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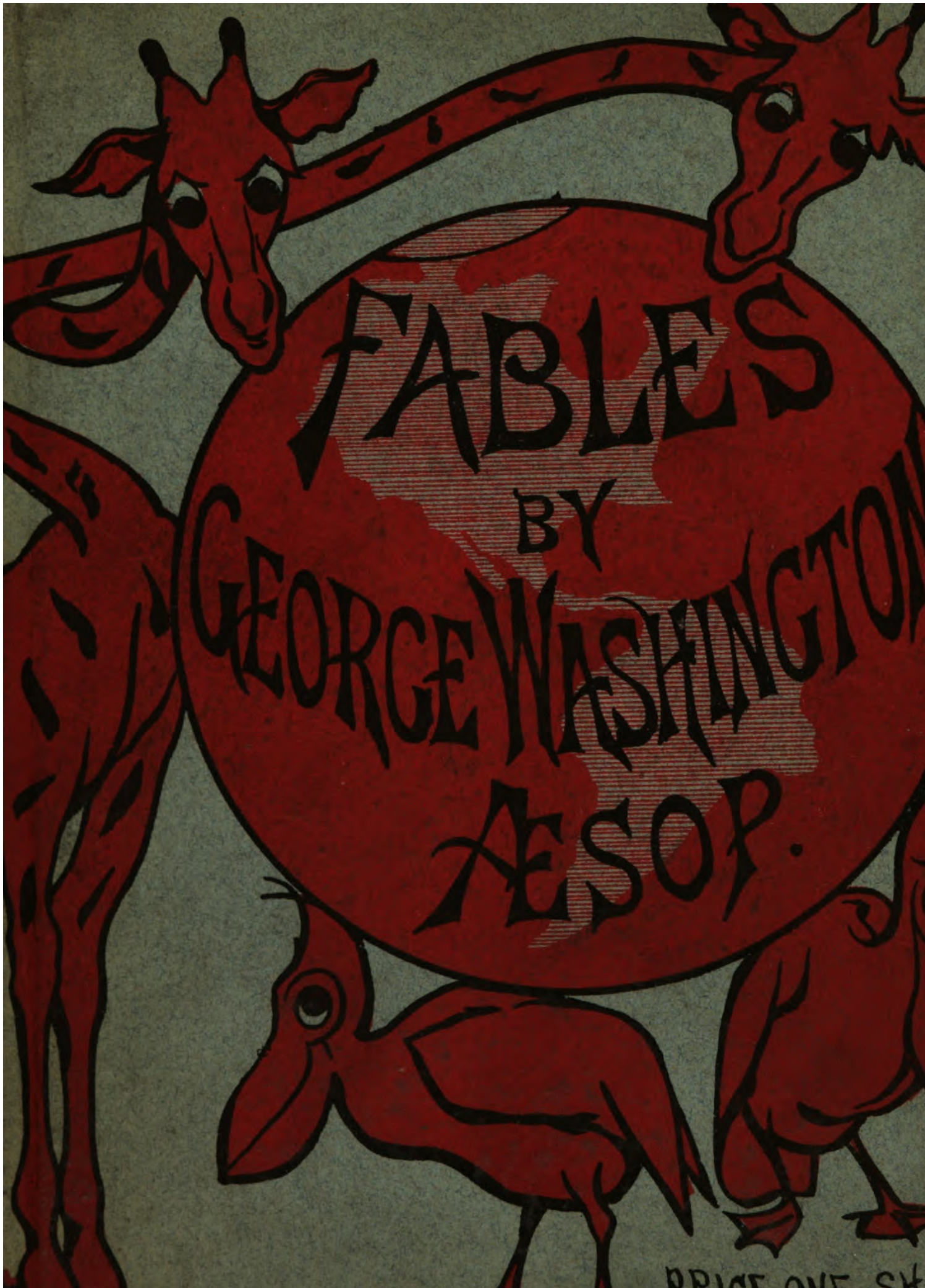
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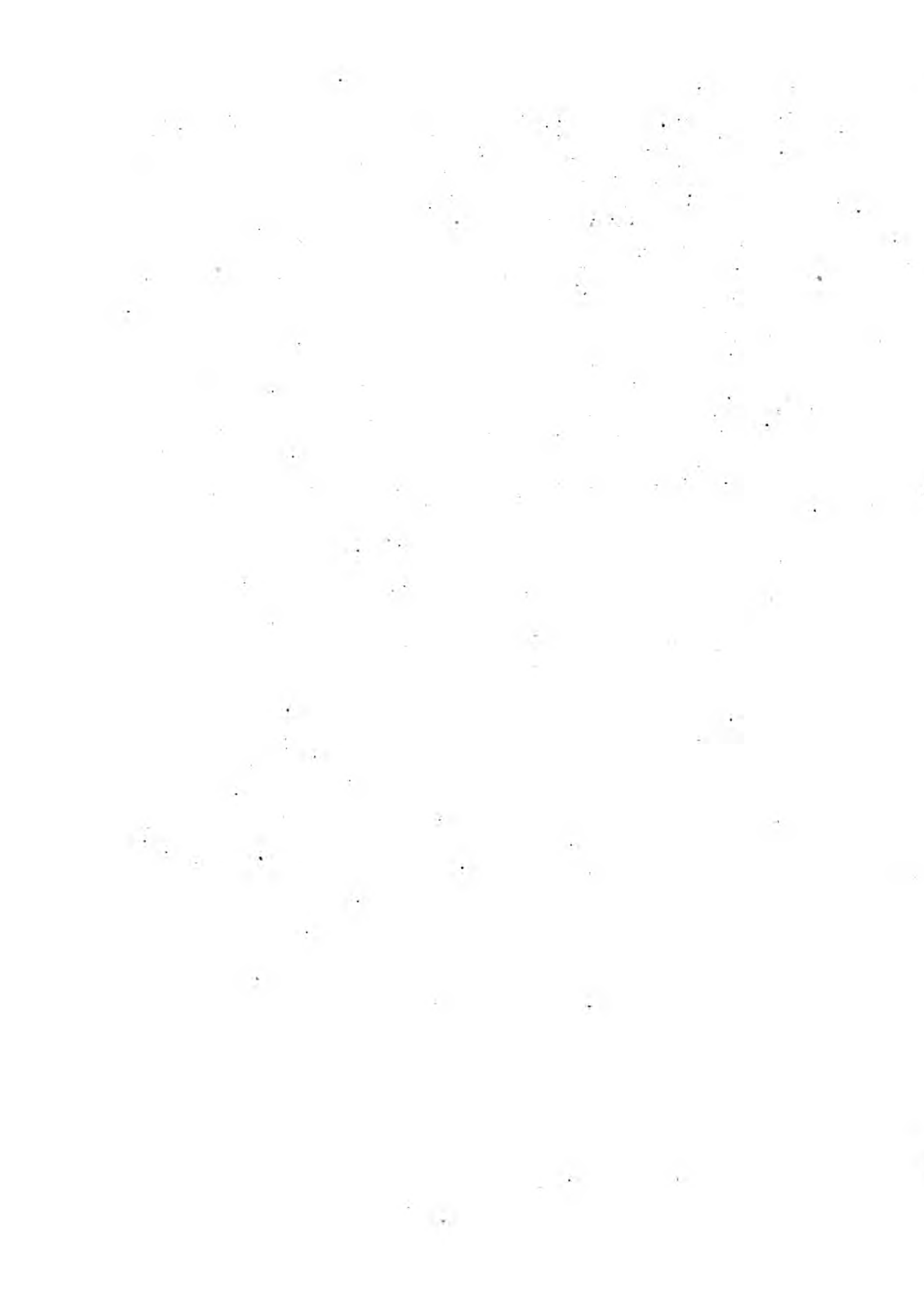


PRICE ONE SH



Johns v f.











FABLES

BY

G. WASHINGTON ÆSOP.



WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. S. CHURCH.

LONDON :

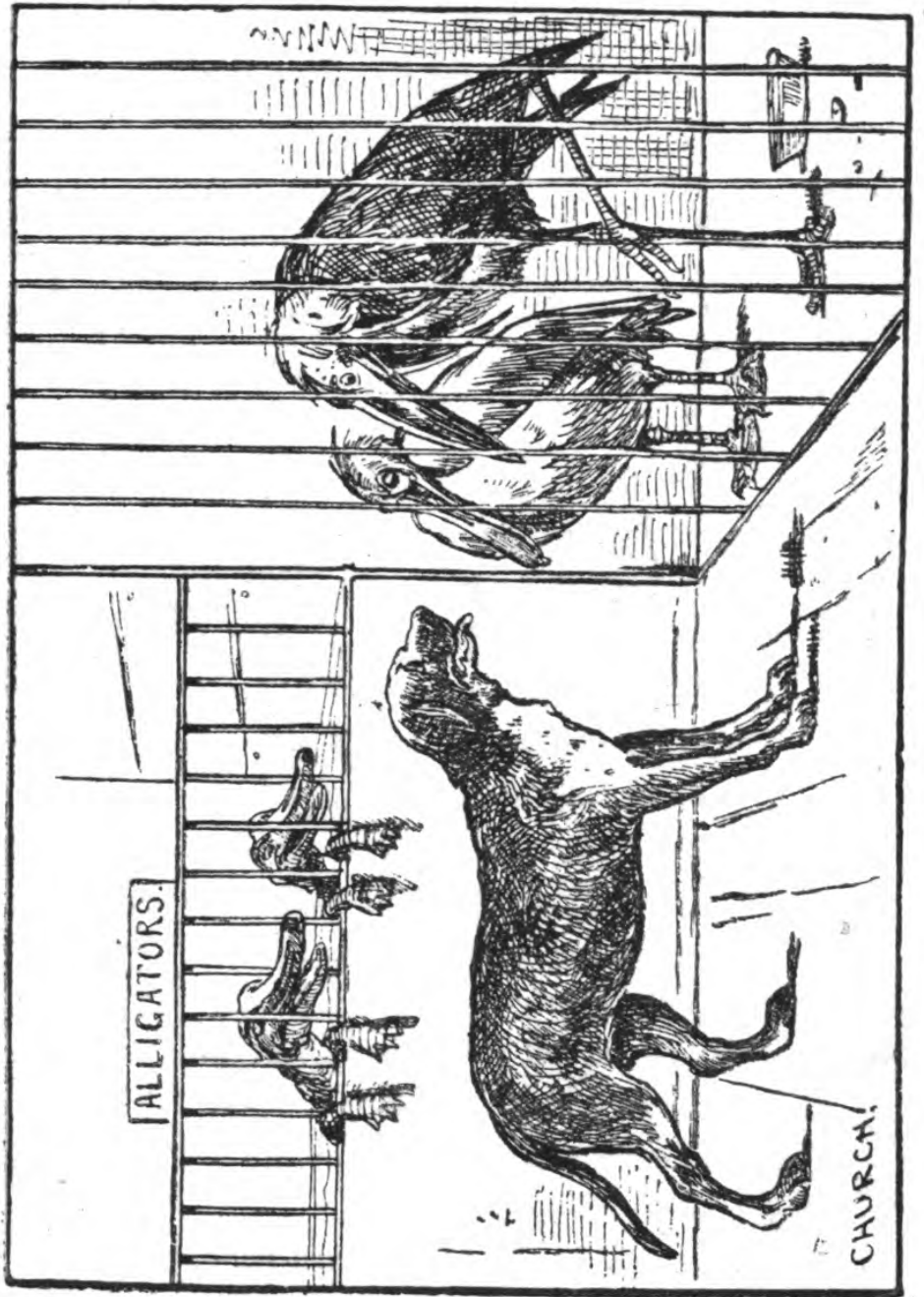
W. MACK, 4, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.







Æ SOP doth with umbrella fare
Along Broadway, and view
A long array of Turtles rare,
Which Bill but do not Coo.
The unwonted sight the Elephant
Doth very much perplex,
With Chimpanzees irreverent
Hang from his Trunk—like Checks.
The neck-or-nothing Camels stare ;
The Frog is much more cool,
He comes out with triumphant air
From a Pacific Pool.
The menagerie gathers 'round :
And Æsop in dismay
Resolves to buy the modern book,
And throws his own away.





FABLES.

The Merchant of Venice.

A VENETIAN merchant who was lolling in the lap of Luxury was accosted upon the Rialto by a Friend who had not seen him for many months. “How is this?” cried the latter; “when I last saw you your Gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own Gondola.” “True,” replied the Merchant, “but since then I have met with serious losses, and been obliged to compound with my Creditors for Sixpence in the Pound.

Moral.—Composition is the Life of Trade.



The Good Samaritan.

A CERTAIN Man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among Thieves, who beat him and stripped him and left him for dead. A Good Samaritan, seeing this, clapped Spurs to his Ass and galloped away, lest he should be sent to the House of Detention as a Witness while the Robbers were released on Bail.

Moral.—The Perceiver is worse than the Thief.

The Wolf and the Kid.

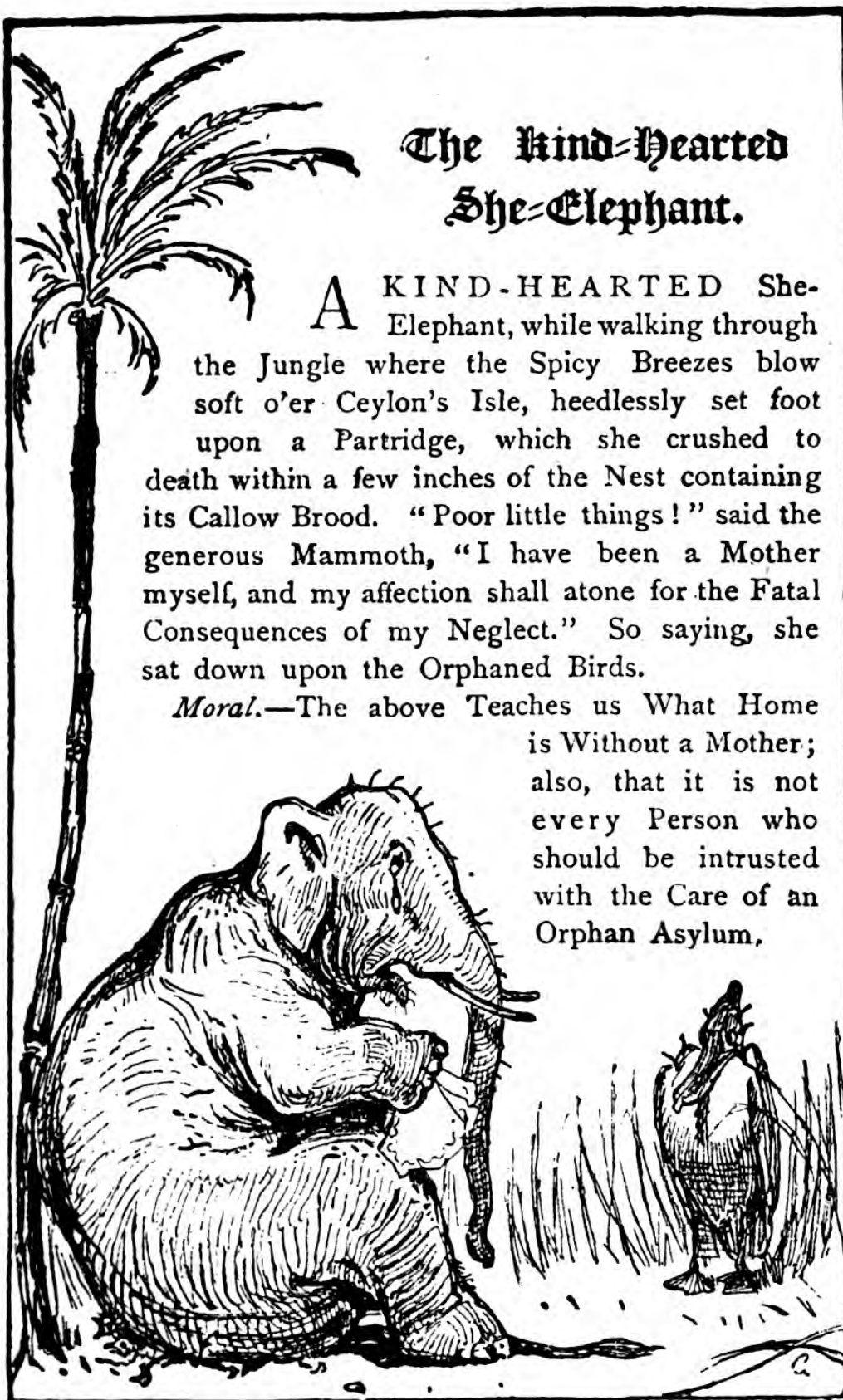
A PRUDENT Goat having occasion to go and see a Nan, gave her only Kid many Injunctions to insure its Safety during her Absence. Shortly after, a Wolf, making a round of pastoral visits, knocked at the Door. "Who is there?" said the Kid, peeping through the front Parlour Blinds. "Your Cousin from Philadelphia," replied the Wolf; "do you not remember how you visited me at the Centennial? I have come to return the Call and make a nice long stay." "Oh, that is Played," answered the Kid, contemptuously; "my Mother was a Childless Orphan, my Father began Life at a very early Age on a Door-step with no Capital but a Newspaper, and I was Changed at Birth. You are barking up the wrong Genealogical Tree." "I must have mistaken the House," said the Wolf; "besides, Kid never agrees with me." Saying which he departed to get some Spring Lamb *au naturel*.

Moral.—It is better to Board an Enemy a Week than have a Visitor stay a Fortnight.

The Kind-Hearted She-Elephant.

A KIND-HEARTED She-Elephant, while walking through the Jungle where the Spicy Breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a Partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the Nest containing its Callow Brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous Mammoth, "I have been a Mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the Fatal Consequences of my Neglect." So saying, she sat down upon the Orphaned Birds.

Moral.—The above Teaches us What Home is Without a Mother; also, that it is not every Person who should be intrusted with the Care of an Orphan Asylum.



The Fox and the Grapes.

A THIRSTY Fox one day, in passing through a vineyard, noticed that the Grapes were hanging in clusters from Vines which were trained to such a height as to be out of his Reach.

“Ah,” said the Fox, with a supercilious smile, “I’ve heard of this before. In the twelfth Century an Ordinary Fox of average culture would have wasted his Energy and Strength in the vain attempt to reach yonder sour Grapes. Thanks to my Knowledge of vine-culture, however, I at once observe that the great height and extent of the Vine, the drain upon the Sap through the increased number of Tendrils and Leaves, must of necessity impoverish the Grape, and render it unworthy the consideration of an intelligent Animal. Not any for me, thank you.”

With these words, he coughed slightly, and withdrew.

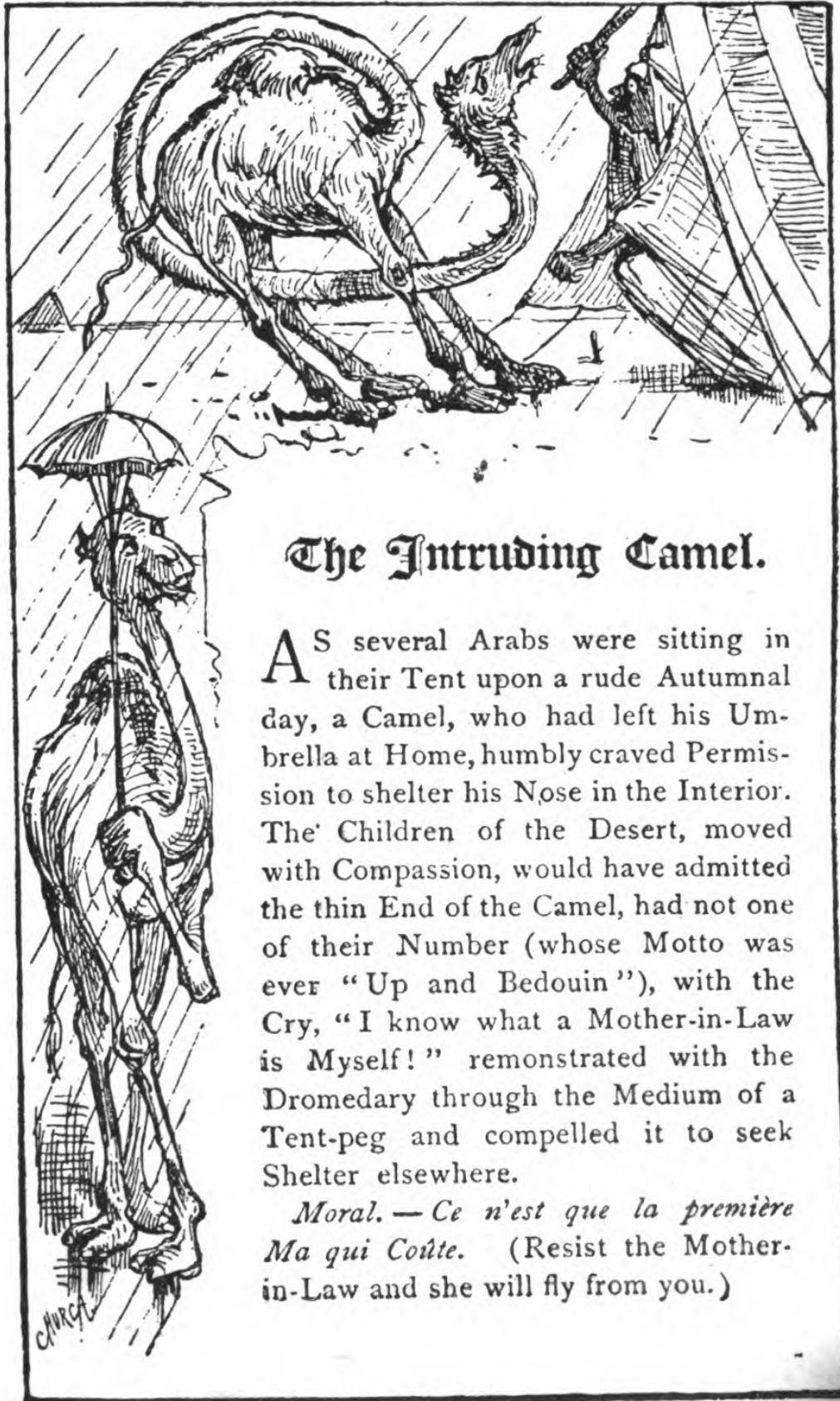
Moral.—This fable teaches that an intelligent discussion and some Botanical knowledge are of the greatest importance in Grape Culture.

BRET HARTE.

The Lion and the Insurance Agent.

AN Insurance Agent happening to meet a Lion, asked him if he would insure his Life. “No,” responded the Monarch of the Forest, with a resounding Roar, “nor yours.” Thus saying he tore the unhappy Man to pieces, and fed on his damaged Cheek and other more penetrable Portions.

Moral.—There is such a Thing as being instant out of Season.



The Intruding Camel.

AS several Arabs were sitting in their Tent upon a rude Autumnal day, a Camel, who had left his Umbrella at Home, humbly craved Permission to shelter his Nose in the Interior. The Children of the Desert, moved with Compassion, would have admitted the thin End of the Camel, had not one of their Number (whose Motto was ever "Up and Bedouin"), with the Cry, "I know what a Mother-in-Law is Myself!" remonstrated with the Dromedary through the Medium of a Tent-peg and compelled it to seek Shelter elsewhere.

Moral. — *Ce n'est que la première Ma qui Coûte.* (Resist the Mother-in-Law and she will fly from you.)

The Rival Bears.

A GRIZZLY Bear fresh from the Wilds of California happened to form an acquaintance with the Great Bear, who, pointing to a Pacific Pool, said, "Let us go into that Pool together, and when the Bulls come down to take a Horn we will Stock it to them." "Agreed," said the Grizzly, "but," he added with Keen distrust, "will you be faithful to your Contract?" "I will be as good as Gould," answered the Great Bear; "besides, you have your saving Claws, and can keep Watch and Ward." They accordingly went down into the Pool, the Waters of which were shortly afterwards troubled, and the Great Bear, feeling himself going down, unloaded upon the California Grizzly, who sank to rise once more.

Moral.—All's not Gould that Glitters.



The Procrastinating Broker.

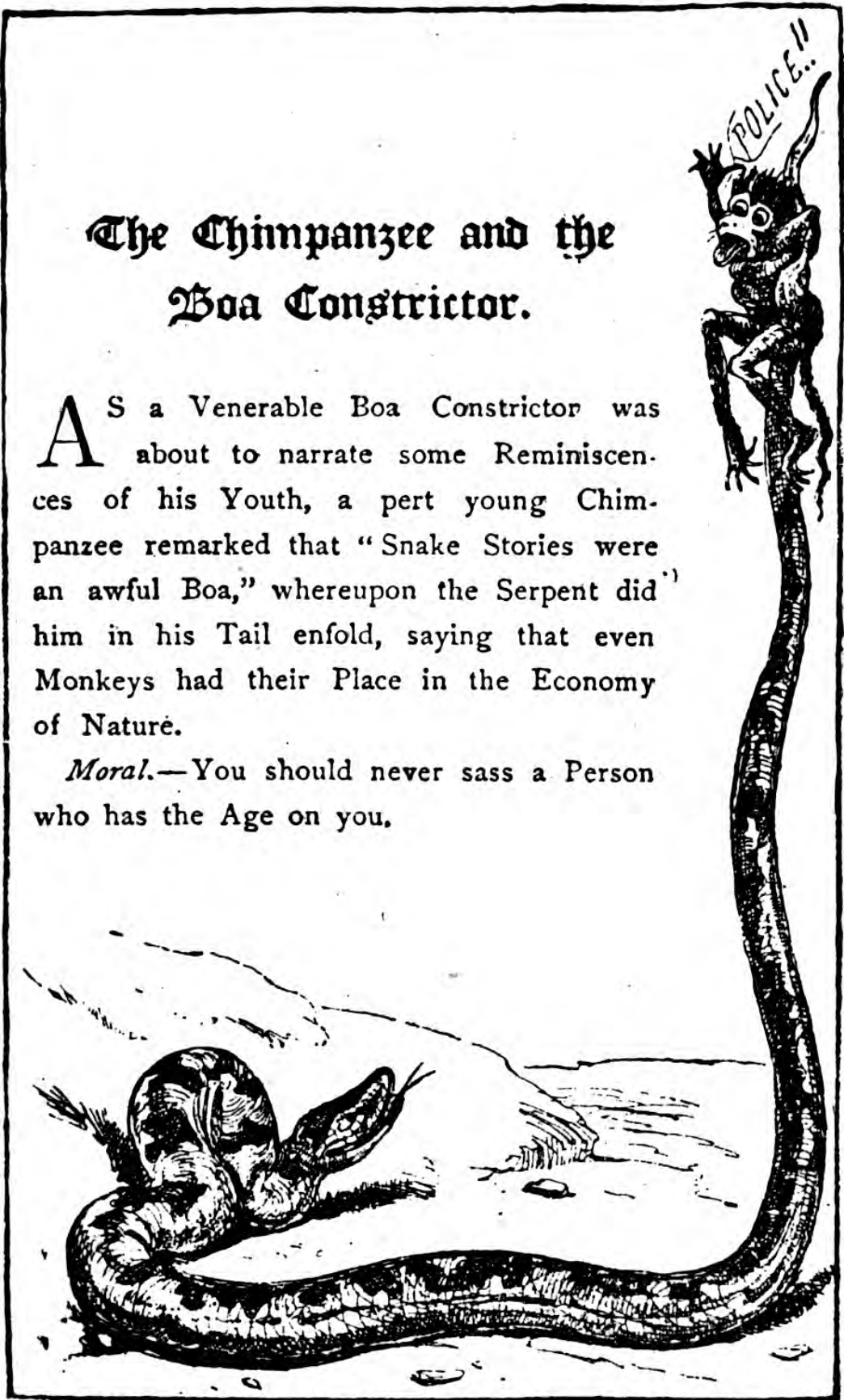
A PROCRASTINATING Broker met a rich but simple Capitalist who was going down to Wall Street with a bag of Gold. "To-morrow," he said to himself, "I will unload some Turkish Bonds on that Snoozer." But, lo! when the morrow came, he found that the Capitalist had gone short on Egyptians the night before and lost his Pile!

Moral.—Never put off till To-morrow the Man you can do To-day.

The Chimpanzee and the Boa Constrictor.

AS a Venerable Boa Constrictor was about to narrate some Reminiscences of his Youth, a pert young Chimpanzee remarked that "Snake Stories were an awful Boa," whereupon the Serpent did him in his Tail enfold, saying that even Monkeys had their Place in the Economy of Nature.

Moral.—You should never sass a Person who has the Age on you.



The Unfortunate Elephant.

AN Elephant had been endeavouring to rive the Bole of a knotted Oak with his Trunk, but the Tree closed upon that member, detaining it, and causing the hapless *Elephas Africanus* intense Pain. He shook the Forest with his Trumpeting, and all the Beasts gathered around him. “Ah, ha, my friend,” said a pert Chimpanzee, “you have got your trunk checked, I see.” “My children,” said a temperate Camel to her young, “let this awful example teach you to shun the Bole,” “Does it hurt much !” said a compassionate Gnu ; “Ah, it does—it does ; it must ; I gnu it ; I have been a mother myself.” And while they were sympathizing with him the unfortunate Elephant expired in great Agony.

Moral.—The Moral of the above is so plain as to need Explanation. Talk is Cheap.



The Coroner and the Orange Peel.

AS a Coroner was entering a Saloon to see a Man, he beheld a careless Boy, who was eating an Orange, cast the Rind of the Fruit upon the slippery stone Pavement, but instead of chiding the Urchin, smiled and passed on. As he was coming out of the Saloon, having satisfied his Thirst, he slipped on the Peel, and falling, broke his Neck ; so that a rival Coroner made the fees from the Inquest.

Moral.—It is rare sport to see the Coroner hoist with his own Petard.



The Rhinoceros and the Dromedary.

A THIRSTY Rhinoceros, having to his great Joy encountered a Dromedary in the Desert of Sahara, besought the latter Animal of his Mercy to give him a Drink, but the Dromedary refused, stating that he was holding the Fluid for an Advance. “Why,” said he to the Rhinoceros, “did you not imitate my Forethought and Prudence, and take some heed to the *Morrow*?” The Rhinoceros acknowledged the Justice of the Rebuke. Some time afterwards he met in an Oasis the Dromedary, who had realized at the Turn of the Market and was now trying to cover his shorts. “For Heaven’s sake,” he gasped to the Rhinoceros, who was wallowing in the midst of a refreshing Pool, “trust me for a Nip.” “When I was thirsty,” replied the Rhinoceros, “you declined to stand the Drinks, but I will give you a Horn.” So saying, he let the grateful sunlight into the Dromedary’s innards.

Moral.— Virtue is its own Reward.



The Hen and the Tailor.

A HEN who had saved a Tailor from drowning in a marine Disaster that had cost several of his less fortunate Companions their Lives, asked him his Opinion of the Theory of Evolution. The grateful Tailor replied that he was himself an instance of the Survival of the Fittest; and the philosophical Fowl, remarking that it was vulgar to pun, walked off with much Dignity to resume her interrupted Occupation of hatching out a China nest-egg.

Moral.—Some People cannot take a Joke.

The Philosopher and the Simpleton.

A SIMPLETON, having had Occasion to seat himself, sat down on a Pin; whereon he made an Outcry unto Jupiter. A Philosopher, who happened to be holding up a Hitching-Post in the Vicinity, rebuked him, saying, "I can tell you how to avoid hurting yourself by sitting down on Pins, and will, if you will set me up." The Simpleton eagerly accepting the Offer, the Philosopher swallowed four fingers of the Rum which perisheth, and replied, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast Fortune by advertising for Agents, to whom he guaranteed £3 a Week for light and easy Employment at their Homes.

Moral.—The Wise Man saith, "There is a Nigger in the Fence," but the Fool Sendeth on 20 Stamps for Sample and is taken in.

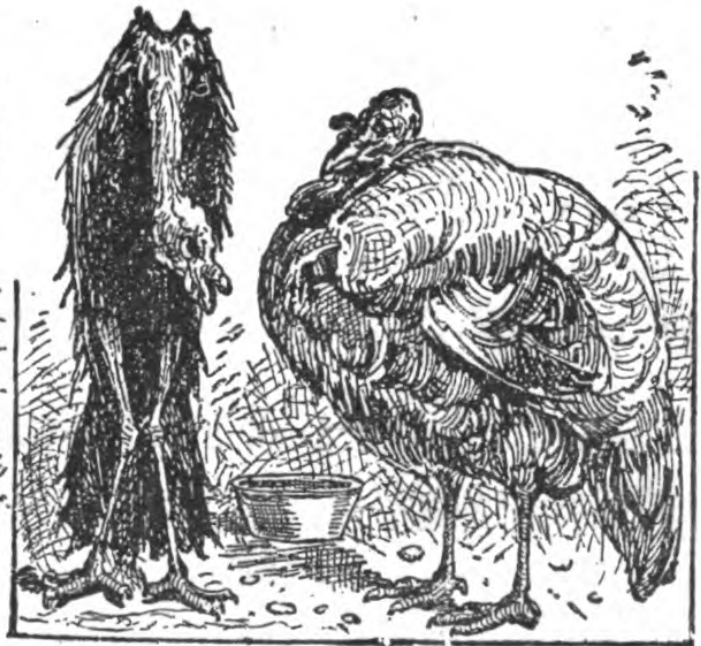


The Two Turkeys.

AN Honest Farmer once led his two Turkeys into his Granary and told them to eat, drink, and be merry. One of these Turkeys was wise and one foolish. The foolish Bird at once indulged excessively in the Pleasures of the Stable, unsuspecting of the Future, but the wiser Fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his Flesh, and devoted himself to gloomy Reflections upon the brevity of Life. When Thanksgiving approached, the Honest Farmer killed both Turkeys, and by placing a Rock in the interior of the Prudent Turkey

made him weigh more than his plumper Brother.

Moral.—As we Travel through Life,
Let us Live by the way.



The Glow-worm and the Famished Nightingale.

A FAMISHED Nightingale, who had been singing to very Thin Houses, chanced to encounter a Glow-worm at Eventide, and prepared to make upon him a Light Repast. The unfortunate Lampyris Splendidula besought the Songster, in the sacred Name of Art, not to quench his Vital Spark, and appealed to his Magnanimity. “The Nightingale who needlessly sets Claw upon a Glow-worm,” he said, “is a being whom it were gross Flattery to term a Luscinia Philomela.” The bird, however, turned a deaf Beak to these Appeals, and was about to douse the Glim, when the Glow-worm cried out, “Beware, lest I give you the Heart-burn ; remember how Herod and Luther died of a Diet of Glow-worms,” and while the Nightingale (who was by no means a bad Bird at Stomach) was considering these Propositions, escaped, hanging out false Lights to baffle his Enemy’s Pursuit.

Moral.—Let the Dead Past bury its Dead ; Act, act in the Living Present.



The Socratic Chimpanzee and the Shallow Baboon.

A CHIMPANZEE who had long viewed with Envy the Popularity of a Shallow but Pretentious Baboon, asked him to account for the presence of the Milk in the Cocoa-nut. The Baboon replied that his Questioner believed in the Darwinian Theory that Monkeys degenerated into Men; an answer which so delighted the Spectators that they tore the Chimpanzee into Pieces, while the Baboon's work on the Conflict of Science and Orthodoxy attained a Hundredth Edition.

Moral.—A Hard Question turneth away Argument.



The Centipede and the Barbaric Yak.

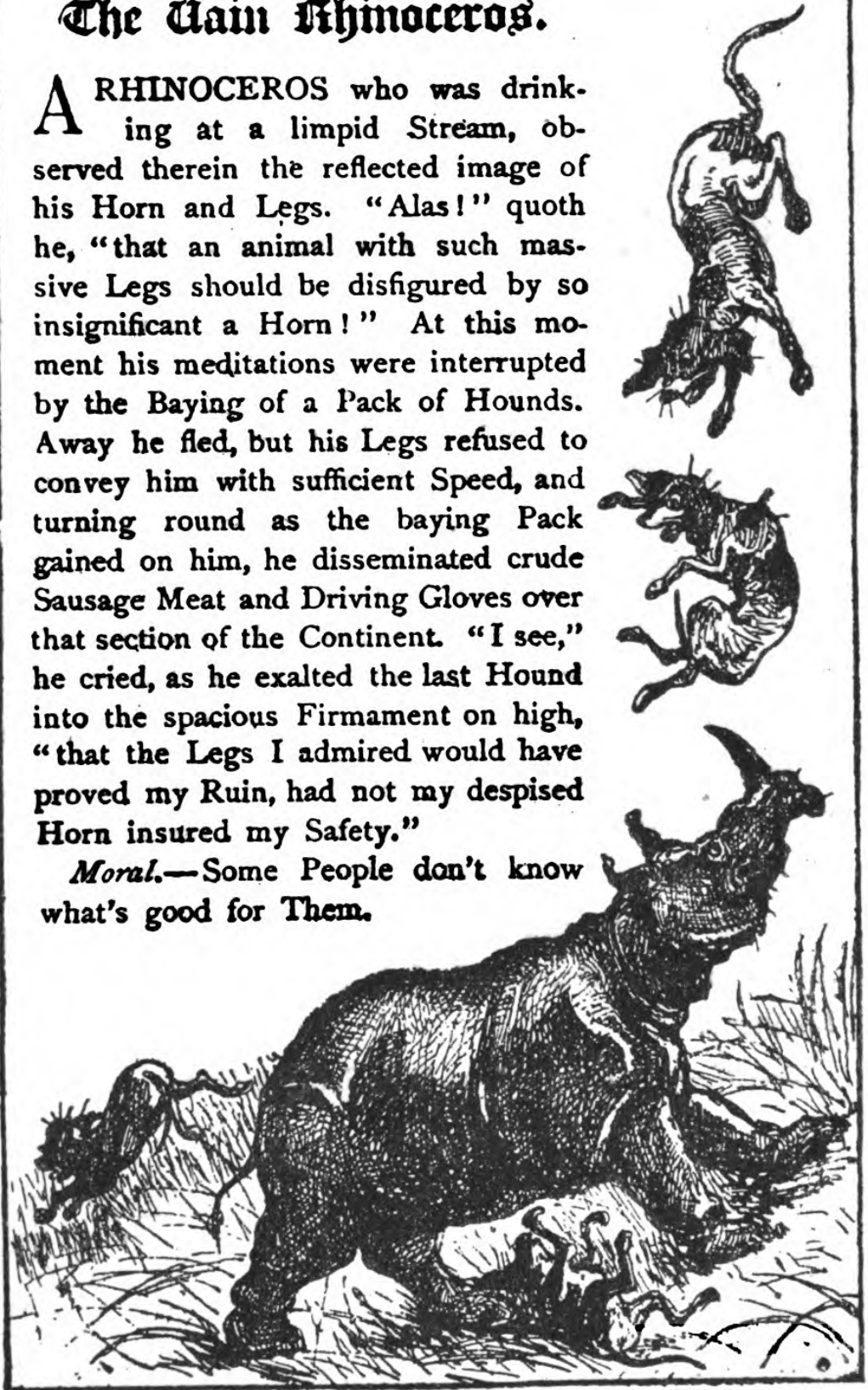
WHILE a Centipede was painfully toiling over the Libyan Desert he was encountered by a barbaric Yak, who scornfully asked him how were his poor feet. The humble Creature made no reply at the time, but some days later found the barbaric Yak taken in the nets of the Hunter and almost devoured by Insects, which fled at the approach of the Centipede. "Help, help, my good friend!" exclaimed the unfortunate Beast. "I cannot move a muscle in these cruel Toils, and the ravenous Insects have devoured my delicate Flesh." "Say you so?" responded the Centipede. "Can you really not defend yourself?" "Alas! how can I?" replied the Yak. "See you not how straitly I am bound?" "And is your Flesh then so delicate?" "It is, though I say it who should not." "Then," said the Centipede, "I guess I'll take a bite myself."

Moral.—The other man's Extremity is often our Opportunity.

The Uain Rhinoceros.

A RHINOCEROS who was drinking at a limpid Stream, observed therein the reflected image of his Horn and Legs. "Alas!" quoth he, "that an animal with such massive Legs should be disfigured by so insignificant a Horn!" At this moment his meditations were interrupted by the Baying of a Pack of Hounds. Away he fled, but his Legs refused to convey him with sufficient Speed, and turning round as the baying Pack gained on him, he disseminated crude Sausage Meat and Driving Gloves over that section of the Continent. "I see," he cried, as he exalted the last Hound into the spacious Firmament on high, "that the Legs I admired would have proved my Ruin, had not my despised Horn insured my Safety."

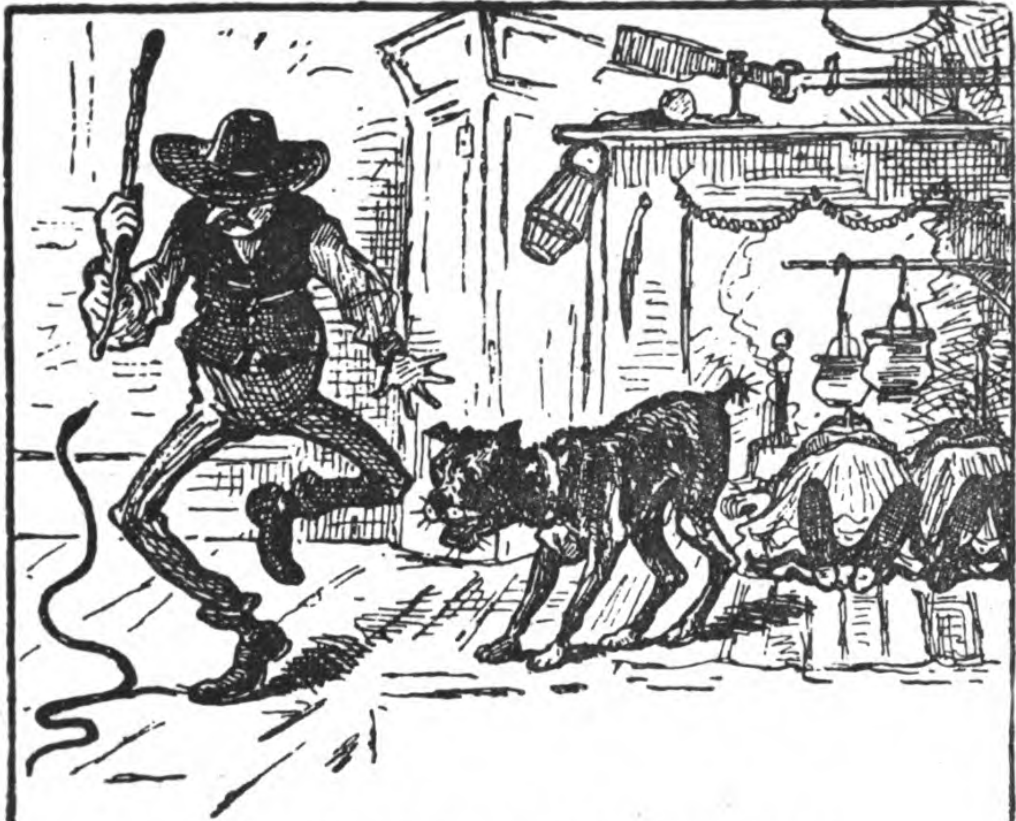
Moral.—Some People don't know what's good for Them.



The Dromedary and the Horse.

AN innumerable Caravan whose Supply of Water had become exhausted, was halted in the Desert, when a Barb approached a Dromedary and besought him to set them up. This, however, the selfish Animal refused to do, affirming that he had no Surplus over Home Consumption. "Water," said he, laughing in the consciousness of his Wealth, "pure Water, bright Water for me. What would you not give if you had, like me, a Throat seven feet long to feel it trickling down, and three Stomachs to enable you to deprive two other Beasts of their Share!" The Conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of their Master, who, being also parched with Thirst, drew his Scimitar and killed the Dromedary, then opening his three Stomachs, shared their refreshing Contents with his Steed.

Moral.—He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.



The Humane Countryman and the Adder.

AN Humane Countryman, while chopping Faggots in a Wood, discovered an unfortunate Adder, chilled and apparently lifeless. Moved with Compassion, he placed the miserable Reptile in his Bosom and carried it home to his Cottage, where the grateful Warmth of the Fire soon revived it. But the Adder had no sooner regained Consciousness than it stung fatally the Countryman's Mother-in-law and Wife, and was about to kill his yellow Dog, when, crying "Softly, Softly, now!" he seized a Club and destroyed it.

Moral.—Thus we see that we may have Too Much of a Good Thing.

The Turkey and the Bear.

A BEAR having observed a Turkey on the opposite side of the Barn-Yard Fence, growled angrily to the trembling Bird, "I have an Impression that it would require Evidence to remove that you are addicted to the use of Bear's-Grease to promote the growth of your Hair, and to gratify your Lusts compassed the foul Murder of my maternal Grandfather thirty-five Years ago." "I cry your mercy," replied the timid Fowl, "but I am wholly destitute of Hair; besides, at the time of your lamented Relative's Death I was not hatched." "Well," roared the aggravated Bruin, "how dare you trespass upon my Estate, and entertain Intentions of Territorial Aggrandizement?" "Alack, good Czar," replied the unhappy Bird, "how can that be, when the Barn-Yard Fence stands between you and me?" "That makes no difference," cried the Plantigrade of all the Russias; "I am compelled to interfere for the Protection of your unhappy Christian subjects," and, crossing the Fence in force, he proceeded to occupy the Turkey as a material guarantee.

Moral.—Where There's a Will There's a Way.



The Grasshopper and the Ant.

A FRIVOLOUS Grasshopper, having spent the Summer in Mirth and Revelry, went on the Approach of the inclement Winter to the Ant, and implored it of its charity to stake him. "You had better go to your Uncle," replied the prudent Ant; "had you imitated my Forethought and deposited your Funds in a Savings Bank you would not now be compelled to regard your Duster in the light of an Ulster." Thus saying, the virtuous Ant retired, and read in the Papers next morning that the Savings Bank where he had deposited his Funds had suspended.

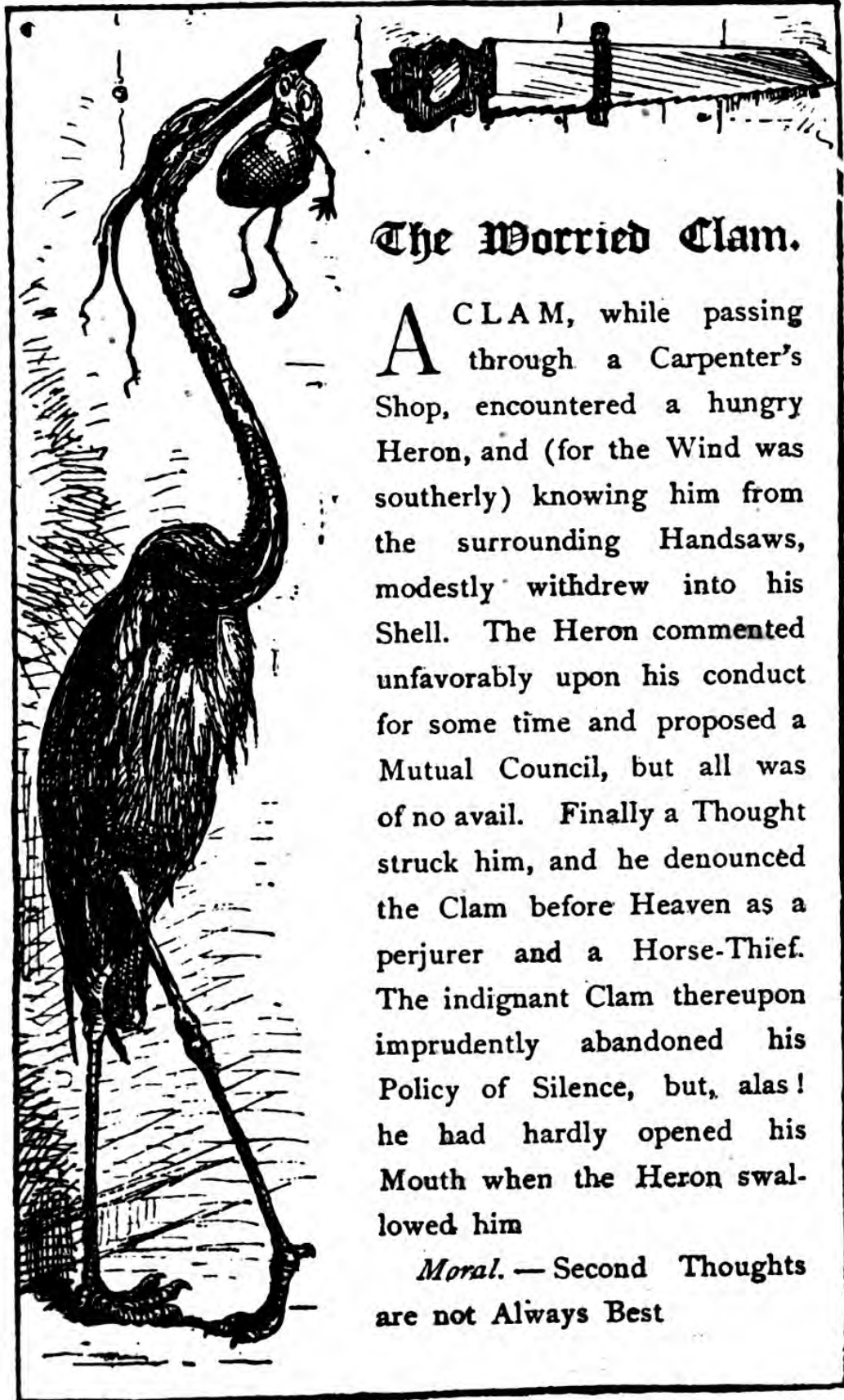
Moral.—Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

A WOLF and a Lamb happened to be slaking their Thirst at the same Rivulet, when the former complained that the latter troubled the water. "Pray, how can that be," replied the Lamb, "when the Stream flows from you to me? The Turbidity of the Aqueous Element which you allege, cannot possibly exist without a Suspension of the Laws of Nature." "Well," growled the Wolf, "three Years ago come next Patrick's Day, as I, in company with several members of the Queen's County Hunt and their Faithful Hounds, was enjoying the Pleasures of the Chase, you took advantage of my momentary Preoccupation to inquire, with a mocking smile, how were my poor feet." "Alas! no," said the trembling Lamb, "for I was not then born." "Then it must have been your Mother," snarled the Wolf; "my Eyes are not so good as they once were, and I must apologize for my stupid Mistake," and he trotted away.

Moral.—The Above did not turn out as it should have done to ring in the Moral.

BRET HARTE.



The Worried Clam.

A CLAM, while passing through a Carpenter's Shop, encountered a hungry Heron, and (for the Wind was southerly) knowing him from the surrounding Handsaws, modestly withdrew into his Shell. The Heron commented unfavorably upon his conduct for some time and proposed a Mutual Council, but all was of no avail. Finally a Thought struck him, and he denounced the Clam before Heaven as a perjurer and a Horse-Thief. The indignant Clam thereupon imprudently abandoned his Policy of Silence, but, alas! he had hardly opened his Mouth when the Heron swallowed him

Moral. — Second Thoughts are not Always Best

The Fowler and the Woodcock.

A FOWLER, having set some Springes to catch Woodcocks, was gratified on making a Prize of a handsome Bird; who thereupon applied for a Writ of Habeas Corpus, alleging that Woodcock were not yet in Season, and that he would infallibly disagree with his Captor ; then, his Exceptions being overruled, he declared that he knew a Bank whereon the Wild Cock crows, that there were millions in it, and that, in Consideration of his Liberty, he would make a Contract for future Delivery. “No, no, sirrah,” exclaimed the Fowler ; “a Woodcock on Toast is worth two in the Swamp.” So saying he wrung the Neck of the Unhappy Bird, and being found with it in his Possession, was fined 40s. for infringing the game Laws,

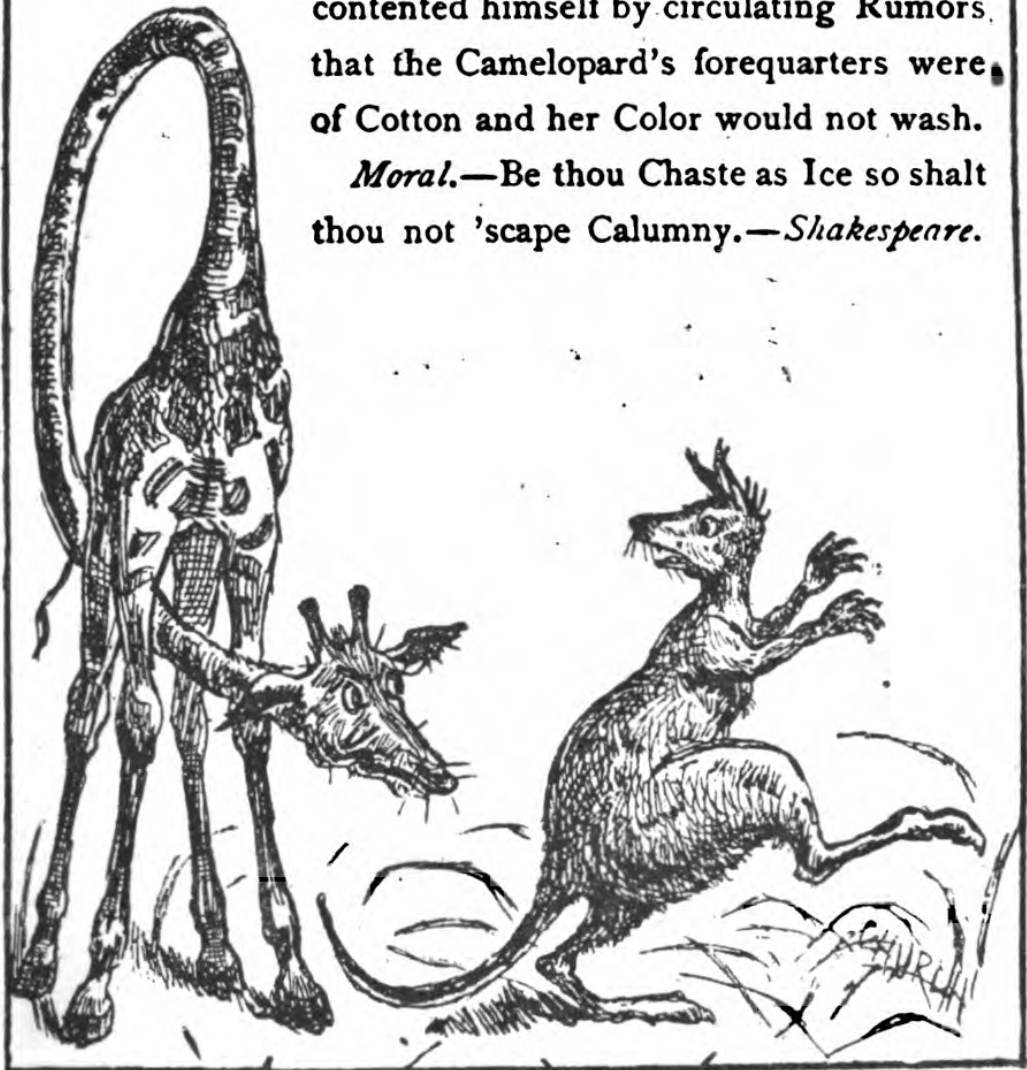
Moral.—As to the Woodcock : Take care of the Springe, and the Springe will take care of itself. As to the Fowler : Better is a 1s. to the Parish Constable than 40s. where the Justice is.

The Kangaroo and the Camelopard.

A KANGAROO, smitten with the charms of a Camelopard, fell at her Hoofs and offered her his Heart and Paw. With a scornful Smile the proud Giraffe replied: "Your own good Sense should show you that this would be a Case of Unnatural Selection. Fie! What would Mr. Darwin say? Walk off on your Rear!" and the rejected Marsupial was compelled to do so, but

contented himself by circulating Rumors, that the Camelopard's forequarters were of Cotton and her Color would not wash.

Moral.—Be thou Chaste as Ice so shalt thou not 'scape Calumny.—*Shakespeare.*



The Honest Newsboy.

A NEWSBOY was passing along the Street, when he chanced to discover a Purse. He was at first inclined to conceal it, but, repelling the unworthy Suggestion, he asked a Venerable Man if it was his'n. The Venerable Man looked at it hurriedly, said it was, patted him on the Head, gave him a Shilling, and said he would yet be President. The Venerable Man then hastened away, but was arrested for having Counterfeit Bills in his possession, while the honest Newsboy played odd-man with his humble Shilling and ran it up to a Crown.

Moral.—Honesty is Sometimes the Best Policy.





The Ostrich and the Hen.

AN Ostrich and a Hen chanced to occupy adjacent Apartments, and the former complained loudly that her Rest was disturbed by the Cackling of her humble Neighbor. "Why is it," she finally asked the Hen, "that you make such an intolerable Noise?" The Hen replied, "Because I have laid an Egg."

"Oh, no," said the Ostrich, with a superior Smile, "it is because you are a Hen and don't know any better."

Moral.—The moral of the foregoing is not very clear, but it contains some reference to the Agitation for Female Suffrage.

The Cat changed into a Woman.

A CAT being enamoured of a Man, Jupiter, in answer to her Prayers, turned her into a Woman, whom he caused the man to espouse. A few days afterward, as they were seated at Breakfast in their Boarding-house, a Mouse happened to run across the Floor, when the Bride, forgetting that she was no longer a Cat, sprang upon the Vermin and greedily devoured it. The Mistress of the House, observing this, upbraided her Guest, but the latter replied, "When I eat Mice I know what I am eating, but when I eat Hash I don't."

Moral.—It is better to fly to the Ills we had than to Bear Others that we Know not of.





The
Ambitious Rooster and
the Missing Lynx.

AN Ambitious Rooster who had pondered much upon the subject of Evolution, went one day to the Woods to see if he could discover the Missing Lynx. His Efforts were crowned with Success; he found the Missing Lynx, and the Missing Lynx had Spring Chicken *au naturel* for Supper.

Moral.—Thus we see that —

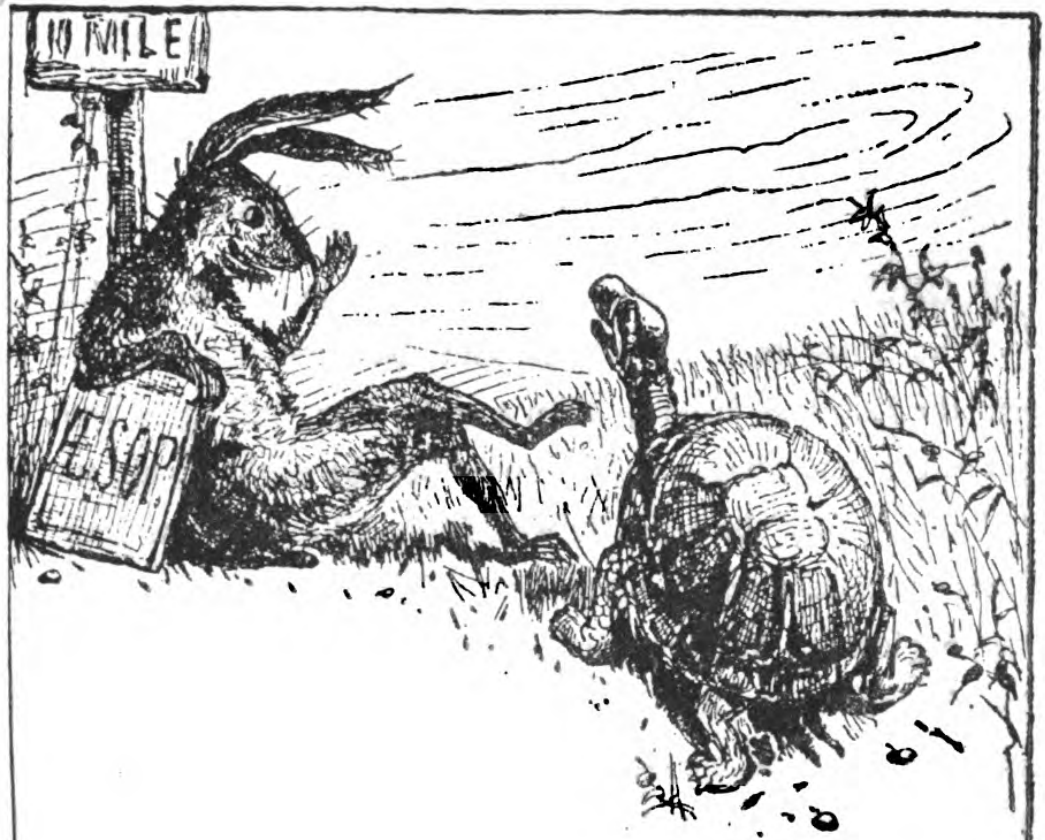
(Conclusion in our next.)



The Three Blind Mice.

THREE blind Mice, whose Tails had unhappily been cut off with a Carving Knife by the Farmer's Wife, were, upon their return to their Comrades, somewhat apprehensive, not only of being received with Ridicule on account of their Calamity, but, indeed, of being brought to Want. At this crisis, it occurred to them to represent that they had lost their tails in War; they did so; the cry of "Bobtailed Union Mouse!" was raised, and the political effect was so great that these Mice were provided for life with fat Berths at the public Cheese.

Moral.—Deception is often the better part of Valor.



The Hare and the Tortoise.

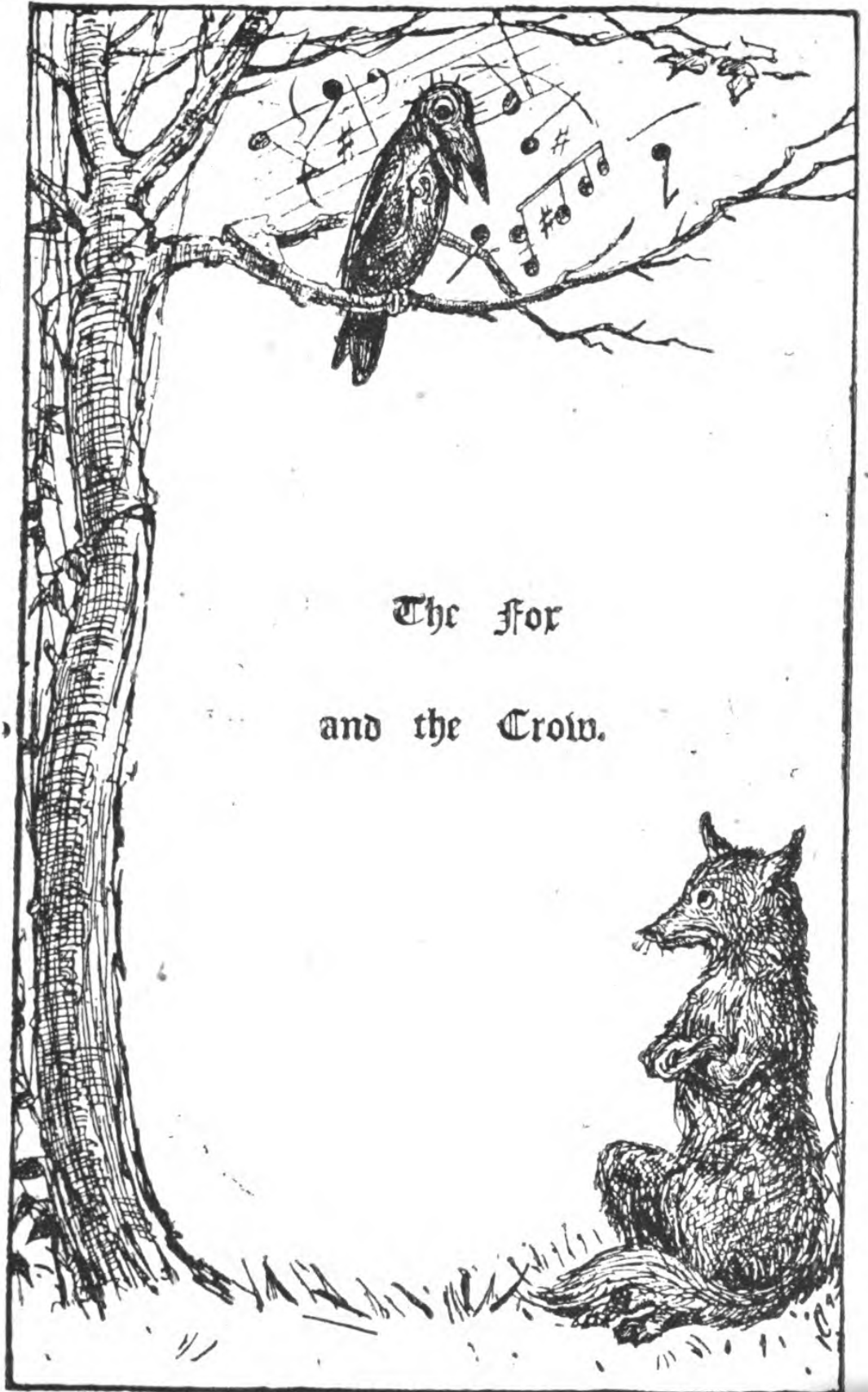
THE Hare once challenged the Tortoise to a Trial of Speed. The Hare frisked about merrily, paying little attention to his Rival, or jeering him for his Slowness. The Tortoise, however, plodded along steadily and had well-nigh reached the Goal, when the Hare observed his Progress. Away darted the Hare like lightning and won the Race.

Moral.—The Race is not always to the Slow.

The Fox and the Crow.

A CROW, having secured a Piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty Tree, and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a crafty Fox, halting at the foot of the Tree, began to cast about how he might obtain it. “How tasteful,” he cried, in well-feigned Ecstasy, “is your Dress; it cannot surely be that your Musical Education has been neglected. Will you not oblige—?” “I have a horrid Cold,” replied the Crow, “and never sing without my Music, but since you press me——. At the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and been there before.” So saying, she deposited the Cheese in a safe Place on the Limb of the Tree, and favoured him with a Song. “Thank you,” exclaimed the Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in Quality to the animate Variety.

Moral.—The foregoing Fable is supported by a whole Gatling Battery of Morals. We are taught (1) that it Pays to take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not Always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with Contentment is better than No Bread, and (4) that the Aim of Art is to Conceal Disappointment.



The Fox
and the Crow.

The Willing Horse.

A WILLING Horse, having been nearly worked to Death, resolved to strike for the Eight-Hour system, but was beaten within an Inch of his Life and set to drawing Loads as heavy as before.

Moral.—This Fable teaches Us something concerning the Relations of Capital and Labour.

The Fox and the Stork.

A FOX one day invited a Stork to Dinner, but provided for the Entertainment only the first course, Soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the Fox lapped it up readily, but the Stork, by means of his long Bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

“You do not seem fond of Soup,” said the Fox, concealing a Smile in his Napkin. “Now it is one of my Greatest Weaknesses.”

“You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity,” said the Stork, rising with some dignity and examining his watch with considerable *empressement*; “but I have an appointment at eight o’clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me to-morrow.”

The Fox assented, arrived at the proper time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked Bottle, containing Olives, which the Stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

“Why, you do not seem to eat anything,” said the Stork, with great *naïveté*, when he had finished the Bottle.

“No,” said the Fox, significantly, “I am waiting for the Second Course.”

“What is that?” asked the Stork, blandly.

“Stork stuffed with Olives,” shrieked the Fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

Moral.—True hospitality obliges the Host to sacrifice himself for his Guests.

BRET HARTE.



The Prudent Tiger.

A PRUDENT Tiger having observed a Procession bearing the Remains of a Sainted Brahmin to the Tomb, communicated the Intelligence to his Wife, who said, "My dear, we are almost out of Meat, and though the Deceased, from the Austerities of his pious Life, was in poor Condition, I make no Doubt that among his surviving Friends we may encounter others more Succulent." "Miserable Tigress," exclaimed her Lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the Deceased to be canonized, Pilgrimages will be instituted to his Tomb, and the Producer and Consumer will be brought together in accordance with the True Principles of Political Economy? Rather let us, then, offer a Chromo for each new Pilgrim." This prudent Advice being followed, the Tiger enjoyed a Free Breakfast Table to the End of his Days.

Moral.—Beware of Breaking the Egg that Hatches the Golden Goose.



The Editor and the Giraffe.

AN Editor was seated in a lofty Tower writing an Article on "Sweet William," when a Giraffe, who was passing along the Street, poked in his Head at the Window and ravenously swallowed the Copy, with every Mani-

festation of Delight. The terrified Editor fled precipitately to the Beer Saloon in the Basement and after quaffing a Mug of Ale discovered that he had left his Pocket-book upstairs and did not know the Barkeeper who had served him.

Moral.—Thus we see the Folly of rushing to Extremes.





The Shark and the Patriarch.

DURING the Deluge, as a Shark was conducting a Thanksgiving service for an abundant Harvest, a prudent Patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: "My Friend, I am much struck with your open Countenance; pray come into the Ark and make one of us. The Probabilities are a falling Barometer and Heavy Rains throughout the Region of the Lower Universe during the next Forty Days." "That is just the sort of Hair-pin I am," replied the Shark, who had cut several rows of Wisdom Teeth; "fetch on your Deluges." About six Weeks subsequently the Patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Ararat, in very straitened Circumstances.

Moral.—You Can't pretty much most Always Tell how Things are going to Turn Out Sometimes.

The Physician and the Hyena.

A PHYSICIAN who, with a Wallet upon his Back, had gone out one dark and cheerless Night to contemplate the beauties of Nature in the vicinity of a Churchyard, thought that he heard a Sound from a newly-made Grave. Cautiously hastening thither, what was his indignation to see a Hyena tearing ravenously at the Sods ! Seizing a Spade, which, providentially was in his Wallet, with one blow he laid the Animal dead.

Moral.—Two of a trade can never Agree.





The Iconoclast and the Cannibal.

AN Iconoclast once essayed to convince a Cannibal of the folly of Idolatry. "For instance," he said, "here is this Palm-Tree beneath which we are sitting. You might with one Portion of it make a Club wherewith to kill me ; spit a Haunch of me on a second, and, having roasted it over a Fire made with a third, sit down to it on a fourth that served you as a Chair ; then pick your Teeth with a fifth fragment, and praise for your delightful Meal an Idol carved out of a sixth. But what would that Deity"—— "That is a Fact, though I had never thought of it before," replied the Cannibal ; and, tearing a Fragment from the Palm-Tree, he killed the Iconoclast and faithfully carried out his Programme.

Moral.—Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis folly to make Wise.





The Wolf and the Lamb.

A WOLF one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a Lamb also drinking from the same stream, at some distance from him.

“I have yet to learn,” said the Wolf, addressing the Lamb with dignified severity, “what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking.”

“Your premises are incorrect,” replied the Lamb, with bland politeness, “for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local.”

“Possibly you are right,” returned the Wolf; “but, if I am not mistaken, you are the Person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the University.”

“Impossible,” replied the Lamb; “two years ago I was not born.”

“Ah, well,” added the Wolf, composedly, “I am wrong again; but it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not Responsible for *my* Actions.”

With this remark he at once despatched the Lamb, and was triumphantly Acquitted.

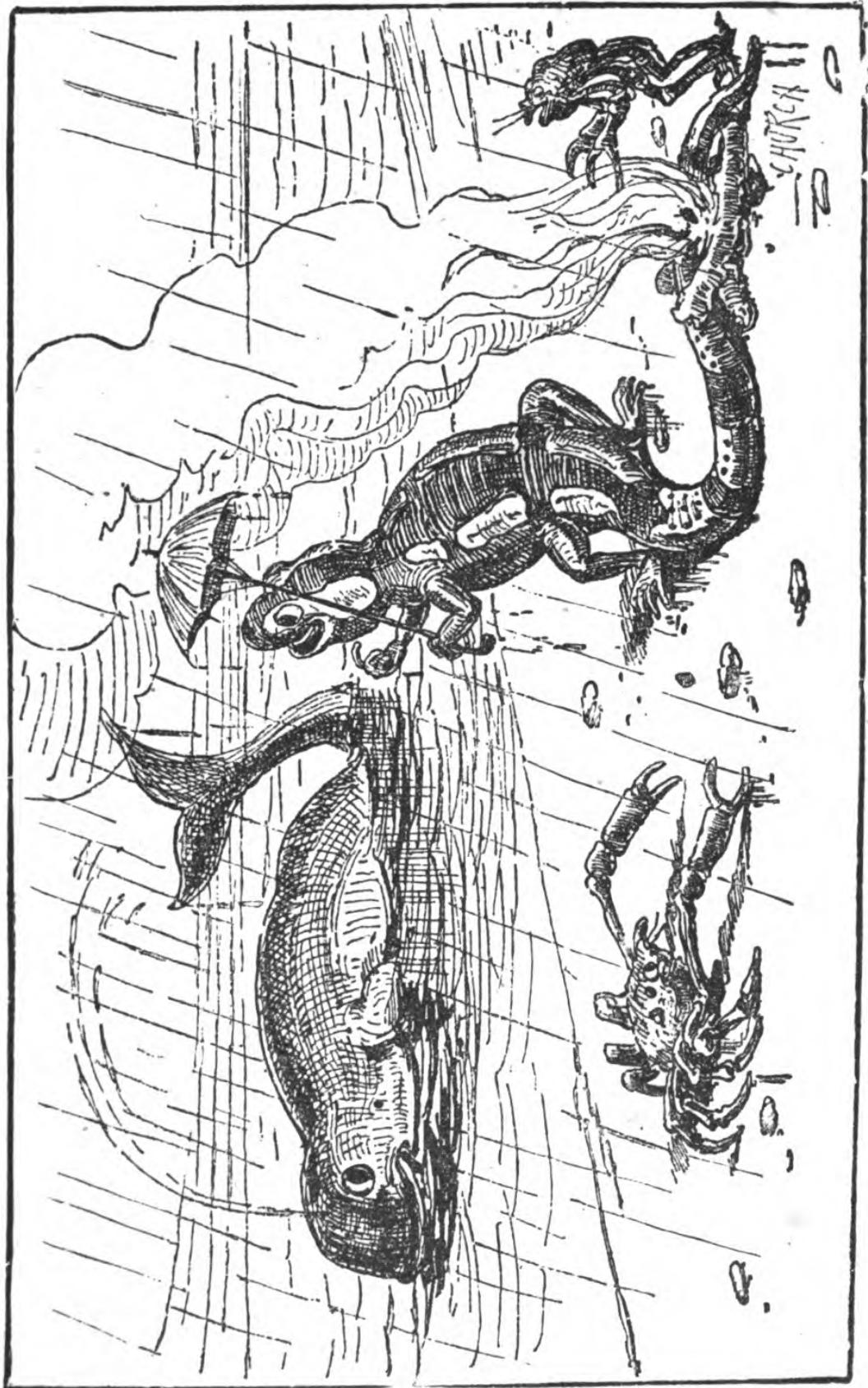
Moral.—This Fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the Distribution of Alluvium, and the formation of River Deltas.

BRET HARTE.

The Whale and the Salamander.

A SALAMANDER, who hoped to strike Oil, went to the brink of the Ocean during a Shower, and earnestly implored a Whale to come in out of the Wet. “Thanks,” replied the courteous Cetacean, “but I should feel entirely out of my Element in your Society.”

Moral.—The Above teaches us the Propriety of being contented with our Lot.



D

The Dog and the Shadow.

A DOG, while passing over a Plank to obtain a coveted Piece of Meat, was accosted by another Dog, who said, with every Affectation of Interest, “Why should you devote your Attention to this, when in the Stream below there is another Joint, twice as large, that can easily be organized in your Interest?” The first Dog, perceiving the Reflection of the coveted Prize in the Stream jumped in after it, and while he was struggling with the Current, his companion quietly walked away with the dainty Morsel.

Moral.—A Senatorship in the Hand is better than two Speakerships in the Bush.

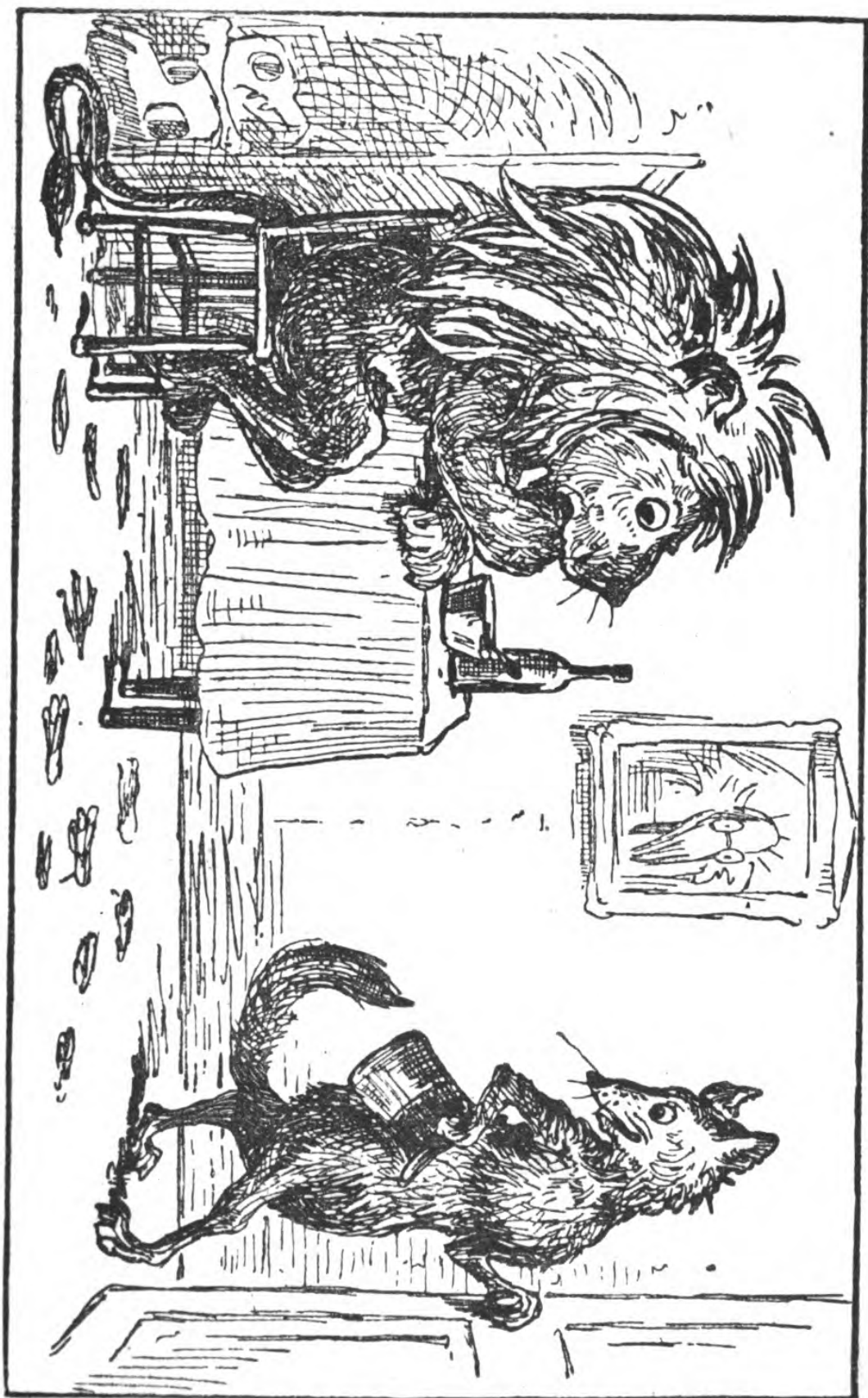




The Lion and the Fox.

A LION who wanted his Meals brought to his Room without their being charged as Extras, invited the Beasts to call upon him. The Fox came in his Turn. "Come in," cried the Monarch of the Plains to the Fox, who remained at a respectful Distance. "I thank you humbly," replied the Fox, "but while I observe many Footprints leading towards your Den none return from it." "Pshaw!" answered the Lion, "that is easily explained. My good friends were anxious to furnish me with edifying Literature, and when they went away they left their Tracts." "Alas! I have none with me, but will speedily make Tracks," answered Master Reynard, and he vanished in the Distance.

Moral.—Most Accidents can be Avoided by Presence of Mind and Absence of Body.



The Villager and the Snake.

A VILLAGER one frosty day found under a Hedge a Snake almost dead with cold. Moved with compassion, and having heard that Snake Oil was good for the Rheumatiz, he took it home and placed it on the Hearth, where it shortly began to wake and crawl. Meanwhile, the Villager having gone out to keep an Engagement with a Man 'round the Corner, the Villager's Son (who had not drawn a sober Breath for a Week) entered, and, beholding the Serpent unfolding its plain, unvarnished Tail, with the cry, "I've got 'em again!" fled to the office of the nearest Justice of the Peace, swore off and became an Apostle of Temperance at £250 a year. The beneficent Snake next bit the Villager's Mother-in-law so severely that Death soon ended her sufferings—and his; then silently stole away, leaving the Villager deeply and doubly in its Debt.

Moral.—A Virtuous Action is not always its only Reward.
A Snake in the Grass is Worth two in the Boot.



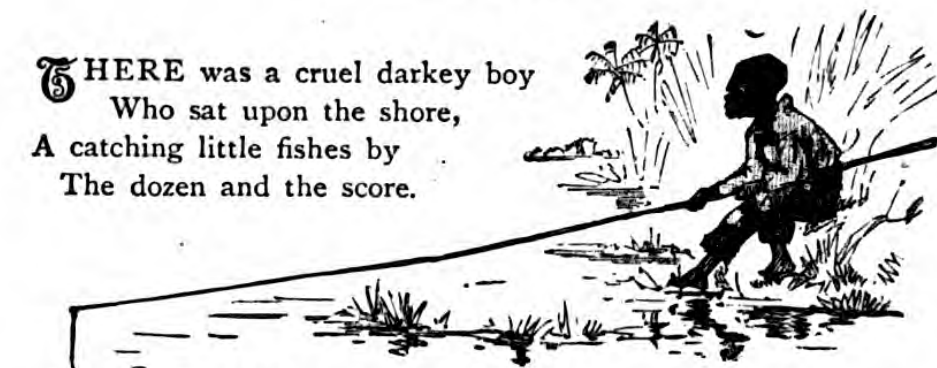
P.T.O

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RETRIBUTION.

THESE was a cruel darkey boy
Who sat upon the shore,
A catching little fishes by
The dozen and the score.



And as they squirmed and wriggled
there,

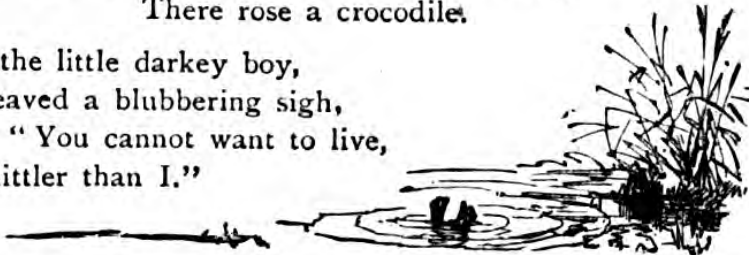
He shouted loud in glee—
“You surely cannot want to live,
You’se littler dan me.”



Just then with a malicious leer,
And a capacious smile,
Before him from the water deep
There rose a crocodile.



He eyed the little darkey boy,
Then heaved a blubbering sigh,
And said, “You cannot want to live,
You’re littler than I.”



The fishes squirm and wriggle still beside that sandy shore.
The cruel little darkey boy was never heard of more.

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