impossible to be had, we

lose what we have already. No man goes out of himself but to his loss. Imitation is servile, let it be where, how, and what it will. Nature points out to us which way every man's talent and genius lies; and he that keeps to his own province, or bias, speeds best. The painting of the Daw like a Pigeon, did not make him one, neither can any man do himself right in another person's shape: besides, that when he is once out, it is hard to find his way home again. The hypocrite is never so far from being a good Christian, as when he looks likest one. It is much a case with a faction in a government, and a Daw in a pigeon-house. There is a fraud driven on, and they assimilate themselves, as much as may be, to the interests they propose to be the better for. They put on all appearances in matter of opinion, practice, and pretence, suitable to the humour they are to join withal: but still some unlucky accident or other happens to discover them in the end, and then, when they would go off again, the people of their own plume and colour beat them away, and refuse to entertain them. This is no more than what we find to be true in all turns of state. Double-dealers may pass muster for a while, but all parties wash their hands of them in the conclusion.





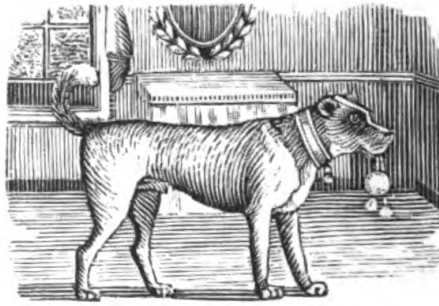
THE DOG AND THE BULL.

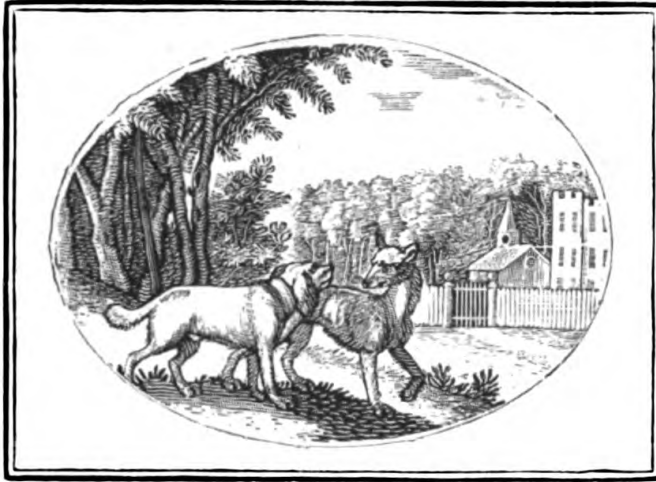
THERE was once a Dog that could beat all his fellows, and was so puffed up with the glory of his exploits, that nothing would serve him but he must challenge a Bull to the combat. They met, and after a short encounter, the Dog lay for dead; but coming to himself again, "Well," says he, "this is the fruit of my insolence and folly, in provoking an enemy, that nature has made my superior."

REFLECTION.

It is not courage, but temerity, for men to venture their lives, reputations, and fortunes upon unequal encounters; unless where they are obliged by an overruling impulse of honour, conscience, and duty, to stand all hazards. That, which the world accounts brave, is,

in truth, no better than brutal, where there is not reason, justice, and prudence to direct and govern it. It is one thing for a man to be firm, and fearless, against honest dangers, let them appear ever so terrible, when his honour for the purpose, his country, or his conscience, call upon him to encounter them : but to run his head against a wall, purely out of a vain opinion of his own strength, would be just the moral of the Dog in the fable.





THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A LEAN, half-starved Wolf inadvertently strolled in the way of a strong well-fed Mastiff. The Wolf, being much too weak to act upon the offensive, thought it most prudent to accost honest Towser in a friendly manner; and among other civilities, very complaisantly congratulated him on his goodly appearance. "Why, yes," returned the Mastiff, "I am indeed in a tolerable case; and if you will follow me, you may soon be altogether in as good a plight." The Wolf pricked up his ears at the proposal, and requested to be informed what he must do to earn such plentiful meals. "Very little," replied the Mastiff; "only drive away beggars, caress my master, and be civil to his family." To these conditions the hungry Wolf had no objection, and very readily consented to follow his new acquaintance wherever

he would conduct him. As they were trotting along, the Wolf observed that the hair was worn in a circle round his friend's neck; which raised his curiosity to inquire what was the occasion of it. "Nothing," answered the Mastiff, "or a mere trifle; perhaps the collar to which my chain is sometimes fastened." "Chain!" replied the Wolf, with much surprise; "it should seem then that you are not permitted to rove about where and when you please." "Not always," returned Towser, hanging down his head; "but what does that signify?" "It signifies so much," rejoined the Wolf, "that I am resolved to have no share in your dinners; half a meal with liberty is, in my estimation, preferable to a full one without it."

REFLECTION.

A mere competence with liberty, is preferable to servitude amid the greatest affluence.



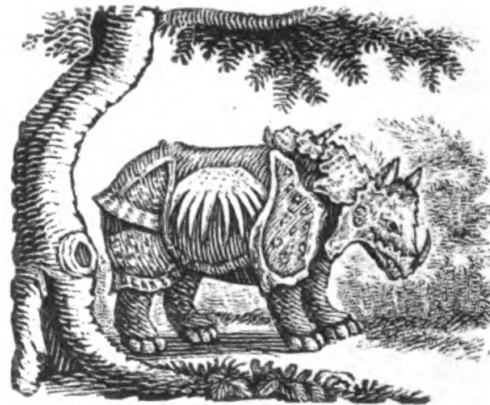


MINERVA'S OLIVE.

THE Gods, say the heathen mythologists, have each of them their favourite tree. Jupiter preferred the Oak, Venus the Myrtle, and Phœbus the Laurel; Cybele the Pine, and Hercules the Poplar. Minerva, surprised that they should choose barren trees, asked Jupiter the reason. "It is," said he, "to prevent any suspicion that we confer the honour we do them, from an interested motive." "Let folly suspect what it pleases," returned Minerva; "I shall not scruple to acknowledge, that I make choice of the olive for the usefulness of its fruit." "O daughter," replied the father of the Gods, "it is with justice that men esteem thee wise; for nothing is truly valuable that is not useful."

REFLECTION.

Whatever fancy may determine, the standing value of all things is in proportion to their use.





THE BUTTERFLY, THE SNAIL, AND THE BEE.

A BUTTERFLY, proudly perched on the gaudy leaves of a Rose, was boasting the vast extent and variety of his travels. "I have ranged," said he, "over graceful and majestic scenes; I have wandered through regions of eglantine and honeysuckle; I have revelled in kisses on beds of violets and cowslips, and have enjoyed the delicious fragrance of roses and carnations. In short, my fancy unbounded, and my flight unrestrained, I have visited with perfect freedom all the flowers of the field or garden, and must be allowed to know the world in a superlative degree." A Snail, who lay attentive to his wonders, on the grass, was struck with admiration; and concluded him, from all his experience, to be the wisest of animal creatures. It happened, that a Bee pursued

her occupation on a neighbouring bed of marjoram ; and, having heard our ostentatious vagrant, reprimanded him in this manner : “ Vain, empty flutterer,” said she, “ whom instruction cannot improve, nor experience itself enlighten ! thou hast rambled over the world ; wherein does thy knowledge of it consist ? Thou hast seen variety of objects ; what conclusions hast thou drawn from them ? Thou hast tasted of every amusement ; hast thou extracted any thing for use ? I too am a traveller : go and look into my hive ; and let my treasures intimate to thee, that the end of travelling is to collect materials either for the use and emolument of private life, or for the advantage of the community.”

REFLECTION.

Fops may boast of their extensive travels, but it is only a few discerning persons that make a proper use of them.





THE OAK AND THE ROSE TREE.

A ROSE Tree grew beside an Oak ; and being not a little elevated by the first warm days in spring, began to shoot forth his leaves apace, and to despise the naked Oak for insensibility and want of spirit. The Oak, conscious of his superior nature, made this philosophical reply : “ Be not, my friend, so much delighted with the first precarious address of every fickle zephyr : consider, the frosts may yet return ; and if thou covetest an equal share with me in all the glories of the rising year, do not afford them an opportunity to nip thy beauties in their bud. As for myself, I only wait to see this genial warmth a little confirmed : and, whenever that is the case, I shall perhaps display a majesty that will not easily be shaken. But the tree which appears too forward to exult in the

first favourable glance of spring, will ever be the readiest to droop beneath the frowns of winter.”

REFLECTION.

He who is puffed up with the least gale of prosperity, will as suddenly sink beneath the blasts of misfortune.





THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend; when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions, by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled unwieldy carcase. Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power in racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak, was a strong, though silent argument, in favour of his claim. Stone and Cholic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure. In the midst of this contention, the Court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold lascivious air, and a flushed and

jovial countenance; she was attended on one hand by a troop of cooks and bacchanals; and on the other by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments; her name was Intemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am not I your parent? the author of your beings? Do ye not derive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? who then so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his prime favourite, and principal minister.

REFLECTION.

Intemperance is the great and original cause that generally shortens human life.





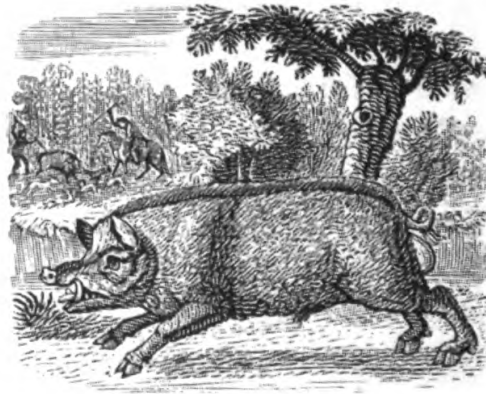
THE LION AND THE ASSES.

THE Lion took a fancy to hunt in company with the Asses; and to make them the more useful, gave them instructions to hide themselves in a thicket, and then to bray in the most frightful manner that they could possibly contrive. "By this means," says he, "you will rouse all the beasts within the hearing of you; while I stand at the outlets, and take them as they are making off." This was done: and the stratagem took effect accordingly. The Asses brayed most hideously; and the timorous beasts, not knowing what to make of it, began to scour off as fast as they could; when the Lion, who was posted at a proper avenue, seized and devoured them as he pleased. Having got his belly full, he called out to the Asses, and bade them leave off, telling them, they had done enough. Upon this, the long-eared brutes came out of their ambush, and approaching the Lion,

asked him, with an air of conceit, how he liked their performance? “Prodigiously!” says he; “you did it so well, that I protest, had I not known your nature and temper, I might have been frightened myself.”

REFLECTION.

A bragging, cowardly fellow may impose upon people that do not know him; but is the greatest jest imaginable to those that do. There are many men, who appear very terrible and big in their manner of expressing themselves, and, if you could be persuaded to take their own word for it, are perfect lions; who, if one takes the pains to inquire a little into their true nature, are as arrant asses as ever brayed.





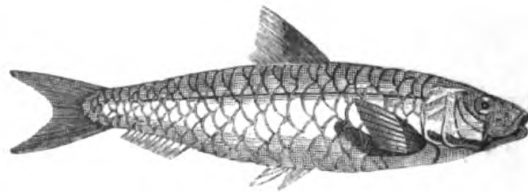
THE BOAR AND THE RAM.

A RAM, happening to meet with a Boar, had a mind to be arch upon him: "And so, brother," says he, "your humble servant." The Boar, somewhat nettled at his familiarity, bristled up to him, and told him he was surprised to hear him utter so impudent an untruth, and was just going to show his noble resentment, by giving him a rip in the flank; but wisely stifling his passion, he contented himself with only saying, "Go, you sorry beast! I could be amply and easily revenged of you, but I do not care to foul my tusks with the blood of so base a creature."

REFLECTION.

Fools are sometimes so ambitious of being thought wits, that they run great hazards in attempting to show themselves such. This is not the first animal, who,

after a handsome rebuke from one superior to himself, both in courage and merit, has continued his awkward raillery even to the last degree of offence. But such a dull creature as the Ram, is so far from raising himself the least esteem by his ludicrous vein, that he has very good luck if he escapes with a whole skin. Buffoons, like dwarfs, should be matched with those of their own level; a man of sense or stature would be ashamed to encounter either of them. But, notwithstanding all this, and though the Boar in the fable is a very good example to men of generous, brave spirits, not to give themselves up to passion, nor to be distempered with thoughts of revenge upon the insolent behaviour of every one that offends them, because their hands would be dishonoured by the tincture of a base man's blood; yet, among human creatures, the correction of a fool that would be unseasonably witty may be performed with justness and propriety enough; provided it be done in good humour. The blood of a coward, literally speaking, would stain the character of a man of honour; when we chastise such wretches, it should be done, if possible, in the utmost calmness of temper. It takes off something from the reputation of a great soul, when we see it is in the power of a fool to ruffle and unsettle it.





THE MAN THAT WAS BITTEN BY A DOG.

A MAN, that was bitten by a Dog, was advised, as the best remedy in the world, to dip a piece of bread in the blood of the wound, and give it to the Dog to eat. "Pray, hold your hand a little," says the Man, "unless you have a mind to draw all the Dogs in the town upon me; for that will certainly be the end of it, when they shall find themselves rewarded, instead of punished, for such an act."

REFLECTION.

This fable informs us, that wicked and ill-natured men are not to be obliged by kindnesses, especially when they find they may be the better for insolence; for at that rate, he that rewards past offences, draws on and encourages new ones. Under the rule and correction of this allegory, we may reckon calumny, slander, and

detraction, in any form of figure whatsoever, and all manner of affronts and indignities, upon our good names or our persons. There may be place in all these cases for a generous charity to forgive offences, even of the highest ingratitude and malice; but it is not advisable to reward where men have the tenderness not to punish. This way of proceeding is dangerous in all the affairs of human life, public as well as private: for it is a temptation to villany, when a man fares the better for evil-doing. Ill-nature, in fine, is not to be cured with a reward; but on the contrary, quarrelsome men, as well as quarrelsome curs, are worse for fair usage.





THE BEES AND THE WASPS.

SOME honey-combs being claimed by a swarm of Wasps, the right owners protested against their demand, and the cause was referred to a Hornet. Witnesses being examined, they deposed that certain winged creatures, who had a loud hum, of a yellowish colour, and somewhat like Bees, were observed a considerable time hovering about the place where this nest was found. But this did not sufficiently decide the question; for these characteristics, the Hornet observed, agreed no less with the Bees than the Wasps. At length a sensible old Bee offered to put the matter upon this decisive issue: "Let a place be appointed by the court," said he, "for the plaintiffs and defendants to work in: it will then soon appear which of us are capable of forming such regular cells, and afterwards of filling them with so delicious a fluid." The Wasps, refusing to agree to

this proposal, sufficiently convinced the judge on which side the right lay; and he decreed the honey-combs accordingly.

REFLECTION.

Pretenders of every kind are best detected by appealing to their works.





THE TWO BEARS AND THE BEE-HIVES.

Two Bears, climbing over a fence into a place where Bees were kept, began to plunder the Hives, and rob them of their honey. But the Bees, to revenge the injury, attacked them in a whole swarm together; and though they were not able to pierce their rugged hides, yet, with their little stings, they so annoyed their eyes and nostrils, that, unable to endure the smarting pain, with impatience they tore the skin over their ears with their own claws, and suffered ample punishment for the injury they did the Bees, in breaking open their waxen cells.

REFLECTION.

Many and great are the injuries of which some men are guilty towards others, for the sake of gratifying some liquorish appetite. For there are those who would not

stick to bring desolation upon their country, and run the hazard of their own necks into the bargain, rather than balk a wicked inclination, either of cruelty, ambition, or avarice. But it were to be wished, all who are hurried by such blind impulses would consider a moment before they proceed to irrevocable execution. Injuries and wrongs not only call for revenge and reparation with the voice of equity itself, but oftentimes carry their punishment along with them, and, by an unforeseen train of events, are retorted on the head of the actor of them ; and not seldom, from a deep remorse, expiated upon himself, by his own hand.





THE CAMELEON AND THE TRAVELLERS.

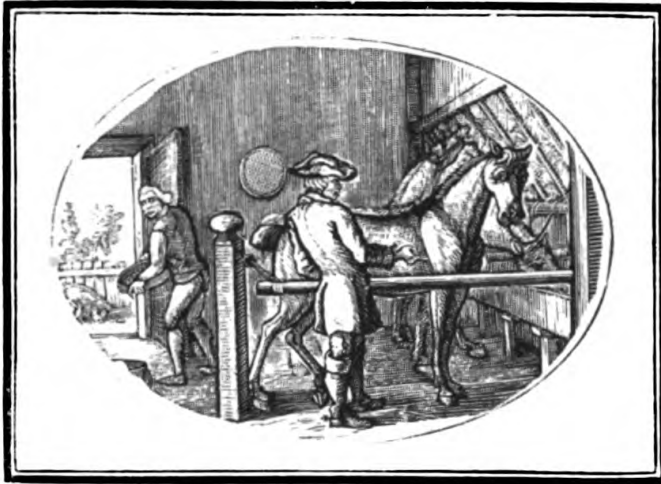
Two Travellers happened on their journey to be engaged in a warm dispute about the colour of the Cameleon. One of them affirmed it was blue; that he had seen it with his own eyes, upon the naked branch of a tree, feeding on the air, in a very clear day. The other strongly asserted it was green, and that he had viewed it very closely and minutely on the broad leaf of a fig-tree. Both of them were positive, and the dispute was rising to a quarrel; but a third person luckily coming by, they agreed to refer the question to his decision. "Gentlemen," said the arbitrator, with a smile of great self-satisfaction, "you could not have been more lucky in your reference, as I happen to have caught one of them last night; but indeed you are both mistaken, for the creature is totally black." "Black! impossible!" "Nay," quoth the umpire, with great

assurance; “ the matter may soon be decided, for I immediately enclosed my Cameleon in a little paper box; and here it is.” So saying, he drew it out of his pocket, opened his box, and behold it was as white as snow. The positive disputants looked equally surprised, and equally confounded; while the sagacious reptile, assuming the air of a philosopher, thus addressed them. “ Ye children of men, learn diffidence and moderation in your opinions. ’Tis true, you happen in the present instance to be all in the right, and have only considered the subject under different circumstances. But pray, for the future, allow others to have eyesight as well as yourselves; and be candid enough not to condemn any man for judging of things as they appear to his own view.”

REFLECTION.

The different lights in which things appear to different judgments, recommend candour to the opinions of others, even at the time that we retain our own.





THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog was lying in a Manger full of hay; a Horse, being hungry, offered to eat of the hay; but the envious, ill-natured cur snarled at him, would not suffer him to touch it. Upon which the Horse, in the bitterness of his heart, said, “A curse light on thee, for a malicious wretch, who wilt neither eat hay thyself, nor suffer others to do it!”

REFLECTION.

Envy is the most unnatural and unaccountable of all the passions. There is scarce any other emotion of the mind, however unreasonable, but may have something said in excuse for it; and there are many of these weaknesses of the soul, which, notwithstanding the wrongness and irregularity of them, swell the heart, while they last, with pleasure and gladness. But the envious man has

no such apology as this to make ; the stronger the passion is, the greater torment he endures ; and subjects himself to a continual real pain, by only wishing ill to others. Revenge is sweet, though cruel and inhuman ; and though it sometimes thirsts even for blood, yet may be glutted and satiated. Avarice is something highly monstrous and absurd ; yet, as it is a desire after riches, every little acquisition gives it pleasure ; and to behold and feel the hoarded treasure, to a covetous man, is a constant uncloying enjoyment. But envy, which is an anxiety arising in our minds, upon our observing accomplishments in others, which we want ourselves, can never receive any true comfort, unless in a deluge, a conflagration, a plague, or some general calamity that should befall mankind : for, as long as there is a creature living, that enjoys its being happily within the envious man's sphere, it will afford nourishment to his distempered mind : but such nourishment, as will make him pine, and fret, and emaciate himself to nothing.





THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

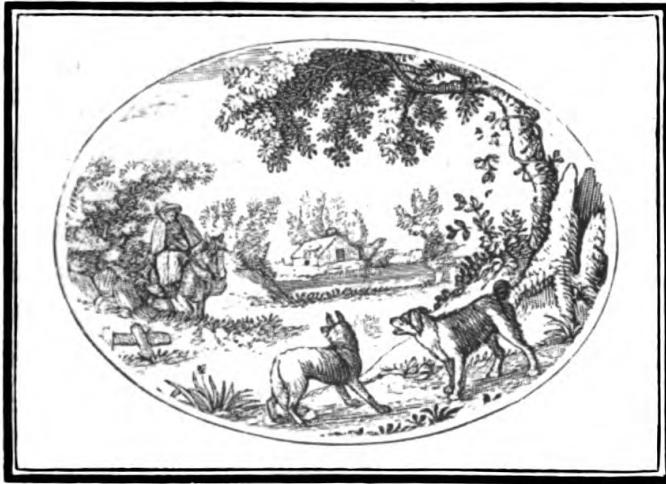
A VAIN fellow, who had been abroad in the world, would still be tiring people's ears at his return with stories of his wonderful actions in his travels; and particularly he told of a leap he took at Rhodes, that nobody there could come within six feet of it. "Now this," says he, "I am able to prove by several witnesses upon the place." "If this be true," says one of the company, "there is no need of going to Rhodes for witness; do you but fancy this to be Rhodes, and then show us the leap."

REFLECTION.

This request of one of the company was bringing the matter to a demonstration: vain boasters should be cautious of making pretensions to what may be so easily brought to immediate proof. Travellers, they say, may

lie by authority ; and yet our Traveller's privilege here was not sufficient to protect him from being made a sport to the company.





THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A WOLF took a Dog by surprise sleeping, and when he was just about to worry him, "Alas!" says he, "I am as lean at present as carrion; but we are to have a wedding at our house within these two or three days, that will fatten me up with good cheer; and when I am in a little better condition, I will throw myself into the mouth of you." The Wolf took his word, and let him go; but passing some few days after by the same house again, he espied the Dog in the hall, and bade him remember his promise. "Hark ye, my friend," says the Dog, "whenever you catch me asleep again, never trouble your head to wait for a wedding."

REFLECTION.

Past dangers make us wiser for the future: as the Dog, after he had been once caught, had the wit to

avoid the Wolf for the future ; which tells us, that a wise person is not to be caught twice by the same snare and trick. His promise to the Wolf was a kind of a dog-case of conscience, and the Wolf played the fool in taking his word for that which he had no reason to expect he would perform.





THE HORSES' PETITION TO JUPITER.

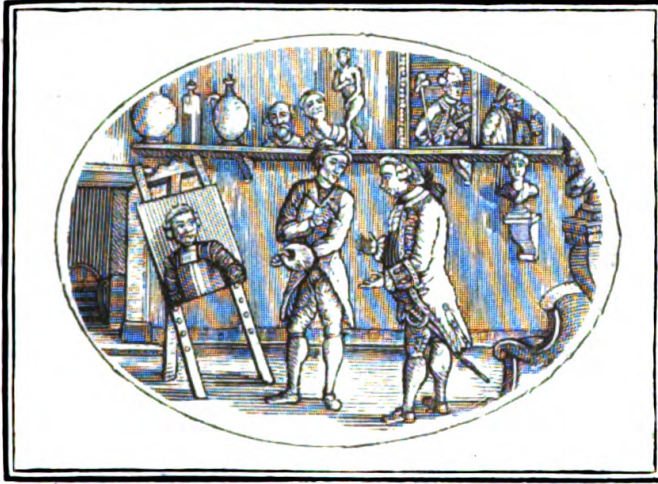
THE Horses, on a time, joined in a petition to Jupiter, to ease them of their heavy burdens and arbitrary masters. Jupiter gave them this answer, " That the order of the world could not be preserved without burdens being carried some way or other : but that, since they were so dissatisfied with their lot, if they would but join and turn part of the stream up a river, that the burdens, which they now carried by land, might be carried by water, they should be eased of a considerable part of that grievance."

REFLECTION.

The Horses are here complaining for being put to the very use and business they were made for ; as if it were cruelty and oppression to employ the necessary

means, which God and nature have given us, for the attaining of necessary ends. Is not a labourer as necessary an implement of Providence as the master builder? are not the meanest artificers of the same institution with ministers of council and state? The head can no more do without the body, than the body without the head; and neither of them without hands to defend, and provide both for the one and for the other. What would become of the universe, if there were not servants as well as masters? beasts to draw and carry burdens, as well as burdens to be drawn and carried? if there were not instruments for drudgery, as well as offices of drudgery? if there were not people to receive and execute orders, as well as others to give and authorize them? Jupiter's answer most emphatically sets forth the necessity of discharging the Horses' part, and the vanity of proposing to have it done any other way. As who should say, the business of human nature must be done. Lay your heads together, and if you can find any way for the doing it, without one sort of people under another, you shall have your asking. But for a conclusion, he that is born to work is out of his place and element when he is idle.





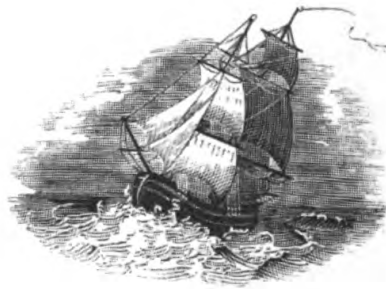
THE FLATTERER AND THE PAINTER.

LONG had the base and sordid vice of Flattery reigned in the world with impunity; till at last, by a rigorous decree of all the Gods, it was ordered to be punished with death, and commissioners were named to see the law put in execution. Six months had passed, and Flattery was as bold and busy as ever, and yet not one complaint against it. Spies and informers were here-upon set to work, who at last brought an author before the court as a delinquent, for having given to a certain Painter qualities to which he was known to be utterly a stranger. The prisoner confessed that he had indeed attributed those abilities to the Painter; and appealed to himself, whether he had wronged him or not? The Painter not only acquitted the man, but reflected desperately upon the scandalous practice of the court itself,

in making that to be Flattery, which, upon the whole matter, was no other than truth and justice. The commission was hereupon discharged; for they found it utterly impracticable to punish a fault, which nobody would either acknowledge or complain of.

REFLECTION.

It is a thing utterly impossible for human wisdom to form such an act of state as shall reach the wickedness of the mind. As, who shall pretend to inflict any punishment upon flattery, hypocrisy, and other sins of the heart, where there lies no proof against them? A man may be very honest in the eye of the law, and yet a most abominable wretch in the sight of God and of his own conscience. But still it is worth while to consider how we may discountenance and prevent those evils which the law can take no cognizance of. And to gain this point the effect must be obviated in the cause. Flattery can never corrupt any man, who does not flatter himself first; for it is a vain opinion of ourselves that lays us open to be imposed upon by others.





THE SWALLOW AND OTHER BIRDS.

A FARMER was sowing his field with flax. The Swallow observed it; and desired the other birds to assist her in picking the seed up, and destroying it; telling them, that flax was that pernicious material, of which the thread was composed which made the fowler's nets, and by that means contributed to the ruin of so many innocent birds. But the poor Swallow not having the good fortune to be regarded, the flax sprung up, and appeared above the ground. She then put them in mind once more of their impending danger, and wished them to pluck it up in the bud, before it went any farther. They still neglected her warnings; and the flax grew up into the high stalk. She yet again desired them to attack it, for that it was not yet too late: but all that she could get was, to be ridiculed and despised for a silly pretending prophet. The Swallow, finding all

her remonstrances availed nothing, was resolved to leave the society of such unthinking, careless creatures, before it was too late. So, quitting the woods, she repaired to the houses; and forsaking the conversation of the birds, has ever since made her abode among the dwellings of men.

REFLECTION.

As men, we should always exercise so much humanity, as to endeavour the welfare of mankind, particularly of our acquaintance and relations; and if by nothing farther, at least by our good advice. When we have done this, and, if occasion required, continued to repeat it a second or third time, we shall have acquitted ourselves sufficiently from any imputation upon their miscarriage: and having nothing more to do, but to separate ourselves from them, that we may not be involved in their ruin, or be supposed to partake of their error. This is an excommunication which reason allows. For, as it would be cruel, on the one side, to persecute and hurt people for being mistaken; so, on the other, it would be indiscreet, and over complaisant, to keep them company through all their wrong notions, and act contrary to our opinion, out of pure civility.



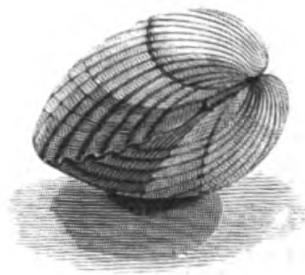


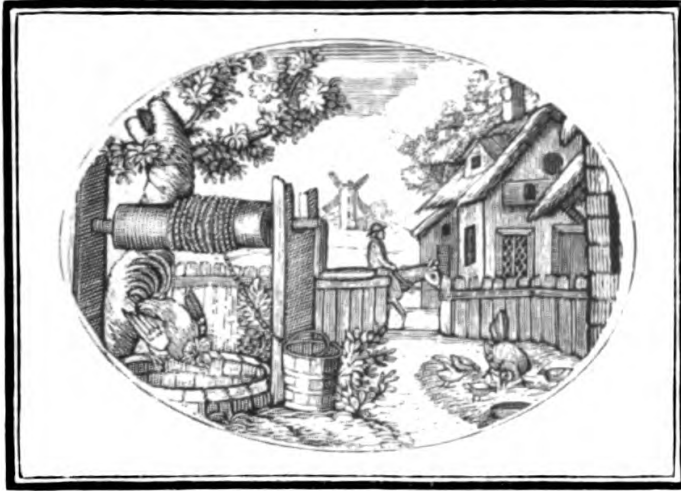
THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.

A NURSE, who was endeavouring to quiet a froward bawling child, among other attempts, threatened to throw it out of doors to the Wolf, if it did not leave off crying. A Wolf, who chanced to be prowling near the door just at that time, heard the expression, and believing the woman to be in earnest, waited a long while about the house, in expectation of seeing her words made good. But at last the child, wearied with its own importunities, fell asleep, and the poor Wolf was forced to return back to the woods empty and supperless. The Fox meeting him, and surprised to see him going home so thin and disconsolate, asked him what was the matter, and how he came to speed no better that night? "Ah! do not ask me," says he; "I was so silly as to believe what the Nurse said, and have been disappointed."

REFLECTION.

All the moralists have agreed to interpret this fable as a caution to us never to trust a woman. What reasons they could have for giving so rough and uncourtly a precept, is not easy to be imagined: for however fickle and unstable some women may be, it is well known there are several who have a greater regard for truth in what they assert or promise than most men. There is not room in so short a compass, to express a due concern for the honour of the ladies upon this occasion, nor to show how much one is disposed to vindicate them: and though there is nothing bad which can be said of them, but may, with equal justice, be averred of the other sex; yet one would not venture to give them quite so absolute a precaution as the old mythologists have affixed to this fable, but only to advise them to consider well and thoroughly of the matter, before they trust any man living.





THE MULE.

A MULE, which was well fed, and worked little, grew fat and wanton, and frisked about very notably. “And why should not I run as well as the best of them?” says he: “it is well known, I had a horse to my father, and a very good racer he was.” Soon after this, his master took him out, and being upon urgent business, whipped and spurred the Mule, to make him put forward; who, beginning to tire upon the road, changed his note, and said to himself, “Ah! where is the horse’s blood you boasted of but now? I am sorry to say it, friend, but indeed your worthy sire was an ass, and not a horse.”

REFLECTION.

However high their blood may beat, one may venture to affirm those to be but mongrels, and asses in reality, who make a bustle about their genealogy. If some in

the world should be vain enough to think they can derive their pedigree from one of the old Roman families, and being otherwise destitute of merit, would fain draw some from thence; it might not be improper, upon such an occasion, to put them in mind that Romulus, the first founder of that people, was base born, and the body of his subjects made up of outlaws, murderers, and felons, the scum and offscouring of the neighbouring nations, and that they propagated their descendants by rapes. As a man truly great shines sufficiently bright of himself, without wanting to be emblazoned by a splendid ancestry; so they, whose lives are eclipsed by foulness or obscurity, instead of showing to an advantage, look but the darker for being placed in the same line with their illustrious forefathers.





THE OWL AND THE ECHO.

A SOLEMN Owl, puffed up with vanity, sat repeating her screams at midnight, from the hollow of a blasted oak. "And whence," cried she, "proceeds this awful silence, unless it be to favour my superior melody? Surely the groves are hushed in expectation of my voice; and when I sing, all nature listens." An Echo, resounding from an adjacent rock, replied immediately, "all nature listens." "The nightingale," resumed she, "has usurped the sovereignty by night; her note indeed is musical, but mine is sweeter far." The voice, confirming her opinion, replied again, "is sweeter far." "Why then am I diffident," continued she; "why do I fear to join the tuneful choir?" The Echo, still flattering her vanity, repeated, "join the tuneful choir." Roused by this empty phantom of encouragement, she on the morrow mingled her hootings with the harmony of the groves.

But the tuneful songsters, disgusted with her noise, and affronted by her impudence, unanimously drove her from their society, and still continue to pursue her wherever she appears.

REFLECTION.

The vain hear the flatteries of their own imagination, and fancy them to be the voice of fame.





THE DISCONTENTED BEE.

A BEE complained to Jupiter, of the numerous evils to which her condition was exposed. Her body, she said, was weak and feeble, yet was she condemned to get her living by perpetual toil; she was benumbed by the cold of winter, and relaxed by the heat of summer. Her haunts were infested with poisonous weeds, and her flights obstructed by storms and tempests. In short, what with dangers from without, and diseases from within, her life was rendered one continual scene of anxiety and wretchedness. "Behold now," said Jupiter, "the frowardness and folly of this unthankful race! The flowers of the field I have spread before them as a feast, and have endeavoured to regale them with an endless variety. They now revel on odoriferous beds of thyme and lavender, and now on the still more

fragrant banks of violets and roses. The business they complain of is the extraction of honey; and, to alleviate their toil, I have allowed them wings, which readily transport them from one banquet to another. Storms, tempests, and noxious weeds, I have given them sagacity to shun; and if they are misled, it is through the perverseness of their inclinations. But thus it is with Bees, and thus with men; they misconstrue the benevolence of my designs, and then complain that my decrees are rigid; they ungratefully overlook all the advantages, and magnify all the inconveniences of their station. But let my creatures pursue their happiness, through the paths marked out by nature; and they will then feel no pains, which they have not pleasures to compensate.”

REFLECTION.

The pleasures of life would be a balance for the pains, did we not increase the latter by our own perverseness.





THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A WOLF, ranging over the forest, came within the borders of a sheep-walk ; when meeting with a shepherd's Dog, that with a surly sort of a growl demanded his business there, he thought proper to put on as innocent an appearance as he could, and protested upon his honour that he meant not the least offence. "I am afraid," said the Dog, "the pledge of your honour is but a poor deposit for your honesty ; you must not take it amiss, if I object to the security." "No slur upon my reputation," replied the Wolf, "I beg of you. My sense of honour is as delicate, as my great achievements are renowned. I would not leave a stain upon my memory, for the world." "The fame of what are generally called great achievements is very precious, to be sure," returned the Dog ; "almost equal to the character

of an excellent butcher, a gallant highwayman, or an expert assassin." While the Dog was yet speaking, a lamb happened to stray within reach of our hero. The temptation was stronger than he was able to resist; he sprung upon his prey, and was scouring hastily away with it. However, the Dog seized and held him till the arrival of the shepherd, who took measures for his execution. Just as he was going to dispatch him, "I observe," says the Dog, "that one of your noble achievements is the destruction of the innocent. You are welcome to the renown, as you are also to the reward of it. As for me, I shall prefer the credit of having honestly defended my master's property, to any fame you have acquired by thus heroically invading it."

REFLECTION.

Common honesty is a better principle than that which we often compliment with the name of heroism.





THE TRAVELLER AND THE LION.

A LION and a Man were once travelling together ; among other discourses upon the road, they fell upon this topic, which was the strongest creature of the two. As they were arguing the case very sedately, they came at last to a place where were a great many marble pillars, and among the rest a pedestal, on which was carved a man with a lion under his feet. "Look ye, friend," says the Man, turning to his fellow-traveller, "you may from hence perceive that men are much stronger than lions, and all other creatures besides." "A pleasant thought, indeed," replied the Lion : "but had we Lions carvers and painters as you Men have, you would see twenty to one more Men under the Lions' paws than Lions under the feet of Men."

REFLECTION.

The allegory of this fable is intended to reprove the vanity of sculptures, and especially of such pieces as aim at flattery more than truth. This happens so frequently among men, that one may with a great deal of reason ask, how much money was the artist's bribe for erecting such haughty monuments of our pride? What I say of carvers, ought by parity of reason to be understood of poets, painters, and all others who are entrusted with the handing down of men and actions to posterity. What abundance of chimerical actions, imaginary virtues, and false ornaments, are pompously set down in the poems of the one, and in the pictures of the others!





THE APE AND HER TWO YOUNG ONES.

AN Ape, having two young ones, was dotingly fond of one, but disregarded and slighted the other. One day she chanced to be surprised by two Bears, and had much ado to get off. However she did not forget her favourite young one, which she took up in her arms, that it might be the more secure: the other, which she neglected, by natural instinct, leapt upon her back, and so away they scampered together. But it unluckily fell out, that the dam, in her precipitate flight, blinded with haste, let fall her favourite, which was immediately destroyed by the Bears. The hated one, clinging close to her rough back, escaped all the danger of the pursuit.

REFLECTION.

This fable is designed to expose the folly of some parents, who, by indulging and humouring their favourite

children, spoil and ruin them ; while those of whom they have been the least fond, have done very well. The child that knows it can command its parents' affections, will hardly be brought to know how to obey. The fondness of indiscreet parents to favourite children, is blind as love itself; they are so far from seeing any blemishes or imperfections in them, that their very deformity is beauty, and all their ugly tricks graces. Thus, without ever being checked and corrected for their faults, but rather applauded and caressed for them, when they come abroad upon the theatre of the world, what rock will they not split upon? While the child who is so happy as to escape these very tender regards, these pernicious indulgences, is obliged to be good and honest in its own defence. The parent looks upon it with an eye clear from the mists of fondness. He has no regard to its dislike or approbation ; but for his own credit, puts it into such a way of education as reason dictates ; and forces it to be accomplished, as its capacity will admit.





THE GOOSE AND THE MONKEY.

A GOOSE was bragging to a Monkey how fruitful she was. "Never value yourself," says the Monkey, "upon that vanity; for as you bring up your young, principally for the pie, or the spit, I should think, that the more children you have the more should be your sorrow."

REFLECTION.

The care, charge, and hazard of many children, in the education and proof of them, does in a great measure counterbalance the blessing; especially where they are born in a state of slavery, and their good depends upon the arbitrary pleasure of a tyrant. The fable may be taken in another sense, to show us the hazard of having a numerous stock of children, which must, of necessity, whether they live or die, furnish matter of great anxiety

to the parents. The loss of them is grievous to us. The miscarriage of them by falling into lewd and vicious courses, is much worse ; and one such disappointment is sufficient to blast the comfort given us by all the rest. Nay, the very possibility, or rather the likelihood and odds, that some out of such a number will prove ungracious, makes our beds uneasy to us, fills our heads and our hearts with racking thoughts, and keeps us in anxiety night and day.





THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

A ROYAL Eagle having resolved to prefer such of his subjects as he found most agreeable for person and address, ordered every bird to bring its young ones to court. They came accordingly, and every one in its turn was for advancing its own; till at last the Owl fell a mopping and twinkling, and told his Majesty, "that if a graceful mien and countenance might entitle any of his subjects to a preference, she doubted not but her brood would be looked upon in the first place; for," says she, "they are all as like me as they can stare."

REFLECTION.

The moral here before us extends to the fruits and productions of the brain, as well as of the body; and to deformities as well of understanding, as of shape. We

are taught here principally two things: first, how ridiculous it is for a man to dote upon the undeserving issue of his own brains or loins; and yet, secondly, how prone we are to indulge our own errors, follies, and miscarriages, in thought, word, and deed. The world has abundance of these Owls in it: so that whoever looks about him, will find not a few living illustrations of this emblem.





PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

A MAN, who had raised himself from a small fortune by successful traffic to a large one, was boasting: "Why, ay," says he, "this it is when a man understands his business: for I have done all this by my own skill." Avarice is insatiable, and so he went pushing on still for more; till, what by wrecks, bankrupts, and pirates, one upon the neck of another, he was reduced, in half the time that he was a rising, to a morsel of bread. "Why this," says he, "is owing to my cursed fortune!" Fortune happened to be at that time within hearing, and told him that he was an arrogant, ungrateful fellow, to charge her with all the evil that befel him, and to take the good to himself.

REFLECTION.

Our hearts are so much set upon the value of the benefits we receive, that we never think of the bestower of them, and so our acknowledgments are commonly paid to the second hand, without any regard to the principal. We run into mistakes and misfortunes of our own accord; and then, when we are once disappointed, we lay the blame of them upon others. This or that was not well done, we say; but alas! it was none of our fault; we did it by constraint, advice, importunity, or the authority perhaps of great examples, and the like: at this rate we palliate our own weaknesses and corruptions, and at the same rate we likewise assume to ourselves the merits of others. The thing to be done, in fine, is to correct this arrogance, and be thankful to God for the benefits we receive at his hands; and resign ourselves to his all-wise providence in those dispensations which we are so apt to reckon misfortunes: but which, made a right use of, may frequently turn to our highest benefit, if not in this world, in that to come.





THE COVETOUS MAN AND THE ENVIOUS ONE.

A COVETOUS Man and an envious one, becoming petitioners to Jupiter, were told, that what the one asked should be doubled on the other. The covetous Man, according to his character, desired great riches, and his companion had them double. This did not, however, satisfy the envious Man, who repining that the covetous Man was half as rich as himself, requested that one of his own eyes might be put out; for his companion was then to lose both his.

REFLECTION.

The covetous Man in this fable had a very hard put. As avarice is always attended with some envy, it was no small mortification to one who would have been glad to

have engrossed all, to be under a necessity of making another twice as rich as himself by virtue of his own choice. But an envious Man cannot possibly be shown in a stronger light than he is here. For he not only repines that his companion is half as rich as he, though he enjoys his own double share by virtue of the other's prayer; but he chooses to forego all the benefits which he, in his turn, might reap by his petition, lest his neighbour should have double; and prays for a curse upon himself, to wit, that he might lose one of his own eyes, so that the other might lose both his; and be thereby made incapable of enjoying with comfort the acquisition he had so ardently coveted. This remarkable instance of envy and avarice admonishes us to be cautious how we give way to such wicked passions, as not only make the persons governed by them a torment to themselves, but render them at the same time odious to God and man.





THE FOWLER AND THE RINGDOVE.

A FOWLER took his gun, and went into the woods a shooting. He spied a Ringdove among the branches of an oak, and intended to kill it. He clapped the piece to his shoulder, and took his aim accordingly. But, just as he was going to pull the trigger, an adder, which he had trod upon under the grass, stung him so painfully in the leg, that he was forced to quit his design, and threw his gun down in a passion. The poison immediately infected his blood, and his whole body began to mortify; which, when he perceived, he could not help owning it to be just. "Fate," says he, "has brought destruction upon me, while I was contriving the death of another."

REFLECTION.

This is another lesson against injustice; a topic in which our just author abounds. And, if we consider

the matter fairly, we must allow it to be as reasonable that some one should do violence to us, as we should commit it upon another. When we are impartial in our reflections, thus we must always think. The unjust man, with a hardened unfeeling heart, can do a thousand bitter things to others: but if a single calamity touches himself, oh, how tender he is! how insupportable is the uneasiness it occasions! Why should we think others born to hard treatment, more than ourselves? or imagine it can be reasonable to do to another, what we ourselves should be unwilling to suffer?





THERE'S NO TO-MORROW.

A MAN, who had lived a very profligate life, at length being awakened by the lively representations of a sober friend on the apprehensions of a feverish indisposition, promised, that he would heartily set about his reformation, and that To-morrow he would seriously begin it. —But the symptoms going off, and that To-morrow coming, he still put it off till the next, and so he went on from one To-morrow to another: but still he continued his reprobate life. This, his friend observing, said to him, “ I am very much concerned to find how little effect my disinterested advice has upon you: but, my friend, let me tell you, that since your To-morrow never comes, nor do you seem to intend it shall, I will believe you no more, except you set about your repentance and amendment this very moment: for, to say

nothing of your repeated broken promises, you must consider, that the time that is past is no more; that To-morrow is not *ours*; and the present *now* is all we have to boast of.

REFLECTION.

That compunction of heart cannot be sincere, which takes not immediate effect, and can be put off till To-morrow. The friend's closing observation in the fable is so good a moral, that we need add nothing to it.



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