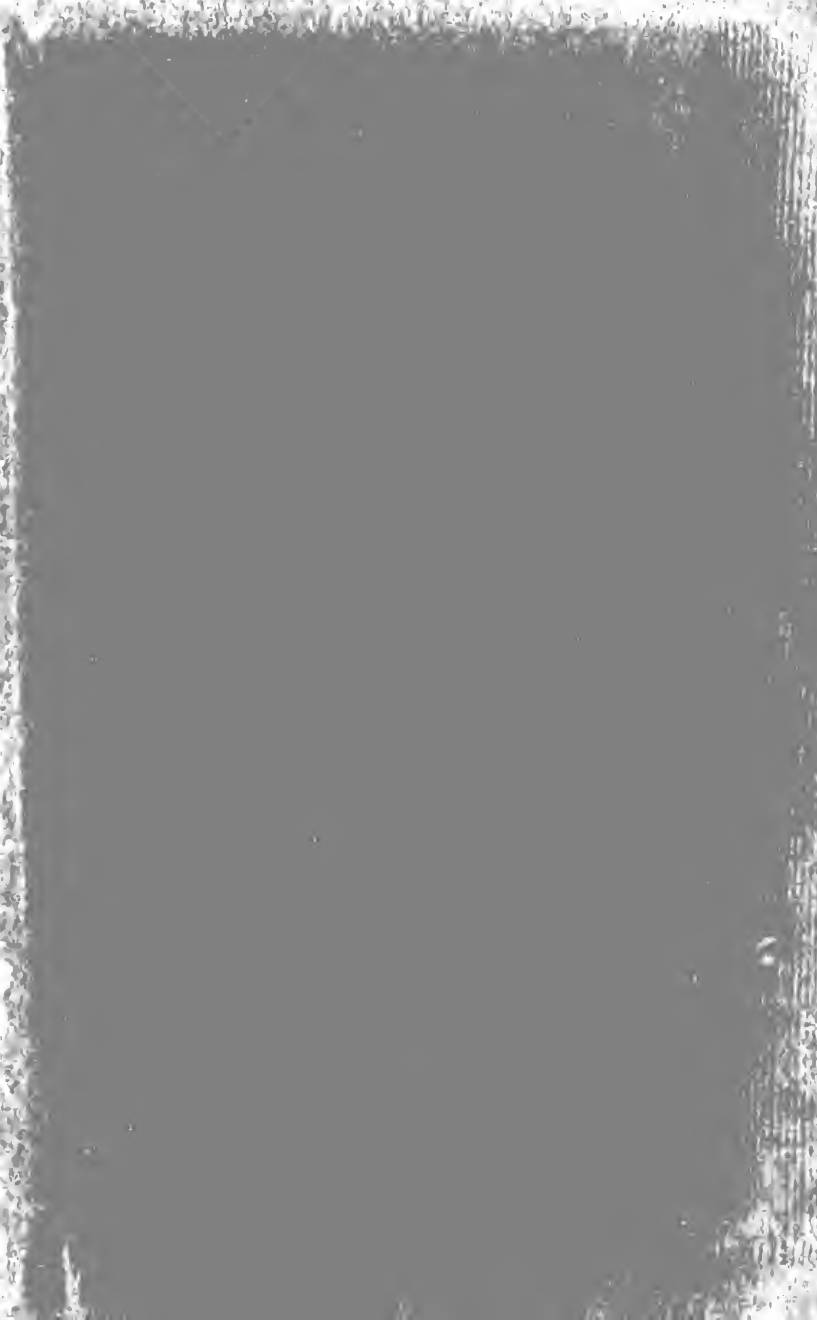
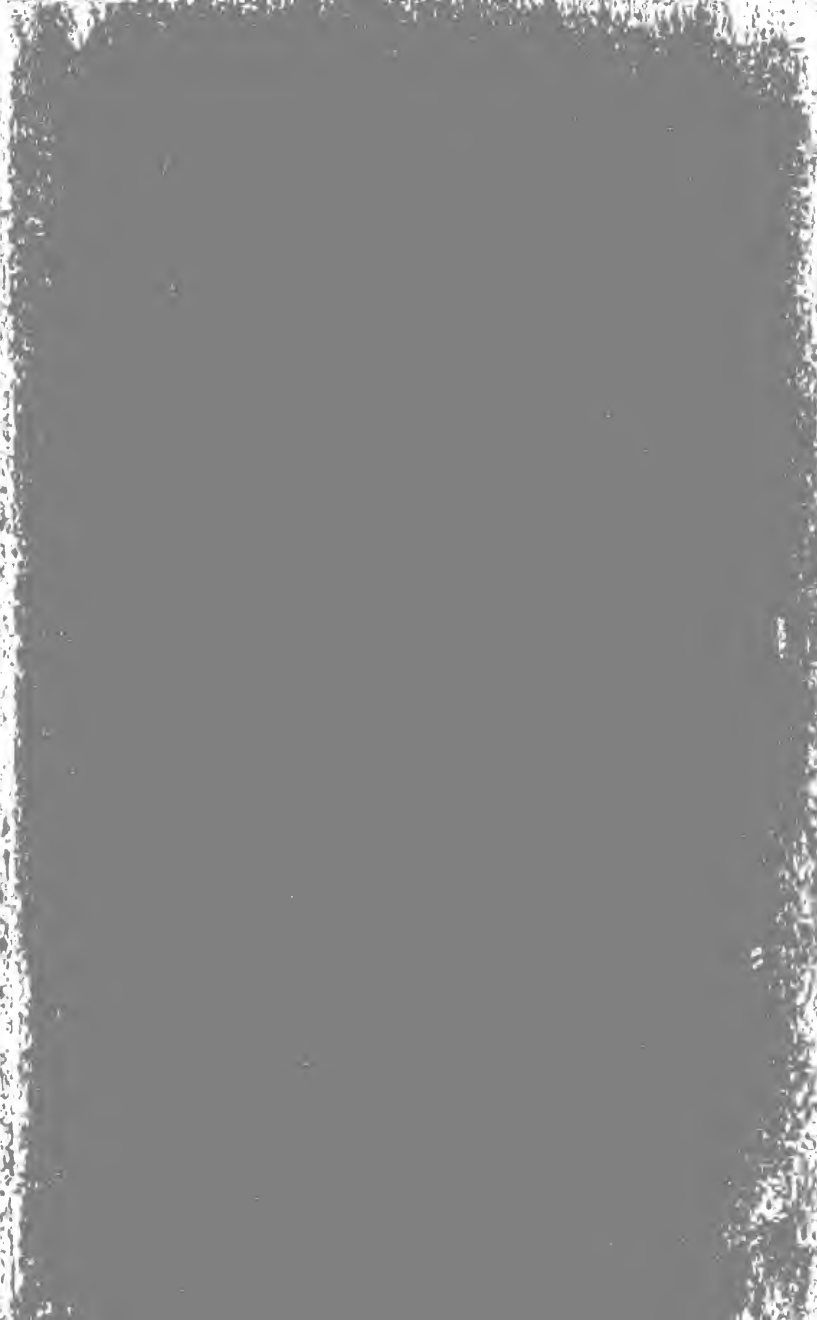


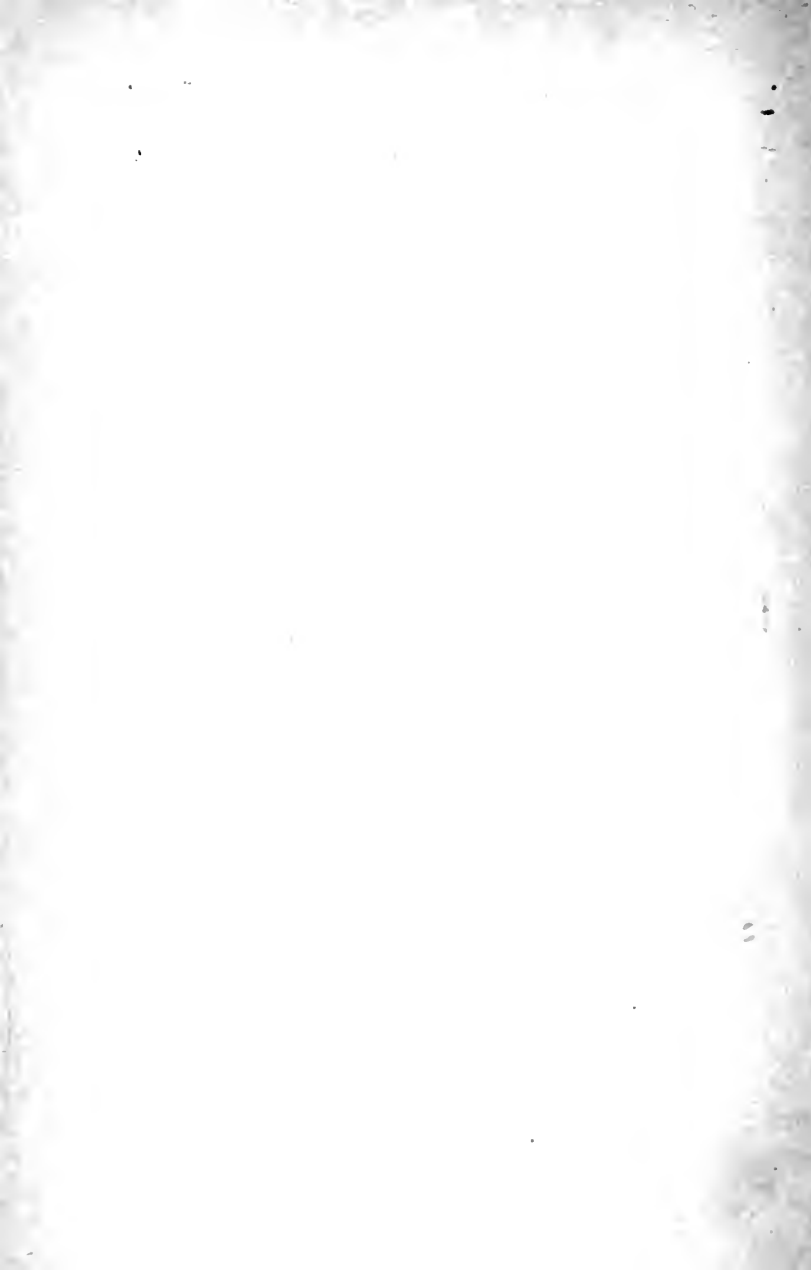
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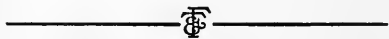
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# ÆSOP

# REDIVIIVUS

BY

MARY BOYLE.



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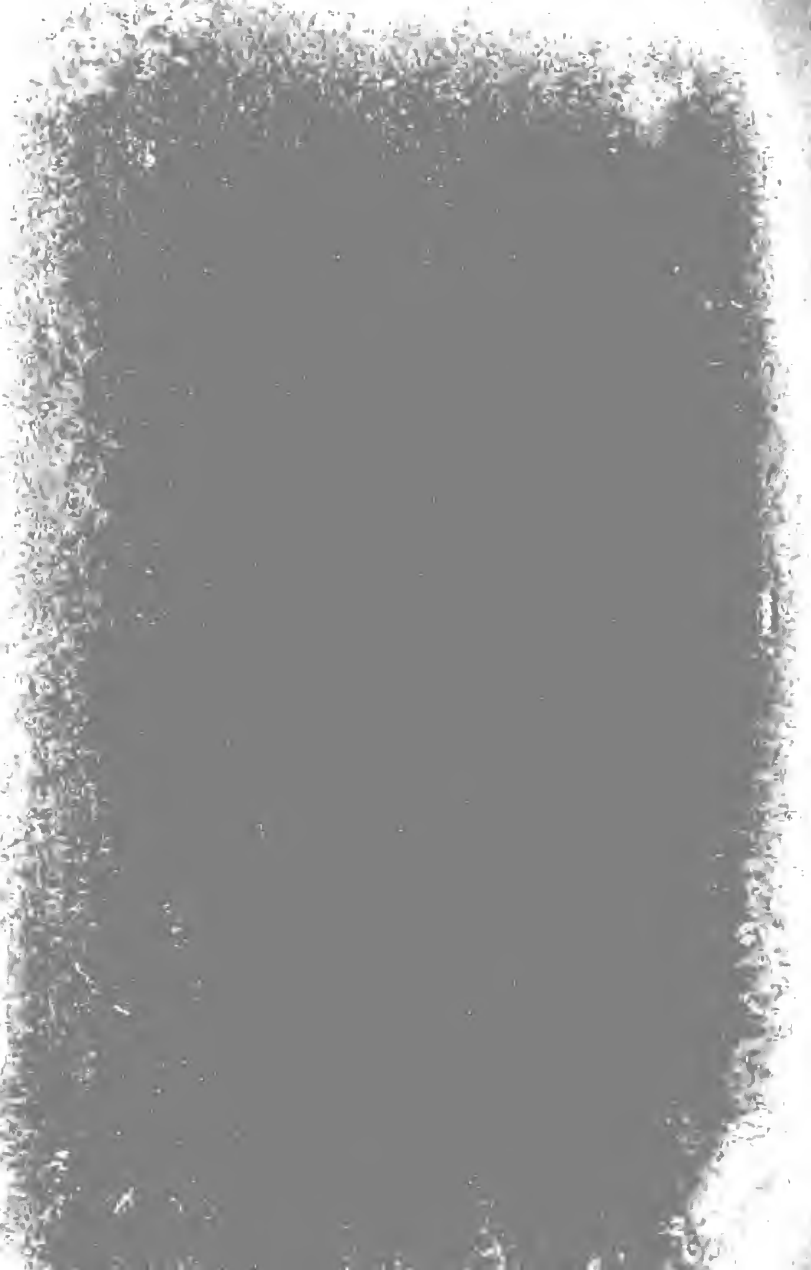
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*Old cuts are here wedded to Fables new.  
But I'd skip the *Morals* if I were you.*



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# *Æsop Redivivus.*



i.

## Courtship.

“**W**HAT, *you* here again,” said a *Milk-maid* to her *Lover*, “I told you last Spring I’d have None of you.”

“Since then my Uncle is Dead. Now I am Wealthy. I can offer you Riches such as you

never Saw or even Dreamt of. I'm the most Flourishing *Shepherd* in the Kingdom. Your last year's Excuse doesn't hold Good now. If you Refused me because I was Poor, I come back to you Rich."

"What did I give you last Spring?" she asked.

"The Mitten," he answered.

"Then be Off with you, and if Ever you come Bothering me again like This, I'll meet you with the Gloves."

The *Shepherd* went Home and took Lessons in Boxing. A year later he Called on his *Old Love*.

"Well," he said, "here I am. Shall we Have it Out now or a little Later On?"

"No time like the Present," said the *Maiden*, coyly, and after a Tough Scuffle they Closed.

"Quarter!" said the *Maiden*, after a while.

"Not a Bit of it," said the *Shepherd*.

"Hold!" cried the Girl in Despair.

"Do you Give In?"

"Yes."

"And will you Marry me?"

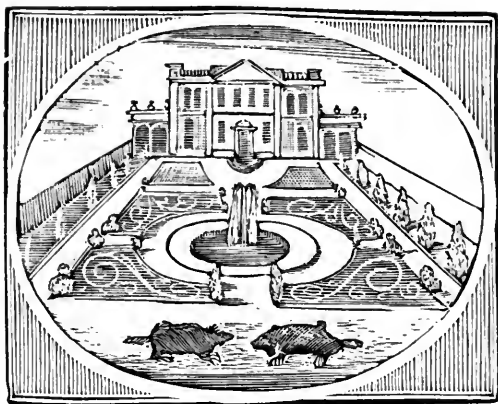
"Yes, if you will but Desist."

“There’s nothing like Humouring a Woman,”  
said the Philosophic *Shepherd*, as he gave his  
*Love* a Parting Salute.

*MORAL.*

Should a lassie say you nay,  
Do not be absurd and fret,  
Take my advice, if you be gay,  
There’ll spring up in her heart—regret.





ii.

## The Taming of the Shrew.

“THE fact is, sir,” said a little *Church Mouse* to his *Father-in-Law*, “if you don’t make your *Daughter* keep a *Civil Tongue* in her head, I shall run away and Leave her.”

“You had plenty of time to Judge of her character Before you Married,” said the *Father*, coolly. “If I remember aright, you Favoured us with your company Pretty Often before my *Daughter* became your *Wife*—especially at Meals,” he added in an undertone.



“I don’t deny it,” said the *Complainant*, “but that doesn’t prove she isn’t a Vixen now. She was Civil Enough to me in those days.”

“That’s a Way they’ve Got,” agreed the *Father*, who was a well-to-do farm-yard *Mouse*, and had been Married thrice.

“But what would you advise?”

“Give her a Good Shaking.”

“I can’t,” confessed the *Church Mouse*, “it’s against our Rules you know, and if I would, I couldn’t, for she’s Ever so Much bigger and stronger than I.”

Here the old *Mouse* laughed at the Rueful Face of his *Son-in-Law*. “Well, it’s very Disgraceful,” he said at length, “especially as you are Church people.”

Then a *Baby-Mouse* began to cry, and the *Father-in-Law* went off to Hush its Sobs.

Instead of going home the Vixen’s *Husband* Walked About till he was tired, and then sat Down under an Old Willow-tree, the better to Reflect on his grievances.

“She’ll be Killing me some-day,” he said to himself, “and then there will be an End of it. Oh, dear me, I wish I were a *Bachelor!*”

Several *Mice* passed by, but none Perceived him. At last he Saw his *Wife* coming. It was growing dark, but there was no Mistaking her, and what a Rage she appeared to be in to be sure. Wasn't he Glad to be safe under that Willow-tree !

Just as she came to the End of the Walk, a pugnacious looking *Mouse* met her. He had Come Down by the opposite Path.

Now in the gathering gloom, *Mrs. Church Mouse* thought it was her Beloved *Spouse*, so she flew at him, scratched him, and Banged him Right and Left before he knew where he was. The stranger had been Taken by Surprise, but quickly recovered, and shaking himself free from the enraged female, he Fell To, and gave her ladyship an Awful Trouncing: you should have Heard her Squeal, and Beg for Mercy !

“You'll scratch me Again like that, won't you?” bang! bang! bang! “And you'll Help yourself to my Fur, won't you?” bang! bang! bang!

More dead than alive *Mrs. Church Mouse* at length Made her Escape. Then *Mr. Church*

*Mouse* came from under the Willow-tree and, with his Nose in the Air, walked home with Swaggering Gait. A Hero indeed was he!

“I’ve often Given you Warning,” he said, on entering their abode. “Now you’ve Got what you Deserved. Don’t let me have Any More of your tantrums, ma’am, or I shall have to Repeat the Dose.”

“Please don’t,” said his *Wife*, who was in a corner Bathing her throbbing head. “Please don’t. And I’ll Never say another Angry Word to you so long as I live.”

And he didn’t.

And she Never did.

### MORAL.

A coward’s weapon is an abusive tongue.





iii.

## Unity is Strength.

“I’M as good as you,” said the *Pen* to the *Ink*.  
 “Perhaps better,” answered the *Ink*,  
 Wrathfully.

“I do all the Work,” said the *Pen*.

“And can make an Impression, can’t you?”

“No,” spluttered the *Ink*, smarting under the Bitter Sarcasm, “I have to drag you About with me to do that.”

“You are a Conceited Upstart,” sneered the *Ink*.

“All the same, you are Glad enough to Flow to my delicate nib.”

“It seems to me that, in the interest of Both of us, 'twere better that this Vexed Question should be settled.”

“*Writer*,” screamed the *Ink* above his liquid, “*Writer*, which does the Most work, the *Pen* or *Me*?”

For a moment the writer Considered. Then he said, “When both of you have Answered the Question I am about to put, I will Answer Yours. What would Either of you do Without *Me*?”

“Oh!” said the *Pen*, “I Never thought of That.”

“Ah!” mused the *Pen*, “I Never looked at it in that light.”

“No, said the writer thoughtfully, “You were so Wrapt Up in self that you Failed to Recognise the claims of other people. Rowers in the same Craft, had better Pull Together if they Fain would reach the Shore.”

#### MORAL.

Strife is a consuming fire,  
And folly fans the flame.



iv.

## The Kennel in Council.

“WELL, to be sure,” said the *Newfoundland*, “the *Expected Spaniel* has arrived, only instead of *One Spaniel* there are *Two*.”

“*Captain Gun* has but *One Spaniel*,” remarked a *Pug*.

“True,” answered the *Newfoundland*,” and how are we to Decide as to the *Impostor* ?”

“That the *Impostor* will do for us,” said the blind *Collie*, who was an Oracle, “Meanwhile, I will Listen.”

In stepped the Two *Claimants*, both well-bred dogs, apparently not a Pin to Choose between them.

“We are very Pleased to see you,” was the *Newfoundland's* greeting.

One *Spaniel* gave a Condescending Sniff.

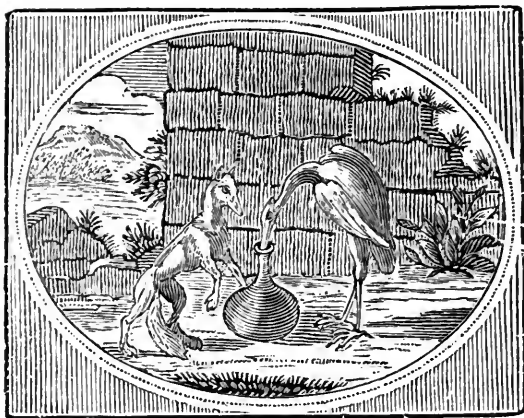
“Thank you,” said the Other dog, quietly. After that the *Collie* and the *Newfoundland* Talked Together. The *Collie* waxed warm in his Denunciation of one of the dogs.

“Still,” persisted the *Newfoundland*, “I’ve counted All points, and the *Impostor*, as you call him, is the Better Bred.”

“That may be,” assented the blind *Collie*, “That is but Accident of Birth. It is speech and manners that Betray one’s Training, and you must Allow that any dog which comes from *Captain Gun's* will Know how to Comport Himself. Only one of the two dogs Thanked you for your Greeting. The *Impostor* Sniffed. Let him be Turned Away.

### MORAL.

False colours make a dangerous sail,  
When truth is out your schemes will fail.



v.

## The Simple Stork.

“**W**HAT are you doing?” said a *Stork* to a *Fox*.

“I’m having a Sip of Wine,” he answered.

“What does it Taste like?” asked the *Stork* who was Very Thirsty.

“First rate! Have you Never tasted wine?”

“No,” replied the *Stork*, honestly enough.

“Why you’re no *Stork* at all!” exclaimed the *Fox*. “You’re a *Goose*, *that’s* what you



are. Fancy a *Bird* of your Social Position never drinking wine. The *Storks* where I come from drink wine Every Day."

"Indeed," said the *Bird*, in Wonder.

"And they Grow fat and merry. Their plumage is sublime, and their Eyes—their Eyes," repeated the *Fox*, gaining time to coin a Fitting Simile, "why, my Dear, their Eyes Shine like Diamonds." The *Stork* reflected, and *Reynard* continued, "I've never seen Such a subdued looking *Bird* of Your species Before. I suppose it is owing to your Never having Drunk Wine."

"What is it to looked Subdued?" questioned the simple *Stork*.

"Well—aw—to look as if your Own Tail didn't Belong to You."

"Oh" said the *Stork*, then after a moment's thought, "what would you Advise to me Do?"

"Drink wine," said *Reynard*.

"How can I Drink it?" asked the *Stork*.

"After the General Fashion. I usually drink with my mouth. You've a pretty Long Beak of your own, which is a Decided Advantage."

“But it is Such a funny vessel, I can’t Get my beak in.”

“Oh yes you can. Try.”

And the Foolish *Stork* did try.

“I can’t drink,” she said, from the Depths of the Bottle.

“Further Down, further Down,” advised the *Fox*.

“And yet I can’t Drink,” said the *Stork*, in a Muffled Voice.

“Then pull your head out,” said the *Fox*.

“I can’t,” said the *Stork*.

“Sure?”

“Yes, sure.”

“Very well then, keep your head where it is. There’s very Little Picking on it,” he observed. “Now I can have my Breakfast, sure, I’ve Waited long Enough.” And the Wicked *Fox* Ate up the poor *Stork*.

#### MORAL.

BeBare of strangers, who Would fain  
Simplicity deride,  
Don’t listen to their foolish talk,  
Or emulate their pride.



vi.

## The Quarrel.

“I’M Convinced that I laid *Five Eggs*,” said a disconsolate *Hen-Sparrow*, as she looked Ruefully into her Nest.

“Where have you Been?” enquired her *Mate*.

“Only a little way Along the Road,” answered the *Hen*.

“You’ve been Gadding About,” said her *Mate* sharply, “What Right have you to Leave your Nest at all?”

“Oh!” gasped the *Hen*, “Just *Hear* him!” Then every individual feather she Possessed turned the Wrong Way, and she said hotly, “When you Flew out this morning you said you would not be Ten Minutes, and now—look at the Sun. What Time do you make it out to be, *Mr. Sparrow*?”

“Two o’clock,” said *Mr. Sparrow* briefly.

“Yes, two o’clock, and you Left Home at Eleven.” Here the little *Hen* stamped her Claw with Passion, and the *Cock-Sparrow* hung his head, as Well he Might.

“Gadding About,” piped the lady Furiously, gradually working Herself into Hysterics. “Gadding about Indeed—when I was Nearly Starving, and compelled to leave my nest in Search of Food. I tell you what—”

But she never Did tell him. Something attracted her attention. “*Mr. Sparrow*,” said she, with a convulsive sob, “*That* is Not *My* Egg.”

And as *Mr. Sparrow* contemplated the Cuckoo’s Legacy, he couldn’t say it Was.

“Why I’d five Green little beauties, oh! oh! oh!” She was Beginning Again *Mr. Sparrow*

reflected. He was a Family *Bird* and Hated Scenes.

“My dear,” he said, Very Deliberately, as if the idea had Cost him no end of Thought, “suppose that egg were hatched, now, what Sort of a *Bird* do you Think there would be inside.”

The *Hen* Dried her Tears. Her Curiosity was aroused.

“I don’t know,” she said, Composing herself for an Indefinite Sit, “but I’ll see.”

### MORAL.

When passion blinds, your adversary may  
Work on your weakness, and conquer you  
that way.





vii.

## Self-Esteem.

“WELL to be sure, what a Lovely creature I Am,” exclaimed a *Stag*, as he stooped down to Drink of a Crystal Stream which Flowed at his feet. “What ears, and ah! what Beautiful eyes. They are darker, they are larger, than Any of the Herd, and there’s nobody, nobody to admire Them.” He sighed,

then took a Step Forward, and one or two steps Backward, threw his head a little to One Side, and Sniffed the Air in a Very supercilious fashion. "I wish I could go to a Show," he said. "I'm better worth Looking at than the White Bull, or that Old fat Pig, and they Took the First Prizes at a show lately. But there's no Accounting for taste. And what that pig does Consume to be sure! By the way, I feel Very hungry—yes, I've a Silent Sorrow, most decidedly. It really Must be supper time. Hi! you fellows," he called Out to two of his Companions who were hurrying helter-skelter Past him, "Isn't it Feeding time?"

"Feeding Time," returned his *Messmate* with surprise, "my good fellow, we had our Supper an hour ago. Did not you Hear the bugle Call?"

"Never a note."

"Are you Dull of Hearing?"

The *Stag* shook his head.

"What were you Doing then?"

The *Stag* blushed.

“Ah!” said his *Companion*, “admiring yourself As Usual—you see we know your Failing, but, my friend, you won’t Grow Fat on that sort of Diet—good night.”

*MORAL.*

Now should you be pretty,  
Most people have eyes,  
So do not proclaim it,  
For that is unwise.







viii.

## Rival Songsters.

“WHAT’S that?” asked the *Wind*.

“Me singing,” said the *Corncrake*, “I Sing at Eventide.”

“Like me,” brayed *Neddy*, browsing near, “My hee haw! is enchanting and well-sustained,

for its many the Whack I've had for the very same," he added.

"And my voice is oft heard at midnight in Sweet Melody," said a quadruped of the *Feline* as she set up a prolonged "mew."

"Never heard such a Row since I Learned to Lisp," shrieked the *Wind*, and he Blew a Blast which Silenced the trio effectually.

"That's because you've No Ear for music," croaked the *Corncrake*, after an interval, "but Why stay to question such as *I?*"

"I'm on the look out for a musical Freight," quoth the *Wind*.

"Bear my refrain Along with you," suggested *Neddy*.

"Phew!" said the *Wind*. Then after a while—"What's that?"

"The tinkling of a Sheep - Bell," purred *Madame*.

"A trumpery bell," put in *Ned*.

"Little bell, little bell, wilt Come along o' me?" asked the *Wind*.

“If it please you,” answered the *Sheep-Bell* meekly: “If you think me Worthy to be borne.”

“Worthy, ah! your very Worth lies in your Not Asserting it. Come along Pretty *Tinkler*.”

*MORAL.*

Ye who possess a voice take heed,  
It may not charm.  
Sing not your praise. It does no good,  
But works you harm.





ix.

## Cruelty Required.

“OH! spare me, sir,” said a Little *Bird* to a *Hunter*, who must needs shoot at All he Saw.

“Fly,” said the *Marksman*, “Fly! You have your Chance, and I would fain have a Moving Target.”

“Alas!” said the little *Bird*, “my wing is broken, I cannot soar, or even stir.”

“Oh! oh!” said the *Man*, “then I shall have a Sure Shot.”

“Spare me,” cried the *Bird*. “Save my life, and Of a Surety I will save yours—at this very moment you are in Danger.”

But the *Hunter* heeded not the Poor *Bird*'s warning, or perhaps he never heard it, so Eager was he to Shoot. He touched the Trigger, and the *Bird* tumbled over. As the shot Pierced its Side an *Adder*, which the man had not seen, Bit him in the Leg.

“Zounds!” he cried, “what’s that?” And turning Quickly, he saw the *Snake* and Killed it. But the *Reptile* had Already Done its work; it had stung him, and its Sting meant Death.

“Ah!” sighed the poor little *Bird*, when she Saw what had Happened. “Had he but Spared Me I could have Saved His life, for I saw the deadly *Snake* ere it Reached him. I tried to warn him, but his Heart knew no Pity Towards the Defenceless. Good bye!” she said to the *Huntsman*, who by this time was Writhing in Agony. “Farewell!”

“Why did you not Warn me?” cried the man.

“Alas! you gave me No Opportunity.”

“Would that I had,” sighed the *Huntsman*.  
“Could I but Efface the Past, never again  
would I Injure a Hapless Creature. Forgive  
me, poor *Bird*,” he said, in Faltering tones.

“Forgiven,” answered the *Bird*, with fleeting  
breath, “thy Folly has Wrought its own  
Destruction; Surely this is Punishment  
Enough.”

And Together the *Bird* and *Huntsman* Died.

### MORAL.

Don't injure what is helpless, never seek  
To take advantage of the small and weak.





X.

## Foiled.

THERE was once a Young *King* who had a very crafty *Vizier*. This *Vizier* used to tell All Sorts of Untruths about the *Monarch*, and whenever opportunity Occurred tried to make his subjects Hate him. He would induce the *King* to make Harsh Laws, saying that the people were Rebellious, and wanted Keeping Down. Then, when Such

laws were enforced, he would Sympathise with the people Behind the *King's* Back, and Say all manner of Hard Things against him. Some how or other, it must have been a *Magpie* which Chattered, the *King* became Aware of this Double Dealing, and he determined to trap the *Vizier*.

About this time a *Wise Man* was Expected from the East. He was coming on a Visit to the Court, and was Very learned, versed in All Manner of science, and was a Doctor into the Bargain.

One day the *King*, who was very much harrassed and bothered with Cares of State, told the *Vizier* that he felt Too Ill to attend to business any longer, and that he Wanted a Holiday. Now the *Vizier* would have Jumped for Joy, only he Couldn't, for he had Gout in his Big Toe, and people with Gout don't usually Jump About much.

"I know of no One who is capable of Managing Affairs in your absence," said the crafty *Vizier*.

"Oh," said the *King*, "I thought that Perhaps you would act as Regent."



“If it please you,” said the *Vizier*, Doing his Best to make a polite bow, without Shewing his Joy.

“Very well, then,” assented the *King*, “I shall Appoint you Regent and Take a Rest. Goodness knows! I need one.”

He looked so Ill and Worried that anyone, save a nasty old Disagreeable *Vizier*, would have been Sorry for the Young *Monarch*.

Now, as soon as the *King* shut Himself up in his Palace, you should have seen what High Jinks the people had. The *Vizier* made Galas and feasted Everybody right royally. Some folk liked it, others didn't. For instance, those little *Boys* in the street who Ate ham sandwiches and rode merry-go-rounds for an Hour Together—they Liked these doings; but the confectioner, whose duty it was to Provide the sandwiches, without anyone being Responsible for the payment thereof; and the man who owned the Merry-go-rounds, and had Plenty of Customers but Few Pennies—they didn't Like it. Still, you Cannot please everyone, you know.

Now in the Midst of all this Fuss and Scramble, who should Come to the city but the *Wise Man* from the East. What he Thought of it all I Cannot Say, but he used to Sit in the market-place and talk to the Poor. They Told him all their Troubles, and he lent a ready Willing Ear to their Complaint. They told him Also that they had a very Cruel *King* and a very Kind *Vizier*.

But here Discussion Arose. Some said that the *Vizier* was not a Good Man, others said that he Was. And which Side the *Wise Man* believed it was Hard to Determine.

One day the *Wise Man* took it into his wise old head to Go to the Palace.

"I want to See the *King*," he said to the *Vizier*.

"But you can't see him, he's poorly."

"I must see him," persisted the *Old Man*, "Bring him to Me."

Now all the People wanted to hear the *Wise Man* rebuke their Naughty *Monarch*, so they Thronged into the Court-yard till it was Crammed; and the Court-yard, I must tell you, held Many persons.

The *Vizier* heard all the *Old Man* had to say and then retired. Presently he Returned. "You can't see the *King*," he said Abruptly, "the thing's Impossible. But you can Send a Message," he added more Civilly.

To tell the truth, the *Vizier* was afraid of this August *Stranger*; in fact, he Hated him for the Power he exercised over the Multitude—only he dare not show it.

"I will send no message," said the *Wise Man*, "I will See the *King*. Go and tell him so."

The *Vizier* went away Again, and when he came back he said, "Once more, I am to tell you that the *King* will Not come. But he has sent a Request."

"And that is?"

"That is, as he will not Come to you, he desires to Reward your Impertinence—your Head shall go to Him."

"You say that the *King* has Sent for my Head."

"Of a surety," answered the *Vizier* stoutly.

"Did you See him?"

"Yes and he told me what I now tell you."

“So the *King* Wants my Head. You are Sure of this *Mr. Vizier*.”

“Sure! and the *King's* wishes must be obeyed.”

“They must,” agreed the *Old Man*, “as you Yourself shall Testify.”

And throwing Disguise aside, the Young *King* stood before them, for the *Wise Man* and the *King* were one.

And a Head was Cut Off. But it Wasn't the one the *Vizier* intended.

### MORAL.

Deceit may flourish for a time,  
And falsehood hold its sway;  
But truth will out, and shall expose  
Dark deeds to light of day.





xi.

## The Sly Stag.

“I would I were a bird,”  
sang a *Wolf* outside a hut where a *Stag* had  
taken shelter,

“That I Might Fly to thee,  
And breathe—”

“You’ve been Eating Onions,” interrupted a  
voice, and a Head was thrust out of a Square  
little Window.

“What do you Want here?” demanded the  
*Stag*.

"I was only serenading you, *Miss*," said the *Wolf* glibly.

"Then be Off with you, I want None of your Noise."

"It's a pleasant evening, wouldn't you Like a Walk *Miss*," persisted the *Wolf*, who was Peckish.

"I can't leave the hut."

"Then open the Door and I'll keep you Company, I can Finish my song Inside," he added, by way of inducement.

"Bide a wee," said the *Stag*, who was Born on the Scotch Moors.

"Dinna fash Yersel aboot makin' the but and the ben tidy," said the *Wolf*, who had once tasted crowdy, which Accounted for his Accent.

"Do ye mind watchin' Doon the road a Wee to see if a *Kid* Passes that Way. If ye ken him call out and I'll let ye Baith in Tegither."

"Very well," agreed the *Wolf*, smacking his Lips at the thought of the Good Things to come."

Very stealthily the *Stag* crept Out of a Window behind the Hut and Ran Along the road in a different direction to where the *Wolf* was Looking. She Told her mate, and he Told the herd of the Danger; so they all Kept Together, and as the *Wolf* dared not Attack Them in a body he was starved to Death.

*MORAL.*

A bit of mother wit, I have been told,  
Is sometimes worth a pocket full of gold.





xii.

## Children, Obey your Parents.

“**H**ERE goes,” cried a Young *Shoot*, struggling to Push his Head above ground.

“Keep quiet,” said the *Parent Stem*. “The Sun is Warm, the Wind blows sweet, and yet 'tis early Spring. Stay where you Are, gather strength, when the Right Time comes for you to peep Above I'll tell you.”



“Fudge!” said the naughty *Shoot*. “Right time indeed, you’ll Keep me Here for ever if I don’t Assert myself.”

“Your brother and sister shoots Remain content.”

“Oh! but they’re such a sleepy, lazy Crew. Now, it’s no Earthly Use your Kicking up a Dust. I’ve Made up my Mind, and I’m Coming. Here goes—Hullo!” Already his Tender Head was above ground. A solitary green Speck upon the bare dark earth.

“I say, you snoozums-snorums,” he called below, “follow my Example and Come aloft. Oh! it’s splendid,” he exclaimed with enthusiasm. “Why I never Could have Believed there were such things if I had Not Seen them for myself. There are plants a Thousand times greater than mother. She’s a Regular Wisp compared with some. Come up, I say, and learn what Life is.”

But his obedient brother and sister shoots took no notice of his Foolish Prattle. They harkened to their parent’s Voice and heeded not vain words.

The sun shone fair, the Wind was Soft and

Balmy. The cool and Refreshing showers strengthened and nourished the Disobedient Shoot, and he tried Very Hard to tower above his *Mother's* head.

Soon all was Changed. The sun came not. The wind Blew hard. Hail, sleet, and snow Pelted on his Drooping Head, then he lay him down and Died.

Days and weeks passed on, and the cuckoo's Note was heard. One day the Whole Family of *Shoots*, with their mother's Consent, prepared for a General Rising.

"What's this?" squeaked a tiny sprout, striking his head against a Withered Stick.

"'Tis my first-born," answered the mother softly, "my erring Wayward child. To gratify a Foolish Whim, he must needs forfeit Life!"

### *MORAL.*

Question not your mother's words,  
She thought before you cried.



xiii.

## The Victor Spurned.

“ I SAY she is *My Hen!* ”

“ Sir, that *Hen* belongs to Me ! ”

“ By my comb, she does Not, and Shall Not. ”

“ This quarrel must be Wiped out with Blood, ” said the *Game Cock*, Grandly, polishing his spurs as he Spoke.

“ You will find me a Match for you, ” said his spangled antagonist. “ *Cherie,* ” he called out to the Lady in Dispute, “ *Cherie,* if I Lose

my Life in this combat, I yield it willingly for your sake, for I could not live Without you."

"*Old Girl!* out of the way," said the *Game Cock*, previous to making Feathers Fly.

Then business began.

An introductory peck at each other's crest was Playful enough as Far as it Went, but when *Spangles'* wattles Dissolved Partnership they were Warming to their Subject. The *Game Cock* was Long-winded, which was a decided Advantage, but *Spangles* Fought like a Hero. Dig to the Right of him, dig to the Left of him, till it seemed as if the *Game Cock* were going to be Beaten, and that if Things didn't come to a Climax soon there would be Naught left to Fight.

But the wary *Chanticleer* was only Husbanding his Strength, for when poor *Spangles* had hardly a Peck left in him—then it Was that the *Game Cock* Let Drive, and buffeted, spurred, and helped himself to *Spangles'* feathers wholesale. And at last he Jumped on him and crowed! "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

No response.

"Cock-a-doodle-dooo!"

Never a kick.

“Come along *Old Girl*,” said the *Game Cock*,  
dismounting. “He’s Done for.”

“No, thank you,” said she.

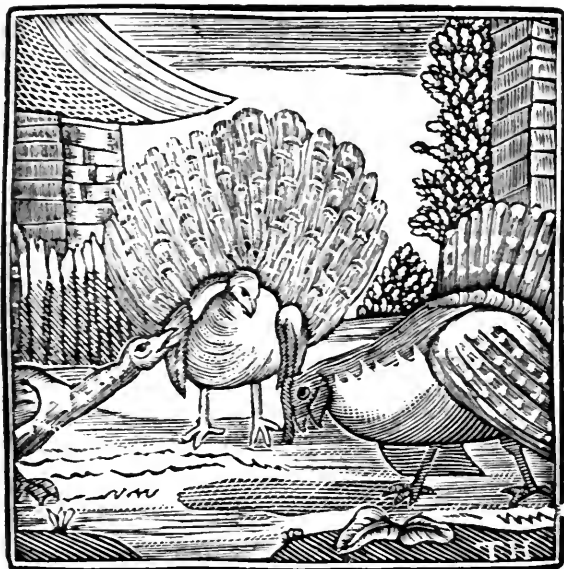
“Why Not,” he asked.

“Because *Spangles* is not yet Quite Dead,  
and to tell you the Truth, I do not choose to  
Mate with a Prize fighter. I shall wait till  
*Spangles* recovers. I’ve not the sweetest  
Temper in the world, and it Strikes me that  
if I Married You, I should be Laid Up in the  
hospital for repairs before the honey Moon  
was over.”

*MORAL.*

We in our ardour often show a trait,  
(We fain would hide) for which we have  
to pay.





xiv.

## An Accommodating Defendant.

“YOU are known to the *Complainant*,” said  
Judge *Peacock*.

“I am, my lord,” replied the *Defendant*.

“And you Agreed to Marry Her.”

“I did.”

“What could you have Plainer than that? He admits it,” piped the *Complainant*. “You hear him.”

“Conflicting evidence, Certainly,” said the Judge. “Let me hear you Say it Again, you offered to Marry the *Complainant*?”

“Certainly, I never objected.”

“Then *Mr. Turkey* what is *Miss Turkey* Pulling you Up for Breach of Promise for? Are you still willing to make this Lady your wife.”

“Not my wife, I never Agreed to That.”

“But you offered to Marry her.”

“Yes, you see it’s Like this, I’m the Registrar, and I’ll Marry her to Any Man living at Half Price. I can’t say Fairer than That, can I?”

*MORAL.*

A Bitty foe is a fierce foe,  
He beats you on the ground you stand.



XV.

## Genius.

“PETER is very Like his Father.”

“Aye, the lad is Right enough.”

“And *Fonah* Takes after *My* family.”

“Well, I don’t see that as Much as you Appear to do.”

“There’s not a Doubt of it—ask anybody. He’s the very Image of my Brother. He will



be Either a poet or a painter, will *Fonah*. See him with his Book now.

“I’d as Lief see him with a top and a whip like *Peter*.”

“That’s because you’ve No Mind, *Reuben*—you never had, my poor mother used to say.”

“I’ve not a doubt of it. She was Very strong on the *Saying* subject.”

“If you speak a word Against my Mother!”

“Shouldn’t think of it.”

“Then what did you begin for?”

“But you were talking about *Fonah*,” corrected the *Husband*, who went so Far and no Further with his mother-in-law for a topic.

“I said, I persist in Saying, and what is more I Mean to Stick to it, that *Fonah* Takes After *My* family, and will one day be an Illustrious Personage. Why, only this morning he asked me to Draw him the Ark, and the animals coming out of it. Think of that for a boy of His years. The interest he evinces for Things far beyond his Age is marvellous. See, now, how Deeply he is Buried in my sketches.” Calls: “*Fonah*, precious, what is so Absorbing you?”

“I can't make out some of the things you've Drawed in my book.”

Fond *Mother* Goes to see.

“What is that, *Mother* ?”

“A camel, *Darling*.”

“And what's this creature next to it ?”

“A tortoise, *Ducky*.”

“And this Big Brute ?”

“A cow, My boy.”

“A cow is it ? Well, next time you Draw a Cow just write c-o-w under it, then *everybody* will Know what it is.”

### MORAL.

A favoured child will sometimes churlish grow,  
And bruise the hand that never dealt a blow !





xvi.

## Simplicity Victorious.

“WHY, my darling, what are you Doing there?” asked, with Wondrous Consideration, a *Wolf* of a *Lamb*.

“Please sir I slipped in.”

“Then slip out.”

“I don’t like.”

“Why?”

“Because you are Watching me.”

“Run up the path,” said the *Wolf*.

“But it is Private Property.” And the *Lamb* read out, “TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED!”

“Oh! that’s all gammon,” said the *Wolf*. “You’ll not be prosecuted, I know the Lord of the Manor Very Well. Fact is, he’s a Friend of Mine. Now you just Obey me. Come along dear. You’ll be Getting rheumatism or cramp if you Stand in the Water much longer. Then what will Mamma say? How is Papa, *Lammie*, he’s a Great Friend of mine.”

“You appear to have a Number of Friends,” said the *Lamb*.

“Yes, I’ve a long visiting list, and my Visiting Cards cost me quite a Fortune; but why tarry? Come along.”

“I don’t like to Climb while you are Looking at me.”

“Should I turn my Back?”

“Please; will you also Crouch down?”

“Certainly.”

“Thanks!” Then very Quietly the little *Lamb* Crossed the Stream and Climbed Up the opposite bank.

“Are you coming?” asked the *Wolf*.

No reply.

“The brat must be deaf!”

“Are you coming?” he Called Out again.

Silence reigned.

“Won’t I Grind his Gristle for this Impudence!”

“Well, bless me,” said the *Wolf*, at length, “I can stand this No Longer. I *must* look round.”

And he did.

Now what do you think he saw? Well, the little *Lamb* Tearing Along the fields, putting Acre after Acre between him and the *Wolf*. He was Out of Danger, and soon, very soon, would Reach Home.

“To think,” said the *Wolf*, with a savage bay, “to think that a Simple-looking brat Like That should Dupe Me!”

### *MORAL.*

Should you be in danger, try to keep calm,  
Cool conduct will lead you through danger  
and harm.



xvii.

## The Duel.

A LITTLE *Mouse* lived Next Door to a young *Frog*. They were firm friends, and kept No Secrets from each Other. They talked about the weather, which showed what Confidence existed between them. They spoke of the crops, the state of the country Generally, and each agreed that the World was a very Bad Place, and that they were the only Decent People in it.

When the *Mouse* got a Sweetheart she told

the *Frog*, and when the *Frog* contemplated matrimony he Consulted the *Mouse*.

They had one Common enemy—a *Hawk*. But here their Friendship stood them in Good stead. It was No Use, for the *Hawk* never could Catch them napping. For if the *Frog* were in danger the *Mouse* would give him warning, and *vice versa*.

*Miss Mouse* and *Master Frog* would have been the Happiest couple in the World but for this *Hawk*.

Judge the Surprise occasioned when one Day these old friends went Out for a Walk, and each took a Different Path. The *Hawk* was not Hungry just then, but he had Pleasant Anticipations. When *Miss Mouse* came home she Slammed the Door in the *Frog's* face, but Peeping out again to see How he Took this insult, the *Frog* not to be Outdone, in the matter of malice, Spat at the *Mouse*.

“Things cannot go on much longer Like This,” said the *Mouse* to a Friend. “I’ll be Even with that *Frog* yet.”

The *Hawk* heard this Speech, for he was Close by.

“How do you Mean to Settle it?” asked he.

“With swords,” said the *Frog*, quite Grandly, and he Inflated his Cheeks and squared his Shoulders as though he could Settle the Business of a hundred Such foes.

“That’s Capital,” said the *Hawk*, “nothing like Spirit.”

“And steel,” put in *Froggy*.

“And steel,” assented the *Hawk*.

“Will you be Umpire?” asked *Froggy*.

“Yes,” said the *Hawk*.

“And will keep Quite close to me?”

“Yes.”

“Because the *Mouse* is a Treacherous little Baggage. She’ll take Advantage of me if she gets the Least bit of an opportunity.”

“You may Rely upon my Championship,” said the *Hawk*.

Two days afterwards the Duel was Proclaimed, and was attended by the Whole Village.

The duellists chose a Pleasant little Spot near a Stream where Bulrushes grew.

After shaking hands the Fight Began. One, two. One, two, thrust, parry, over and over again.



The *Mouse* Wielded her Weapon famously.

The *Hawk* Hovered Over to see Fair play.

The *Frog* fought Savagely, but badly. He received a Tremendous Dig in the Stomach.

“Oh!” he cried in Anguish, “*Hawk!* *Hawk!* your aid, *Hawk!*”

There was a Sudden Swoop, when thew! thew! click! went both swords right through the *Hawk's* neck.

“Oh!” cried the onlookers, agast, “What's That for?”

“To rid ourselves of our Common Enemy.”

Then the *Frog* and the *Mouse* Embraced, and Kissed, and Went on their Way rejoicing.

### MORAL.

True friendship is sweet, it aids us in strife,  
And helps us to bear well the burden of life.





xviii.

## Gossip.

“**H**AVE you Heard the News?” asked *Harry*, the village blacksmith.

“Yes,” answered *Tom* and *Dick*, “isn’t it Dreadful?”

“Horrible,” said *Harry*, “it will be the Scandal of the whole Township, see if it isn’t.”

“There is no Scandal at All,” said *John*.

"I never should have Anticipated such a thing," said *Tom*.

"A whale isn't caught Every Day," said *Harry*.

"A whale," echoed a Trio of voices, "what about a Whale?"

"I heard," said *Harry*, "that a Whale had been Caught on the Long Sands. That's my News."

"And I heard," said *Dick*, "that a Shark swallowed Tom Pumpkin, and that Gilbert Filbert held the shark's Tail, while Parson Barson read the Burial Service. That's my News."

"And I was Told, as a Great Secret, that the curly-headed coastguardsman Became Infatuated with a Mermaid, and because he Couldn't be amphibious like She Was, he Jumped into the Sea, resolving to Spend the last Few Moments of his life with her. That's my News."

"Well, I was *There*," said *John*. "On the spot when my News happened."

"Oh, tell us, speak low," said *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry*, all Agape.

“Well, Dan Danvers caught a finless sprat  
Stuffed with Golden Guineas.”

“Some of us have been listening to Silly  
Gossip,” agreed the Trio.

*MORAL.*

Tho' sturdy legs has gossip,  
On which it runs apace;  
Its footprints leave a trail behind,  
Which nothing can efface.





xix.

## Gardening Extraordinary.

ONCE a Rich *Man* bought a Country House. He had been Something in the City, and the Goddess Fortune had favoured him. Now he Determined to Leave fog, smoke, and tumult Behind, and Spend the remainder of his Days amid Beauty, Sunshine, and Flowers.

For all that he was Rich he liked Four Pennies for Every Groat he Changed.

He had a *Gardener* who was lazy, and deserved Reproof, and none was so able to Administer it as the Retired City Magnate.

At noon the *Gardener* Went Home to dinner. Ten minutes afterwards the *Merchant* Doffed his Coat and began to Dig.

At one o'clock the *Gardener* returned.

"See, here," said the *Merchant*, "I have Dug Over this patch of ground in as Little Time as it took you to Water it. Are you not Ashamed of yourself? I should never have Possessed a Garden like this if I had Frittered Away my time like you do."

"Humph!" said the *Man*.

"What do you Say?" enquired the *Merchant*.

"Why, sir, I thinks as you be t' biggest Softy I iver Seed or Har'd on in my life. You've gone and Dug Up t' best onion bed in the country. Yaw! haw!"

### MORAL.

A man may have riches, and very wise be,  
And yet on some points none so simple as he.



XX.

## Conceit.

“DO you Know,” said a *Peacock* to his *Mate*, “I’ve a Strange Fluttering about the region of my Windpipe.”

“Pip,” suggested the *Lady*.

“Pip,” echoed her indignant *Spouse*, “say rather, ’tis the Forerunner of that Thrilling Power, the glorious Gift of Song.”

“La!” said the *Peahen* meekly.

“And what is More,” went on the communicative *Bird*, with head erect and Wings outspread, “I mean to Become a Musician.”

“Instrumentalist or vocalist,” croaked a *Raven*, who had heard What was not Intended for his Ears.

“Both,” replied the *Peacock*, for he could not define.

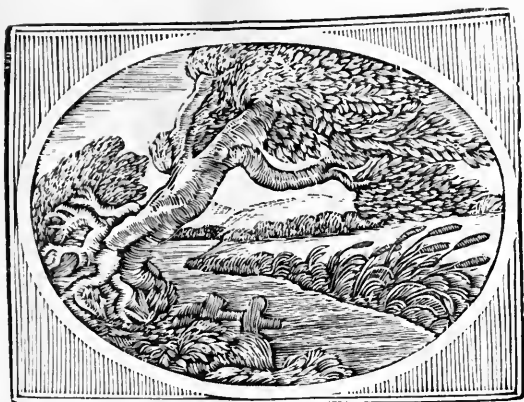
“Long years have I lived,” replied the *Raven*, “and strange and Wondrous Things have I Seen, yet never have I Known one who was Boastful and Vainglorious become a true musician. Excellence is the Outcome of Labour, and Music, while it ennobles, is an Exacting mistress. If after Years of study and Careful Training thou shouldst—”

“Come along dear,” piped the *Peacock* to his *Mate*, “the Fluttering has gone now.”

### MORAL.

If you seek fame for fame alone,  
Steer clear of all the Muses;  
Lobe yields to lobe, and patience wins,  
Where talent ofttime loses.





xxi.

## Plain Speaking.

“GET along!” said a *Butterfly* to a *Grub*,  
how dare you Brush past me like that?”

“You once were a *Grub* yourself, my Fine  
Lady,” said a *Bulrush* growing Near.

“How can you make such an Assertion?”  
said the *Butterfly* hotly. “A *Grub*!” The  
very thought made her sneeze.

“You say that *I* was once a *Grub*?”

“I do,” said the *Bulrush*, Firmly.

“I should like to Shake you for your Impudence,” muttered the *Butterfly* to herself. What she said Aloud was, “If I were not a Polite Being I would use an Epithet to you which implies the Reverse of Truthful.”

“I know quite well what you would Say, but for all that, my Dear, I remember you as a *Grub*. Why Child, I’ve known your Family for Generations. Each year that I have come up there has been Some of you flitting about me.”

“Hear him,” said *Miss Butterfly* in Despair. “I, with my sparkling Eyes and radiant Hues, my Sunny wings and Delicate Toes—once a *Grub*.”

Away flew the *Butterfly*, hither and thither; basking first on a Rose-leaf, then on a sweet Picotee. Towards the scented Groves, and back again to the Grateful Clover. Oh! what a Happy Creature was she!

One day during her flittings she passed the *Bulrush*, but although he Bowed politely, she Pretended not to see him.

The days were like years, and the Sun was always shining. Ah! what it is to be a *Butterfly*! There came an evening after a warm sultry day, when not a Breath of wind Stirred the drooping flowrets, steeped and burdened with the Kindly Dew. On this particular Evening *Miss Butterfly* did not feel quite as Well as usual.

"I'll go to the *Bulrush*," she said to a friend, and away she went.

The first object that met her gaze on her arrival was an Exquisite specimen of her own species.

"Allow me to Introduce you," said the *Bulrush* slyly, "*Miss Grub*, *Miss Butterfly*."

"Now, Who was Who?"

Our old friend's Lips began to Curl when the lovely stranger said, "How do you do, *Miss Butterfly*?"

"We have just been talking about you," exclaimed the *Bulrush*; "my little friend here is Highly Amused at your Treatment of her as a *Grub*. You remember Brushing Past her one day?"

Pause.

“There is one thing I would Say in Conclusion,”—this was uttered with Scathing Sarcasm,—“our little *Grub* of yore possesses two Wonderful Qualities which rarely combine: Besides being Beautiful, and an Object for Admiration, she is Also *Polite*.”

*MORAL.*

Politeness costs naught but is worth a great deal.





xxii.

## Billy and Bully.

“GLAD to Meet you,” said the *Goat*, “it was Good of you to protect me from that dog Yesterday.”

“I defended you because I believe we are Akin,” said the *Bull*, who was Deep Red. “We possess the same Power of Defence.”

“We are Abused by the world Generally,” grumbled the *Goat*. “They call me *Billy*, which is an Unwarrantable liberty, and any

human Biped who happens to be particularly Cowardly and Pugnacious the world dubs *Bully*, which is an affront to you."

"Hist! there is a Lion Looking at us."

"Where?"

"Behind you—don't look. He thinks that we Cannot See him."

"My hind foot is lame," said the *Bull*. "My corns are Troubling me, I cannot go, so don't leave me, *Billy*."

"But I'm no use, I'm Such a little chap."

"None too small to do a Kindly Service. It is not the Strong and Brave who prove the Best Friends, but the. Staunch and True, whate'er their Stature."

So the *Goat* remained, and the Lion, tired of waiting till the Friends should part, Went his Way.

### MORAL.

Stand firm by your brother,  
 Whate'er may betide,  
 The bridge that spans friendship,  
 Is strong, long, and wide.



xxiii.

## Least Said Soonest Mended.

“ I HAVE Made a Mistake,” said a crafty *Notary*, as he went through the Items of a Disputed Account.

“ Nay, pardon me, it is I who made the mistake,” answered the Injured *Client*.

“ How so ? ”

“ I *Mistook You* for an Honest *Lawyer*. Allow me to Wish you a very good morning.”

*MORAL.*

With a knave don't contend,  
Silence is always safe.



xxiv.

## Masher Bunnie.

“OH! I wish that I had a Brown Coat,” said a disconsolate little *Bunnie*, as he Sat on a large dock leaf twirling his Whiskers in the sun. “Summer is Coming On, and I am as Dingy as a Toad. Not even a white front, collar, cuffs, or socks—all Brown.”



“Brown is the safest of all colours for you my Dear,” said his *Aunt*.

“How so?”

“Because it is the Colour of the Earth, and you can trip along the ploughed fields and under the hedges without so much fear of Detection.”

“Who cares about being Safe?” snapped the querrelous *Bunnie*. “I’ve got Four Legs, haven’t I?”

“Oh dear!” he sighed, when his *Aunt* turned her Back and left him. “What *Am* I to do? There are Plenty of things which change colour for Summer. Why not I? Look at the trees; they’ve got a Bran New set of leaves on. And the birds. Didn’t that Norwegian rabbit tell me that the ptarmigan in his country had White Coats for winter and Brown Ones for summer. Now why can’t I have a brown coat for winter and a white one for summer? To be Brown the whole year round is dreadful.”

But he determined that he wouldn’t be Brown, and grew so Cross and Ill-tempered that when his little sister passed him to go to

Dinner he gave her a Severe Shaking, out of pure spite—not because she merited it.

All that day, and the next, the *Rabbit* Bewailed his Misfortune. On the third day he went for a Walk alone. His ears Hung Down and his eyelids drooped. His mouth curled up at the Corners, his nose was Several degrees higher than his forehead, and his Tail swung like a pendulum.

Passing along a Turnpike road, he came to a mill. The door was Open, and he could see a quantity of white Dust on the floor. “The very thing,” he said, his features relaxing. “Now for a Metamorphosis.” He stepped in and rubbed himself from head to foot with the dust that was Heaped Around.

At last he had a real presentable summer outfit. He came Home very quickly, but it was Already late, and his Family were in bed. He dare not go down his own Hole for fear of spoiling his coat, so he leaned against a Hay-stack and Slept there all night.

In the morning none of his Relations knew him till he spoke, then his *Aunt* recognised his voice.

“You foolish boy,” she said, “mind if you don’t pay the Penalty for this Folly.”

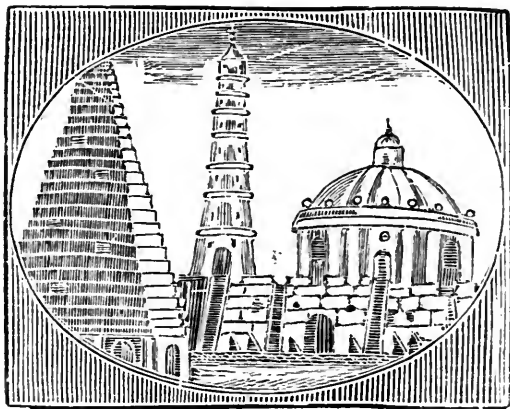
“Fiddle-de-dee,” said *Bunnie*, and Capered round the field. Just then a sportsman came up with a pack of Dogs after him.

“To holes!” cried a buck, who was Head of the family, and away scampered the rabbits in Compliance. Our white friend ran as fast as any of the Other rabbits, but his coat being so startling in Shade the dogs Saw him much Plainier than the rest of his brethren, and as if with one accord they made a Dead Set at him—overtook and Worried him.

### MORAL.

Don't crave for fine feathers,  
The brighter their shade,  
The greater the danger  
Of being betrayed.





XXV.

## Duped.

“YOU failed to keep your Appointment with me yesterday,” said a *Frog* to a *Gnat*.

“Nay, I was at the Place appointed, even though you did beg of me not to Tell my Mother,” said the *Gnat*.

“I beg your pardon.”

“And I yours.”

“I was at the Monument from two till four.”

“And I from one till five.”

“There must be Some Mistake, I never saw you.”

“But I saw you, though I failed to make you hear.”

“That is Strange. You are sure you were there?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I Hopped round and round for two Mortal hours.”

“Hopped round it? Ah! now I see. You chose the Base?”

“Yes.”

“I the summit—that’s the Difference. Next time you make an appointment with a Country Girl, *Mr. Frog*, please be More Explicit.”

*MORAL.*

Young maidens beware of the sWain who  
would rather  
Keep out of the way of your mother and  
father.



xxvi.

## Crossed.

**A** *SPY* entered the ranks of an Opposing Army and asked to be Given the office of trumpeter.

There was a vacancy so he obtained the post. But a *Soldier*, who suspected the new *Trumpeter* of Treachery, contrived during the night to Steal into the enemy's camp and Change Instruments. He gave the trumpet

belonging to his own corps to the enemy, and theirs he Brought Away, laying it quietly beside the Sleeping *Spy*, who at length Awoke and Blew a Blast. Judge everyone's surprise during the early morning to hear a retreat sounded, and the enemy recognising their own musician and instrument, marched away leaving their foe Master of the Field.

*MORAL.*

When a trickster is tricked  
Then none can complain.





xxvii.

## The Old Spider and a New Fly.

“WALK into your parlour! for what do you Take me pray?”

“A *Fly*,” answered the *Spider* Meekly.

“An *Idiot* you had better have said. Walk into your Parlour indeed! Flop into your web you mean, and kick, and kick, and kick, till Death releases me, or you should want your Dinner.”

“No offence Miss,” said the *Spider*, climbing up to his Attic.



“Come back,” called the Irate *Fly* after him. “Come back, I say, and Listen to what I have to tell. Once there was a time when *Flies*, like other folk, were foolish. Had you Invited my great-grandmother, she Undoubtedly would have accepted your Alluring Invitation. But Not Me, *Mr. Spider*, Not Me. Everyone is so wise now-a-days. We despise what once was Credited. Now look at me, *Mr. Spider*. Mark me Well.” Here the *Fly* Puffed out her Cheeks, spread her wings, rubbed one foot Against the Other in a very knowing fashion, and Rose a few inches in the air. “I fly,” she said, “to escape from your Villanous Clutches, and—” a *Martin* on the wing swallowed her up!

“That’s Just the Way with the wise ones,” said the *Spider*, who had Watched the *Fly*’s destruction. “Her grandmother may have been Foolish and old-fashioned in her Ways, but I’ll Wager my web she had Eyes enough to see a bird.”

### MORAL.

Those people who say they are wise  
Are mostly the very reverse.



xxviii.

## Caught in his own Net.

“FAREWELL my *Boys*,” said uncle *Dick*,  
who lay a-dying.

He had been a Good Man, for all that he believed himself to be Inspired and wrote Vile poetry.

“To think that you must Die,” said *James*.  
“Oh! the Pity of it!”

“My dear kind uncle,” said little *Hugh*, as he kissed the Hand that had always dealt so generously towards him.

“You will find that I have left a just Will, and divided my Possessions with Discretion.”

“Don’t speak of Wills, *Uncle*,” said *Hugh*.

“I have Considered both your Dispositions, and have apportioned my Property Accordingly.”

“You were ever a Just Man,” said *James*.

“I may have acted Foolishly at times, but my will is the Outcome of much thought and deliberation.

“What on earth is the *Old Fellow* driving at,” reflected *James*, who had Toadied his uncle for Many Years, hoping to Gain Thereby.

“You have both been good *Boys*, and will find that I have Appreciated the many Kindnesses you have Shown me. Farewell !”

The uncle died, and his will was read.

“To my nephew *James*,” it ran, “I bequeath my Greatest earthly possession—my works, twenty-eight Volumes of Verse. He liked to hear me read my poetry, and recognised my genius, though Nobody Else did. To my

nephew *Hugh*, who has No imagination, but is Honest and Truthful, and is business-like in his tastes and habits, I bequeath my money, lands, goods, and chattels, and whatsoever I possess."

*MORAL.*

If caught in the trap that We bait  
Small sympathy falls to our lot.





xxix.

## Bitter Honey.

“GOOD-BYE, dear *John*, it should be a Comfort to you to know that you go to the Scaffold with a Clear Conscience and have my full confidence in your Innocence. It ought to Alleviate your Distress to know that you bear the Punishment for one who is your *Enemy*, and who now is Free to roam whithersoever he will.”

“It is hard,” said the man, calmly.

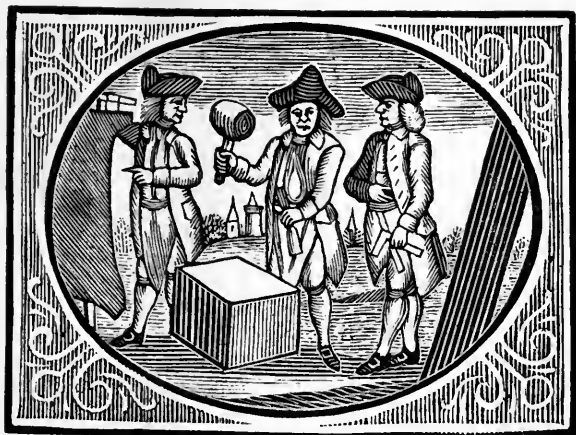
“Yes, Very hard, I’m glad you Feel for me. You always did. Whatever shall I do when you are gone? To whom shall I Fly for sympathy? Oh dear, what a nuisance! There will be all sorts of questions Cropping Up that I want to ask you when you are No More—”

“Quiet, sweetheart, say some Words of Comfort to me.”

“*John*, how long shall I wait, and who shall I Marry when you are Dead? There now, don’t cry dear. You were Always a good kind *Lover*, and it woe’s Me, for I shall Miss you Sorely.”

### MORAL.

A selfish soul has eyes  
That never see distress,  
And ears Which never hear  
A cry of pain.



XXX.

## Diamond Cut Diamond.

“NOW my men,” said the *Blind Man* who Owned the stone, “you have been to my quarry and have seen Another stone, which do you think the Better of the two?”

“This one,” said the *Man with the Mallet*. He Grimaced to his friend as he spoke, for he

was not telling the truth. He wished to Cheat the afflicted *Merchant*.

“This is a better Stone than the One at the Quarry?”

“Yes.”

“Then you shall have this for the same money as the other,” said the *Blind Man*, kindly. “Take It away.”

### MORAL.

To trick or cheat a man who cannot see  
Is ungenerous to the last degree.







xxxı.

## Conflicting Statements.

“OH! let me Go,” cried a *Barn Door Cock* to a *Dairymaid* who was bent on his destruction. “Let me go, I Never did you any Harm.”

“What is the matter?” said the *Mistress*, Stepping forward.

“Please ma’am, this Fellow leads all the hens into your flower garden.”

“I don’t,” said the *Cock*. “It is untrue.”

“Which am I to believe?” said the *Mistress*.

“Believe me ma’am,” said the *Maid*, and she Squeezed the bird’s throat so that he could offer no Defence.

“But what have you to do with the flower garden that you should wish to Kill him, your work lies among the churns.”

“Make her let me go, ma’am,” said the *Cock*, Freeing his Throat after a Violent Struggle. Then when the *Maid* released her Hold, he shook his Feathers and said :

“Ma’am, the maids here have a Spite against me, and have all threatened to twist my Neck.”

“Why so my poor *Bird* ? ”

“Because I Crow too loud, I ’waken you every morning.”

“That’s a fact.”

“And you Rout the maids out of Bed earlier than they Like. They say if it were not for Me you would lie half an hour longer, and so would they.”

“Indeed!” said the *Mistress*, Significantly.  
“Now away with you,” to the *Maid*, “and if  
you Dare to lay a finger on that bird, I’ll—”  
“Cock-a-doodle-do!”

*MORAL.*

Hear both sides with firmness,  
An umpire is bound  
To meet every client  
On impartial ground.





xxxii.

## Confirmed by Taste.

“HERE’S the first *Thistle* I’ve seen since I left Edinbro’” said a *Donkey*, as he Tramped along a Private Road at Dover. “It does my poor old eyes Good to meet anything which comes fra’ bonnie Scotland.”

“I’m not Scotch,” said the *Thistle* Disdainfully, “I’m French, I was Planted here because I couldn’t help it. There was a Terrible Wind blowing at Calais that night.”

“But, my wee lassie, ye look Scotch,”

“Appearances are sometimes deceptive.”

“Very likely, but taste seldom errs: Aye, sure enu’ it’s Scotch,” declared the *Donkey*, as he munched away at the Haughty *Thistle*, “I’ve eaten too mony in my time for there to be a doot on’t.”

*MORAL.*

To disown your people or nation is wrong,  
Folk laugh at and mock such pretence.





xxxiii.

## Prejudice.

“WELL, bless my Keys,” said the *Clarionet*,  
 “if there isn’t old *Schmeckpifferdam*  
 back again.”

“And looking as ’witching as ever,” said the  
 little *Drum*.

“As Seedy, you mean,” Contradicted the  
*Cornet*.

“His hair has grown somewhat longer, his  
 Body lankier, his Eyes have Grown Duller,

and his Nose more pointed; save for these Trivial alterations, my brother, I find no difference in the man. And a *Fiddle* who could Boast of having been Caressed by the immortal Paganini ought to be an authority."

"Hush," crashed the *Cymbals*, "old *Schmeckpifferdam* is About to Speak."

"My friends," began the *Conductor*, addressing the orchestra with his Usual Politeness, "I've but lately returned from Leipzig."

"Tune me! if ever I heard such a duffer in my life!" struck in the *Bass Fiddle*, during a pause occasioned by *Herr Schmeckpifferdam* Clearing his Throat. The *Conductor* hated the *Bass Fiddle*, and as a natural consequence the *Bass Fiddle* had a Very low estimation of the *Conductor*.

"While in Leipzig I heard Wonderful music—music, my friends, which brought Tears to my eyes, and—"

"A lump in your throat," suggested the *Viola*. "Go on."

"—I must say took me Quite by Surprise. I heard a wonderfully beautiful—an exquisite symphony composed by an Englishman, my

friends, a countryman of your own, one John Smith."

"Oh" rose from every pipe, every string; even the drums Groaned.

"May I be tootle-tootled if I Venture to play a single Note of John Smith's symphony," piped the *Flute*, in a perfect Frenzy of Passion. "John Smith indeed! Look at him all of you! There's a fine *Conductor*! Goes to Leipzig, comes back with a Tear in his eye, and a lump in his throat—over what? Why, over a John Smith."

"I always told you old *Schmeckpifferdam* was an ass," came from the Exultant *Bass Fiddle*.

Again the *Conductor* spoke. "Before I submit to you the score, gentlemen, let me give you an Idea of the *Adagio*." Here then *Schmeckpifferdam* took up the *Fiddle*, which had Always a tale to tell of his beloved Paganini, and played a sad, painful strain, as of some creature in distress who Appealed for Aid in vain. A stoney-hearted monster seemed to Jeer at the suffering one; bid her mingle with the World and make merry. Once more the



supplicating voice, once more the heart-rending wail, then a Wild Cry of despair, and the voice died away in the stillness of Death.

"Well," sighed the *'Cello*, "by my bridge, I was Never so affected in my life."

"Nor I, Nor I," echoed the husky chorus.

"I feel," said the *Cornet* sadly, "just the same as I always do when playing Spohr's '*Rose Sweetly Blooming.*' When I come to that Exquisite modulation, I feel as if I could bloom away for ever!"

"And that Theme, my friends," said the *Conductor*, bowing to the orchestra, "that Theme which I have Tried to interpret is but a Feeble illustration of John Smith's symphony."

### MORAL.

Prejudice Will warp the mind,  
And cramp the ablest hand.





xxxiv.

## Dissatisfied Madam.

THERE was once a young *Couple* about to Set Up housekeeping. They wandered round the fields Together to seek a Picturesque spot.

“This situation is delightful,” said the *Buck*, “the hills Shelter us on the north and the Forest on the east. I’ve heard my grandfather say such Surroundings were good.”

“Perhaps your grandfather had Rheumatism, and looked at Everything from a Painful Standpoint. I don’t, and hate being sheltered as if I were a bald *Pig*. Come along,” said the *Roe*.

They tramped about for an hour and stood at the Top of a very high Cliff.

“See, this is charming. You can see the country for Miles around. A place like this ought to suit you. There is not the Shadow of a Shelter anywhere.”

“Have you brought me up here to induce me to commit suicide? Do you want our inquisitive Progeny to break their dear little necks?”

“You did not like the Valley, love!”

“No.”

“And you don’t fancy the Hills.”

“Certainly not.”

“Shall we try a Level Tract?”

“A Level Tract! A common go-between—neither one thing nor another! No, indeed, *Mr. Buck*, do you wish to Insult me?”

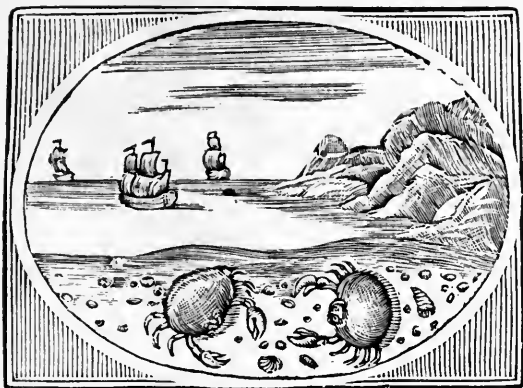
“I wish to bid you good day, my dear, till you are in a better humour. I will meet you again when you have found some Suitable Spot where we can make our Home.”

The *Doe* is Still wandering.

*MORAL.*

Some people exist who ne'er satisfied are,  
And with man and nature are always at War.





XXXV.

## Terpsichorean Art.

A YOUNG *Lady Crab* was very Anxious to visit France. Some one of her acquaintance had lived there, and related such Stories of the delightful cities that it completely Turned *Mdlle Crab's* shell.

She would get behind a Stone and commence dancing, *One, Two, THREE. THREE, Two, One.*

“At any rate when I get there,” she would say to herself (and this was a Great Comfort to her), “I shall know how to polka.” *One, Two, THREE. THREE, Two, One.*

A Young *Gentleman Crab* crawled on the beach one Saturday afternoon and Watched her. His Crabship's Heart was Touched. She was a very pretty Creature certainly. “We cannot Afford to let such a Beauty migrate. We can fully Appreciate her Charms at home,” he said to the seawrack, and he closed his Claws the better to Consider how he might Win her. The next week he waited, and she Disappeared as usual behind a stone.

He called out, “Miss, if you'll Condescend to let me, I'll teach you a Newer Step than the one you know.”

“Oh!” said *Miss Crab*, blushing rosy red, “I didn't know Anyone was a-looking.”

“Of course not,” said the Gallant assuringly, “how should you?”

So she came out on the Beach, and he gave her a Lesson. She said he took Very long steps, but he reminded her that he had been in

France, and knew what he was about. *He* danced *Four, Five, Six*, instead of *One, Two, THREE*, to *his* polka.

“Now you can hop beautifully,” he declared, when his pupil was out of breath. “You have Acquired the toe Business, now you must begin with the language.”

“Yes,” simpered the *Lady*.

“You know what a Verb is?”

“Of course,” she answered, raising her feelers. She had no Eyebrows, so she just raised what she had.

“Well, we will take the verb To Love, *J’aime*—say it after me—*J’aime*, I love.”

“*J’aime*—I love.” The teacher looked very Hard at the pupil.

“Tu aimes—thou lovest, ahem!”

“Tu aimes—thou lovest,” repeated the *Lady*.

“Il aime—he loves,” and the tutor Smacked his Lips.

“Il aime—he loves,” which made the *Lady* titter.

“Nous aimons—we love.” They never Got any Further with the French language than

that. It was strange, but they both understood each other in English, and the young *Lady Crab* Sacrificed Ambition and a worldly craving to become the wife of a plain, matter-of-fact John Bull.

*MORAL.*

There's beauty at home, and don't cross the seas  
To gather the fruit which grow on our trees.







xxxvi.

## The Inquisitive Shepherd.

**A** *HERMIT* asked an Inquisitive *Shepherd* to Stay to supper. The invitation was accepted.

“This is fine soup,” said the *Man*, “what is it made of?”

“Eels shins,” said the *Hermit*.

“You live very Retired. Where did you Reside before you came here?”

"In a balloon."

"And why did you leave your balloon?"

"Because I was Footsore."

"What are you by Trade?"

"A Gentleman's servant."

"And who did you Wait upon?"

"Myself."

*MORAL.*

Inquisitive folk are subject to snubs,  
Though they ne'er see the point of delicate rubs.





xxxvii.

## Piscatory Greatness.

SIX little *Trout* did not Deign to swim in the same river as did the Other fish.

“We are aristocrats,” they said among themselves, “and it is Not Meet that we should Mingle with the Common Shoal. Come, let us away, and find a place wherein to Disport our well-bred fins.”

“I’ve found a Dear little creek,” said *Fish*  
No. 1.

“Ah! but yesterday I met an eel coming out,” said *Fish No. 2.*

“I see a splendid pool,” said *Fish No. 3.*

“It smells pikish,” said *Fish No. 4.*

“But here is a Delightful Bay,” said *Fish No. 5.*

“Yes, we’ll go there,” agreed *Fish No. 6.*  
And they went.

“How Delightful to be select!”

“Will you see that the Refectory is all that it Should be?”

“I’ll just Swim by the esplanade.”

“Nay, go rather by the terrace.” Were a few of the well-bred Expressions used Immediately on their taking possession.

“My great great-grandfather used to say—”

“Piscatorian, I beg of you not to Worry us with the Maxims and Arguments of your illustrious progenitor. There is No Need to trade upon one’s ancestor for greatnes, our position is assured.

“Ahem! Haw-Haw!” formed a trouty chorus.

How long such fine Language continued to Flow from their well-bred lips is unknown, but

when the Tide turned they failed to Recognize the Danger they were in. Away, away—imperceptibly at first, but surely enough, away went the water, leaving a Shallow little Lake and the fishes in it—not to Play at Greatness, but to be Caught, for a Man passing by saw them.

And strange as it may Seem to you and me who know their sentiments, when these fish were Cooked, would you believe it? they tasted Just the Same as common, every-day trout.

### *MORAL.*

Ⓐ well-bred person never trades  
Upon his grand descent.





xxxviii.

## Pride goes Before a Fall.

“OH! if I hadn’t such long legs,” sighed a *Brahma Chick*.

“Long Legs indeed!” screamed tiny *Speckles*, the smallest of the clutch, “why, I think Long Legs are Beautiful. See what Heaps of Things you can reach which I cannot,” and a tear dropped from *Miss Speckles’* eye, so genuine was her Grief.

“Long Legs are certainly an advantage,” said grave-looking *Ginger*, the only boy of the family.

“So I’m beautiful, reflected *Miss Brahma*, both *Speckles* and *Ginger* think so. Now I come to think of it, those queer looking creatures with Green eyes all over their tails have Long Legs. I’ve as much right to the front Garden as they have. I’m too good for the back Garden, I am,” and away strutted *Miss Brahma*, to mingle in Better Society, as she put it.

“What’s that Thing?” enquired *Mr. Peacock*, as *Miss Brahma* made her *début* on the lawn.

“Don’t be Alarmed, my love. It’s only a harmless *Chick* come to Look at us,” said *Mrs. Peahen*, superciliously.

“Shoo! Shoo!” said the Gardener, and *Miss Brahma* had to go.

“*Cook*,” said the *Mistress* to her *Servant*, next Morning, “*Johnstone* complains that one of the chickens has begun to stray on the lawn. Just keep a sharp look out, and if it

ever occur again, we will have the Tiresome Thing for breakfast.

*Ginger* heard the sentence, and told his sister. *Miss Brahma* took the Lesson to Heart, and Cured herself of her Foolish Pride. Eventually, she Became a sensible and unobtrusive *Hen*, the very pattern of the roost.

*MORAL.*

Let your ears be closed to flattery  
And open to advice.







xxxix.

## The Wrong Word.

A FOOLISH *Hind* once fell in love. The worst of it was, he did not know what to say to the *Girl*, so he sought Advice of his *Master*.

“What shall I tell her?” he asked, after Going into Particulars.

“Well,” said the *Master*, with a Comical Twinkle in the corner of his eye. “The easiest

thing for you to do, is to tell the *Girl* that she has Stolen your Heart.

A few days afterwards the *Hind* came to his *Master*, in a perfect Frenzy of Passion.

“A nice thing you’ve done—Good Advice you’ve given—you’ve Lost me my *Sweetheart*, you have !”

“How so ?” asked the *Master* Anxiously.

“Well, directly I said to her what you Told me to say, she began screaming and Ran Away.”

“What did you Say to her ?”

“What you advised me.”

“But what was that ?”

“I told her she’d stolen my Liver.”

### MORAL.

A Word is a small thing,  
 But When misapplied,  
 That it may work mischief  
 Cannot be denied.



xl.

## Wide-awake Croesus.

**A** *MISER* lay Very Ill, and his relatives thought that he would Die. What Bothered them was, they did not know Anything of His Affairs, how much he possessed,

or where he had Invested his Money. But the fact remained—he was rich.

A young *Kinsman* wishful to take advantage of the Helplessness of the *Miser*, and desiring to Cheat the other members of the family, bought a Magic Lantern, and thought he would Frighten old *Cræsus* into Confessing Everything.

The *Miser* awoke, and behold !

The vision said to him, “ John Thomas, you are About to Die ! ”

“ That’s stale news,” said the *Miser*, blinking. “ Are there no Later Bulletins than that issued, where you come from ? ”

“ And you are Rich,” continued the *Vision*, “ but I know Every Secret that is in your breast. You would relieve your mind, I can see that Something is disturbing you. Tell me where your Wealth lies Hid, and your Conscience will be the lighter. In that Box lies Treasure—you see I know.”

“ Pish ! ” said the *Miser*, “ gammon ! I take the gold which is for current expenses, out of that box Every Night, and stick it under my Pillow. And as for all that Twaddle about my

Conscience, and my wealth being hid—and you knowing all I know, if you're a New Fangled thought-reader, go back and Learn your business properly. You're a fine Noodle to hit on an Empty Box !”

And the *Invalid* chinked his Gold, turned on his pillow and went to Sleep.

*MORAL.*

Don't trust to a fraud to further your aims,  
Out of naught can come naught, and nothing  
remains.





xli.

## Master Cubby.

“GO to bed, dears,” said *Reynard*, speaking to his family generally.

“I should Never think of taking precedence of you,” said the first-born in Deferential tones.

“But, when I tell you to do so!”

“Such excellent Training as I have received, cannot be Forgotten at a moment’s notice. You have taught me Never to precede my Elders.”

A pause.

“*Mamma*, you look Tired, dear,” said *Reynard* to his *Spouse*, somewhat later, “I think you had better Go to Rest.”

“Thank you, but my Breathing is Very Bad to-night,” and she glanced Meaningly at the foot prints of the hounds, at the Mouth of her Home. Visitors there might be Within, awaiting her arrival. Thank you she would Prefer remaining out of doors.

*Reynard* looked round. “*Cubby*, you go to bed, this instant.”

“Yes, papa.”

“And *Cubby*—”

“Yes, sir.”

“When you get to the Far end of the hole, call out, let me know. That *Boy* will be having Bronchitis if he sleeps Near the Door to-night,” he explained afterwards.

*Cubby* was none so Simple as he Looked. He was Fully Aware why he had been sent to bed before any of the others, and he determined to give a Roland for an Oliver.

He went to bed.

His family waited and listened, peeped and spied, but Never a Sound or a movement.

“And he had Such powerful lungs,” thought his *Mamma*.

“They’ve made Short Work of *Cubby*,” considered his papa.

Sunrise found the family of foxes Crampy, stiff, and Miserable.

“Good Morning,” said *Cubby*, at length, coming to the Mouth of the Hole. It was close upon Noon.

“What ! *Cubby* ?” came from Every tongue.

“You young Rascal,” cried *Reynard*, “you’ve been to sleep. Why didn’t you Call Out ? I told you last night to go to the End of the cave, and then Let me Know.”

“I’ve a Treacherous Memory,” said *Cubby*, “you’re told me so before to-day, but wasn’t it jolly having All the Bed to Myself, and rolling off all the soft !”



Nobody saw the joke but *Cubby*.

“I believe you were Afraid of the hounds’ Footprints,” said he, “but none seemed to have gumption enough to Notice that they were turned towards the village.”

*MORAL.*

A simple Wight may be both shrewd and clear,  
When others tremble he may know no fear.





xlii.

## Professional.

“AND once a dog Bit me.”

“Indeed,” said the *Bull*.

“And a cat took Possession of my left eye.”

“Good gracious !”

“I’ve had colic and cramp for Weeks together.”

“Well, I never !”

“I was imprisoned in a disused Watering-can, and kept for six weeks Without Food.”

“ Poor thing, and did ye live ? ” asked the *Goat*.

“ I’ve been reduced to Such Privations, as to be obliged to Bolt my own skin.”

“ Mercy on us ! ”

Thus the *Frog* bewailed his Sad Condition :

“ During a severe thunderstorm, I lost All my children, and my husband was Struck by Lightning.”

“ My heart Bleeds for you,” said the *Stag*.

“ And now, gentlemen, the most Trivial Donation will receive my Heartfelt Thanks.”

“ I never give to professional croakers,” said the *Fox*, “ and,” turning to his friends, “ if you are wise, you will Follow my Example.”

*MORAL.*

Real distress is silent,  
Mendicancy verbose.





xliii.

## A Vacancy Occurs.

**A** *FOX* met an *Ape*, "Do you know" said the *Fox*, "where the Hunters are at this Present moment?"

"Following the hounds."

"Have you Seen them?"

"Times innumerable."

"Eh?"

"Times innumerable."

“ Are you Daft ? ”

“ No, but my twin-brother is.”

“ What turn does his foolishness take ? ”

“ Second on the right, third on the left ? ”

“ Get out ! ”

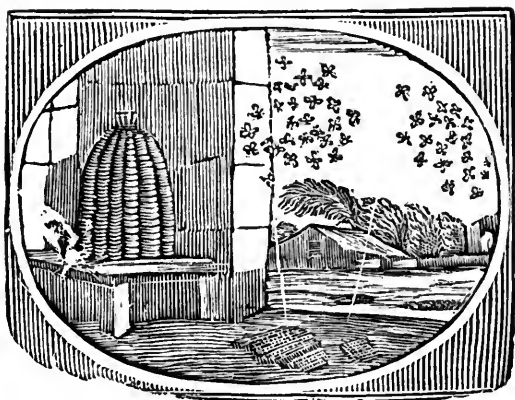
The *Fox* went by, but presently Returned, and said to the *Ape*, “ I should like to Help you on in Life. Would you like a dolt’s place ? ”

“ What ! are you leaving a Good Situation ? ”

*MORAL.*

Because one looks simple just bear this in mind,  
He may be more learn’d than the rest of his kind.





xliv.

## Curiosity and Danger go Hand in Hand.

“DO you know,” said a Pert young *Bee*, with a Smudge on her Cheek, “that the Italians have got a new hive.”

“No,” replied a pensive looking *Drone*, “I did not know, at least,” he corrected himself, for he was Very Exact, “until you informed me I did not.”

“Yes,” went on *Miss Bee*, “such a Beauty, Wooden, square, and smooth, with bits of glass let in—and oh! would you believe it, artificial combs!”

“Never,” cried the *Drone* in horror. “No Queen in the World would allow it. Artificial Combs indeed! You’ll be telling me Next they extract Honey from artificial flowers,” and the pensive-looking *Drone* frowned at the pert *Bee*.

All that day and the next, the inquisitive *Bee* kept Buzzing round and round her Neighbours’ new hive. Once, one of her own hive Caught her, and sent her home with a Stinging reprimand. All to no purpose. She flew back in half an hour, as Naughty and as inquisitive as ever. She whisked under the hive, Buzzed round it, soared above it, then she could bear it No Longer, and determined to see what was inside. Creeping behind a very heavily-laden Italian Bee, she just managed to get round the Corner of the Entrance, when oh! she was pounced upon and well-nigh Strangled.

“What do you want here?” demanded the *Janitor Bee*.

“Havn’t you got a Queen of your Own?” cried an *Italian Drone*.

But the indignant couple did not wait for a reply, and, indeed, had they Done so, the poor *Pert Bee* could not have Vouchsafed one, for she was strangled and beaten, and Unceremoniously kicked out of doors—a bruised and lifeless Thing.

“Serve her right,” said the Queen of the Italian Bees, when the Death of the Spy was reported to her, with a full and detailed account of what had taken place. “I want no Foreigners in my Hive. Take this as a Warning, my subjects, and Protect our Glorious Home.”

“But your *Majesty*,” protested a tender-hearted *Gentleman Bee*, “she was so Young. Had you let her live, who knows but that she might have seen the Error of her Ways and repented.”

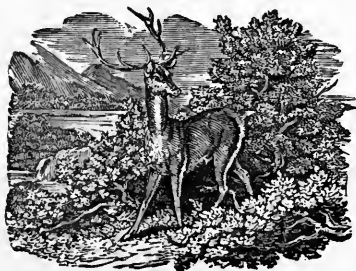
“Silence that rebel,” and he Too was strangled.



“Yes,” said a wise old *Grandmother Bee*, shaking her head, “Order must be Maintained. If the *Bee* forsook her own hive and Queen, surely, it is not hard to suggest that she might Betray ours. And a voice that is Raised against nature’s law, had better be Silenced for ever.”

*MORAL.*

Be loyal, for loyalty is to a crown  
Its richest, most beautiful gem.





xliv.

## The Pseudo Mariner.

“PLEASE will you Help a Shipwrecked *Mariner?*” asked a *Beggar* of a *Sportsman* passing by.

“How is it that you are so Reduced? You are not old, and look Strong and healthy.”

“I was wrecked off the Coast of Norway, and was the only man in the Whole Crew left to tell the tale.”

“Why did you not Appeal to the owners?”

"In the meantime they had become Bankrupt."

"I will Help you if I find your case to be genuine."

"Never a Doubt of it; Bobbie Duff knows, and so does Sammie Scrub."

"And where may Bobbie Duff and Sammie Scrub be found?"

"They're both Dead, sir."

"And so you are a Shipwrecked Mariner, Humph!"

"As sure as that Brig be a-sailing in the Bay."

"Then that Settles it, for now I find you are a Cheat. Any sailor would know that a Brig had Two Masts and a Schooner three. Your brig turns out to be a schooner, so good-bye."

### *MORAL.*

To be a good cheat  
You must be Very wise,  
Or else you may stumble  
And fall over lies.



xlvi.

## The Ungrateful Cur.

A *PRINCE* sate in his Summer-house one afternoon awaiting the Arrival of his Guests. He was giving a large Garden-party. Presently he heard a Pitiful Howl, and listening, found that it Proceeded from the well. Thither he went. Stooping over, he saw a *Dog* Scrambling into a Bucket.

“My poor creature,” said the *Prince*, Compassionately, “how did you get Down there.”

“I jumped in after a Bone,” said the *Dog*.

“And where is the Bone?”

"I've eaten it. Oh, do lift me Up please."

"I will, on one Condition."

And that is—

"You must not Shake Yourself near me. I'm giving a mob garden-party," explained the *Prince*, "and have got my Best Clothes on."

"Oh, I'll not Shake Myself near you," said the *Dog*, "just try me."

Thus assured, the *Prince* set to work to Wind Up the Bucket, and Sprung three Buttons during the operation. One, two, and Over he came.

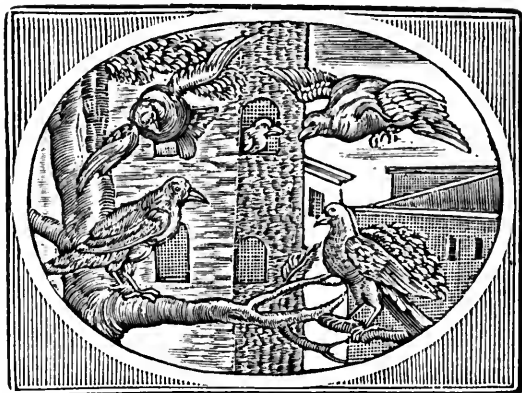
"Wait a moment," said the *Prince*, but the *Dog* Forgot his Promise, and peppered the *Prince* from top to toe with the Muddy Water from off his Coat.

"If I had Known, I would have Left you where you were," said his Benefactor, ruefully Contemplating his Ruined Suit, "I shall have to Change my Garments now."

The *Dog* Uttered not a Word of thanks or apology, but Galloped off to tell his friends what a Lucky Escape he had had.

### MORAL.

Ingratitude is oft the coin  
Which pays a benefactor.



xlvii.

## Mr. and Mrs. Crow.

“ I WILL tell you what,” said an evil-looking *Crow* to the Partner of his Joys and Sorrows. “ We’ll build our Nest *There*,” pointing with his claw to a Fork in an ancient tree, “ and what is more, we will Line it with Mud.”

“ Moss,” suggested *Mrs. Crow*, who had a Refined Mind.

“Mud,” said *Mr. Crow* decidedly, and soon the Dual cry of Mud! Moss! echoed through the Rookery.

“Look here?” cawed *Mr. Crow*, when his wife was out of breath, “if you don’t stop your ‘Mossing’ I’ll give you a Crack on the Side of your Head which will make you See Stars.”

“I say Moss,” said *Mrs. Crow*, defiantly.

“And I say Mud!”

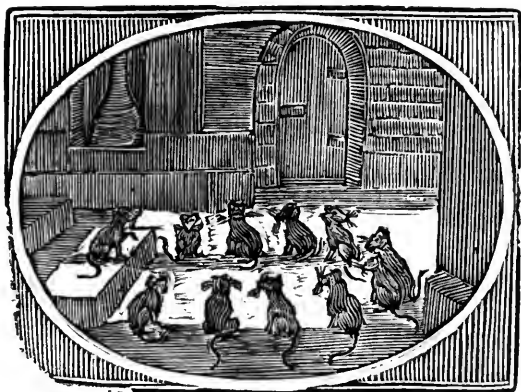
“Again, I say Moss!”

“Then, Madam, I wish you a very Good Evening,” and *Mr. Crow* strutted away, leaving his Lady in the Lurch.

### MORAL.

Don't wrangle about the vane  
Until you've erected the steeple.





xlviii.

### *Infra. Dig.*

“ I’VE a very Knotty Problem to lay before you to-night !” said the *Speaker* of the mouse assembly. “ You know that yesterday we were twelve United brethren !”

“ We know it.”

“ And that now, one of us has Withdrawn.”

“ Exactly.”

“ And will not Return unless we concede to his request.”



“ Alas, it is so.”

“ Hitherto, the several members of our Illustrious House, have been content to follow the Trades our forefather’s Profited by.”

“ We’ve been tallow-chandlers, cheese-factors, grocers, dairy, and General stores-men, from Time Immemorial.”

“ And have Always done a thriving trade, as our Stomachs can testify.”

“ Now, try and Guess the trade our Misguided Brother wishes to follow.”

“ Milliner ? ” “ No.”

“ Furrier ? ” “ No.”

“ Prize fighter ? ” “ No, worse than That.”

“ Then we give it up.”

“ Why, a poet.”

“ A poet ! ”

“ Yes, a poet, a mere common Stringer of so many Words a line.”

“ He’ll have to have a license for that “ put in a legal-minded brother.”


“ No, he needn’t. He has the Full Complement of *feet*,” contradicted a musical kinsman who had an Air of Finality about him.

“Insanity has never been known in our family,” said one of Dates and Facts.

“Well, it won’t Hurt anyone that I am aware of,” spoke up an individual who went by the name of our *Obstinate Brother*.

“True, but it is a very Out of the Way thing.”

“Pish! we want the laddie back,” said *Brother Ob*. “I vote we Set him Up in life with the same impartiality, as if he were going to be a joiner, and Wanted a bag of tools, or a draper, and Required scissors and a Tape Measure. Let’s give the lad a fitting outfit.”

“A fount of pica — ( ) “ ” \* !!! ?  shall be His, if it will make him a Poet. I propose that he be apprenticed to-morrow.”

### MORAL.

A genius must convince a crowd  
Before his kindred harken.



xlix.

## A Delicate Question.

“AND so it’s your Birthday, *Child*?” said he to *Priscilla*, whose crow’s feet were deep enough for mustard-and-cress beds.

“Yes, papa.”

“I wish you many Happy Returns.”

“Thank you, papa.”

“And how Old are you to day, *Prissie*?”

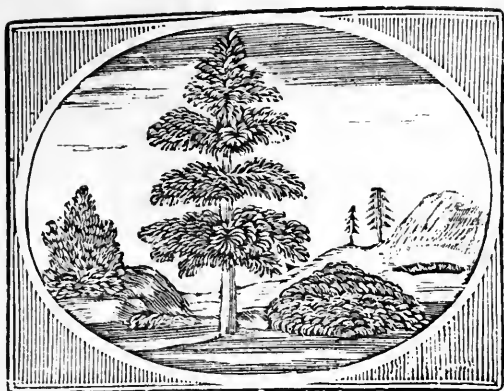
“Nineteen.”

“Nineteen? Ah, yes, I’ll make a note of it. It’s as Well to remember so that I may not Put my Foot into it.”

*MORAL.*

A lady’s age is a private matter  
And not a fit subject for idle chatter.





1.

## The Fir Tree.

**A** LITTLE *Tree* Grew in a very Large Forest. It was so meek and Humble that Nobody noticed it. Its companions planted at the Same Time were much more Forward, courted admiration, and Vied with each other in height, breadth, and luxuriance

of foliage. But the gentle *Fir* did none of these things. One by one its companions severed. One by one they went away.

“You old dowdy,” said an Impudent *Shrub*, why don’t you Stir yourself and look About you? Those trees that were your Compeers, are the stars knows where by this time. One that I know of went to a gentleman’s park and was Set near a cedar, and a Nice Flirtation they Struck Up. As true as I’m a *Shrub*, it was the Scandal of the Parish. You’ve never Heard that piece of news, I dare Say?”

“No, I never heard of it.”

“Tut, tut, what an Old Stager to be Sure.”

“And there was another one,” continued the rattle-headed *Shrub* who went to a ball, and being her *début*, she was Decked out with flowers, stars, and lights. Her life was a Short and a Merry one. Anyhow, I should Prefer her lot to Yours. Now hear the Wisdom of a *Shrub*. Open your arms, keep down your stump, and wag your Head about as if you Knew a Thing or Two. Then, I’ve no Doubt, you may attract attention.”

Years afterwards, when the *Shrub* was dead, and the Forest was swept away, the *Fir-tree* had grown so straight and sturdy, that it was the Marvel of a Plain.

In Youth it was simple and good. In Age it is great and renowned.

*MORAL.*

Beauty in age is of a grander type  
Than pretty youth.  
It is the moulding of a master hand,  
The work of truth.





li.

## The Echo.

“**W**HO would be an echo?” said a consequential *Mermaid*, whisking her Tail in evident Displeasure.

“And,” said a *Merman* by her side, “just Repeat anything that another body Says. Nothing original, nothing on its Own Account, only, only an echo!”

“And such an echo too—listen! La-di-da-di-la-di-da,” sang she.



This the gentle echo took up in a truly Artistic Fashion, warbling it To and Fro, till it Died away in a Tuneful Whisper.

“Faugh! I’d sooner be a Sprat than an echo,” said the *Merman*.

“I wish you were,” retorted another *Mer-individual* Smacking his Lips. He was at hand-glasses drawn with his brother.

“Hist!” cried *Neptune*, “D’ye hear that Music?”

“Yes, ’tis the Gondoliers’ Evening Song,” said the finny Young Woman. She had kept a smile for the *Monarch of the Deep*, ever Since her mother had taught her the Use of a comb.

“Hist!” cried *Neptune* again, and as the Gondlier Ceased his Lay, the sympathetic echo took up the last lingering notes, and Trilled them, so soft, so true and sweet, that None could withstand their beauty.

“My favour for the One who can Reproduce such tones,” cried *Nep*.

Oh! what a Babel of Discord followed. The finny Young Woman well-nigh Put her Neck out, in her Joint effort to accomplish the

feat. But in all that Goodly Company, not one Was there to be found, who could Repeat so tuneful a Cadence as did the echo.

“Nothing original, nothing of its own account, only, only an echo—but, my friends,” laughed *Neptune*, “it has Won my Favour.”

*MORAL.*

'Tis better to echo the good that you hear  
Than invent what is worth naught at all.





lii.

## Tit for Tat.

A FAMOUS *Doctor* went out one night, took cold, which brought on Rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and one or two other Little Things.

As he had lately advocated the Cold Water cure, a former *Patient* of his got Another Man to help him, and Together they carried the suffering *Esculapius* to the sea Shore.

“Put your Feet into the water,” said the former *Patient*.

“You idiot, I’m Raging with Fever,” protested the invalid.

“Do as I tell you.”

“Oh! what Are you after?” cried out the *Doctor*, as whack after whack came down upon his Poor Back.

“You always were in favour of *Massage* treatment,” quoth the Unmerciful *Patient*. “You once prescribed for me. I’ll trouble you for my Fee : two guineas, Please.”

### MORAL.

A patient’s pill  
Suits not the doctor’s stomach.





lii.

## Fine Words *versus* Kind Actions.

“**A**YE marry, but I Love thee !”  
“ How much do'st thou Love me !”

“ I love thee quite Half my Dinner,” said  
*Ned.* “ Thine ears are the Longest I have  
Ever Seen, thy step is Lighter than a gnat's,  
thine eyes rival the Stars that Twinkle so  
Pleasantly at Eventide, and thy Courage is  
Sublime.”

"All the same my Burden is Heavy," quoth *Fenny*. She was toiling up the hill, Tugging a Cart full of turnips Along with her.

*Ned* nibbled first one Juicy Turnip and then Another as he trotted jauntily by her Side, swearing Everlasting fidelity and undying Affection.

"Do'st thou know that thou art Beautiful, *Fenny*?" resumed the Amorous Quadruped, after he had eaten just Three turnips and a Half. "Can'st tell How Much I love thee? Certes! but one Must be blind to withstand such charms as thine."

"Or such turnips," thought *Fenny*, Dreamily.

"Hold there!" cried *Bob*, the costermonger's ill-kempt ass, who was Browsing Near the Four Lane Ends when *Ned* and *Fenny* Hove in sight.

"Hold there! *Mistress Fenny*, let me help Thee with thy burthen. Thy load is heavy I trow, and *My* Way of making it lighter, though Not so Novel as *Master Ned's* there, will be More Beneficial to thee."

So saying, *Bob* went behind the cart and pushed with all his Might.

“I’m but a Poor Clod, *Fenny*,” he said at intervals, “and can stand but small chance ’gainst such a Rival as gentleman *Ned*.”

“There thou art at fault,” said *Fenny*, drily. “*Ned*, it is True, hath been breathing Sweet Nothings in mine Ear this hour past, but all the while my Poor weary Back was well-nigh breaking.”

*Ned* sighed, and *Fenny* continued.

“To prove how sincere was his regard, he had likened me to Half his Dinner—mark you—he had already Filled his Stomach with my master’s Turnips. Thou, oh *Bob*, did’st voluntarily ease me of the Greater Part of my burthen, therefore Thou has won my Heart and *Ned* my Hoof.”

So *Bob* Won the day and *Ned* limped Away.

### MORAL.

A helping hand in need shall prove  
A greater boon than any vows of love.



liv.

## Brotherly Love

**A** *GROOM* was Going to Exhibit his *Dog* at a show. It was a fine animal, and would assuredly have Taken the Prize but for one thing—although entered, it Was not There. Just at the Moment it was Wanted, *Prinnie* was No Where to be Found. They called, Whistled, and shouted its Name till they were hoarse, but All in Vain.



The *Groom* was Very Angry when *Dogless* he went to the show. Every terrier that passed him he frowned at, for none so Good and Worthy of a prize as was missing *Prinnie*.

The judges Assembled, and the dogs Walked round the ring.

The *Groom* was Excessively Angry when an Inferior bow-wow to his own carried Off the Fox-terrier's Championship Cup. He rushed out of the show-yard, Mounted his Horse, and galloped Furiously home. Within a Few Yards of his master's lodge the *Groom* saw *Prinnie*, who was Crouching under a sycamore tree. The *Groom* Severely Chastised the quadruped.

"Why did you Sneak Off just before the show opened?"

"Give me time to Regain my Breath and I will tell you."

"Well."

"Oh my poor Bones, they do Ache."

"Never mind your Bones, proceed with your Story."

"You know Snubby Chips?"

"The ostler at the 'White Hart'?"

“ Yes, sir, he has a fox terrier.”

“ The little Cur took First Prize to-day.”

“ Did he? Ah! then I can Die happy. Snubby Chip’s dog *Cappy*, is my brother— though None Knew of the relationship save Ourselves. We overhead some People talking, did *Cappy* and I, and it was Agreed, that if *Cappy* did not Get a Prize at this show, he was to be Sold, and shipped off to America. He had tried for a prize Three Times in succession and failed. They said that he would have a Good Chance but for Me, and Oh! I couldn’t bear to think of losing my Only Brother. Oh! my poor head! If you see *Cappy* Tell him—”

But the poor *Dog* died ere he Breathed his Farewell Message.

The *Groom*, struck with Remorse, buried the Faithful Creature under the sycamore tree, and Planted a fox-glove over his Grave.

### MORAL.

The brute creation often teach  
A lesson Worth the learning.



lv.

## A Cool Reminder.

“**B**E off,” said an *Iceberg*, to a *Sunbeam*.  
“If you Tickle me like That, I’ll freeze you, I will.”

“I bear a Message,” said the *Sunbeam*, kindly, “the sweet message of Spring.”

“I hear no deputy,” quoth the *Iceberg*, coldly, “I deal with Principals, I do, no messengers for me.”

“But I would Tell you—”

“Something melting, no doubt. Away with you, or by my Latent Heat, I’ll make you shudder !”

“So,” said the *Sun* with Warmth, “you deal with Principals do you ?”

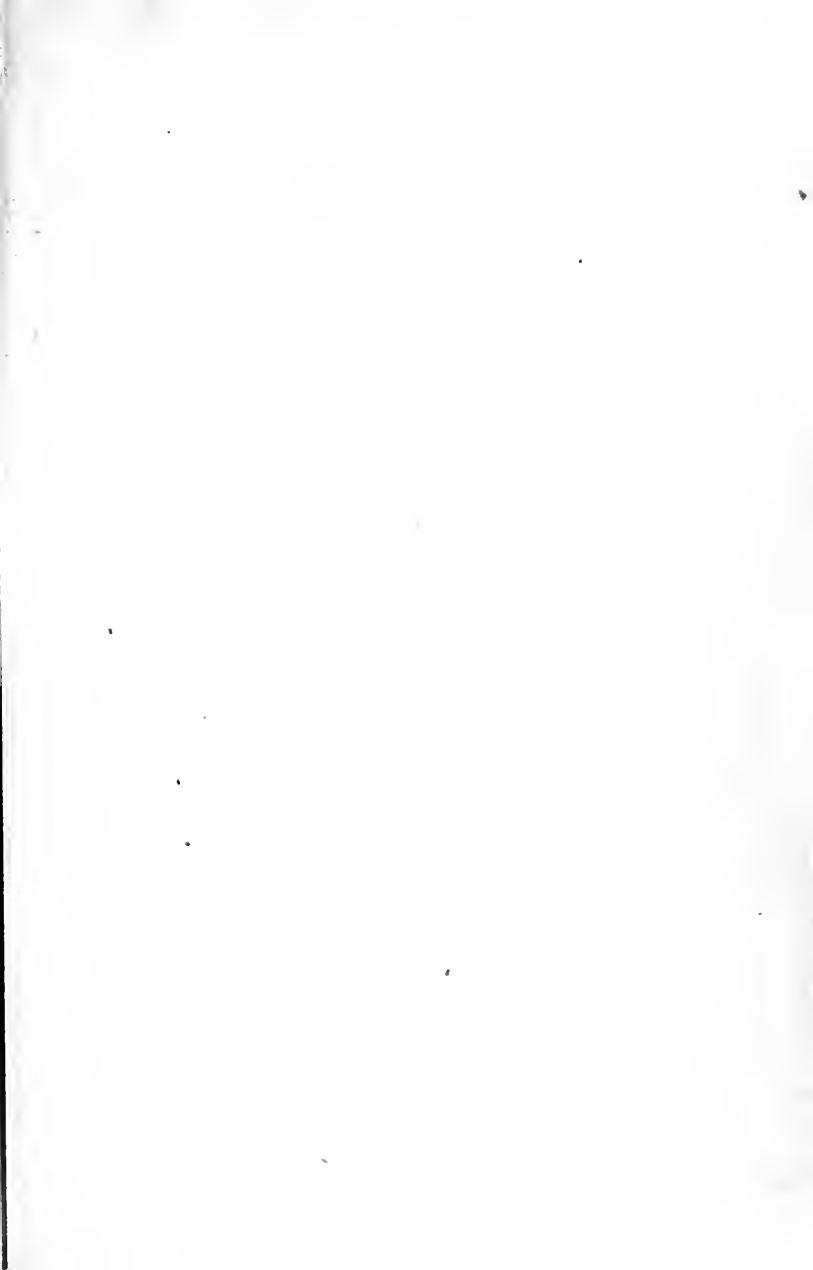
“Yes, sir,” answered the *Iceberg*, very Slipperily.

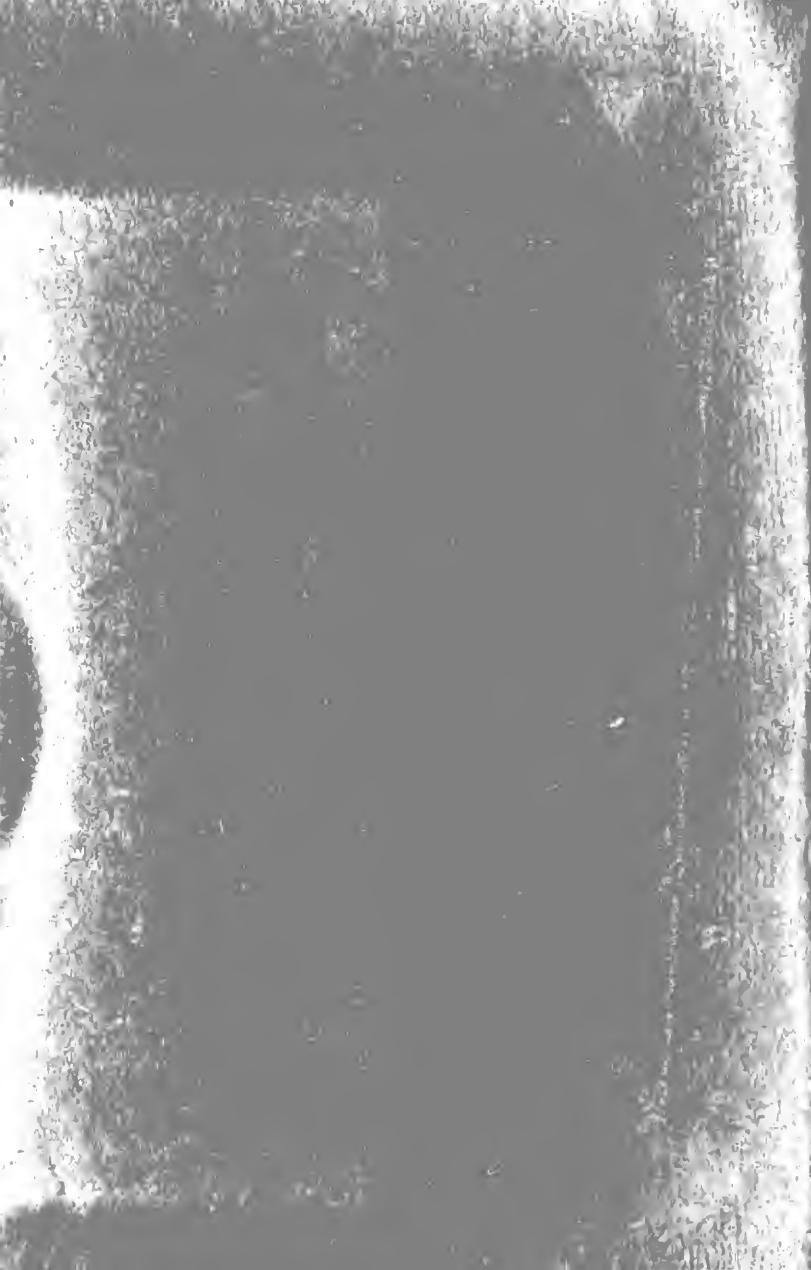
“Then here am I :” and somewhat later—  
“but where are You ?”

### MORAL.

Be courteous alike to the small as the great  
A valet may sometimes have dealings with State.







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