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P. J. Mathews (1755-1826)

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

LORD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH,

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT,

THESE TRIFLES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

It is a trite but true observation, that Fables have, in every period of the world, been received by persons of all ages and conditions, as a useful and agreeable mode of instruction. The most antient Fable on record is that of Jotham, vide Book of Judges, chap. 9th. The sacred volume abounds with apologues; but in a work of so light a character as the present, let us not irreverently step upon holy ground.

Æsop has been supposed to have written in the time of Solon, the Fables which have been called by his name. Without entering into the discussion whether these were the invention of the Phrygian slave, or the forgery of the Monk Planudes in the 14th century, it seems certain that many compositions of this nature were handed down from remote antiquity, from whence Phædrus and other more modern Fabulists have borrowed.

Of all succeeding writers of this class, no one has been more deservedly popular than La Fontaine, whose elegant simplicity of style, mixed with a peculiar archness of satire, and adorned by light and airy versification, seems to set all translation and imitation at defiance.

Englishwriters, indeed, have not been thought happy in this species of composition. An eminent critic (Dr. Warton) has observed, that “we are in no respect so very inferior to the French as in our Fables. We have no La Fontaine. The Fables of Gay, esteemed our best, are written in a pure and neat style, but have not much nature or humour.”

The writer of the present collection by no means imagines that he is destined to give his country the boast of possessing a La Fontaine. Taking the French poet as a master rather than as a model, he has endeavoured to put some of those Fables, which most struck his fancy, into English verse of various measure; without always closely copying the thoughts, or attempting the manner of the original; and he has introduced some allusions to the events of the times, where they were sug-

gested by the subject. This it is hoped will not incur the same animadversion which Dr. War-
ton has made on the second volume of Gay,
that his Fables read like political pamphlets.
The allusions inserted here are for the most
part very concise. A little more latitude is
taken in some of the notes. Though decid-
edly hostile to levelling, and Jacobinical—or as
the cant term now is—*radical* principles, the
writer trusts no sentiment will be found adverse
to the true spirit of British constitutional
liberty.

From what has been premised, it will be un-
derstood, that these Fables do not profess to
be altogether a translation, or an imitation of
La Fontaine. The writer has rather sought to
occupy the ground recommended by the *dictum*
of an ancient poetical legislator ;

Publica materies privati juris erit si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verto curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——

He has endeavoured to comply with the in-
structions laid down by this high authority.
Whether the readers will derive amusement

from this attempt remains to be proved. The composition has at least fulfilled one useful purpose to the writer, by assisting him to dissipate the ennui of a painful and long protracted indisposition.

The original French has been placed on the opposite page, not from the ridiculous vanity of supposing that the English Fables would gain by the comparison, but rather that the difficulty of the task might be more apparent, and afford an excuse for imperfection in the performance.

In this collection four Fables are introduced from the pen of a friend. These are marked with an asterisk.

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FABLES
FROM LA FONTAINE.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.

WHILST you, my Lord, with honest zeal
Watch o'er your much-lov'd Country's weal,
Where pests to former days unknown,
Assail the Senate, Church, and Throne ;—
Whilst you, within whose manly breast
The firmest, mildest virtues rest,
Arm with fresh energy the Laws,
But still in Freedom's sacred cause,
And crush just bursting into life
The reptile brood of civil strife—
Sure 'tis in Bards a public crime
With idle verse to waste your time.
Horace to Cæsar said the same,
Yet ventur'd to incur the blame.
Will this old precedent excuse
The boldness of the modern Muse ?

Who not untouch'd with fear essays
To offer you her lighter lays ;
Howe'er she claim with gifted rhyme
To lift the mystic veil of time ;—
And through dark clouds with eagle-eyes
See brighter visions swiftly rise,
Where social Peace, of angel-form,
Brings sunshine back, and stills the storm :—
Where Britain's sons, who long shall share
The blessings sav'd by SIDMOUTH'S care,
On him her wreath of oak bestow,
And boast the gratitude they owe !

But must these trifles sue in vain,
My Lord, your fav'ring smile to gain ?
This simple Muse—would you receive her—
Nor scorn the obtrusive gift, and giver ?
Too well I've marked your nature kind ;—
Unspoil'd by pow'r your nobler mind,
Which can from loftier cares unbend,
To meet the homage of a friend.
Permit me then, with triple bow,
As forms of Parliament allow,

To lay upon your Lordship's table
Proof of the potency of Fable.

LES MEMBRES ET L'ESTOMAC.

JE devois par la royauté
Avoir commencé mon ouvrage :
A la voir d'un certain côté,
Messer Gaster en est l'image.

S'il a quelque besoin, tout le corps s'en ressent.
De travailler pour lui les Membres se lassant,
Chacun d'eux resolut de vivre en gentilhomme,
Sans rien faire, alléguant l'exemple de Gaster.
Il faudroit, disoient-ils, sans nous qu'il vecût d'air.
Nous suons, nous peignons comme bêtes de somme ;
Et pour qui ? pour lui seul : nous n'en profitons pas ;
Notre soin n'aboutit qu'à fournir ses repas.

THE FORCE OF FABLE.

IN days of old the mob of Rome,
 Like some we meet with nearer home,
 To honest labour took dislike,
 And, as the phrase is, chose to *strike*.
 For ev'ry ill that on them came,
 They thought the Government to blame.
 Each Cobler left his occupation,
 Instead of shoes to mend the Nation ;
 Night-men and Scavengers alert
 Would from the Senate sweep the dirt :
 So foul its Nobles, for their sakes
 They leave unclean's'd each street and jakes !
 All with one voice complain'd—the Great
 Did nought but sport, and drink, and eat—
 Whilst ev'ry grievous burthen *they* bore,
 Half-stary'd and worn with endless labour.
 And now the Raggamuffins swear
 Such treatment they'll no longer bear.
 Patricians shall be forced to toil,
 And wrong'd Plebeians share the spoil ;—
 Share office, honours, public treasure,
 And guide the State at their good pleasure.

Chommons, c'est un metier qu'il veut nous faire apprendre.

Ainsi dit, ainsi fait. Les mains cessent de prendre,

Les bras d'agir, les jambes de marcher :

Tous dirent à Gaster qu'il en allât chercher.

Ce leur fut une erreur dont ils se repentirent.

Bientôt les pauvres gens tombèrent en langueur ;

Il ne se forma plus de nouveau sang au coeur ;

Chaque membre en souffrit ; les forces se perdirent.

Par ce moyen les mutins virent

Que celui qu'ils croyoient oisif et paresseux

A l'intérêt commun contribuoit plus qu'eux.

Ceci peut s'appliquer à la grandeur royale.

Elle reçoit et donne, et la chose est égale.

Tout travaille pour elle, et reciproquement

Tout tire d'elle l'aliment.

With such wild notions in their pates
 They camp'd without the city gates :
 For at some time each country yields
 Its H—s, its W— —s, its Spa-Fields.

Menenius then, a Statesman grave,
 Prudent, but not more wise than brave,
 Fear'd not to face the noisy rabble :
 He check'd their fury with a Fable !
 Shew'd them how foolish their pretences,
 And brought them to their sober senses.
 Mobs of that day, we must allow,
 Were quite as tractable as now.
 Howe'er that be, the tale I'll give ye
 As chronicled by good old Livy :
 Pleas'd if the moral prove a fit one
 To stop one factious mouth in Britain.

Once on a time the human limbs
 Were seiz'd with odd conceits and whims.
 The Stomach all the rest accuse
 Of entertaining selfish views.
 They cry : “ That sluggard lives at ease,
 “ By us supplied with luxuries.
 “ In secret indolence he lurks,
 “ Enjoys our pains, and never works.

Elle fait subsister l'artisan de ses peines,
Enrichit le marchand, gage le magistrat,
Maintient le laboureur, donne paie au soldat,
Distribue en cent lieux ses grâces souveraines,
Entretient seule tout l'état.

Menenius le sut bien dire.

La commune s'alloit separer du senat.

Les mécontents disoient qu'il avoit tout l'empire,

La pouvoir, les trésors, l'honneur, la dignité :

Au lieu que tout le mal étoit de leur côté,

Les tributs, les impôts, les fatigues de guerre.

Le peuple hors des murs étoit déjà posté ;

La plupart s'en alloient chercher une autre terre,

Quand Menenius leur fit voir

Qu'ils étoient aux membres semblables ;

Et par cet apologue, insigne entre les fables,

Les ramena dans leur devoir.

“ Shall we thus early toil and late,
“ To swell that pamper’d glutton’s state ?
“ Shall we comply with such demands ?”
“ Forbid it, justice !” cry the Hands.
“ No—tho’ for bread the tyrant begs”—
“ We swear the same !” exclaim the Legs.
“ Unmov’d, let that base lubber tarry—
“ We’re slaves no more—we scorn to carry !”

The very Feet, till now so humble,
Loud as the rest began to grumble.
With one and all the gen’ral cry
Was, Freedom and Equality !
The Stomach proud was now subdu’d,
Debarr’d from necessary food :
For no kind hand prepar’d his dishes ;
Refus’d were all his wants and wishes.
But soon perceiv’d each wasting limb
The needful aid deriv’d from him,
Whose pow’r invisible had granted
To every member what it wanted :
And now cut off from his supply
The thoughtless rebels faint and die.

Menenius finish’d his oration,
The people felt the application.

LA GENISSE, LA CHEVRE, ET LA BREBIS,
EN SOCIÉTÉ AVEC LE LION.

LA Genisse, la Chevre, et leur sœur la Brebis,
Avec un fier Lion, seigneur du voisinage,
Firent société, dit-on, au temps jadis,
Et mirent en commun le gain et le dommage.
Dans les lacs de la Chevre, un cerf se trouva pris.
Vers ses associés aussitôt elle envoie.
Eux venus, le Lion par ses ongles compta,
Et dit, Nous sommes quatre à partager la proie.
Puis en autant de parts le cerf il depeça ;
Prit pour lui la première en qualité de sire.
Elle doit-être à moi, dit-il : et la raison

C'est, que je m'apelle Lion :

A cela l'on n'a rien à dire.

La seconde par droit me doit échoir encore :
Ce droit, vous le savez, c'est le droit du plus fort.
Comme le plus vaillant, je prétends la troisième.
Si quelqu'une de vous touche à la quatrième,
Je l'étranglerai tout d'abord.

M. La Fontaine has here given the Lion a set of associates different from those he found in the original Fable. The present version has restored them.

The French author generally preserves the probability of manners and character of his animals most happily. This appears to be violated in the formation of his quadruple alliance.

THE LION AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

ONCE a Lion with three other beasts made alliance,
 And set all the quadruped world at defiance.
 In the honour of each ev'ry member confided,
 That the booty they took should be fairly divided.
 It happen'd the Bear caught a deer in his toils,
 And he sent for the rest to go snacks in the spoils.
 They met: the fat prey each was ready to fly on,
 But the post of grand carver they left to the Lion ;
 Who said, Here are four this fine carcase to share,
 Viz. myself, and the Wolf, and the Fox, and the Bear :
 So the party drew round the rich wind-fall they'd won,
 And stood licking their lips while the carving went on.
 Quoth the Lion, You'll think me a butcher by trade :
 Observe with what skill these allotments are made.
 The first to my rank not one beast will refuse,
 So this as the Lion's just option I choose.
 The second, of course, as my right you'll resign,
 By the right of the strongest that portion is mine.
 That the third is my own is as certainly true,
 To my courage can less than a quarter be due ?
 And now, my good friends, having settled these shares,
 Let him lay his paws on the remnant who dares !

LA CIGALE ET LA FOURMI.

La Cigale ayant chanté
 Tout l'été,
 Se trouva fort dépourvue
 Quand la bise fut venue :
 Pas un seul petit morceau
 De mouche ou de vermisseau !
 Elle alla crier Famine !
 Chez la Fourmi, sa voisine,
 La priant de lui prêter
 Quelque grain pour subsister
 Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle :
 Je vous païrai, lui dit-elle,
 Avant l'ôût, foi d'animal,
 Intérêt et principal.
 La Fourmi n'est pas prêteuse ;
 C'est là son moindre défaut.
 Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud ?
 Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
 Nuit et jour à tout venant
 Je chantois, ne vous déplaïse.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

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

The prudent, cautious Ant, 'tis said,
 Holds borrowing in a sort of dread ;
 And (from this charge we'll not defend her)
 Abhors the very name of lender.
 With importunity grown weary,
 She checks it with this single query.

“ Pray, neighbour, how d'ye spend your summer ? ”—

“ I charm, an't please you, every comer ;

Vous chantiez ! j'en suis fort aise ;
He bien ! dansez maintenant.

“ All thro’ the season every day

“ I sing the merry hours away.”

“ Oh !” cries the Ant, and bars the door

Which safely guards her winter’s store,—

“ I’m glad such sports your means allow ;

“ You’d better practise dancing now !”

LA GRENOUILLE QUI VEUT SE FAIRE
AUSSI GROSSE QUE LE BOEUF.

UNE Grenouille vit un Bœuf
Qui lui sembla de belle taille.
Elle, qui n'étoit pas grosse en tout comme un œuf,
Envieuse, s'étend, et s'enfle, et se travaille,
Pour égaler l'animal en grosseur ;
Disant, Regardez bien, ma soeur,
Est-ce assez ? Dites moi ; n'y suis-je point encore ?
Nenni. M'y voici donc ? Point du tout. M'y voilà ?
Vous n'en approchez point. La chetive pecore
S'enfla si bien, qu'elle creva.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

A FROG once saw a huge fat Ox :

His shape she very much admired ;

And tho' her form all semblance mocks,

With envy strong the little wretch was fired,
And thought she might by swelling out her figure
Make her squat carcass look as big, or bigger.

“ Sister look here,” the pigmy cries,

“ Am I not like yon portly creature ?

“ I mean, my dear, in point of size

“ If not in feature.”

“ Oh no !”—“ Indeed !—well now I guess

“ My growing bulk is little less,

“ Or equal quite.”

“ Not the least like it.”—Still in vain

She puffs, and swells, and puffs again

With all her might.

At length the fool perceives her fatal blunder ;

Her sides too much distended burst asunder !

Le monde est plein de gens, qui ne sont pas plus sages;
Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs;
Tout petit prince a des ambassadeurs;
Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

Mongst men you'll find some just as wise,
Where each with those above him vies
 Beyond the power his means afford.
For instance, see that dashing Cit,
By this vile rage absurdly bit,
 Rakes, games, and squanders like a Lord.

LE CORBEAU ET LE RENARD.

MAÎTRE Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenoit en son bec un fromage.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alleché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage.
He ! bon jour, Monsieur du Corbeau !
Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.
A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent pas de joie :
Et pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit : Mon bon Monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute :
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute.
Le Corbeau honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendroit plus.

THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

MASTER Raven sate perch'd on the top of a tree,

A cheese stuff'd the beak of this sable marauder ;

Allur'd by the smell, Master Fox came to see

What it was thro' the air spread so tempting an odour.

When thus he began : “ Ah Sir Ralph !—a good morning :

“ How charming you look, and how tasteful your dress !

“ Those bright glossy plumes your fine person adorning

“ Produce an effect—which I cannot express.

“ Colours glaring and tawdry were never my choice ;

“ When I view them, disgust is my only sensation :

“ If you join to that plumage a mellow-toned voice,

“ You're the Phoenix, I vow, of the feather'd creation.”

The Raven cajol'd op'd his bill of vast size

To give his new friend a sweet sample of croaking ;

In the jaws of sly Renard down dropp'd the rich prize ;

Who then took his leave with this lecture provoking :

“ Honest Ralph, this conclusion the premises follows ;

“ Give me leave your attention the maxim to press on :

“ He who flatters will cheat the vain blockhead who swallows.

“ At the price of a cheese 'tis a very cheap lesson.”

The Raven asham'd, swore a little too late

Never more he'd be caught by so worthless a bait.

LES DEUX MULETS.

DEUX Mulets cheminoient, l'un d'avoine chargé,

L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle.

Celui-ci glorieux d'une charge si belle,

N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé.

Il marchoit d'un pas relevé,

Et faisoit sonner sa sonnette ;

Quand, l'ennemi se presentant,

THE TWO MULES.

Two Mules were pacing on the road ;
This bore two panniers fill'd with oats :
That of hard cash in bags a pond'rous load.
You know in these enlighten'd days
We have better methods, snugger ways—
In Æsop's time we read of no bank-notes.
The trade of one Mule's master was to measure ye
Corn for the mart;—the gold was for the Treasury.

In pride of place the vain Financier swells :
With upstart jacks in office often so 'tis ;
He shakes with airy toss his jingling bells,
Marches along with lofty tread,
And holding high his tassel'd head,
Of his poor humble brother takes no notice.
This conduct too is frequent, by the bye—
At poor relations men look often shy.

By chance invading enemies were near,
Their scouts the travellers surpris'd assail.

Comme il en vouloit à l'argent.
Sur la Mulet du fisc une troupe se jette,
Le saisit au frein, et l'arrête.
Le Mulet en se défendant
Se sent percer de coups ; il gemit, il soupire.
Est-ce donc là, dit-il, ce qu'on m'avoit promis ?
Ce Mulet qui me suit, du danger se retire ;
Et moi j'y tombe, et j'y peris !
Ami, lui dit son camarade,
Il n'est pas toujours bon d'avoir un haut emploi :
Si tu n'avois servi qu'un meûnier, comme moi,
Tu ne serois pas si malade.

Poor Oats pass'd by unheeded, void of fear ;
 (To mark the difference 'twixt these nags
 We'll call one Oats, the other Bags)
 But your free-booters very seldom fail
 To smell out gold e'en lurking under ground,
 So these the fiscal Bags encompass'd round.

Bags thought that some resistance was but decent ;
 When seiz'd he fell to kicking and to biting :
 But these fierce myrmidons, like some more recent,
 Or those of old who went to Troy
 To burn, sack, ravish and destroy,
 With man or beast had appetite for fighting.
 Not Frenchmen better understood marauding:—
 Bags soon crept wounded off without his loading.

He join'd his comrade, thankful to be free,
 Tho' maim'd and batter'd by these savage strangers.
 Oats thus address'd the mortified Commis,
 Who groan'd most bitterly and sigh'd,
 With aching ribs and humbled pride—
 “ Brother, high office sometimes leads to dangers ;
 “ Had you like me but serv'd a vulgar master,
 “ You had not met this terrible disaster.”

LE LOUP ET LE CHIEN.

UN Loup n'avoit que les os et la peau,
Tant les Chiens faisoient bonne garde :
Ce Loup rencontre un Dogue aussi puissant que beau,
Gras, poli, qui s'étoit fourvoyé par megarde.
L'attaquer, le mettre en quartiers
Sire Loup l'eût fait volontiers;
Mais il falloit livrer bataille ;
Et le Mâtin étoit de taille
A se défendre hardiment.
Le Loup donc l'aborde humblement,
Entre en propos, et lui fait compliment
Sur son embonpoint, qu'il admire.
Il ne tiendra qu'à vous, beau Sire,
D'être aussi gras que moi, lui repartit le Chien.
Quittez les bois, vous ferez bien :
Vos pareils y sont miserables,
Cancres, hères, et pauvres diables,
Dont la condition est de mourir de faim.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A WOLF there was so lank and lean,
 Thro' his rough hide each bone was seen.
 The shepherds' dogs with watchful duty
 Gave him no hope of fleecy booty.
 It happen'd near the close of day,
 Ranging a wood in search of prey,
 A stout fat Mastiff chanc'd to meet him ;
 The hungry savage long'd to eat him :
 But measuring well his bulk and height
 He had less stomach for the fight ;
 So judg'd, on nice examination,
 'Twas best hold civil conversation ;
 And with an air of meek submission
 He prais'd sleek Towzer's plump condition.
 " True," says the Dog, " I live at ease :—
 " But, Master Isgrim, if you please,
 " And to my counsel you'll incline,
 " Your sides may be as plump as mine.
 " I'll point the way to better carving :
 " Then leave your wretched comrades starving,

Car quoi ! rien d'assuré ! point de franche lipée !

 Tout à la pointe de l'épée !

Suivez moi, vous aurez un bien meilleur destin.

 Le Loup reprit ; Que me faudra-t-il faire ?

Presque rien, dit le Chien : donner la chasse aux gens

 Portant bâtons, et mendiants ;

Flattez ceux du logis, à son maître ecplaire :

 Moyennant quoi votre salaire

Sera force reliefs de toutes les façons,

 Os de poulets, os de pigeons,

 Sans parler de mainte caresse.

Le Loup déjà se forge une félicité

 Qui le fait pleurer de tendresse.

- “ Poor shabby devils, gaunt and thin,
 “ Whose ribs are starting thro’ their skin.
 “ When they *do* eat, each bone they’re gnawing
 “ Is won at desperate daggers-drawing.
 “ Here Plenty calls, make haste to meet her :—
 “ You’ll find yourself a different creature.”
 “ Well : but if I this course should steer—
 “ What must be done for this good cheer ?”
 —“ Why almost nothing :—toil there’s none.—
 “ Scare a poor beggar, or a dun :—
 “ Then fawning court with cringing look
 “ Your master—mistress—and the cook.
 “ Such service due reward ensures.
 “ Oh then what rich repasts are yours !
 “ Scraps of all sorts, and savoury messes,
 “ Besides a thousand fond caresses.”
 The Wolf with deep attention heard :
 Then said ; “ Can *I* be thus preferr’d ;
 “ I swear these jaws, inur’d to slaughter,
 “ For peaceful comforts strangely water.—
 “ A new sensation seems to rise
 “ Which fills with moisture too—my eyes !
 “ Lead on—here ends our ancient strife :
 “ Dear Towzer, I’m your own for life.”

Chemin faisant, il vit le cou du Chien pelé :

Qu'est-ce là ? lui dit-il. Rien. Quoi ! rien ? Peu de chose.

Mais encor ? Le collier dont je suis attaché

De ce que vous voyez est peut être la cause.

Attaché ! dit le Loup : vous ne courez donc pas

Où vous voulez ? Pas toujours : mais qu'importe ?

Il importe si bien, que de tous vos repas

Je ne veux en aucun sorte,

Et ne voudrois pas même à ce prix un trésor.

Cela dit, maître Loup s'enfuit et court encor.

As on they trotted side by side,
By chance suspicious Isgrim spied
(Keen eyes observe the smallest speck)
A sort of ring round Towzer's neck.
"What means," he asks, "this circle bare?"
"Something has lightly chaf'd the hair."
"What?" cries the Wolf, now stopping short—
"I charge you speak—I've reasons for 't."—
"The veriest trifle, 'tis indeed."—
"Nay, I must know ere we proceed :"—
"Perhaps my collar with its chain
Left on my neck that little stain.
"'Tis nothing to excite surprise."
"A chain!"—indignant Isgrim cries—
"These liberal hosts, it seems, refuse
To let you roam where'er you choose."—
"Sometimes they do :"—"Why then I see
This life was never made for me.
"D'ye think me such a servile beast
To sell my freedom for a feast?
"No!—to my native woods I'll fly,
"There howl and starve at liberty!"

L'ENFANT ET LE MAITRE D'ÉCOLE.

DANS ce recit je prétends faire voir
 D'un certain sot la remontrance vaine.
 Un jeune enfant dans l'eau se laissa choir,
 En badinant sur les bords de la Seine.
 Le ciel permit qu'un saule se trouva,
 Dont le branchage, après Dieu, le sauva.
 S'étant pris, dis-je, aux branches de ce saule,
 Par cet endroit passe un maître d'école.
 L'enfant lui crie : Au secours ! je peris !
 Le Magister se tournant à ces cris,
 D'un ton fort grave, à contretems s'avise
 De le tancer. Ah ! le petit babouin !
 Voyez, dit-il, où l'a nuis sa sottise !
 Et puis, prenez de tels fripons le soin !
 Que les parents sont malheureux, qu'il faille
 Toujours veiller à semblable canaille !
 Qu'ils ont de maux : et que je plains leur sort !
 Ayant tout dit, il mit l'enfant à bord.

THE BOY AND THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

THE worth of a speech, you may learn from my rhyme,
 Depends very much on the place and the time.
 Out of season your eloquence reason condemns.

A frolicksome Boy on the shore of the Thames,
 Slipp'd in from the bank, where the footing unsound
 Gave way to his step, and had nearly been drown'd.
 He had met with this fate, but the branch of a willow
 Preserved him from sleeping with earth for his pillow.
 Whilst grasping it's end, the poor truant now floated,
 No bull could make much greater noise than his throat did.
 By chance the same way was a Pedagogue jogging,
 Who well knew the cries he oft heard at a flogging.
 As he plodded along at no very great distance,
 There was time to come up to his scholar's assistance :
 But ere he extended his hand, an oration
 He made, in the shape of this awful jobation :
 " What a life do I lead with your freaks and your gambols—
 " Young rascal! will nothing restrain your mad rambles?
 " Can no place suit your play but a river's steep brink?
 " But drowning will ne'er be your fortune, I think.

Je blâme ici plus de gens qu'on ne pense.
Tout babillard, tout censeur, tout pedant,
Se peut connoître au discours que j'avance,
Chacun des trois fait un peuple fort grand :
Le Créateur en a beni l'engéance.
En toute affaire ils ne font que songer
 Au moyen d'exercer leur langue.
Hé, mon ami, tire moi du danger ;
 Tu feras après ta harangue.

“ For you and your fellows — thou vagabond urchin !

“ Depend on’t I’ll lay a good stock of tough birch in !”

Says the Boy, “ Your harangue almost moves me to
laughter—

“ First save me, dear Master, then lecture me after !”

Thus speeches I’ve heard of three hours or more
When the enemy seem’d to be just at the door,
Which led us to think ’twas the orator’s care,
Not to ward off the blow, but the plunder to share :
So anxious was he, whilst the rebels were plotting,
To undermine those who good places had got in.

Perhaps, my good Sirs, if you listen’d to reason
You would keep your reproofs for an apposite season ;
And whilst your philippics the Ministers rate,
Think less of yourselves, and feel more for the State.
When foes would invade it, or levellers storm it,
’Tis better to save it before you reform it !

LA BESACE.

JUPITER dit un jour : Que tout ce qui respire
 S'en vienne comparoître aux pieds de ma grandeur :
 Si dans son composé quelqu'un trouve à redire,

Il peut le déclarer sans peur ;

Je mettrai remède à la chose.

Venez, Singe, parlez le premier et pour cause :

Voyez ces animaux ; faites comparaison

De leurs beautés avec les vôtres.

Etes-vous satisfait ? Moi ! dit-il, pourquoi non ?

N'ai-je pas quatre pieds aussi bien que les autres ?

Mon portrait jusqu'ici ne m'a rien reproché :

Mais pour mon frère l'Ours, on ne l'a qu'ébauché ;

Jamais, s'il me veut croire, il ne se fera peindre.

L'Ours venant là-dessus, on crut qu'il s'alloit plaindre.

Tant s'en faut : de sa forme il se loua très-fort,

THE WALLET.

Jove once assembling all his creatures,
Proclaim'd, whoe'er dislik'd his lot,
As far as outward form and features,
Might have them mended on the spot.

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

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

The Bear not wishing to complain,
Said,—“ That pert Jackanapes must doat.
“ How many beasts desire in vain,
“ The comforts of this shaggy coat.

Glosa sur l'Elephant, dit qu'on pourroit encor
Ajouter à sa queue, ôter à ses oreilles ;
Que c'étoit une masse informe et sans beauté.

L'Elephant étant écouté,
Tout sage qu'il étoit, dit des choses pareilles :

Il jugea qu'à son appetit
Dame Baleine étoit trop grosse.

Dame Fourmi trouva le Ciron trop petit,
Se croyant pour elle, un colosse.

Jupin les renvoya, s'étant censurés tous,
Du reste contents d'eux. Mais parmi les plus fous
Notre espèce excella ; car tout ce que nous sommes,
Lynx envers nos pareils, et taupes envers nous,
Nous nous pardonnons tout, et rien aux autres hommes.
On se voit d'un autre oeil, qu'on ne voit son prochain.

Le Fabricateur souverain
Nous créa besaciers tous de même manière,
Tant ceux du temps passé que du temps d'aujourd'hui.

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

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

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

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

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

Il fit pour nos défauts la poche de derrière,
Et celle de devant pour les défauts d'autrui.

At his command men Wallets bore :

For holding faults was made the sack.

One end, as usual, hung before,

The other close behind his back.

Each to his own dear failings blind,

To find another's error labours ;

Packs up his own faults snug behind,

And crams the front pouch with his neighbour's !

LE LOUP ET L'AGNEAU.

LA raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.

Nous l'allons montrer tout-à-l'heure.

Un Agneau se desaltérait

Dans le courant d'une onde pure.

Un Loup survient à jeun, qui cherchoit aventure,

Et que la faim en ces lieux attiroit.

Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage ?

Dit cet animal plein de rage :

Tu seras châtié de ta temerité.

Sire, répond l'Agneau, que votre majesté

Ne se mette pas en colère ;

Mais plutôt qu'elle considère

Que je me vas desaltérant

Dans le courant,

Plus de vingt pas au-dessous d'elle ;

Et que par conséquent en aucune façon

Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.

Tu la troubles, reprit cette bête cruelle,

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

HE who is strongest always argues best:
 This truth my simple Fable shall attest.
 A little Lamb approach'd a purling brook ;
 It was in summer time, the heat extreme.
 By chance a Wolf his morning beverage took
 Near the same place, at the same crystal stream.
 The prowling robber long had fasted,
 Nor lamb or mutton many days had tasted ;
 Therefore with pinching want his paunch was pining ;
 He drank his fill, but long'd the more for dining.
 With joy the Lamb he spied, then growling said,
 “ Sirrah ! how dare you thus disturb my drink ? ”
 The Lamb in answer meekly bow'd his head,
 “ I trouble not the water, Sir, I think ;
 “ Besides, I humbly beg to show
 “ Your worship is above, and I below ;
 “ And I have noticed every brook and rill
 “ Pursue their courses constantly down hill.
 “ Oh ! you chop logic ! ”—said the churlish brute:
 “ I can chop too:—you've done me other wrong.
 “ Youngster, with me 'tis better not dispute :
 “ You've tarnish'd my fair fame with sland'rous tongue.

Et je sais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.

Comment l'aurois-je fait si je n'étois pas né ?

Reprit l'Agneau ; je tette encor ma mère.

Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frère.

Je n'en ai point. C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens ;

Car vous ne m'épargnez guère,

Vous, vos bergers, et vos chiens.

On me l'a dit, il faut que je me venge.

Là-dessus au fond des forêts

Le Loup l'emporte, et puis le mange,

Sans autre forme de procès.

Fraught with such arguments, the Wolf of France.—

Beasts of prey have furnished similes for warriors ever since the days of Homer. The Wolf seems particularly suited to the character of Buonaparté. He wanted the generous magnanimity attributed to the Lion ; nor, to give him his due, does he appear like the Tiger to have shed blood for the mere pleasure of doing so ; although whenever he felt a necessity, which could be satisfied with slaughter, no compunctious visitings of nature ever interrupted his design. If, according to general belief, the unfortunate Capt. Wright expired in torture, it was probably not on account of any gratification the Tyrant derived from his pangs, but for the purpose of extorting some secret. If it were more convenient to take off a popular commander quietly, than to expose him to the people on a scaffold, so it was arranged. Pichegru was strangled in his dungeon. If the removal of the pride and hope of the loyal part of the French nation would contribute to the firm establishment of the new dynasty—neither the Law of Nations, or the feelings of humanity, nor the shining virtues of d'Enghien, were any obstacles to the seizure and immolation of the victim. If the Press of Germany dared to ex-

“ This glaring fact I chanced to hear

“ From good and high authority last year.”

“ Last year ! observe, dread Sir, I’m not yet shorn.—

“ I at the time you mention was not born !”

“ Well then, I guess it was your elder brother,

“ By whom this great and foul offence was done ;

“ You’re all so like, I don’t know one from t’other :”

“ Indeed, my Lord, I am an only son !”

“ I’m sure ’twas one of your vile kindred,

“ Nor shall my just revenge be longer hinder’d.

“ Your clan in all its branches wish my fall,

“ Dogs, shepherds, rams, ewes, wethers, lambs and all !”

Thus said, he seized without more form of law

The ready prize, to glut his empty maw.

Fraught with such arguments, the Wolf of France

Seiz’d with fell gripe weak Switzerland and Spain :

Tho’ soon stout watch-dogs to their aid advance,

And snatch’d the victims from his jaws again.

Thus Palm, brave Pichegru—tortur’d Wright—

His fangs dispatch’d to endless night :

And midst Vincennes’ dark woods with rage accurst,

In Condé’s blood the monster slaked his thirst.

pose his crimes—the Bookseller Palm was murdered as a check to this offensive liberty. In all his plans, he appears to have kept his view steadily on the end, perfectly indifferent about the means ; as in his campaigns he never thought the cost of lives any impediment to the gaining an advantageous object.

L'HOMME ET SON IMAGE.

UN homme qui s'aimoit sans avoir de rivaux,
Passoit dans son esprit pour le plus beau du monde.
Il accusoit tousjours les miroirs d'être faux,
Vivant plus que content dans son erreur profonde.
Afin de le guerir, le sort officieux
 Présentoit par tout à ses yeux
Les conseillers muets dont se servent nos dames :
Miroirs dans les logis, miroirs chez les marchands,
 Miroirs aux poches des galands,
 Miroirs aux ceintures des femmes.
Que fait notre Narcisse ? il se va confiner
Aux lieux les plus cachés qu'il peut s'imaginer,
N'osant plus des miroirs éprouver l'aventure.

MAN AND HIS LIKENESS.

The original was dedicated to the Duke de Rochefoucault,
Author of the celebrated Moral Maxims.

ONCE a lover there was, and he loved in strange fashion ;
The flame from his breast other feelings could drive all :
Himself was the object ador'd, and this passion
Reign'd fix'd in his heart, without dreading a rival.

Our Dandy Narcissus, of comical shape,
Was warp'd all awry, and his head was an ass's.
His mirror still shew'd him the face of an ape,
But he always believ'd that the fault was the glass's.

Other mirrors repeated, alack ! the same story ;
He swore that the world had together conspired
To spoil of his beautiful person the glory ;
So he made them his bow, and in dudgeon retired.

Mais un canal, formé par une source pure,

Se trouve en ces lieux écartés :

Il s'y voit, il se fâche ; et ses yeux irrités

Pensent appercevoir une chimère vaine.

Il fait tout ce qu'il peut pour éviter cette eau.

Mais quoi ! le canal est si beau

Qu'il ne le quitte qu'avec peine.

On voit bien où je veux venir.

Je parle à tous ; et cette erreur extrême

Est un mal que chacun se plaît d'entretenir.

Notre ame, c'est cet homme amoureux de lui-même :

Tant de miroirs, ce sont les sottises d'autrui,

Miroirs de nos défauts les peintres legitimes :

Et quant au canal, c'est celui

Que chacun sait, le livre des Maximes.

Removed from all glasses a fair lake he found,
Which shew'd the same image most faithfully frightful,
Yet so bright the reflection, so charming the ground,
He could not help owning the view was delightful.

Now who do you think is this whimsical elf?

I'll explain, lest you think me a mere idle prater.—
'Tis the Mind;—'tis you, Reader—the Poet himself—
And our friends are the mirrors, which shew us our nature.

The Lake—the sage maxims of one shrewd adviser,
Who shews all the follies our hearts which environ :
Rochefoucault may make most of us better and wiser—
Let Harold hold up his dark mirror to Byron.

LE DRAGON À PLUSIEURS TÊTES, ET LE
DRAGON À PLUSIEURS QUEUES.

UN Envoyé du Grand Seigneur
Préferoit, dit l'histoire, un jour chez l'Empereur,
Les forces de son maître à celle de l'empire.

Un Allemand se mit à dire :
Notre Prince a des dépendants
Qui de leur chef sont si puissants,
Que chacun d'eux pourroit soudoyer une armée.
Le Chiaous, homme de sens,
Lui dit : Je sais par renommée
Ce que chaque Electeur peut de monde fournir ;
Et cela me fait souvenir
D'une aventure étrange, et qui pourtant est vraie.
J'étois en un lieu sûr, lorsque je vis passer
Les cent têtes d'une hydre au travers d'une haie.
Mon sang commence à se glacer ;
Et je crois qu'à moins on s'effraie.
Je n'en eus toutefois que la peur sans le mal :
Jamais le corps de l'animal
Ne put venir vers moi, ni trouver d'ouverture.

THE DRAGON WITH MANY HEADS, AND
THE DRAGON WITH MANY TAILS

AN Envoy from the Sultan's wide domain,

Who at Vienna's court had long resided,

Observ'd one day, " To me 'tis very plain

" The armies by my master's power provided,

" And muster'd underneath the Turkish firman

" Are in their structure better than the German."

" Bah!" cried an Austrian, nettled at this praise,

" You think too highly of your own resources :

" My master has dependants, who can raise

" 'Troops full a match for all your Turkish forces."

" I know your strength :—but if your ear you'll lend, I

" Will tell a strange true story," said th' Effendi.

" Once on a time, on t'other side a hedge

" With hundred heads a moustrous snake I saw.

" I felt some fear, I'll honestly allege,

" 'The Dragon seem'd to wish me in his maw :

" But 'mongst the pales and briars, and tangled bushes,

" His hundred heads the Hydra vainly pushes.

Je rêvois à cette aventure,
Quand un autre Dragon, qui n'avoit qu'un seul chef,
Et bien plus d'une queue, à passer se présente.

Me voilà saisi derechef

D'étonnement et d'épouvante.

Ce chef passe, et le corps, et chaque queue aussi ;
Rien ne les empêcha, l'un fit chemin à l'autre.

Je soutiens qu'il en est ainsi

De votre Empéreur et du nôtre.

- “ Then came, which struck me with still greater dread,
“ A second Dragon with a host of tails.
“ But this vast serpent had a single head,
“ Which forced its way with ease thro’ briars and pales.—
“ This, noble Count, I venture to opine,
“ Marks the great difference ’twixt your Lord and mine.”

LES VOLEURS ET L'ANE.

POUR un Ane enlevé deux Voleurs se battoient :
L'un vouloit le garder, l'autre le vouloit vendre.

Tandis que coups de poing trottoient,
Et que nos champions songeoient à se défendre,

Arrive un troisième Larron,

Qui saisit maître Aliboron.

L'Ane c'est quelquefois une pauvre province :

Les Voleurs sont tel et tel prince,

Comme le Transilvain, le Turc, et le Hongrois.

Au lieu de deux j'en ai rencontré trois :

Il est assez de cette marchandise :

De nul d'eux n'est souvent la Province conquise ;

Un quart Voleur survient, qui les accorde net,

En se saisissant du baudet.

THE ROBBERS AND THE ASS.

Two Thieves stole an Ass: but we frequently see
Two of this trade, like other trades, cannot agree,
One would take him to market—the other would not—
So reproaches were mingled with arguments hot.
From words the dispute quickly ripen'd to blows,
Breasts resounded with thumps, and blood stream'd from each
nose ;

But whilst in this desperate contest they grapple,
Comes up a third Robber and makes off with Dapple.

Whilst two petty Princes in quarrels engage,
And war for some grass-plat most royally wage,
In steps Buonaparté, or some other swabber,
Takes the prize for himself, and makes peace for each
robber.

SIMONIDE PRÉSERVÉ PAR LES DIEUX.

ON ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnés ;

Les Dieux, sa Maîtresse, et son Roi.

Malherbe le disoit : j'y souscris quant à moi ;

Ce sont maximes toujours bonnes.

La louange chatouille et gagne les esprits,

Les faveurs d'une Belle en sont souvent le prix ;

Voyons comme les Dieux l'ont quelquefois payée.

Simonide avoit entrepris

L'éloge d'un Athlète ; et la chose essayée,

Il trouva son sujet plein de récits tous nus.

Les parents de l'Athlète étoient gens inconnus ;

Son père un bon bourgeois ; lui sans autre mérite :

Matière infertile et petite.

SIMONIDES SAVED BY THE GODS.

THREE sorts of beings may be found,
Whose worthy praise we Poets cannot sing
Or say too loudly.

French moralists this courtly rule propound:
These are, the Gods, your Mistress, and the King.
Sweet praise has gain'd, grave authors tell,
The yielding smiles of many a Belle,
Who once look'd proudly.

Kings hate not praise :—how Gods reward a Poet—
This Fable read, and you will quickly know it.

Simonides, the Bard of Cos,
Engaged to sing a conquering Wrestler's fame.
The promis'd poem
He tried to weave, but soon was at a loss,
Soon to the end of his dry theme he came.
Of a rich cit his hero was the son,
Plebeian ancestors no wreaths had won ;—
He could not show 'em.

In short, this wight, without wit, rank, or birth,
Could wrestle, but do nothing else on earth.

Le Poète d'abord parla de son héros,
Après en avoir dit, ce qu'il en pouvoit dire,
Ile se jette à côté, se met sur le propos
De Castor et Pollux ; ne manque pas d'écrire
Que leur exemple étoit aux lutteurs glorieux ;
Elève leurs combats, spécifiant les lieux
Où ces frères s'étoient signalés davantage.

Enfin l'éloge de ces Dieux

Faisoient les deux tiers de l'ouvrage.

L'Athlète avoit promis d'en payer un talent ;

Mais quand il le vit, le galant

N'en donna que le tiers ; et dit fort franchement,

Que Castor et Pollux acquitassent le reste :

Faites vous contenter par ce couple céleste.

Je vous veux traiter cependant,

Venez souper chez moi : nous ferons bonne vie ;

Les conviés sont gens choisis,

Mes parens, mes meilleurs amis.

Soyez donc de la compagnie.

Simonide promet. Peut-être qu'il eut peur

The Bard embarrass'd call'd the Gods in aid,
And then in lofty strains he Pollux sung,

And also Castor :

Their wrestling feats the Poet there display'd,
And told how shone the twins from Leda sprung,

That for his fist of weighty force,

This of the swift and untam'd horse

The mighty master.

Whilst thus Simonides their praise rehearses,

He fills the best part of the Wrestler's verses.

The usual fee was at a talent rated :

But when the employer this encomium read,

He rather drily

Observ'd one half the price must be abated ;

“ One third indeed is all *my* share,” he said.

“ Castor perhaps or Pollux may,

“ If they think fit, *their* portion pay,

“ They're praised so highly.

“ Ask for the balance from these regions upper.—

“ But Sim, I've friends to night—pray come to supper.”

Simonides with much good humour

Accepts this blunt and sudden invitation,

And there attended :

De perdre, outre son dû, le gré de sa louange.

Il vient ; l'on festine, l'on mange.

Chacun étant en belle humeur,

Un domestique accourt, l'avertit qu'à la porte

Deux hommes demandoient à le voir promptement.

Il sort de table, et la cohorte

N'en perd pas un seul coup de dent.

Ces deux hommes étoient les gemeaux de l'éloge.

Tous deux lui rendent grâce, et pour prix des ses vers,

Ils l'avertissent qu'il déloge,

Et que cette maison va tomber à l'envers.

La prédiction en fut vraie.

Un pilier manque : et le plafond

Ne trouvant plus rien qui l'étaie

Tombe sur le festin, brise plats et flacons,

N'en fait pas moins aux échansons.

Ce ne fut pas le pis : car pour rendre complète

La vengeance due au Poète.

Une poutre cassa les jambes à l'Athlète,

Et renvoya les conviés

Pour la plupart estropiés.

Hoping indeed, if nothing he could do more,
To gain some praise himself on this occasion.

He join'd the party, ate and quaff'd,
Heard compliments, at stories laugh'd
With bon mots blended.

When from the company was call'd the Bard ;
Two strangers at the gate were knocking hard.

He quits in haste :—what should these be
Who at the Wrestler's door so loudly thunder'd?—

They were indeed

The Twins divine who graced his eulogy !
The Bard with wide-stretch'd eyes beheld and wonder'd.
They thank'd him for his tuneful lyric
With all its welcome panegyric—

“ Now take your meed :

“ We come to give you timely information ;

“ This house now nods from top to its foundation.”

They vanish'd :—down with dreadful clatter
Fell ev'ry chimney, pillar, wall, and cieling,
Which seem'd so tight all !

Broken was there full many a jug and platter :
When good Simonides devoutly kneeling,

La renommée eut soin de publier l'affaire,
Chacun cria miracle. On doubla le salaire
Que meritoient les vers d'un homme aimé des Dieux.

Il n'étoit fils de bonne mère
Qui, les payant à qui mieux mieux,
Pour ses ancêtres n'en fit faire.

Je reviens à mon texte, et dis premièrement,
Qu'on ne sauroit manquer de louer largement
Les Dieux et leurs pareils : de plus que Melpomène
Souvent sans déroger, trafique de sa peine.
Enfin, qu'on doit tenir notre art à quelque prix.
Les grands se font honneur, dès lors qu'ils nous font grâce :
Jadis, l'Olympe et le Parnasse
Etoient frères et bons amis.

Thank'd his kind Patrons for the warning,
 But the poor quibbler of the morning,
 O just requital !

Felt a huge beam his two shin bones assaulting,
 Whilst the bruis'd guests were glad to creep home halting.

This wonder ran thro' all the land :
 Of praise the salary was now made double
 To the Gods' minion.

For all the dead and living verse was plann'd,
 And well they paid the Poet for his trouble.

Then prais'd be Gods and prais'd be Kings—
 For both can give away good things :—

 In my opinion,
 Bards are their warmest friends :—and so they class us.—
 Olympus always must protect Parnassus.

LE LION ET LE RAT.

IL faut, autant qu'on peut, obliger tout le monde ;
On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.
De cette vérité deux fables feront foi ;
Tant la chose en preuves abonde.

Entre les pattes d'un Lion,
Un Rat sortit de terre assez à l'étourdie.
Le Roi des animaux, en cette occasion,
Montra ce qu'il étoit, et lui donna la vie.

Ce bienfait ne fut pas perdu ;
Quelqu'un auroit-il jamais cru
Qu'un Lion d'un Rat eût affaire ?
Cependant, il avint qu'au sortir des forêts
Ce Lion fût pris dans les rets,
Dont ses rugissemens ne le purent défaire.

THE LION AND THE RAT.

A RAT, whose solitary plan
 Withdrew him from the haunts of man,
 In Afric's verdant forests found
 A safe asylum under ground.
 One day our Hermit, rapt in thought,
 For air the upper regions sought.
 Close by the hole which led to day,
 Of fearful bulk a Lion lay !
 The startled Beadsman view'd with awe
 Close to his side a monstrous paw.
 He found retreat was now too late,
 So waited calm the will of fate.
 But no such bloody thoughts possess
 The shaggy monarch's gen'rous breast.
 " Go, rash intruder, go," said he,
 " This wood has room for you and me :
 " In peace, poor Rat, pursue thy way,
 " My fangs demand a nobler prey."
 Some nights had past :—a sudden yell
 Reach'd our Recluse's inmost cell ;

Sire Rat accourut, et fit tant par ses dents,
Qu'une maille rongée emporta tout l'ouvrage.
Patience et longueur de temps
Font plus que force ni que rage.

— *grateful Rats will break the chain.*

The metaphorical use of the word *Rat* has long been applied to those political characters, who upon an emergency take care of themselves, and leave their friends in the lurch ; being derived from the habit of that sagacious species, which is observed to quit a building about to fall in ruins ; whilst animals, gifted with less acute instinct, are crushed by the catastrophe. Instinct has been supposed by some philosophers to be an immediate communication from above. *Deus*, say they, *est anima brutorum*. There can be no reason for confining the substantive *Rat*, or its corresponding verb, to a bad sense only. Simonides, whose adventure is recorded in a former Fable, may certainly be said to have *ratted* ; and *the Rats* alluded to in this place appear to have evinced their wisdom and care, not only of themselves, but of the public, by attending, like the poet of Cos, to a hint received from the higher powers.

Sounds struck his ear he'd heard before :
He recognis'd his Patron's roar.
He ran: the royal beast he found
By hunters' toils encompass'd round.
In vain he rages, foams, and tears,
He fails to burst the stubborn snares.
" Take comfort, Sire," the Hermit said,
" Perhaps my small and feeble aid,
" So very weak to all appearance,
" May speed by patient perseverance."
Thus said, the cords with zeal he gnaws,
Which foil'd the Lion's teeth and claws,
Who thankful ow'd his preservation
To gratitude in lower station.

Something like this, in other climes
May chance produce in modern times.
If artful Ministers design'd
Their Monarch's lawful pow'r to bind,
Resolv'd to reign in his despite,
And make their own his regal right,
India her spoils may lend in vain,
For grateful Rats will break the chain.

L'HOMME ENTRE DEUX ÂGES, ET SES
DEUX MAÎTRESSES.

UN homme de moyen âge,
Et tirant sur le grison,
Jugea qu'il étoit saison
De songer au mariage.

Il avoit du comptant,

Et partant

De quoi choisir ; toutes vouloient lui plaire,
En quoi notre amoureux ne se pressoit pas tant ;
Bien adresser n'est pas une petite affaire.

Deux Veuves sur son cœur eurent le plus de part.

L'une encor verte, et l'autre un peu bien mûre,
Mais qui reparoit par son art
Ce qu'avoit détruit la nature.
Ces deux Veuves en badinant,
En riant, en lui faisant fête,

THE MAN AND HIS TWO MISTRESSES.

A BACHELOR of middle age

Began to think he must engage

In decent marriage.

His lady, when he should appoint her,

Would have a very handsome jointure,

And keep her carriage.

Abroad when this design was once reported—

Oh ! how the Adonis was caress'd and courted !

A strong impression on his breast

Two Widows made, above the rest

Of fair pretenders.

One was a little past her prime—

But if some charms will fade by time,

Art well could mend hers.

This circumstance might help her schemes to quicken :

The other Relict was e'en yet a chicken.

The Dame mature, all blythe and gay,

Oft with her swain would romp and play,

L'alloient quelquefois testonnant,
C'est-à-dire, ajustant sa tête.
La vieille, à tout moment, de sa part emportoit
Un peu de poil noir qui restoit,
Afin que son amant en fût plus à sa guise,
La jeune saccageoit les poils blancs à son tour.
Toutes deux firent tant, que notre tête grise
Demeura sans cheveux, et se douta du tour

Altho' of purity a model:
His cheek she patted, and would twirl
With sportive fingers every curl
Around his noddle.

Finding the humour please, the younger Dame
Took opportunities to do the same.

But time had on this chevelure
Made hyacinthine honours fewer ;
They graced his phiz ill.
Amongst the remnant left, with snow
Half the brown hairs were tinged, and so
Composed a grizzle.

These the old Damsel tweezer'd, and he let her :
I mean the brown :—grey serv'd her purpose better.

Alarm'd lest she should lose her man,
The younger Belle perceiv'd the plan,
And vow'd to spoil it.
With strong antipathy to grey
She pluck'd each whitish hair away
When at his toilette.

The Beau soon found his pericranium bare
Like a scald' pig was robb'd of ev'ry hair.

Je vous rends, leur dit-il, mille grâces, les Belles,
Qui m'avez si bien tondu :
J'ai plus gagné que perdu ;
Car d'Hymen point de nouvelles.
Celle que je prendrai voudroit qu'à sa façon
Je vécusse, et non à la mienne ;
Il n'est tête chauve qui tienne :
Je vous suis obligé, Belles, de la leçon.

At once the vacillating Lover

Could now each fair one's wile discover

Reveal'd to view :

“ This thought,” said he, “ my passion cures ;

“ My will you'll never seek, but yours—

“ Ladies, adieu !

“ I'm quite convinc'd that at my time of life,

“ 'Tis better get a peruke than a Wife !”

LA MORT ET LE BÛCHERON.

UN pauvre Bûcheron, tout couvert de ramée,
Sous le faix du fagot aussi bien que des ans
Gemissant et courbé, marchoit à pas pesants,
Et tâchoit de gagner sa chaumine enfumée.
Enfin, n'en pouvant plus d'effort et de douleur,
Il met bas son fagot, il songe à son malheur.
Quel plaisir a-t-il eu depuis qu'il est au monde ?
En est-il un plus pauvre en la machine ronde ?
Point de pain quelquefois, et jamais de repos :
Sa femme, ses enfans, les soldats, les impôts,

DEATH AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN poor, and somewhat old,
 Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold
 Toiling, in every sort of weather,
 Could scarce keep life and soul together.
 One night he trudg'd, o'ercharg'd with browse,
 Tow'rds that poor hut he call'd his house,
 And as the load his back opprest,
 He halted for a moment's rest.
 Down to the ground his freight he throws,
 And thus expatiates on his woes.

“ Lives there between the earth and sky
 “ So poor, so sad a wretch as I !
 “ Must I, depriv'd of ev'ry joy,
 “ In that curst wood my hours employ
 “ With painful labour every day,
 “ Torn by rough briar, and thorny spray ?
 “ When home I wend to rest my head,
 “ My starving children cry for bread !
 “ My wife's shrill tongue and chimney's smoke,
 “ Mild Job ! thy patience would provoke.

Le créancier, et la corvée,
Lui font d'un malheureux la peinture achevée.
Il appelle la Mort. Elle vient sans tarder,
Lui demande ce qu'il faut faire.
C'est, dit-il, afin de m'aider
A recharger ce bois ; tu ne tarderas guère.
Le trépas vient tout guérir:
Mais ne bougeons d'où nous sommes.
Plutôt souffrir que mourir,
C'est la devise des hommes.

“ And now my frame more feeble waxes.—
 “ Then there are debts, and rent, and taxes !
 “ Oh, how I long to yield my breath—
 “ No cure remains for me but death.
 “ Come then, great healer of all ailing,
 “ Assist me with thy power prevailing !”

Scarce had the suitor spoke^d the name,
 When lo ! the King of Terrors came !

With speed he stalk'd along the road,
 His joints all rattling as he strode ;

And having reach'd the Woodman's side—

“ What would'st thou, Man !” the spectre cried—

Who soon with falt'ring voice replied,

“ I've dropp'd my faggot, Sir, and fain

“ By your kind aid, I'd have it up again !”

^A
LES FRELONS ET LES MOUCHES À MIEL.

The English Version has made some change in the Dramatis
Personæ of this Fable.

A L'ŒUVRE on connoît l'artisan.

Quelques rayons de miel sans maître se trouvèrent ;

Des Frêlons les réclamèrent ;

Des Abeilles s'opposant,

Devant certain Guêpe on traduisit la cause.

Il étoit mal aisé de décider la chose :

THE WASPS AND THE BEES.

THERE happen'd once a suit between
That insect tribe who serve a queen,
Those quaker-coated flies, I mean,
 The industrious Bees,
And the pert Wasps, that roving pack
In yellow jackets trimm'd with black,
Who, corsair-like, rob and attack
 Whome'er they please.

Of the dispute this was the ground :
The Wasps some honey-combs had found,
Where a few Bees were straggling round,
 In an old tree.
It was their work, the Wasps declare,
Ready through thick and thin to swear,
And to the Court prefer their pray'r
 To make decrec.

Les témoins déposoient qu'autour de ces rayons
Des animaux ailés, bourdonnants, un peu longs,
De couleur fort tannée, et tels que les Abeilles,
Avoient long-temps paru. Mais quoi ! dans les Frêlons
Ces enseignes étoient pareilles.

La Guêpe, ne sachant que dire à ces raisons,
Fît enquête nouvelle, et pour plus de lumière

Entendit une Fourmillière.

Le point n'en put être éclairci.

De grâce à quoi bon tout ceci ?

Dit une Abeille fort prudente.

Depuis tantôt six mois que la chose est pendante,

Nous voici comme aux premiers jours,

Pendant cela le miel se gâte.

Il est temps désormais que le juge se hâte :

N'a-t-il point assez lóché l'ours ?

Lord Hornet, learned in the laws,
Sate on the bench to hear the cause ;
Astute in pleas to find out flaws
 When'e'er he chose,
In Chancery or Nisi Prius :
Yet some his judgments would decry as
Having at times too strong a bias
 For friends 'gainst foes.

His progress was not over speedy :
For years his advocates would plead ye,
And in the suit for fees were greedy
 However far gone.
So were the clients apt to mutter,
To hear the Big-wigs loudly utter
Reply, rejoinder, and rebutter,
 In endless jargon.

Now more sagacious than the rest,
An old bluff Bee the Court address,
And thus with warmth his mind exprest,
 Whilst anger vexes :
“ Long has your Lordship here been toiling,
“ The honey in dispute lies spoiling ;

Sans tant de contre-dits, et d'interlocutoires,
Et de fatras, et de grimoires,
Travaillons les Frêlons et nous ;
On verra qui sait faire, avec un suc si doux,
Des cellules si bien bâties.
Le refus des Frêlons fit voir
Que cet art passoit leur savoir ;
Et la Guêpe adjugea le miel à leurs parties.
Plût à Dieu qu'on réglât ainsi tous les procès !
Que des Turcs en cela l'on suivît la méthode !
Le simple sens commun nous tiendrait lieu de Code :
Il ne faudroit point tant de frais.

“ Both sides, the wheel of justice oiling,

“ Are dry as kecksies.

“ Since nothing now can more be got,

“ Try if the Plaintiff can or not

“ Make such a comb upon the spot,

“ And the Defendant.

“ If to this plan the Court agree,

“ Which side is right at once they’ll see,

“ Your Lordship then may make decree,

And there’s an end on’t.”

The Judge assents :—the Wasps decline,

The Bees then gain their cause in fine.

Thus slowly does the law opine,

That sage old Lady!

In the best things abuses lurk,

We almost wish for shorter work,

Even to imitate the Turk,

Rul’d by a Cadi.

But such reform an empty dream is,

However straight her balance beam is,

Au lieu qu'on nous mange, on nous grège ;

On nous mine par des longueurs.

On fait tant, à la fin, que l'huître est pour le juge,

Les écailles pour les plaideurs.

The forms and fees of good Dame Themis

To vast wealth hoist her : —

Her records could strange stories tell ;

Winners and losers know too well

Their shares are often each a shell,

And *her's* the oyster !

LE RENARD ET LA CICOGNE.

COMPÈRE le Renard se mit un jour en frais,
 Et retint à dîner commère la Cicogne.
 Le règeal fut petit, et sans beaucoup d'apprêts ;
 Le galant pour toute besogne
 Avoit un brouet clair (il vivoit chichement).
 Ce brouet fut par lui servi sur une assiette :
 La Cicogne au long bec n'en put attraper miette ;
 Et le drôle eut lapé le tout en un moment.
 Pour se venger de cette tromperie,
 A quelque temps de là, la Cicogne le prie.
 Volontiers, lui dit-il, car avec mes amis
 Je ne fais point de cérémonie.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

FOR sport once Renard, sly old sinner,
 Press'd gossip Stork to share his dinner.
 " Neighbour, I must entreat you'll stay
 " And take your soup with me to-day.
 " My praise shall not my fare enhance,
 " But let me beg you'll take your chance,
 " You're kindly welcome, were it better."—

She yielded as he thus beset her.
 And soon arrived the pottage smoking
 In plates of shallow depth provoking.
 'Twas vain the guest essay'd to fill
 With unsubstantial fare her bill.
 'Twas vain she fish'd to find a collup,
 The host soon lapp'd the liquor all up.

Dame Stork conceal'd her deep displeasure,
 But thought to find revenge at leisure ;
 And said, " Ere long, my friend, you'll try
 " My humble hospitality.
 " I know your taste, and we'll contrive—
 " To-morrow I'm at home at five."

A l'heure dite il courut au logis

De la Cicogne son hôtesse.

Loua très fort sa politesse,

Trouva le dîner cuit à point.

Bon appétit sur tout ; Renards n'en manquent point.

Il se réjouissoit à l'odeur de la viande

Mise en menus morceaux, et qu'il croyoit friande.

On servit, pour l'embarrasser,

En un vase à long col et d'étroite embouchure ;

Le bec de la Cicogne y pouvoit bien passer,

Mais le museau du Sire étoit d'autre mesure.

Il lui fallut à jeun retourner au logis,

Honteux comme un Renard qu'une poule auroit pris,

Serrant la queue, et portant bas l'oreille.

Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris :

Attendez vous à la pareille.

Hoaxers, for you this tale is written,—

The word *Hoax*, though sufficiently expressive, and admitted into general use, has not, perhaps, found its way into the dictionaries. It is, however, of some importance, as it serves in some measure to characterize the times we live in. Former periods have been distinguished by the epithets golden, silver, brazen, iron. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of metals which chemistry has now discovered, none of them may be sufficiently descriptive of the manners of men in these days. Quitting, therefore, the ancient mode of classification, the present may not be

With punctual haste the wily scoffer
 Accepts his neighbour's friendly offer,
 And ent'ring cries, " Dear Stork how is it ?
 " You see I soon return your visit,
 " I can't resist when you invite, —
 " I've brought a famous appetite :
 " The steam which issues from your kitchen
 " Proves that your pot there's something rich in."

The Stork with civil welcome greeted,
 And soon at table they were seated.
 When lo ! there came upon the board
 Hash'd goose in two tall pitchers pour'd ;
 Pitchers whose long and narrow neck
 Sly Renard's jaws completely check.
 Whilst the gay hostess, much diverted,
 Her bill with perfect ease inserted.
 The Fox, half mad at this retorter,
 Sought dinner in some other quarter.
 Hoaxers, for you this tale is written,
 Learn hence that biters may be bitten.

unaptly designated the Hoaxing Age. The term deserves a definition. A Hoax may be said to be *a practical joke, calculated more or less to injure its object, sometimes accompanied by a high degree of criminality.* This definition, which is much at the

CONSEIL TENU PAR LES RATS.

UN Chat, nommé Rodilardus,
 Faisoit des Rats telle déconfiture,
 Que l'on n'en voyoit presque plus ;
 Tant il en avoit mis dedans la sépulture.
 Le peu qu'il en restoit, n'osant quitter son trou,
 Ne trouvoit à manger que le quart de son soûl ;

service of future English Lexicographers, includes not only the minor essays of mischievous humour, which assembles all the schoolmasters of the metropolis at one house ; the medical professors and undertakers at another ; the milliners, mantua-makers, and mercers at a third ; whilst the street before the victim's door is blocked up by grand piano-fortes, Grecian couches, caravans of wild beasts, and patent coffins ;—but also the more sublime strokes of genius, which would acquire sudden wealth, by throwing Change Alley into an uproar—which would gain excessive popularity by gulling the English people with a show of mock patriotism ;—which can make bankrupts in fortune and reputation leaders of thousands and ten thousands, so as to threaten destruction to the state. The performers of all these notable exploits may be denominated Hoaxers ; most of whom may, in the end, find themselves involved in the predicament expressed in the concluding couplet of the Fable.

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

THERE once was a Cat, of all tabbies the flow'r,
 Who with zeal so unwearied would vermin devour,
 That her master's wide buildings she clear'd in a trice,
 Destroy'd all the Rats and two thirds of the Mice.
 The remnant there left, poor unfortunate souls,
 Were starv'd, as they scarcely dar'd peep from their holes.
 For like the furr'd Cats of old Rabelais' forum,
 She seiz'd em, and bit 'em, and claw'd 'em, and tore 'em.

For like the furr'd Cats of old Rabelais' forum,—

The merry Friar and Physician here alluded to, whose obsolete language precludes most modern readers from his original work, and whose coarseness deters many from the translation, has attacked the administrators of the law in his time with great severity, which, probably, they well deserved.

He gives them the name of furred law cats, describing them as "terrible and dreadful monsters, who devour little children;" that "their claws are so very long, strong, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their clutches."

No less than five chapters are filled with sharp satire on this subject.

Et Rodilard passoit, chez la gent misérable,
Non pour un chat, mais pour un diable.
Or, un jour qu'au haut et au loin
Le galant alla chercher femme,
Pendant tout le sabbat qu'il fit avec sa dame,
Le demeurant des Rats tint chapitre en un coin
Sur la nécessité présente.
Dès l'abord, leur Doyen, personne très prudente,
Opina qu'il falloit, et plutôt que plus tard,
Attacher un grelot au cou de Rodilard ;
Qu'ainsi quand il iroit en guerre,
De sa marche avertis ils s'enfuiroient sous terre.
Qu'il n'y savoit que ce moyen.
Chacun fut de l'avis de Monsieur le Doyen :
Chose ne leur parut à tous plus salutaire,

Puss, in short, through the granary, stable, and house,
 Was the utter abhorrence of every Mouse.
 E'en the sound of her name all the Mice of the barn hate,
 They think her no Cat, but a devil incarnate.
 One night, for tho' cruel what heart is love-proof,
 With a friend an appointment she made on the roof.
 The Mice, when they ceas'd to see, hear, or smell her,
 Quickly summon'd a chapter to meet in the cellar.
 The cause was proclaim'd in a manner precise,
 To save from perdition the whole race of Mice.

They met:—other members had nought to propose,
 When the Dean ^{of the synod} with gravity rose.

“ I have hit on a plan,” said the senior, “ with me
 “ I think, my dear friends, you'll not fail to agree ;
 “ Of our velvet-shod foe the rapidity such is,
 “ Ere we hear her light footsteps we feel her sharp clutches.
 “ On the matter in hand I'll not tediously dwell ;
 “ My scheme—round her neck is to fasten a bell ;—
 “ And then on our haunts as this savage beast pounces
 “ Her approach in a moment this warning announces.
 “ By night and by day a strict watch duly keeping
 “ A time may be found when this dæmon is sleeping.
 “ This done, no more danger we fear from her claws.”
 He ceas'd, and the conclave all murmur'd applause.

La difficulté fut d'attacher le grelot.
L'un dit : Je n'y vas point, je ne suis pas si sot :
L'autre, je ne saurois. Si bien que sans rien faire
On se quitta. J'ai maints chapitres vus,
Qui pour néant se sont ainsi tenus ;
Chapitres non de Rats, mais chapitres de moines ;

Voire chapitres de chanoines.
Ne faut-il que délibérer ?
La cour en conseillers foisonne :
Est-il besoin d'exécuter ?
L'on ne rencontre plus personne.

Said a long whisker'd Mouse, " For this able oration
 " We owe to our President much obligation,
 " And the plan has been voted by just acclamation.
 " There nothing remains but this question to ask—
 " What Mice volunteer for this difficult task?"—
 Now silence ensued : — when he urg'd a reply,
 The answer return'd by each Mouse was, " Not I !"
 Grimalkin appear'd ; soon dissolv'd the divan,
 And away to their holes every mouse of them ran !

Other councils I've known the same method pursuing,
 Which shews the great diff'rence 'twixt saying and doing.

LE CHÊNE ET LE ROSEAU.

LE Chêne un jour dit au Roseau,
Vous avez bien sujet d'accuser la nature ;
Un roitelet pour vous est un pesant fardeau ;
Le moindre vent qui d'aventure
Fait rider la face de l'eau
Vous oblige à baisser la tête ;
Cependant que mon front, au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.
Tout vous est Aquilon, tout me semble Zéphyr.
Encor si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage
Dont je couvre le voisinage,
Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir :
Je vous défendrais de l'orage ;

THE OAK AND THE REED.

- “ ALAS, poor Reed ! ” exclaim’d an Oak,
Contemptuous nodding as he spoke,
“ You minor beings Nature uses
“ Just as her wayward fancy chooses.
“ See that small bird with flitting wing,
“ Whose warbling charms the ear of Spring ;
“ If on your head the songster perches,
“ Your stem beneath the pressure court’sies.
“ Each breath of air you seem to dread,
“ At ev’ry puff you bow your head.
“ Such is your helpless state ; whilst I
“ Lift my tall branches to the sky.
“ The potent leaves which deck my sprays
“ Defy Apollo’s fiercest rays.
“ The gale which tears inferior trees,
“ To me is but a gentle breeze :
“ Whilst to your weak and slender form
“ The softest zephyr is a storm.
“ And, neighbour Reed, I can but wonder
“ You come not my protection under,

Mais vous naissez le plus souvent
Sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent.
La nature envers vous me semble bien injuste.
Votre compassion, lui répondit l'arbuste,
Part d'un bon naturel : mais quittez ce souci ;
Les vents me sont moins qu'à vous redoutables.
Je plie, et ne romps pas. Vous avez jusqu'ici
Contre leurs coups épouvantables
Résisté, sans courber le dos :
Mais attendons la fin. Comme il disoit ces mots,
Du bout de l'horizon accourt avec furie
Le plus terrible des enfants
Que le nord eût portés jusques là dans ses flancs.

“ Since my permission kind allows
 “ A shelter here beneath my boughs.
 “ But you still take it in your head
 “ To root in that low swampy bed,
 “ Where every passing wind must hit ye,—
 “ Believe me, Reed, you move my pity.”
 “ Thanks for your pity,” cries the Reed,
 “ Yet sympathy I little need.
 “ Observe, I pray, my noble friend,
 “ I never break, but merely bend.
 “ O’er me the tempest sweeps in vain,
 “ I bow my head to rise again.
 “ Your guardian power I must decline,
 “ Be humble independence mine.
 “ My state is low, my strength is small,
 “ But then I fear no patron’s fall.
 “ Methinks in yon black cloud is brewing
 “ A hurricane, which threatens ruin.
 “ Mark we who best sustains the stroke,
 “ ‘The feeble Reed or stubborn Oak.’”

Scarce had this converse reach’d it’s close
 When now the awful whirlwind rose.
 The drenching rain in torrents pour’d—
 The lightning flash’d, the thunder roar’d.

L'Arbre tient bon ; le Roseau plie.
Le vent redouble ses efforts ;
Et fait si bien qu'il déracine
Celui de qui la tête au ciel étoit voisine,
Et dont les pieds touchoient à l'empire des morts.

No more the monarch of the wood
The storm's tremendous force withstood.
Up from the soil his roots were torn,
Far round his shatter'd limbs were borne.—
Unhurt the bending Reed stood by,
Preserv'd by safe humility.

LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS ET LES DEUX
BELETTES.

UNE Chauve-souris donna tête baissée
Dans un nid de Belette ; et, sitôt qu'elle y fut,
L'autre, envers les souris de long temps courroucée,
Pour la dévorer accourut.

Quoi ! vous ôsez, dit-elle, a mes yeux vous produire,
Après que votre race a tâché de me nuire !
N'êtes-vous pas souris ? Parlez sans fiction.

Oui, vous l'êtes ; ou bien je ne suis pas Belette.

Pardonnez-moi, dit la pauvrete,
Ce n'est pas ma profession.

Moi souris ! Des méchants vous ont dit ces nouvelles.

Grâce à l'auteur de l'univers,
Je suis oiseau : voyez mes ailes :
Vive la gent qui fend les airs !
Sa raison plut, et sembla bonne.
Elle fait si bien, qu'on lui donne
Liberté de se retirer.

Deux jours après notre étourdie

THE BAT AND THE TWO WEASELS.

IN the hole of a Weasel a Bat popp'd his head,
 A Weasel, who wag'd cruel war with the mice.
 He the trespasser seiz'd, and in mockery said,
 " Those who bade you come here gave you scurvy advice,
 " Bold impudent Mouse ! for I'll soon let you know,
 " You have rush'd on the fangs of your bitterest foe."

" I a Mouse!" quoth the Bat, " I ne'er heard such a thing ;
 " Did you ever yet meet with a Mouse that could fly ?
 " You did not observe — I came here on the wing :
 " With the birds of the air, good Sir, number'd am I.
 " I hate all the race of your Mice and your Rats—
 " Success is my cry, to the Weasels and Cats !"

The Lord of the Castle examin'd him round—

" You have certainly wings," said the Weasel, " I see.
 " As a bird, in whole skin you shall 'scape from the pound ;
 " I have luckily breakfasted, go—you are free."
 Having frolick'd all night, still untaught by the warning,
 The Bat once again on a sunshiny morning,

Aveuglément se va fourrer
 Chez une autre Belette, aux oiseaux ennemie.
 La voilà derechef en danger de sa vie.
 La dame du logis, avec son long museau,
 S'en alloit la croquer en qualité d'oiseau ;
 Quand elle protesta qu'on lui faisoit outrage,
 Moi, pour telle passer ! Vous n'y regardez pas.
 Qui fait l'oiseau ? C'est le plumage.
 Je suis souris : vivent les Rats !
 Jupiter confonde les chats !
 Par cette adroite repartie
 Elle sauva deux fois sa vie.
 Plusieurs se sont trouvés qui d'écharpe changéants
 Aux dangers, ainsi qu'elle, ont souvent fait la figue.

With Whigs he's a Whig, and with Tories a Tory.

These appellatives of Party are happily growing almost obsolete. At present they give no definite notion of the principles of the persons to whom they are applied.

At the time of the Revolution of 1688, by a WHIG was meant a supporter of civil and religious liberty, under a limited monarchy, in opposition to the partizans of passive obedience and non-resistance ; he was supposed also to have an attachment to the Protestant ascendancy.

A TORY was understood to profess principles exactly the reverse, and in religious matters to regard the Roman Catholic tenets with less aversion, as more congenial to arbitrary power.

Thrust his nose in a hole:—'twas the garrison'd house
 Of a species of Weasel which prey'd upon birds.
 Mine host had no grudge 'gainst the nation of Mouse;
 But he hail'd the wing'd stranger with terrible words.
 "Was there ever such insolence, bird, thou shalt die!
 "To this my domain what possess'd thee to fly?"

"May it please you, Sir Weasel, I came," said the Bat,
 "Just to pay you a visit this very fine weather,
 "I'm closely connected with Mouse and with Rat,
 "I a bird! pray take notice, I have not a feather!"
 By the plea was the Weasel persuaded to pause,
 And the featherless fugitive 'scap'd from his jaws.

You may find Politicians, whose principles savour
 Of the Bat's, who so cunningly alters his story;
 To gain from the party that's uppermost favour,
 With Whigs he's a Whig, and with 'Tories a Tory.

These terms were originally reproachful nick-names, given to one another by the opposite parties: the name of Whig truly belonging to certain fanatical Conventiclors in Scotland, that of Tory to a set of Popish Banditti in Ireland; to *these* the two parties were respectively compared by their adversaries. In the present days, the old Tory doctrines seem nearly if not entirely exploded. The despotic system is reprobated by every English-

Le sage dit, selon les gens,
Vive le Roi ! Vive la Ligue !

man. Those, on whom their political opponents choose to affix the name of Tory, aver that they support the prerogative of the Crown, as by law established, against the dangerous inroads of democracy. They have, in fact, driven the Whigs from their former position, and have taken possession of it themselves. The Whigs having retired from the post they occupied in the time of King William, have approached the precincts of Republicanism, and with a whimsical versatility of character, have in general used their endeavours to admit the Roman Catholics to a participation of political power. In this retrograde movement, they were encouraged by the RADICAL REFORMERS, who suddenly stopped them on their march. This order of Enthusiasts, though they undoubtedly owe their existence to the inflammatory harangues of the Whigs, met their political parents with defiance and scorn ; like Satan and Death at the Infernal Gate, they appear neither to recognize, nor at all suspect their mutual affinity. The ochlocratic faction explicitly declare their determination to obtain by force Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, a change which the Whigs acknowledge must subvert the Constitution. Many of them avow their object to be a division of property ; and as they disclaim even the semblance of religion, which might curb in some degree their atrocious career of pillage and murder, the same tragic scenes would be repeated here, if their efforts were successful, as were performed by their prototypes in France. Among these too, as happened in France, are found some persons of a superior condition, who, untaught by the awful examples the French Revolution has exhibited, foolishly imagine they should be able to

“ Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm ;

There ever have been, and remain to this day,
In coats of all colours, sly Vicars of Bray.

In political, as well as in religious disputes, there is frequently a more violent degree of rancour between two sects, which have points of resemblance, than where they are totally dissimilar. Thus it was with the Radicals; they not only assailed their more moderate rivals with rude reproaches, but on some occasions, with equally foul, but more solid missiles. The Whigs, therefore, as "their course lay towards the raging sea," were obliged to turn and "meet the bear in the mouth," but with this adversary they were averse to unite, probably supposing, that though their Radical foes threatened them with plunder and blood, yet no *place* was left for them with the Constitutional defenders of the Throne. They were in the wretched situation in which Sinon describes himself,

Cui neque apud Danaos usquam *locus*; insuper ipsi
Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt.

The position of these *middle men* is indeed pitiable: but the check may be salutary if they have wisdom to profit by it: how much is it to be wished that honest men would agree to consign to oblivion both the watch-words, and the substance of party animosity, and see their true interest, in uniting against the enemies of property, of social order, of religion, of the Constitution. They might then soberly undertake whatever repairs may be wanted in the venerable fabric, without the danger of undermining the foundation. Such a state of political millennium is more to be desired than expected, as long as human passions exist, and human creatures are made of the present materials.

LE LOUP PLAIDANT CONTRE LE RENARD PAR DEVANT LE SINGE.

UN Loup disoit qu'on l'avoit volé.
Un Renard, son voisin, d'assez mauvaise vie,
Pour ce prétendu vol par lui fut appelé.
Devant le Singe il fut plaidé,
Non point par avocats, mais par chaque partie.
Thémis n'avoit point travaillé,
De mémoire de Singe, à fait plus embrouillé.
Le magistrat suoit en son lit de justice.
Après qu'on eut bien contesté,
Repliqué, crié, tempêté,
Le juge, instruit de leur malice,
Leur dit : Je vous connois de long-temps, mes amis,
Et tous deux vous paîrez l'amende :
Car toi, Loup, tu te plains, quoiqu'on ne t'ait rien pris ;
Et toi, Renard, as pris ce que l'on te demande.

WOLF, PLAINTIFF ; FOX, DEFENDANT.

THE Wolf accus'd the Fox with stealing
A fine young pullet from his larder.
Judge Ape between them justice dealing :—
Observ'd—No question could be harder.

Each for himself the parties pleaded
In very loud and long oration.
No advocates the process needed,
For so declar'd the proclamation.

Lord Ape pronounc'd, the pleadings over,
'Gainst Plaintiff nonsuit, and the cost :
For his acuteness could discover,
Said pullet Plaintiff never lost.

“ Renard,” said he, “ the whole court sees
“ How you prevaricate and palter ;
“ The stolen fowl we keep for fees—
“ Begone : —rejoice you've scap'd a halter.”

Le juge prétendoit qu'à tort et à travers,
On ne sauroit manquer, condamnant un pervers.

Thus H— and Th— — — and W— —.

These names are not given at length; not on account of any delicacy towards those who bear them, but because in the present day they are sufficiently notorious: and if this book, in which their initials are chronicled, should go down to posterity, succeeding generations will care very little how the blanks might be filled up. If that sort of curiosity should be excited which formerly hunted out the name of the aspiring youth that fired the "Ephesian Dome" in spite of the decree made to consign it to oblivion, it may be gratified by having recourse to some collection of trials, where these worthies are "damned to everlasting fame." The perishable leaves of the Newspapers are now (Nov. 1819,) filled with accusations and recriminations, which none but Radical readers will take the pains to peruse. It is sufficient to collect from a glance, that these zealous Reformers charge one another with having "itching palms," of being guilty of peculation from the beggarly Treasury of Sedition, where some four or five pounds had been amassed from penny contributions, wrung from the hard hands of deluded labourers. Contemptible as such agents appear to be, there is no wisdom in despising seemingly insignificant attempts at great mischief. Indefatigable activity working on an immense mass of ignorance, may produce effects not easily calculated. *Gutta cavat lapidem*, says the adage:—"a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" declares a much higher authority. Without due precaution, a broken Apothecary, who desires to "cast the water of the land," may effect the ruin of the National Constitution by his quackery: or a fugitive

The crowd applaud the sentence fair
 'Gainst those in lies and fraud whose trust is ;
 Rogue versus Rascal thus should share
 The scourge of even-handed Justice.

Thus H — and 'Th — — — and W — —
 Loudly proclaim each other's cheating,
 Whilst each would urge deluded sots on
 To mischief, at some rebel meeting.

Would not the public, pleas'd to view
 Each knave his comrade's vizor stripping,
 Vote every rogue his proper due,
 And give to all the gang a whipping?

Brewer, who had sickened his customers with the unwholesome ingredients of his mash-tub, may poison the great body of the lower orders by his still more noxious Politics.

LE COQ ET LE RENARD.

SUR la branche d'un arbre étoit en sentinelle

Un vieux Coq adroit et matois ;

Frère, dit un Renard, adoucissant sa voix,

Nous ne sommes plus en querelle :

Paix générale cette fois.

Je viens te l'annoncer ; descends, que je t'embrasse.

Ne me retarde point de grâce ;

Je dois faire aujourd'hui vingt postes sans manquer ;

Les tiens et toi pouvez vaquer,

Sans nulle crainte à vos affaires ;

Nous vous y servirons en frères.

Faites-en les feux dès ce soir ;

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

A COCK of shining talents, high in feather,
 Close to a barn sate perch'd upon a tree ;
 His ladies, scratching lovingly together
 In a yard near,
 Rang'd void of fear,
 From rivalship and jealous fancies free.
 The prudent Bird, lest any foe should scare 'em,
 Here watch'd as sentinel, to guard his harem.

A FOX of wily head and stomach keen
 Cautious approach'd the ground, to reconnoitre :
 As soon as he gay Chanticleer had seen,
 “ I bring great news,
 “ ’Twill joy diffuse
 “ To all around,” cried the insidious traitor.
 “ Neighbour, these tidings will delight your mind ;
 “ ’Twill all the animals a peace is sign’d.
 “ Now from your perch without delay descend,
 “ Let bonfires blaze, fill'd be the festive jug—
 “ How sweet to live in amity, dear friend !—

Et cependant viens recevoir

Le baiser d'amour fraternelle.

Ami, reprit le Coq, je ne pouvois jamais

Apprendre une plus douce et meilleure nouvelle,

Que celle

De cette paix :

Et ce m'est une double joie

De la tenir de toi.—Je vois deux levriers

Qui, je m'assure, sont couriers

Que pour ce sujet on envoie.

Ils vont vite, et seront dans un moment à nous ;

Je descends : nous pourrions nous entrebaiser tous.

Adieu, dit le Renard, ma traite est longue à faire :

Nous nous réjouirons du succès de l'affaire

Une autre fois. Le galant aussitôt

Tire ses gregues, gagne au haut,

Mal content de son stratagème.

Et notre vieux Coq, en soi-même

Se mit à rire de sa peur :

Car c'est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur.

“ I love your race !

“ Quick let’s embrace,

“ I long to share a close fraternal hug !”

“ Friend,” says the Cock, “ your tidings are delicious,

“ With glee I hail a morning so auspicious !

“ As brought by you the news is still more welcome ;

“ And see !—two Greyhounds here are swiftly running—

“ They too, I dare believe, the news to tell come,

“ So fast they’re racing !—

“ All four embracing,

“ This *partie quarrée* there will be some fun in.

“ The Peace establish’d we poor fowls shall thrive all ;

“ To join you, I but wait the dogs’ arrival.”

“ Good bye,” said Renard ; “ I’ve a length of way—

“ Full fifty miles to gallop ere ’tis night—

“ Carousals we will have some other day.”—

This shortly said,

The caitiff fled

To gain in time a neighbouring rocky height.

His speed betray’d his ill-dissembled fear,

Whilst loudly chuckled cunning Chanticleer.

Some deep folks think than cheating nothing’s sweeter :

’Tis surely doubly sweet to cheat the cheater !

LES DEUX TAUREAUX ET LA GRE- NOUILLE.

DEUX Taureaux combattoient à qui posséderoit

Une Génisse avec l'empire,

Une Grenouille en soupiroit.

Qu'avez vous ? se mit à lui dire

Quelqu'un du peuple croassant.

Eh ! ne voyez-vous pas, dit-elle,

Que la fin de cette querelle

Sera l'exil de l'un ; que l'autre le chassant

Le fera renoncer aux campagnes fleuries ?

Il ne régnera plus sur l'herbe des prairies,

Viendra dans nos marais régner sur les roseaux ;

Et, nous foulant aux pieds jusqu'au fond des eaux,

Tantôt l'une, et puis l'autre, il faudra qu'on pâtisse

THE BULLS AND THE FROGS.

Two stately Bulls prepar'd for furious battle ;
 Warm love, and warm ambition caus'd the strife.
 'Twas who should lord it o'er a herd of cattle,
 And gain a pretty Heifer for a wife.
 A sage old Frog, who listen'd to the tattle
 About this fight, which thro' the marsh was rife,
 Vented his grief in loudest lamentation,
 As tho' some danger press'd the croaking nation.

“ What ails you, Gaffer,” said an idle fellow,
 “ Does it at all or you or me concern
 “ How much these brutes each other gore, and bellow ?”
 “ Ah ! my young neighbour, you have yet to learn
 “ That our poor jackets, green, or brown, or yellow,
 “ Must suffer from this conflict in our turn.
 “ The vanquish'd Bull will quit yon flowery meads,
 “ And food and refuge take amongst our reeds.
 “ Whilst from his enemy he keeps aloof,
 “ Here in our marsh he tramples up and down :
 “ How many Frogs will fall beneath his hoof !”

Du combat qu'a causé Madame la Génisse.

Cette crainte étoit de bon sens.

L'un des Taureaux en leur demeure

S'alla cacher, à leurs dépens ;

Il en écrasoit vingt par heure.

Hélas ! on voit que de tout temps

Les petits ont pâti des sottises des grands.

Europe has seen some heads, which wore a crown,
Bring the Frog's augury to painful proof.

If, smit with love of conquest, or renown,
At war's deep, desperate game they madly play,
Kings hold the stakes—but 'tis the People pay!

LE CORBEAU VOULANT IMITER L'AIGLE.

L'OISEAU de Jupiter enlevant un mouton,
Un Corbeau, témoin de l'affaire,
Et plus foible de reins, mais non pas moins glouton,

THE EAGLE AND THE DAW.

Jove's Bird, upon a cliff sublime,
Worn bare by tempests and by time,
Where human foot could never climb,
 Had form'd her nest.

Her Royal mate, with rapid wing,
Supplies of food would daily bring ;
The force of this fierce feather'd King
 All birds confess'd.

Soaring around this eyry rock
He view'd below a shepherd's flock,
And to increase his larder's stock
 Pounc'd on a lamb.

The prey borne firmly thro' the air
His hungry Eaglets joyful share,
Nor for maternal sorrows care
 Of the robb'd dam.

An imitative, pert Jackdaw
The daring swoop with wonder saw :

En voulut sur l'heure autant faire.
Il tourne à l'entour du troupeau,
Marque entre cent moutons le plus gras, le plus beau :
Un vrai mouton de sacrifice ;
On l'avoit réservé pour la bouche des dieux.
Gaillard Corbeau disoit, en le couvant des yeux,
Je ne sais qui fut ta nourrice,
Mais ton corps me paroît en merveilleux état :
Tu me serviras de pâture.
Sur l'animal bêlant, à ces mots, il s'abat.
La moutonière créature
Pesoit plus qu'un fromage ; outre que sa toison
Etoit d'une épaisseur extrême,
Et mêlée à-peu-près de la même façon
Que la barbe de Polyphème.
Elle empêtra si bien les serres du Corbeau,
Que le pauvre animal ne put faire retraite.
Le berger vient, le prend, l'encage bien et beau,
Le donne à ses enfants pour servir d'amusette.

He too attempts, with feeble claw,
 To gain a feast.
The fool surveys with greedy eyes
A fat ram mark'd for sacrifice ;
‘ This suits me well,” the coxcomb cries
 “ I’ll rob the priest.”

This sire of all the fleecy train
Jackdaw long strove with might and main
To raise :—but finding ’twas in vain,
 Grew tir’d at last.
The ram’s long curling coat would seem
The matted beard of Polypheme ;
And now Jack felt with pain extreme
 His feet were fast !

The aspiring bird thus quickly caught,
Home to his cot a peasant brought ;
To ’scape in vain the captive sought,
 With struggling rage.
The shepherd gave him to his boy,
Who gladly took the living toy,
And teaz’d the wretch with childish joy,
 Pent in a cage.

Il faut se mesurer; la conséquence est nette.

Mal prend aux volereaux de faire les voleurs.

L'exemple est un dangereux leurre.

Tous les mangeurs de gens ne sont pas grands seigneurs ;

Où la guêpe a passé, la moucheron demeure.

Napoleon—Murat.

The bold enterprise which these two ex-monarchs attempted in nearly a similar manner to recover the respective kingdoms from which they had been expelled, may be fairly compared to the exploits of the Eagle and the Daw in the Fable. The project of Napoleon, romantic as it appeared to be, was deeply planned and ably executed:—that of Murat was the desperate struggle of a ruined adventurer, which the most lucky chance only could have rendered successful. In the comparative view of these transactions, the genius of Napoleon shines with superior lustre ; but in examining the character of the two men, Buonaparte will by no means always appear the Eagle, and Murat the Daw. In personal courage the latter was at least his equal. As a sovereign Joachim had a mind much more disposed to promote the welfare of his subjects. Although sprung from a very low origin (for the King of Naples is said once to have acted the humble part of waiter at an Inn,) he wore his royal honours with a better grace than some who have been born in the purple. Strangers, who have visited his court, bear testimony to his hospitality, and to the generosity of his disposition. The worst stain on his memory is the share he had in the massacres of Paris and Madrid ; it is not much extenuation to say, that in these cruel actions he was a mere instrument in the hands of others. At Madrid, at

Example oft weak minds seduces ;
To know one's self of potent use is.
Whoe'er to act without this chooses
Is but an ass.

Weigh well the force of this, and that ;
Mark who's the tiger—who the cat ;
Thro' the thin web, which stops the gnat,
The wasp may pass.

Napoleon thus from exile came,
Rais'd armies by his very name,
Him transient Fortune, fickle Fame,
Their minion own.

Murat attempts the same bold deed,
His projects like our Daw's succeed,
Naples a captive saw him bleed,
Reft of a throne.

least, the whole responsibility seems to rest with Murat himself. His master gave decided testimony to his promptitude in executing orders of this nature, when he sent him to superintend the butchery of the Duc d'Enghien. Napoleon, arbitrary and unfeeling as he was, certainly enjoyed a high degree of popularity, not only with the army, but with a large proportion of the people of France. The foundation of this partiality must be sought in

LE RENARD ET LE BOUC.

CAPITAINE Renard alloit de compagnie
 Avec son ami Bouc, des plus haut encornés.
 Celui-ci ne voyoit pas plus loin que son nez :
 L'autre étoit passé maître en fait de tromperie.
 La soif les obligea de descendre en un puits :

his astonishing success—in the military fame which *la grande nation*, as they called themselves, acquired under his auspices. Without a single moral virtue, this false glare was sufficient to dazzle the eyes, and win the hearts of this vain-glorious people. However magnificent his designs might be, he had a soul too narrow for a hero; he was “a beast without a heart,” and on all occasions evinced a mind devoid of every sentiment which does honour to humanity. The deadly hatred against England which he displayed on all occasions, whilst he possessed power, exhibits more strikingly his meanness when deprived of it, in supplicating from the Prince Regent an asylum in England. Yet there are Englishmen who affect to censure those wise counsels which resolved to secure this disturber of the human race from effecting further mischief. Whilst the fallen despot and his advocates are complaining of the treatment he undergoes in his seclusion at St. Helena, can he or they forget the treachery with which the First Consul of France inveigled into his power the brave and virtuous Toussaint, who without a crime laid the foundation of the black

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A Fox made friendship with a Goat:—

A journey they agreed to take together

O'er heath and mountain.

His horns were high, and shaggy was his coat,

'Twas summer-time, and very sultry weather.

In all their route, no river, lake,

Or brook occur'd their thirst to slake,

Or bubbling fountain :

But to a well at length their fortune brought 'em,

Whose rocky sides had water at the bottom.

Thirst will, like hunger, brave stone-walls,

In storms will any harbour welcome seem.

Down they both leap.—

Eager to drink each weary pilgrim falls,

Empire of Hay-ti. Can the Ex-Emperor forget the fate which
by his order awaited that hero in the dungeons of St. Marguerite ?

Is this the foul idol thy verse would adore ?

By the spirit of Britain, I blush for thee, M—— !

Là chacun d'eux se désaltère.

Après qu'abondamment tous deux en eurent pris,
Le Renard dit au Bouc : Que ferons-nous, compère ?
Ce n'est pas tout de boire, il faut sortir d'ici.
Lève tes pieds en haut, et tes cornes aussi ;
Mets-les contre le mur : le long de ton échine
Je grimperai premièrement ;
Puis sur tes cornes m'élevant,

And quaffs with glee the pure but scanty stream,
Which from the rock in liquid crystal ran.

“ Friend,” says the Fox, “ d’ye think you can

“ Climb up this steep ?

“ To come down here was wise beyond a doubt,

“ But it will still be wiser to get out.”

The Goat had nothing to propose,

Nor could his hoofs the humid dungeon scale,

Being rather heavy ;

Poor long-beard seldom look’d beyond his nose.

“ I’ve thought of something which can hardly fail,”

Said the sly Fox, “ if long we stay

“ Some shepherd, who may stroll this way,

“ Will raise a levy,

And hurling on our heads a shower of stones,

“ Will leave us here to die with broken bones.

“ Quick your fore-feet against the side extend ;

“ Form with your person an inclining plane,

“ And hold your head high.

“ Then, by that slope I can with ease ascend :

“ From off your horns a spring the top will gain.

“ Thus when I’ve fairly reach’d the brink,

“ And you are satisfied with drink,

A l'aide de cette machine,
De ce lieu-ci je sortirai,
Après quoi je t'en tirerai.

Par ma barbe ! dit l'autre, il est bon ; et je loue
Les gens bien sensés comme toi ;
Je n'aurois jamais, quant à moi,
Trouvé ce secret, je l'avoue.

Le Renard sort du puits, laisse son compagnon,
Et vous lui fait un beau sermon
Pour l'exhorter à patience :

Si le ciel t'eût, dit-il, donné par excellence
Autant de jugement que de barbe au menton,
Tu n'aurois pas à la légère,

Descendu dans ce puits. Or, adieu, j'en suis hors :
Tâche de t'en tirer, et fais tous tes efforts ;
Car pour moi j'ai certaine affaire
Qui ne me permet pas d'arrêter en chemin.

En toute chose il faut considérer la fin.

“ I s' all be ready

“ To give my friend below a helping hand.—

“ What think you of the scheme my brain has plann'd?”

“ Now by my beard,” the Goat replied,

“ 'Tis excellent ! how rare a thing

“ In all distresses

“ 'Tis to have wits in which you can confide !”

Up scrambled Renard with an active spring.

Then to his comrade with a grin

Said, “ I much fear you'll pull me in—

“ And bus'ness presses.

“ You'll find some other means to get away ;

“ I'm sorry time will not permit my stay.”

Thus when a mob would mend the State,

By artful Demagogues' incitements stirr'd

To fatal fury,

The blockheads blindly rush upon their fate,

The cunning mover, neither seen or heard,

When happily his projects fail,

Leaves his poor tools to meet the jail,

The judge, and jury,

Who hang these clumsy cobblers of the nation,

Pathetic subject for some new oration.

LE LOUP ET LA CICOGNE.

LES Loups mangent gloutonnement.

Un Loup donc étant de frairie,

Se pressa, dit-on, tellement,

Qu'il en pensa perdre la vie :

Un os lui demeura bien avant au gosier.

De bonheur pour ce Loup, qui ne pouvoit crier

THE WOLF AND THE STORK.

ONE day a Wolf in bolting down his mutton
 Found a sharp bone stick fast across his throat ;
 Writhing with pain acute the half-choak'd glutton
 Made the woods ring with his complaining note.

A Stork appear'd :—for Storks in med'cine's art
 Have long been famous :—e'en upon themselves
 They're said to play the 'pothecary's part.
 Men rarely do, who phials keep on shelves.

—— e'en upon themselves

They're said to play the 'pothecary's part.

Mankind has obtained much instruction from the brute creation, over and above what they derive from the fabulous narratives of Æsop and his successors.

From this source is said to have sprung a practice in the medical art, which however salutary, has afforded Molière continual exercise for his satirical humour.

The Ibis, a species of Stork frequent in Egypt, is supposed to be liable to indigestion from his voracious activity in clearing the banks of the Nile of serpents. The mode by which the bird relieves himself from the malady, suggested to some antient professor a practice, more popular with our neighbours on the

Près de là passe une Cicogne.
Il lui fait signe ; elle accourt.
Voilà l'opératrice aussitôt en besogne.
Elle retira l'os : puis, pour un si bon tour,
Elle demanda son salaire.
Votre salaire ! dit le Loup :
Vous riez, ma bonne commère :
Quoi ! ce n'est pas encor beaucoup
D'avoir de mon gosier retiré votre cou ?
Allez, vous êtes une ingratae :
Ne tombez jamais sous ma patte.

Continent than with the natives of this Island, where indeed the operation has been in general consigned to the hands of those venerable priestesses of *Æsculapius*, commonly called Nurses. The ingenuity of modern times, so rife in mechanical inventions, has perhaps destroyed the force of the following line of the Fable—"Men seldom do," &c. for even in France it has relieved the fraternity of the Pestle from the trouble of general administration. Turbulent as the disposition of that country long has been, we hear of no rising of Luddite Pharmacopolists for the purpose of destroying machinery apparently so injurious to their interests in a principal branch of their craft.

Into his gaping mouth she thrust her bill,
And pincer'd out the offending bone with ease.
“ Now, signor Isgrim, for my potent skill
“ I know,” said she, “ you'll pay me liberal fees.”

“ Pay liberal fees !” the surly brute repeated,
“ Why Gammer, surely now you must be joking !
“ Has not your head safe from these jaws retreated ?
“ Stork ! this ingratitude is most provoking !”

Is there no Wolf—nay e'en upon a throne,
More savage than this growling beast of ours,
Who when kind Storks had freed him from his bone,
Takes off their heads, and at his will devours.
For such a monster should you seek in vain
In other regions—turn your eyes to Spain !

LES GRENOUILLES QUI DEMANDENT
UN ROI.

LES Grenouilles, se lassant
De l'état démocratique,
Par leurs clameurs firent tant
Que Jupin les soumit au pouvoir monarchique.
Il leur tomba du ciel un Roi tout pacifique.
Ce Roi fit toutefois un tel bruit en tombant,
Que la gent marécageuse,
Gent fort sottte et fort peureuse,
S'alla cacher sous les eaux,
Dans les jones, dans les roseaux,

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.

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

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

Thus sudden fright to joy succeeds ;
Some sought the deep, and some the reeds,

Dans les trous du marécage,
Sans oser de long-temps regarder au visage
Celui qu'elles croyoient être un géant nouveau.
Or c'étoit un soliveau,
De qui la gravité fit peur à la première.
Qui, de le voir s'aventurant,
Osa bien quitter sa tanière.
Elle approcha, mais en tremblant.
Une autre la suivit, une autre en fit autant ;
Il en vint une fourmière :
Et leur troupe à la fin se rendit familière
Jusqu'à sauter sur l'épaule du Roi.
Le bon sire le souffre, et se tient toujours coi.
Jupin en a bientôt la cervelle rompue,
Donnez-nous, dit ce peuple, un Roi qui se remue.

And some the thick entangled weeds,
So much they fear him.—
'Twas a huge Log!—he seem'd asleep—
One curious hero dar'd to peep,
Soon others follow'd, just like sheep,
And ventur'd near him.

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

Now with vociferating noise
To Jove again they raise their voice,
Begging he'd make a better choice
Than he has done :
“ Our wooden King may have some merit,
“ As Jove's high gift we must infer it ;
“ But what we want is fire and spirit,
“ King Log has none !”

Le monarque des Dieux leur envoie une Grue,
Qui les croque, qui les tue,
Qui les gobe à son plaisir :
Et grenouilles de se plaindre ;
Et Jupin de leur dire : Et quoi ! votre desir
A ses loix croit-il nous astreindre ?
Vous avez dû premièrement
Garder votre gouvernement ;
Mais ne l'ayant pas fait, il vous devoit suffire
Que votre premier Roi fût débonnaire et doux :
De celui-ci contentez-vous,
De peur d'en rencontrer un pire.

Great Jupiter then sent a Crane,
Who did not bear his pow'r in vain :
Each day some scores of subjects slain
 Now met their fate.

Much as they wish'd an active stirrer,
The restless wretches found their error,
And long'd to change this reign of terror,—
 But 'twas too late.

Unhappy France! in evil hour
Did ruffian fangs thy sons devour,
Since the vile Rabble's lust of power
 First turn'd thy brain.
If thou should'st scruple to obey
Mild Louis's paternal sway,
Be sure thou wilt become the prey
 Of some King Crane.

LE LION ABBATU PAR L'HOMME.

Ox exposoit une peinture,
Où l'artisan avoit tracé
Un Lion d'immense stature,
Par un seul homme terrassé :
Les regardants en tiroient gloire.
Un Lion en passant rabattit-leur caquet.

THE LION AND THE MAN.

BETWIXT a Lion and a Man,
 (Connections odd one sometimes sees,)
A sort of fellowship began,
 Which grew to friendship by degrees.

The tale asserts (let sceptics quiz it,)
 The Man oft sought the Lion's den,
Who in his turn repaid the visit,
 Not loth to view the ways of men.

Off skipp'd the loungers, dreading danger,
 Who the streets saunter'd up and down ;
Whilst the host shew'd the curious stranger,
 The other *Lions* of the town.

With pride he pointed out some pictures,
 Where Lions fierce with Men contended,
In these the Men appear'd as victors,
 The beasts were on the earth extended.

Je vois bien, dit-il, qu'en effet
On vous donne ici la victoire ;
Mais l'ouvrier vous a déçus ;
Il avoit liberté de feindre.
Avec plus de raison nous aurions le dessus,
Si mes confrères savoient peindre.

“ That,” says the Man, “ is Hercules ;
“ Of heroes’ strength you’ve no idea :
“ See how he strangles at his ease,
“ The mighty monster of Nemæa !

“ I see it all,” the Lion cries,
“ And dare affirm my strong conviction
“ Your artist there—I wont say *lies*,
“ But has a wond’rous taste for fiction.”

“ Could truth to canvas find the way,
“ Or Lions’ paws but handle brushes,
“ You’d see us growling o’er our prey,
“ Whilst Men bestrew’d the ground like rushes.”

LE RAT QUI S'EST RETIRÉ DU MONDE.

LES Levantins, en leur légende,
 Disent qu'un certain Rat, las des soins d'ici bas,
 Dans un fromage de Hollande
 Se retira loin du tracas.
 La solitude étoit profonde,
 S'étendant par tout à la ronde.
 Notre hermite nouveau subsistoit la dedans.

Il fit tant des pieds et des dents,
 Q'en peu de jours il eut au fond de l'hermitage,
 Le vivre et le couvert; que faut-il davantage ?
 Il devint gros et gras ; Dieu prodigue ses biens
 A ceux qui font vœu d'être siens.
 Un jour, au dévot personnage,
 Les députés du peuple Rat,
 S'en vinrent demander quelque aumône légère :

*

THE RAT IN RETIREMENT.

THERE liv'd a Rat, says Eastern story,
 Who made devotion all his glory.
 Enamour'd of a quiet life,
 And weary of the world,—or wife,
 To pass the remnant of his days at ease,
 He sought the shelter of a Cheshire cheese:
 Seeking therein much more than food,
 Retirement, and deep solitude.
 He nibbled and scratch'd, and soon work'd himself in,
 And he delv'd very deep—Cheshire cheese is not thin:
 At the bottom he found it would amply afford—
 'Twas all that he wish'd— quiet, lodging, and board.
 Settled here at his ease, need I add that the Rat,
 Having “ eaten and worship'd,” soon grew very “ fat” ?
 It chanced, one day, that a legation,
 Deputed by the Rattish nation,
 To sue for succour and supplies
 In foreign parts, from their allies,
 Demanding alms upon the road,
 Sought our secluded saint's abode.

Ils alloient en terre étrangère,
 Chercher quelque secours contre le peuple Chat :
 Ratopolis étoit bloquée ;
 On les avoit contraints de partir sans argent,
 Attendu l'état indigent
 De la république attaquée.
 Ils demandoient fort peu, certains que le secours
 Seroit prêt dans quatre ou cinq jours,
 Mes amis, dit le solitaire,
 Les choses d'ici-bas ne me regardent plus.
 En quoi peut un pauvre reclus
 Vous assister? que peut-il faire,
 Que de prier le Ciel qu'il vous aide en ceci?
 J'espère qu'il aura de vous quelque souci.
 Ayant parlé de cette sorte,
 Le nouveau saint ferma sa porte.

Qui désigné-je, à votre avis,
 Par ce Rat si peu secourable ?
 Un Moine ? non ; mais un Dervis :
 Je suppose qu'un Moine est toujours charitable.

They told the purport of their mission :
 Their country's desolate condition ;
 Invaded by the feline foe,
 And want's still wider-wasting woe ;
 Ratapolis the Tabbies leaguer,
 They quitted it in haste so eager,
 That sudden sent without their pay,
 The embassy must beg its way.
 Small aid they ask'd, for, heav'n be prais'd,
 The siege, they said, would soon be rais'd.
 " My friends," replied our devotee,
 " The world and its concerns affect not me :
 " We long since parted ;
 " Yet let me not be thought hard-hearted ;
 " I give to misery all I have, a pray'r—
 " And hope high Heav'n may make you much its care !
 " What can a solitary pauper more ?"
 He spoke—and speaking—clos'd the door.
 Whose is this image, Reader ? can you guess ?
 " A Monk's, I ween."—What ! rich and pitiless ?
 A Monk slight the poor ! Oh no ! 'tis a Dervise !
 A Monk, we all know, would have render'd 'em service.

LE RENARD ET LES RAISINS.

CERTAIN Renard Gascon, d'autres disent Normand,
Mourant presque de faim, vit au haut d'une treille
Des raisins, mûrs apparemment,
Et couverts d'une peau vermeille.
Le galant en eût fait volontiers un repas,
Mais comme il n'y pouvoit atteindre,

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox, who having fail'd to pick,
Though prowling all around the village,
The bones of goose, or duck, or chick,
Was bent on any sort of pillage.

Saw from a trellis hanging high,
Some grapes with purple bloom inviting ;
His jaws with heat and hunger dry,
The luscious fruit would fain be biting.

His carcase than a weasel thinner,
Made him for ev'ry prize alert ;
He thought, though fortune brought no dinner,
'Twas best secure a good dessert.

A tantalizing branch to gain,
With many a spring and many a bound
He strove ; but finding all in vain,
With this remark he quits the ground :

Ils sont trop verts, dit-il, et bons pour des goujats

Fit-il pas mieux que de se plaindre ?

“ Let those who like such trash devour,
“ I’ll range elsewhere for better prog ;
“ These worthless grapes, so green and sour,
“ Are scarcely fit to feed a hog !”

Napoleon thus, beyond the waves,
Saw the white cliffs with longing eyes,
But like the Fox, he told his slaves,
“ In Russia there’s a better prize.”

And there the baffled boaster tried,
For his own fame in luckless hour ;
There found, to check his full-grown pride,
That Russian grapes were also sour.

LA GOUTTE ET L'ARAIGNÉE.

QUAND l'Enfer eut produit la Goutte et l'Araignée,

Mes filles, leur dit-il, vous pouvez vous vanter

D'être pour l'humaine lignée

Egalement à redouter ;

Or avisons aux lieux qu'il vous faut habiter ;

Voyez-vous ces cases étroites,

Et ces palais si grands, si beaux, si bien dorés ?

Je me suis proposé d'en faire vos rétraites.

Tenez donc, voici deux bûchettes :

Accommodez vous, ou tirez.

THE GOUT AND THE SPIDER.

DIRE Nemesis, the sure tho' slow
 Avenger in the realms below,
 Has often various schemes design'd
 In this our world to vex mankind ;
 And oft from Pluto's dark domains
 Sent pestilence and hurricanes ;
 Earthquakes, which shake the shores of Tagus,
 And divers minor ills, to plague us.
 Of this small fry the Dame possest,
 In order ranged, an ample chest,
 Well furnish'd with as rich a store as
 That box, which Poets call Pandora's.

Two at a time once issued out :
 The loathsome Spider, and the Gout.
 " Imps !" said the Goddess, " leave your den !
 " Go seek above th' abodes of men,
 " To you shall open ev'ry door :
 " Take one the Rich, and one the Poor.
 " Gout ! of the two as you're the worst,
 " Your's be the right of choosing first."

Il n'est rien, dit l'Aragne, aux cases qui me plaise.
L'autre, tout au rebours, voyant les palais pleins
De ces gens nommés médecins,
Ne crut pas y pouvoir demeurer à son aise.
Elle prend l'autre lot, y plante le piquet,
S'étend avec plaisir sur l'orteil d'un pauvre homme,
Disant : Je ne crois pas qu'en ce poste je chomme,
Ni que d'en déloger et faire mon paquet
Jamais Hippocrate me somme.
L'Aragne cependant se campe en un lambris,
Comme si de ces lieux elle eût fait bail à vie,

When Gout on earth's fair surface found him,
 Turning his fiery eye-balls round him,
 At once propos'd himself to niche
 In the gay mansions of the rich.
 But peering there with curious eye,
 Some big-wigg'd folks he chanc'd to spy,
 (This was ere fashion's power prevailing
 Had cropt the solemn sons of Galen)
 And canes they bore with amber heads,
 Guarding their patrons' downy beds.
 Their only bus'ness is, they say,
 To drive disease and pain away.
 Oh! cries the Gout, I plainly see
 This residence is not for me.
 Spider! be your's the palace lot—
 Be mine the poor man's humble cot,
 For there these perukes enter not.
 With peasants let me take my pleasure,
 And pinch the hardy rogues at leisure.
 The Spider, his rich lot beholding,
 Long'd to deform each gilded moulding.
 "That sculptur'd frieze and cornice fretted,
 "By me," said she, "shall soon be netted.
 "My filth these works of art shall hide,

Travaille à demeurer : voilà sa toile ourdie.

Voilà des mouchérons de pris.

Une servante vient balayer tout l'ouvrage.

Autre toile tissue, autre coup de balai,

Le pauvre bestion tous les jours déménage.

Enfin, après un vain essai,

Il va trouver la Goutte. Elle étoit en campagne,

Plus malheureuse mille fois

Que la plus malheureuse aragne.

Son hôte la menoit tantôt fendre du bois,

Tantôt fouir, houer : Goutte bien tracassée

Est, dit-on, à demi pensée.

Oh ! je ne saurois plus, dit-elle, y résister.

Changeons, ma sœur l'Aragne. Et l'autre d'écouter :

Elle la prend au mot, se glisse en la cabane :

“ To mortify the master’s pride ;
“ Whilst on the pangs of many a fly
“ I’ll sate my lust of cruelty.”

’Twas fix’d :—and in their several stations
They both commenc’d their operations.
But ere this plan had lasted long,
Each found his hasty choice was wrong.
The Spider felt in every room
Her mortal enemy, the broom ;
She shifts her ground, but soon her toil
Hasten fresh Abigails to spoil.
Gout in his turn was sure to meet
With tough, impenetrable feet.
Each host his limbs unwieldy mocks—
Sets him to dig, hoe, cleave hard blocks.—
His engines fail of racking pain,
To light his fires he tries in vain ;
No fuel luxury supplies,
They’re quench’d by constant exercise.
He moves, but finds from every neighbour
He’s chas’d by temperance and labour.
Now having run their utmost range,
At length the fiends agree to change.

Point de coup de balai qui l'oblige à changer.
La Goutte, d'autre part, va tout droit se loger
Chez un prélat, qu'elle condamne
A jamais du lit ne bouger.

Pleas'd to a hut the Spider rushes,
 Nor trembles with the fear of brushes.
 Her bloated form collects supplies,
 Uncheck'd, from swarms of vulgar flies,
 Where dust plebeian long had rested,
 She plies her weaving unmolested.

Gout scours the country and the town
 For sumptuous feasts, and beds of down.
 Experience has his views enlighten'd;
 No more by scare-crow perukes frighten'd,
 The men with canes he shrewdly judges
 Spring from the family of Fudges ;

— *the family of the Fudges.*

This allusion to a very humorous production, which has obtained a considerable circulation, calls for a passing remark. However it's malignity may excite disgust, it is impossible not to smile at the whimsicality of "the Fudge Family at Paris," published under the name of Thomas Brown, jun. Beneficent nature is said often to place antidotes to the poison of noxious animals in the composition of the creature itself. Thus in the present instance, the superlative dulness of PHELIM O'CONNOR, very happily counteracts the effect of the sprightly effusions of ESQUIRE PHILIP, MISS BIDDY, and MASTER BOBBY FUDGE. We may moreover learn from this publication, that the Liberty of the Press is not entirely extinguished in England, notwithstanding

" ——— the withering hand
 Of bigot power upon this hapless land."

Phelim O'Connor.

Cataplasmes, Dieu sait ! Les gens n'ont point de honte
De faire aller le mal toujours de pis en pis.

L'une et l'autre trouva de la sorte son compte,
Et fit très-sagement de changer de logis.

for we have never heard of the Attorney General making any advances towards an acquaintance with this witty family, or with that sombre, *ill-starred* gentleman, the domestic Tutor, whose asterisks, added to his lamentable effusions, express such unutterable things.

Conscious rectitude can suffer such assailants to pass by unnoticed ; but how would the " calm and easy grandeur of the Imperial Bird" have born a similar provocation ? This question is best answered by the single monosyllable, PALM ! A stanza of Horace will best express the feelings of an able, firm, and upright Minister, attacked by licentious petulance, who neither fears the malice, or wants the aid of such auxiliaries.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget MAURI jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis
FUSCE pharetrâ.

which may be thus translated for the benefit of the ladies, and such country or town gentlemen whose classical learning is grown rusty, and who may not have Smart or Francis at their elbow.—

At thee, pert, profligate TOM BROWN,
The idle laugh, the grave ones frown,
Whilst he, who just and wise is,
Defies attacks from Wits or Dolts—
And e'en the sharp, envenom'd bolts
Of M — himself despises.

And strikes his talons, void of fear,
In toes of Alderman or Peer ;
Finding his late rejected quarters
The choicest spot to urge his tortures.

Both pests now thrive, and both content,
Each in his proper element.

FABLES
FROM LA FONTAINE.

PART THE SECOND.

TO

JOHN HATSELL, ESQ.

THIS SECOND PART

OF

FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS SINCERELY OBLIGED FRIEND,

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR

TO

JOHN HATSELL, ESQ.

2d Jan. 1820.

PLEAS'D with the task, my vent'rous Muse of late
Presum'd to praise a Minister of State,
In verse, whatever Faction's voice may say,
Where no base flattery stain'd the honest lay :
Will she not now her prompt assistance lend
To hail the birth-day of my valued Friend?
HATSELL! who full of honours as of years,
The Nestor of this modern time appears ;
Who, through one half an age with studious care,
Has smooth'd the labours of St. Stephen's chair ;
Where future Speakers, like those gone before,
Shall own his worth, and profit by his lore.
On him long years no baneful influence shed,
So light Time's wings have flutter'd round his head :
But judgment, fully ripen'd, not decay'd,
Distributes treasures industry has made ;
For wisdom, from a mind so richly stor'd,
Still blends with playful humour at his board :

Whilst pure Religion's warm but gentle ray
Serenely gilds the evening of his day.
O may that evening long protracted shine !
For this what numbers add their vows to mine !
The friends, who round his social table meet,
In busy town, or Marden's calm retreat,
And those who now his secret bounty share,
For his life, health, and blessings, breathe their
pray'r.

Heard be these pray'rs ! Let British records tell
Our Hatsell equall'd Gallic Fontenelle,
Who, in this vale of mingled mirth and tears,
Fulfill'd in letter'd ease his hundred years !

And why, my Friend, should not indulgent Fate
Extend your thread of life to such a date?
Since, fresh and hale thro' winters eighty-seven
You relish still the lib'ral gifts of heaven ;
Unlike Barzillai, to whose torpid taste,
And time-worn sense, life seem'd a dreary waste.
Long be these gifts enjoy'd with spirits light,
Till tir'd of earth to heav'n you take your flight!

CONTRE CEUX QUI ONT LE GOÛT
DIFFICILE.

QUAND j'aurois en naissant reçu de Calliope
Les dons qu'à ses amants cette muse a promis,
Je les consacrerois aux mensonges d'Ésope :
Le mensonge et les vers de tout temps sont amis.
Mais je ne me crois pas si chéri du Parnasse
Que de savoir orner outes ces fictions.
On peut donner de lustre à leurs inventions :
On le peut, je l'essaie : un plus savant le fasse.
Cependant jusqu'ici d'un langage nouveau
J'ai fait parler le Loup et répondre l'Agneau :
J'ai passé plus avant ; les arbres et les plantes
Sont devenus chez moi créatures parlantes.
Qui ne prendroit ceci pour un enchantement ?

TO THE CRITICS.

HAD once the wit-inspiring Muse
 Smil'd on my birth with placid eye,
 For so with genius she imbues
 Her chosen, favour'd votary,

Then Æsop had adorn'd my song,
 With sweet Fontaine's gay fictions vying ;
 Such subjects to the Muse belong—
 For verse was ever link'd to lying.

But sparingly on me the Nine
 Bestow their gifts :—weak Minstrel I !—
 Nor hope my lays like his to shine —
 I've done my best, let others try.

Yet have I cloth'd in English dress
 Many a quaint tale of beasts and birds ;—
 Nay trees and plants their thoughts express,
 Blest with the magic gift of words.

Vraiment, me diront nos Critiques,

Vous parlez magnifiquement

De cinq ou six contes d'enfant.

Censeurs, en voulez-vous qui soient plus authentiques,

Et d'un style plus haut ? En voici. Les Troyens,

Après dix ans de guerre autour de leurs murailles,

Avoient lassé les Grecs, qui, par mille moyens,

Par mille assauts, par cent batailles,

N'avoient pu mettre à bout cette fière cité :

Quand un cheval de bois, par Minerve inventé,

“ Friend,” cries a Critic, “ I’m afraid
“ You give your work too much parade :
“ Dull is the head which is not able
“ To hitch in rhyme a childish fable !”

Had I but known, fair Sir, your taste
Not thus my labour would I waste.
Henceforth to subjects more sublime
I’ll dedicate my toil and time.
Instead of Brutes is’t better seek
A Turk, or Moor, or modern Greek ?
Or tho’ the classic theme I urge ill—
Borrow a wond’rous tale from Virgil ?
Censors no longer shall complain,
So here begins the Epic strain.

Whilst ten long years the Greeks their pow’rs employ
To gain the walls of heav’n defended Troy,
Rang’d on each side the Gods with ardour strove ;
Here Juno labours, there the Queen of Love.
At length the foil’d besiegers call in aid
For arts and arms renown’d, the blue-ey’d Maid :
Minerva’s skill exceeds their bootless force.
Prompted by her, they frame a monstrous horse
Of mountain size !—and in it’s hollow side

D'un rare et nouvel artifice,
 Dans ses énormes flancs reçut le sage Ulysse,
 Le vaillant Diomède, Ajax l'impétueux,
 Que ce colosse monstrueux
 Avec leurs escadrons devoit porter dans Troie,
 Livrant à leur fureur ses dieux mêmes en proie :
 Stratagème inoui, qui des fabricateurs

Paya la constance et la peine

C'est assez, me dira quelqu'un de nos auteurs :
 La période est longue, il faut reprendre haleine.

Et puis, votre cheval de bois,
 Vos héros avec leur phalanges

Ce sont des contes plus étranges

Qu'un Renard qui cajole un Corbeau sur sa voix.
 De plus, il vous sied mal d'écrire en si haut style.
 Eh bien ! baissions d'un ton.—La jalouse Amarylle
 Songeoit à son Alcippe, et croyoit de ses soins
 N'avoir que ses moutons et son chien pour témoins.
 Tircis, qui l'apperçut, se glisse entre des saules :
 Il entend la bergère adressant ces paroles

Au doux Zéphyr, et le priant

De les porter à son amant

Je vous arrête a cette rime,

Dira mon censeur à l'instant ;

Je ne la tiens pas légitime,

Clad in bright brass, her cowering heroes hide.

Ulysses, great in council and the field ;

Stout Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield ;

Tydides—" Prithee babbler hist !

“ O spare us thy pedantic list.—

“ This mountain horse all credence shocks,

“ Outdoes the Raven and the Fox !

“ Your awkward stilts but make one smile,

“ So ill they suit your Muse's style.”

Well then, again I'll change my plan,

And write to please you if I can.

From war and heroes pleas'd I turn

To pay a more delightful duty.

To mighty Love I'll incense burn,

And worship at the shrine of Beauty.

With old Anacreon gaily sport

Where black or azure eyes pierce thro' one,

Or else to eastern climes resort,

And flirt 'mongst Houris with the new one :

Where spicy breezes fair ones fan

In the magic bow'rs of Gennistan ;

Where Araby's jasmines fragrant join

With Suri's rose a garland to twine ;—

“ Stop, friend, that rhyme's not useable !

Ni d'une assez grande vertu.

Remettez, pour le mieux, ces deux vers à la fonte.

Maudit censeur ! te tairas-tu ?

Ne saurois-je achever mon conte ?

C'est un dessein très-dangereux

Que d'entreprendre de te plaire.

Les délicats sont malheureux ;

Rien ne sauroit les satisfaire.

“ Your measure is slovenly ;—mend your strain—

“ Those few lines you must melt again

“ In your Parnassian crucible.”

Critic ! since thus you turn the tables,

Let me proceed to write my Fables

 In my own style and manner.

Altho' to imitate is vain

The simply elegant Fontaine,

 Still let me rhyme beneath his banner !

LE LION ET L'ÂNE CHASSANT.

LE Roi des animaux se mit un jour en tête

De giboyer. Il célébroit sa fête.

Le gibier du Lion, ce ne sont pas moineaux,

Mais beaux et bons sangliers, daims et cerfs bons et beaux.

Pour réussir dans cette affaire,

Il se servit du ministère

De l'Âne à la voix de Stentor.

L'Âne à messer Lion fit office de cor.

Le Lion le posta, le couvrit de ramée,

Lui commanda de braire, assuré qu'à ce son

Les moins intimidés fuïroient de leur maison.

Leur troupe n'étoit pas encore accoutumée

A la tempête de sa voix ;

L'air en retentissoit d'un bruit épouvantable :

La frayeur saïssoit les hôtes de ces bois ;

Tous fuyoiënt, tous tombôient au piège inévitable,

Où les attendoit le Lion.

THE LION AND THE ASS HUNTING.

A LION once, who lov'd the chase,
 Pursued his sport with so much zeal,
 Round his domain he clear'd the place:
 The royal game such panic feel,
 At the least noise, bucks, stags, and boars would fly,
 Nor staid at all to know the reason why.

Now strength and speed no more avail:
 This adverse run of luck to stem,
 Since all straight forward methods fail,
 He has recourse to stratagem.
 Low means sometimes the strongest may surpass,
 The Monarch gives his orders to an Ass.

“ Midst a thick bush, go hide thee, Donkey,
 “ In yon far corner of the wood ;
 “ There bray thy best in sharp and strong key !”
 Jack went and bray'd as loud as e'er he cou'd.
 The beasts all flying from the fancied danger,
 Fell truly victims to the royal ranger.

N'ai-je pas bien servi dans cette occasion ?

Dit l'Ane, en se donnant tout l'honneur de la chasse.

Oui, reprit le Lion, c'est bravement crié.

Si je ne connoissois ta personne et ta race,

J'en serois moi-même effrayé.

L'Ane, sil eût osé, se fût mis en colère,

Encor qu'on le raillât avec juste raison.

Car, qui pourroit souffrir un Ane fanfaron ?

Ce n'est pas là leur caractère.

Finish'd the chase, the chanter came,
And how his notes had sped enquir'd ;
The Lion now exhibiting the game,
His vocal efforts very much admir'd.
“ Had I not known your character and station,
Said he, “ myself had felt some trepidation.”

Poor silly Jack grew vain and saucy,
Having once put the beasts to flight ;
But of their fears they soon the cause see,
For braggart Jack still brays from morn till night.
Of every beast he grows the jest and scoff,
And soon his angry patron turns him off.

Such odd events sometimes 'mongst men
Have happen'd formerly, I guess ;
And may perhaps betide again ;
The dullest Ass by chance may gain success.
But Fortune in her fickle movements varies :
Braying had small effects at Buenos Ayres !

LA CHATTE METAMORPHOSÉE EN
FEMME.

UN homme chérissait éperdument sa Chatte,
Il la trouvoit mignonne, et belle, et délicate,
 Qui miauloit d'un ton fort doux ;
 Il étoit plus fou que les fous.
Cet homme donc, par prières, par larmes,
Par sortilèges, et par charmes,
 Fait tant qu'il obtient du Destin,
 Que sa Chatte, en un beau matin,
 Devient Femme : et, le matin même,
 Maître sot en fait sa moitié.
Le voilà fou d'amour extrême,
De fou qu'il étoit d'amitié.
Jamais la dame la plus belle
Ne charma tant son favori,
Que fait cette épouse nouvelle
Son hypocondre de mari.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A SILLY Youth a Cat possest,
 The dearest idol of his breast.
 All day she frolic'd, mew'd, or purr'd,
 And seldom from his bosom stirr'd.
 By all the neighbourhood 'twas said,
 No other female shar'd his bed.
 At length so strong his passion grew,
 To Cytherea's fane he flew,
 And humbly falling prostrate there,
 He urg'd this fond, capricious pray'r.
 "O Goddess! aid my wishes warm,
 " And give my Puss a woman's form!"

With anger long had beauty's queen
 The Youth's perverted fancy seen.
 So whilst she smil'd, in vengeance granted
 The prodigy for which he panted.

Now the charm'd Youth his Tabby sees
 Change to a damsel by degrees.

Il l'amadoué ; elle le flatte :
 Il n'y trouve plus rien de chatte ;
 Et, poussant l'erreur jusqu'au bout,
 La croit femme en tout et par-tout :
 Lorsque quelques souris qui rongeoient de la natte
 Troublèrent le plaisir des nouveaux mariés.
 Aussitôt la femme est sur pieds.
 Elle manqua son aventure.
 Souris de revenir, femme d'être en posture.
 Pour cette fois, elle accourut à point :
 Car, ayant changé de figure,
 Les souris ne la craignoient point.
 Ce lui fut toujours une amorce :
 Tant le naturel a de force.
 Il se moque de tout ; certain âge accompli,
 Le vase est imbibé, l'étoffe a pris son pli,

Her whiskers vanish ; bloom her cheeks ;
Her tongue no longer mews, but speaks ;
A muslin train becomes her tail,
Where grew a claw, now starts a nail—
No trace of fur appears in sight,
In short, she was a Woman quite.

And now the nuptial couch was spread,
The blushing nymph adorns the bed.
The raptur'd lover views her charms,
All fresh within his circling arms.
When, O sad chance! unlucky minute!
But Venus' malice sure was in it,
A mouse the scene of joy drew near,
Whose footsteps struck the lady's ear.
She listens to the well known sound,
And quits her bridegroom with a bound.
Now vex'd the husband finds his life
Devoted to a catish wife ;
Thus damp'd his love, and hurt his pride,
He wishes Pluto had his bride.

Strange but instructive is the story,
Which this odd Fable lays before ye.

En vain de son train ordinaire
On le veut désaccoutumer ;
Quelque chose qu'on puisse faire,
On ne sauroit le réformer.
Coups de fourches ni d'étrivières,
Ne lui font changer de manières ;
Et, fussiez-vous embâtonnés,
Jamais vous n'en serez les maîtres.
Qu'on lui ferme la porte au nez,
Il reviendra par les fenêtres.

A nymph, however fair in feature,
If she's a real Cat in nature,
To change her is a vain endeavour ;
A Cat remains a Cat for ever.

LE CHEVAL S'ÉTANT VOULU VENGER
DU CERF.

DE tout temps les chevaux ne sont nés pour les hommes,
Lorsque le genre humain de glands se contentoit,
Ane, cheval, et mule, aux forêts habitoit.

Et l'on ne voyoit point, comme au siècle ou nous sommes,

Tant de selles, et tant de bâts,

Tant de harnois pour les combats,

Tant de chaises, tant de carrosses ;

Comme aussi ne voyoit-on pas

Tant de festins, et tant de noces.

Or un Cheval eut alors différend

Avec un Cerf plein de vitesse,

Et ne pouvant l'attraper en courant,

Il eut recours à l'Homme, implora son adresse.

THE STAG, THE HORSE, AND THE MAN.

IN days of yore, when man on acorns fed,
 Ere Ceres' gifts were scatter'd over furrows,
 When in some cave was made their leafy bed,
 Living like rabbits in their earthy burrows,
 Short were the rites which serv'd for marriage,
 The smartest Belles then us'd no carriage:
 O'er untill'd plains rang'd beasts of burthen idle,
 Their backs no saddle press'd, their mouths no bridle.

In these old times a Stag of mighty force
 Drove all his rivals from a verdant mead ;
 From thence reluctant fled a vanquish'd Horse,
 For there no other tenant dar'd to feed.
 This champion of the antler'd kind
 There proudly graz'd with many a hind,
 And there in brakes and thickets all around,
 His sportive fawns a safe asylum found.

The Horse in dudgeon fled to artful Man,
 Who now had learnt the bow's elastic spring ;

L'Homme lui mit un frein, lui sauta sur le dos,
Ne lui donna point de repos,
Que le Cerf ne fût pris, et n'y laissât la vie.

And swiftly now the bone-tipt shaft began
 To strike the mark, propell'd by sinewy string.
 " I come," the indignant Courser said,
 " O Man, to seek thy potent aid:
 " By those sharp arms, with me for thy ally,
 " For thy sole use yon haughty Stag shall die!

The Man consents; but first to guide his course,
 Forms the strong rein, and adds the shining bit :
 And now to discipline submits the Horse ;
 Soon for the chase preparatives are fit.
 The Man all eager for the attack,
 Leaps on the willing charger's back :
 With quiver aptly fill'd, and twanging bow,
 The new made Centaur flies to find the foe.

Beasts all are frighten'd at a sight so new,
 Nor dares the Stag the conflict fierce abide.
 The Man and Horse with rapid steps pursue :
 Swift fly the arrows through his bleeding side.
 A farther flight he vainly tries,
 He sinks exhausted, faints, and dies.
 The exulting victors on the sanguine plain,
 Now seize the prey, and triumph o'er the slain.

Et cela fait, le Cheval remercie

L'Homme, son bienfaiteur, disant : Je suis à vous :

Adieu ; je m'en retourne en mon séjour sauvage.

Non pas cela, dit l'Homme ; il fait meilleur chez nous :

Je vois trop quel est votre usage.

Demeurez donc, vous serez bien traité,

Et jusqu'au ventre en la litière.

Hélas ! que sert la bonne chère,

Quand on n'a pas la liberté !

Le Cheval s'aperçut qu'il avoit fait folie :

Mais il n'étoit plus temps ; déjà son écurie

Etoit prête et toute bâtie.

Il y mourut en traînant son lien.

Sage s'il eût remis une légère offense.

Quel que soit le plaisir que cause la vengeance,

C'est l'acheter trop cher, que l'acheter d'un bien

Sans qui les autres ne sont rien.

“ Thanks,” said the Horse, “ and now I’ll gladly rove,
“ Freed by thy help from that dead tyrant’s fear ;
“ At large I’ll range thro’ grassy lawn and grove.”
“ Not so,” the Man replied, “ you’re better here.”
“ A league is made ’twixt you and me,
“ Which cannot abrogated be :—
“ My cave, good Steed, must be your future stable.”
May not our neighbours profit by this Fable ?

Not yet has Erin felt the Gallic curb,
Nor bends her neck between the fretting rein,
Tho’ wayward sons, that would her peace disturb,
Have often sought that treacherous aid in vain.
Ah ! let her know the second place
To Britain cannot be disgrace.
United now in closest, firmest ties,
Lost be the thought they can be enemies !

LE GEAI PARÉ DES PLUMES DU PAON.

UN Paon muoit : un Geai prit son plumage ;
Puis après se l'accommoda ;
Puis parmi d'autres Paons tout fier se panada,
Croyant être un beau personnage.
Quelqu'un le reconnut : il se vit bafoué,
Berné, sifflé, moqué, joué,
Et par messieurs les Paons plumé d'étrange sorte :
Même vers ses pareils s'étant réfugié
Il fut par eux mis à la porte.

Il est assez de Geais à deux pieds comme lui,
Qui se parent souvent des dépouilles d'autrui,
Et que l'on nomme Plagiaires.

THE DAW IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

The Peacocks had moulted : a foppish Jackdaw
From the gay spoils array'd him with many a plume,
And Juno's proud birds with astonishment saw
A stranger bedeck'd in their glossy costume.

In this borrow'd finery strutting and flaunting,
So dandily did our pert coxcomb equip him,
Geese hiss'd, turkeys gobbled, whilst pecking and taunting,
The Peacocks in anger surround him and strip him.

Of his own, with the rest, his tormentors bereave him,
For daring to seize what belong'd to his betters ;
Not even the Daws will now deign to receive him !
Such things will occur in the region of Letters.

If you closely examine the men of the quill,
And search for goods stolen, with sharp piercing eyes,
Taking these from the pages their volumes which fill,
Huge quartos would shrink to a very small size.

Je m'en tais, et ne veux leur causer nul ennui :

Ce ne sont là mes affaires.

“ Vain Fabulist ! what is your verse but a flam ?

“ Yourself will be voted a Daw, to your sorrow !”

Good Critic ! have patience ;—I tell what I am,

And freely confess what I openly borrow.

LE MEÛNIER, SON FILS, ET L'ÂNE.

A more than usual liberty of deviation from the French Poet is taken in the version of this Fable.

The story is told in the manner related by Sir R. L'Es-trange, in his collection of Fables by Æsop and others.

J'AI lu dans quelque endroit qu'un Meûnier et son fils,
 L'un vieillard, l'autre enfant, non pas des plus petits,
 Mais garçon de quinze ans, si j'ai bonne mémoire,
 Alloient vendre leur âne, un certain jour de foire.
 Afin qu'il fût plus frais et de meilleur débit,
 On lui lia les pieds, on vous le suspendit :
 Puis cet homme et son fils le portent comme un lustre,
 Pauvres gens ! idiots ! couple ignorant et rustre !
 Le premier qui les vit de rire s'éclata :
 Quelle farce, dit-il, vont jouer ces gens-la ?
 Le plus âne des trois n'est pas celui qu'on pense.
 Le Meûnier à ces mots connoît son ignorance ;
 Il met sur pieds sa bête, et la fait détalier.
 L'âne, qui goûtoit fort l'autre façon d'aller,

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE ASS.

AT Athens, when a busy fair
 Attracted half the country there,
 An honest Miller, like the rest,
 With rage of gadding was possest.
 Besides, he wish'd to turn a penny,
 Having of Donkies one too many.
 He and his Son, a hopeful lad,
 In weeds of holiday were clad,
 As then the Attic peasants wore 'em ;
 They gently drove their Ass before 'em ;
 And social chatting side by side,
 They walk'd, for neither chose to ride.

Between the town and their abode,
 Some damsels pass'd them on the road.
 Greeks of each sex, a prating tribe,
 On all occasions lov'd to gibe.
 " Look there !" exclaim'd the tittering lasses,
 " D'ye see that trio rare of asses ?
 " Friends, do you like, in all this heat,
 " To use those hoofs you call your feet,

Se plaint en son patois. Le Meûnier n'en a cure;
Il fait monter son fils, il suit : et d'aventure
Passent trois bons marchands. Cet objet leur déplut.
Le plus vieux au garçon s'écria tant qu'il put :

Oh là ! oh ! descendez, que l'on ne vous le dise,
Jeune homme, qui menez laquais à barbe grise !
C'étoit à vous de suivre, au vieillard de monter.
Messieurs, dit le Meûnier, il faut vous contenter.
L'enfant met pied à terre, et puis le vieillard monte.
Quand trois filles passant, l'une dit, C'est grand' honte
Qu'il faille voir ainsi clocher ce jeune fils,
Tandis que ce nigaud, comme un évêque assis,
Fait le veau sur son âne, et pense être bien sage.
Il n'est, dit le Meûnier, plus de veaux à mon âge.
Passez votre chemin, la fille, et m'en croyez.
Après maints quolibets coup sur coup renvoyés,
L'homme crut avoir tort, et mit son fils en croupe,

“ When both, or surely one at least,
“ Might ride that sturdy, long-ear’d beast !”
 Vex’d that the girls an ass should count him,
The man now bade his youngster mount him.
When scarce a mile was gone, they met
Of codgers grave a solemn set ;
This new position moves their bile ;
Thus they the passive youth revile :
“ Is’t not enough to rouse one’s rage,
“ To see no honour paid to age !
“ Can yon stout lad that beast bestride,
“ Nor let his ancient father ride ?
“ Must grey-beards walk ?—Unfeeling clown,
“ For shame, you graceless boy, get down !”
 Displeas’d such causeless blame to meet,
The senior takes the young man’s seat.
But other tongues proclaim, ere long,
Our good man’s plans, as usual, wrong.
“ See how on foot that stripling trudges,
“ This churl the least indulgence grudges.
“ Expire with toil he’d see him rather—
“ He cannot be the poor child’s father !”
 “ ’Tis hard to please the world, I find,”
The father cries, “ Boy, mount behind.”

Au bout de trente pas, une troisième troupe
Trouve encore à gloser. L'un dit, Ces gens sont fous !
Le baudet n'en peut plus ; il mourra sous leurs coups.
Hè quoi ! charger ainsi cette pauvre bourrique !
N'ont-ils point de pitié de leur vieux domestique ;
Sans doute qu'à la foire ils vont vendre sa peau.
Parbleau ! dit le Meûnier, est bien fou de cerveau
Qui prétend contenter tout le monde et son père.
Essayons toutefois si par quelque manière
Nous en viendrons à bout. Ils descendent tous deux :
L'âne se prélassant, marche seul devant eux.
Un quidam les rencontre, et dit : Et-ce la mode
Que baudet aille à l'aise, et Meûnier s'incommode ?
Qui de l'âne ou de maître est fait pour se lasser ?
Je conseille à ces gens de le faire enchâsser.
Ils usent leurs souliers, et conservent leur âne !
Nicolas, au rebours ; car, quand il va voir Jeanne,
Il monte sur sa bête ; et la chanson le dit.

Ned under double pressure straining,
In his harsh lingo vents his plaining,
Whilst more attendants on the fair,
Gaze at the Ass and luckless pair,
And utter warm disapprobation
In still more loud vociferation :
“ Does it not much,” cries one, “ amaze ye,
“ To see two heavy louts so lazy !
“ Never, since first I us'd this road, did
“ I see poor beast so sadly loaded !
“ To carry him they're much more able,
“ Such cruelty is lamentable !”
“ Well, ” says the Man, “ my Son and I
“ To please will this last method try.”
The tender Critic's aid he begs,
To tie the pitied Donkey's legs ;
Then by a pole across their shoulders,
Ned rides, diverting all beholders !
They reach'd the bridge :—now shouts and cries
Around them thick and threefold rise ;
Such hootings loud, and peals of laughter,
Precede the group, and follow after.
No one the gathering crowd can pass,
Nor farther move the carried Ass.

Beau trio de baudets ! Le Meûnier repartit :
Je suis âne, il est vrai, j'en conviens, je l'avoue,
Mais que dorénavant on me blâme, on me loue,
Qu'on dise quelque chose, ou qu'on ne dise rien,
J'en veux faire à ma tête. Il le fit, et fit bien.

*Neckar, of France once thought the pillar,
Might have learn'd something from our Miller.*

No one can deny to this celebrated Financier, the praise of being one of the most amiable of men. The visionary and ill-judged attempt to please all parties, and to unite them for the public good, occasioned his failure in all his measures. In more tranquil times, Neckar might have guided the helm of the State to its very great advantage ; but a higher degree of energy was required to struggle with the tremendous storm to which his fortune exposed him. Nature had not bestowed on him the qualities necessary to form a *great* minister. Even in the pious partiality of his daughter's account of his private life, a degree of weakness is sufficiently perceptible amongst his recorded virtues.

As still the merry rabble press on,
The Miller cries, "I've gain'd a lesson ;
" A mob may prove a useful tutor :—
" From my own brains I'll act in future.
" Learn then, my Son, in this rough school,
" Who would please all men is a fool—
" A fool alone such efforts tries,
" O Folly ! take this sacrifice,
" For here with me thy reign shall close !"
Then o'er the bridge the Ass he throws.
And, deaf to ev'ry pert adviser,
Goes home, tho' poorer, somewhat wiser.

This tale suits men in every station,
Who work a mill, or rule a nation.
If with the stream for ever swimming,
You strive to gain all hearts by trimming,
When all your fruitless labour's done,
You'll scarcely win the praise of one.
Neckar, of France once thought the pillar,
Might have learn'd something from our Miller.

LE LION DEVENU VIEUX.

LE Lion, terreur des forêts,
Chargé d'ans, et pleurant son antique prouesse,
Fut enfin attaqué par ses propres sujets,
Devenus forts par sa faiblesse.

Le Cheval s'approchant lui donne un coup de pied,
Le Loup un coup de dents, le Bœuf un coup de corne.
Le malheureux Lion, languissant, triste, et morne,
Peut à peine rugir, par l'âge estropié.

Il attend son destin sans faire aucunes plaintes ;
Quand voyant l'Ane même à son antre accourir :

THE LION GROWN OLD.

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

Soon through the forest wide 'twas known
The Monarch totter'd on his throne,
For, now his strength and vigour fail him:
'The Wolf's sharp tooth, the Bull's strong horn,
The Stag's rough antlers strike in scorn,
The Horse's rebel hoofs assail him.

At last the stupid Ass appears,
With harsh shrill voice, and flapping ears,
His base insulting heels up-rearing.
“ Oh ! let me now resign my breath,”

Ah! c'est trop, lui dit-il, je voulois bien mourir ;
 Mais c'est mourir deux fois que souffrir tes atteintes.

Thus royal G——

Since this Fable was written, the august personage alluded to in the last stanza, has quitted his earthly crown to receive the reward of his virtues in the regions of immortality. What Englishman, whose heart is right, can reflect, that on this day “ the silent tomb” is closed on the mortal remains of “ the good old King ;” under whose mild reign much the greater part of his subjects have been born and grown to maturity, without feeling that he has lost, as it were, a parent ? If his bright example could not effectually check vices inseparable from frail human nature, it gave a tone, at least, to the manners of his Court and of his People, which has rendered the name and character of a Briton respectable throughout the world. His discernment chose those ministers whose talents and character were best suited to maintain the honour of his kingdom, and the best interests of his people.

When it pleased Heaven to make it necessary that the Sovereignty of this country should be placed in other hands, the wisdom of the illustrious personage on whom that high office devolved, happily adopted the same system, and confided the reins of government to the same persons who had so well deserved to hold them. Had it been permitted by Providence that a ray of intellectual light should have been restored to the venerable Monarch, how gratifying would have been the retrospect ! But since it was decreed that a cloud should obscure from his mind the glories which have spread a lustre over the evening of his days, he has at least been spared the pain of witnessing the

The Lion cries, " far worse than death,
 " This final blow is past all bearing !"

Thus royal G—— long bore hard knocks,
 From F——s, R——d, N——k, F——x,
 And patiently he stood the brunt :
 Could he feel blows, which now presume,
 Not much he'd B——t reck or B——m,
 But who could bear a kick from H——t ?

attempts made against the Morals, the Religion, and the Constitution of his country, by the basest and most despicable of mankind.

16th *February*, 1820.

F——s,

The long disputed question of who was the author of Junius seems perfectly settled. No circumstantial evidence can be more conclusive than that which has been adduced to fix these celebrated Letters on Sir P. F.

L'ALOUETTE ET SES PETITS, AVEC LE MAÎTRE D'UN CHAMP.

NE t'attends qu'à toi seul : c'est un commun proverbe.

Voici comme Ésope le mit

En crédit.

Les Alouettes font leur nid

Dans les blés, quand ils sont en herbe,

C'est-à-dire, environ le temps

Que tout aime, et que tout pullule dans le monde,

Monstres marins au fond de l'onde,

Tigres dans les forêts, Alouettes aux champs.

Une pourtant de ces dernières

Avoit laissé passer la moitié d'un printemps

Sans goûter les plaisirs des amours printanières.

A toute force enfin elle se résolut

D'imiter la nature, et d'être mère encore.

Elle bâtit un nid, pond, couve, et fait éclore,

A la hâte : le tout alla du mieux qu'il put.

Les blés d'alentour mûrs, avant que la nitée

Se trouvât assez forte encor

Pour voler et prendre l'essor,

De mille soins divers l'Alouette agitée

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

FAIR Nature's smiles revive in jocund spring,
 The fields their brightest, softest livery wear ;
 The feather'd choir in tuneful concert sing,
 To hail the sweetest season of the year.
 Love seems to animate each earthly thing :
 To feel the glow all nature's tribes appear,
 The monsters of the deep, fierce beasts of prey,
 Not less than birds upon the blossom'd spray.

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

The anxious mother, ere she left her brood,
 (For distant was her flight each dewy morn,

S'en va chercher pâture, avertit ses enfants
D'être toujours au guet, et faire sentinelle.

Si le possesseur de ces champs
Vient avecque son fils, comme il viendra, dit-elle,
Ecoutez bien ; selon ce qu'il dira,

Chacun de nous décampera.

Sitôt que l'Alouette eut quitté sa famille,
Le possesseur du champ vient avecque son fils.
Ces blés sont mûrs, dit-il ; allez chez nos amis
Les prier que chacun, apportant sa faucille,
Nous vient aider demain dès la pointe du jour.

Notre Alouette de retour

Trouve en alarme sa couvée.

L'un commence : Il a dit que, l'aurore levée,
L'on fit venir demain ses amis pour l'aider.
S'il n'a dit que cela, repartit l'Alouette,
Rien ne nous presse encor de changer de retraite.
Mais c'est demain qu'il faut tout de bon écouter.
Cependant, soyez gais : voilà de quoi manger.
Eux repus, tout s'endort, les petits et la mère.

To gather for her tender nurslings food,

Who lay conceal'd among the ripening corn,)

Trembling at thoughts of reapers' footsteps rude,

Thus her half callow birds began to warn :

“ Yon farmer, with his son, comes here each day :

“ If I am absent, mark well what they say :

“ At my return report each single word,

“ On what you hear our movements must depend.”

She fled :—the rustics came, as spoke the bird—

“ Go,” said the father, “ summon ev'ry friend ;

“ The wheat is ripe, and must not be deferr'd,

“ Let the whole troop at break of day attend.

“ The joyous task with glee we will begin,

“ And numerous hands shall get the harvest in.”

The little Larks heard this with throbbing heart ;

“ Mother !” said they, “ to-day the farmer calls

“ His friends to work, and each will take a part :

“ What fate to-morrow our poor nest befalls !”

“ If that's the worst,” said she, “ we need not start :

“ This news with no alarm my mind appals.

“ Sleep sound to-night, my children, free from sorrow,

“ But listen with increasing care to-morrow.”

L'aube du jour arrive, et d'amis point du tout.

L'Alouette à l'essor, le maître s'en vient faire

Sa ronde, ainsi qu'à l'ordinaire.

Ces blés ne devroient pas, dit-il, être debout.

Nos amis ont grand tort, et tort qui se repose

Sur de tels paresseux, à servir ainsi lents.

Mon fils, allez chez nos parents,

Les prier de la même chose.

L'épouvante est au nid plus forte que jamais.

Il a dit, ses parents, mère ! c'est à cette heure—

Non, mes enfants, dormez en paix :

Ne bougeons de notre demeure.

L'Alouette eut raison, car personne ne vint.

Pour la troisième fois, le maître se souvint

De visiter ses blés. Notre erreur est extrême,

Dit-il, de nous attendre à d'autres gens que nous.

Il n'est meilleur ami, ni parent, que soi-même.

Retenez bien cela, mon fils : et savez-vous

Bright dawn'd the day, and glorious rose the sun,

Off flew the Lark :—the farmer takes his round,
As usual,— but of friends appear'd not one !

“ Poor help,” the good-man cries, “ in friends is found.

“ Haste thee, my boy, to all our kindred run,

“ In relatives, thank Fortune, we abound—

“ No more we'll trust, my son, in friendship fickle,

“ But ask our cousins each to bring his sickle.”

At sounds like these more terror seiz'd the nest ;—

“ Mother,” they cry, “ he sends for all his kin,

“ Who will at once comply with his request :

“ To-morrow's dawn will see the work begin !”

“ Let not this threat, my dears, disturb your rest ;

“ Not yet the foe will this asylum win.

“ Here sleep in peace, nor yield to groundless fear,

“ But lend to all that's said attentive ear.”

The morning broke, but not a cousin came !

The farmer, mindful of his rural pelf,

Said, “ Twice, my son, have I been much to blame ;

“ Who trusts in friends is but a foolish elf ;

“ He who confides in kindred is the same :

“ A wise man still depends upon himself.

Ce qu'il faut faire ? Il faut qu'avec notre famille
Nous prenions dès demain chacun une faucille ;
C'est là notre plus court ; et nous acheverons

Notre moisson quand nous pourrons.

Dès lors que le dessein fut su de l'Alouette :
C'est à ce coup qu'il faut décamper, mes enfants.

Et les petits, en même temps,

Voletants, se culebutants,

Délogèrent tous sans trompette.

“ To-morrow you and I our hooks will wield ;

“ Slow perseverance well shall rid the field.”

When this the Lark was told, “ My children, now,

“ Here to remain no longer must we dare ;

“ No longer stay the Destinies allow :

“ To spoil our nest in earnest they prepare.

“ Before the sun ascends yon mountain’s brow,

“ Weak tho’ your pinions, you must tempt the air.”

At dawn of day the active rustics come,

And the young Larks decamp *sans* beat of drum.

LES ANIMAUX MALADES DE LA PESTE.

UN mal qui répand la terreur,
Mal que le Ciel en sa fureur
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre,
La peste (puisqu'il faut l'appeller par son nom)
Capable d'enrichir en un jour l'Achéron,
Faisoit aux animaux la guerre.
Ils ne mouroient pas tous, mais tous étoient frappés ;
On n'en voyoit point d'occupés
A chercher le soutien d'une mourante vie ;
Nul mets n'excitoit leur envie.
Ni loups ni renards n'épioient
La douce et l'innocente proie :

*

THE MURRAIN.

A DIRE disease, which Heaven in wrath
 Devis'd, to work wide woe and scath,
 For crimes committed here on earth,
 A sickness sore,—a frightful evil,
 More grievous far than war or dearth,
 Consigning myriads daily to the Devil:
 In one short word, the Plague, with dreadful ravage,
 Broke out amongst the brute creation,
 Assail'd all animals both tame and savage,
 And widely spread around it's devastation,
 Nor fur nor feather spar'd—nor males nor ladies,
 But birds and beasts despatch'd *en masse* to Hades.
 If some died not, they scarcely liv'd,
 Nor seem'd aware they had surviv'd,—
 Their instincts gone,—and vanish'd quite
 Propensities and appetite.
 Nor fowls nor geese the fox allure,
 And Isgrim's jaws are sinecure.
 All mop'd in melancholy mood,
 Reckless alike of fight or food.

Les tourterelles se fuyoient ;
Plus d'amour, partant plus de joie.
Le Lion tint conseil, et dit : Mes chers amis,
Je crois que le Ciel a permis
Pour nos péchés cette infortune :
Que le plus coupable de nous
Se sacrifie aux traits du céleste courroux :
Peut-être il obtiendra la guérison commune.
L'histoire nous apprend qu'en de tels accidents
On fait de pareils dévoûments.

The sometime tender turtle-dove,
Indifferent now to life and love,
(For life and love to her were one)
Her pining partner fain would shun :
The moulting mates disconsolate,
Droop, victims of the common fate.
The Lion in this sad conjuncture,
Whose conscience had receiv'd a puncture,
Resolv'd to hold a bed of justice,
And state to all in what his trust is.
“ My fellow sufferers and friends,”
 (The royal speech in form begins,)
“ From righteous Heav'n in wrath descends
 “ This visitation for our sins.
“ Let all, then, secret crimes unfold,
“ And every tale of guilt be told.
“ So shall the greatest sinner seal,
“ Self-sacrific'd, the general weal.
“ Nor deem it a new-fangled notion ;
“ All hist'ry's full of such devotion.
“ To shorten, therefore, the debate,
 “ Without unfruitful long digression,
“ That we may rightly judge our state,
 “ Proceed we briefly to confession :

Ne nous flattons donc point ; voyons sans indulgence,

L'état de notre conscience.

Pour moi, satisfaisant mes appétits gloutons,

J'ai dévoré force moutons.

Que m'avoient-ils fait ? nulle offense.

Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger

Le berger.

Je me dévourai donc, s'il le faut : mais je pense

Qu'il est bon que chacun s'accuse ainsi que moi.

Car on doit souhaiter, selon toute justice,

Que le plus coupable périsse.

Sire, dit le Renard, vous êtes trop bon roi ;

Vos scrupules font voir trop de délicatesse.

“ Without reservation

“ Or equivocation

“ With openness, freedom, and honest contrition,

“ Let us candidly look at our ghostly condition.

“ To begin with ourself,—I must own I'm a glutton,

“ And have too much indulg'd a strong fancy for mutton.

“ Now and then, it is true, too,—poor pastoral elf!

“ I have made a *bonne bouche* of the shepherd himself.

“ Yet what harm had they done me, the poor bleating prey?

“ Their greatest offending was running away!

“ I am ready to die, and deserve it, I own;

“ But is death for injustice to ME due alone?

“ No—Justice demands that the deadliest sinner

“ Of such self-devotion should be the beginner.

“ Let's confess *seriatim*—and then, I opine,

“ You may hear of some greater offences than mine.”

The monarch ceas'd, and judgment begs.

The Fox was quickly on his legs,

And having caught the Lion's eye,

He hasten'd thus to make reply :

“ Ah! Sire, indeed you're much too good

“ To take account of such vile blood—

“ Too scrupulous and delicate

“ For one of your exalted state!

Eh bien ! manger moutons, canaille, sottè espèce,
Est-ce un péché ? Non, non : vous leur fîtes, seigneur,
 En les croquant beaucoup d'honneur.
Et quant au berger, l'on peut dire,
 Qu'il étoit digne de tous maux,
Etant de ces gens-là qui sur les animaux
 Se font un chimérique empire.
Ainsi dit le Renard ; et flatteurs d'applaudir.
 On n'osa trop approfondir
Du Tigre, ni de l'Ours, ni des autres puissances
 Les moins pardonnables offenses.

- “ Your Majesty is much too nice,
 “ To deem sheep-slaughter such a vice !
 “ Such slight unmeritable things !
 “ Is mutton fare too fine for kings ?
 “ This for the brutes ;—then, for the man,—
 “ I think your Highness said—he ran.
 “ Desert his flock !—the precious pastor !
 “ I’m glad your Majesty ran faster :
 “ You were right to demolish so worthless a shepherd !
 “ Would the wolf have done less ? or the bear ? or the leopard ?
 “ Our judgment, Sire, secure abide :
 “ ’Twas justifi’ble homicide.
 “ Besides, the wretch, in my opinion,
 “ Held illegitimate dominion ;
 “ O’er quadrupeds us’d *crooked* rule,
 “ And was as much a knave as fool.
 “ Let your Majesty’s eyes then be speedily wiped,
 “ Are so many tears worth the while for a biped !”
 The Fox sat down ; loud cheers resound,
 And hear, hear, hear ! was echoed round.
 The Tiger next, and savage Bruin,
 Tho’ guilty of less venial ruin,
 The court discover’d faults but few in :

Tous les gens qu'érelleurs, jusqu'aux simples mâtins,
Au dire de chacun, étoient de petits saints.
L'Ane vint à son tour, et dit : J'ai souvenance
 Qu'en un pré de moines passant,
La faim, l'occasion, l'herbe tendre, et, je pense,
 Quelque diable aussi me poussant,
Je tondis de ce pré la largeur de ma langue.
Je n'en avois nul droit, puisqu'il faut parler net.
A ces mots, on cria haro ! sur le baudet.
Un Loup, quelque peu clerc, prouva par sa harangue
Qu'il falloit dévouer ce maudit animal,
Ce pelé, ce galeux, d'où venoit tout le mal.

Can crime exist in such high station?

All that had teeth, or tusks, and spirit,

Absolv'd at once from all demerit,

Were guiltless found by acclamation.

At length the Ass came to confession,

And thus denounc'd his own transgression :

“ On thorny thistles starv'd, and sad dock,

“ I chanc'd to pass the Parson's paddock :

“ The sacred sward seem'd sweet and green,

“ My appetite, I own, was keen,

“ And fair occasion urged to revel—

“ Or might it not have been the Devil?

“ Whate'er it were—I cropp'd the grass;

“ 'Twas but a blade, as I'm an Ass!

“ I own 'twas wrong—we must speak out—

“ I was a trespasser, no doubt!”

A general shout of indignation

Follow'd the Donkey's declaration :

“ I charge thee, Ass, *de par le Roi,*”

The Tiger cried, (and rais'd his paw)

“ Surrender, — in the name of Law !”

Which, he maintain'd, tho' no great clerk,

Was neither doubtful here, nor dark :

That sacrilege a deadly sin

Sa peccadille fut jugée un cas pendable.
 Manger l'herbe d'autrui ! quel crime abominable !
 Rien que la mort n'étoit capable
 D'expier son forfait. On le lui fit bien voir.
 Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,
 Les jugemens de cour vous rendront blanc ou noir.

— *weakness is our first offence,*
And strength the surest innocence.

Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,
Les jugemens de cour vous rendront blanc ou noir.

Notice has been already taken of the Courts of Law in France at an earlier period; but even in the time of La Fontaine this satire was no less true than severe. The weight which the powerful and wealthy had in turning the scale of justice, was notorious and disgraceful. In the present times, justice may be administered there with honest intentions; but in their mode of examining the accused, they appear ignorant of the very first principles. In one circumstance only does the French Criminal Court deserve imitation; the accused person is placed as much at his ease as possible, hearing the process against him in a sitting posture. In this country of ours, whatever improvements may be desirable in the system of Criminal or Civil Jurisprudence, not the smallest imputation has fallen on the administration of either. The invariably upright conduct of our Judges has ever been the subject of deserved panegyric; on some late occasions the invincible patience of our highest Court of Criminal Judicature, has been as conspicuously praise-worthy as its impartiality.

Was deem'd,—and so had ever been.
The life of that dull long-ear'd loon
Must expiate his guilt,—and soon.

With one accord, and general clatter,
All vote the case a hanging matter.

“What! crop the close! the Parson's too!

“For this can less than death be due?

“When thorns and thistles grew so plenty,

“Could nothing but *the glebe* content ye?

“From such a sin but death can purge ye—

“Death without benefit of clergy!”

Quick execution follow'd sentence—
And short the space for sad repentance.
The dying Ass perceiv'd too late
(Let biped Asses mark his fate)
That weakness is our worst offence,
And strength the surest innocence.

PHÉBUS ET BORÉE.

BORÉE et le Soleil virent un voyageur

Qui s'étoit muni par bonheur

Contre le mauvais temps. On entroit dans l'automne,

Quand la précaution aux voyageurs est bonne :

Il pleut ; le Soleil luit ; et l'écharpe d'Iris

Rend ceux qui sortent avertis

Qu'en ces mois le manteau leur est fort nécessaire :

Les Latins les nommoient douteux pour cette affaire.

Notre homme s'étoit donc à la pluie attendu :

Bon manteau bien doublé, bonne étoffe bien forte.

Celui-ci, dit le Vent, prétend avoir pourvu

A tous les accidents ; mais il n'a pas prévu

PHŒBUS AND BOREAS.

BOREAS and Sol, one April day,
 Met in their course on Heav'n's high way,
 And greeting spoke.
 Whilst looking tow'rds this lower sphere,
 They chanc'd to see a cavalier
 Wrapp'd in a cloak.

This traveller had judg'd, and with good reason,
 'Twas best to arm against this doubtful season.

For, Iris to the world below
 Display'd her many-colour'd bow,
 Sure sign of show'rs.
 Tho' sunshine now cheers all beholders,
 The prudent always cloak their shoulders,
 As when it low'rs.

“ D'ye see that horseman,” cries the blustering North,
 “ Who there so closely mantled sallies forth ?

“ He thinks himself now vastly sager
 “ Than light-clad pilgrims ;—for a wager,

Que je saurai souffler de sorte,
 Qu'il n'est bouton qui tienne ; il faudra, si je veux,
 Que le manteau s'en aille au diable.
 L'ébbattement pourroit nous en être agréable :
 Vous plaît-il de l'avoir ? Eh bien ! gageons nous deux,
 Dit Phébus, sans tant de paroles,
 A qui plutôt aura dégarni les épaules
 Du cavalier que nous voyons.
 Commencez : je vous laisse obscurcir mes rayons .
 Il n'en fallut pas plus. Notre souffleur à gage
 Se gorge de vapeurs, s'enfle comme un ballon,
 Fait un vacarme de démon,
 Siffle, souffle, tempête, et brise en son passage
 Maint toit qui n'en peut mais, fait périr maint bateau ;
 Le tout au sujet d'un manteau.
 Le cavalier eut soin d'empêcher que l'orage
 Ne se pût engouffrer dedans.
 Cela le préserva Le Vent perdit son temps ;
 Plus il se tourmentoit, plus l'autre tenoit ferme ;
 Il eut beau faire agir le collet et les plis.
 Sitôt qu'il fut au bout du terme
 Qu' à la gageure on avoit mis,

“ I'd make him know

“ That cloaks with buttons, or tough strings,

“ Are very weak and worthless things

“ If I but blow.

“ I, who strong oaks, and stronger towers can level,

“ May surely sweep that mantle to the devil !”

“ Done !” cried Apollo, “ let us try :

“ Who moves the mantle, you or I,

“ The bet shall win.

“ My power is strongest, I conjecture—

“ The prize shall be a bowl of nectar :

“ You shall begin.

“ Each take an hour.”—Against the man and horse
Old Aquilo now bent his utmost force.

With sleet and hail he blanch'd the ground ;
Stripp'd roofs, sunk ships ;—but still he found

The cloak a poser :

With rage his swell'd cheeks almost crack—

The mantle to the trav'ler's back

But sticks the closer.

When baffled Boreas with his efforts tir'd

Gave in ;—the hour allotted had expir'd.

Le Soleil dissipe la nue,
Récree et puis pénètre enfin le cavalier,
Sous son balandras fait qu'il sue,
Le contraint de s'en dépouiller :
Encor n'usa-t-il pas de toute sa puissance.

Plus fait douceur que violence.

Now Phœbus blithely clear'd the sky,
The hail soon melts, the fields grow dry,
All smiles below.

The cloak, before so closely wrapp'd,
The well-warm'd horseman quickly strapp'd
On's saddle bow.

Boreas confess'd how vain was all his puffing,
Since smoothing seem'd more potent far than roughing.

LE SATYRE ET LE PASSANT.

AU fond d'un antre sauvage,
Un Satyre et ses enfans
Alloient manger leur potage,
Et prendre l'écuëlle aux dents.

On les eût vus sur la mousse,
Lui, sa femme, et maint petit ;
Ils n'avoient tapis ni housse,
Mais tous fort bon appetit.

Pour se sauver de la pluie,
Entre un Passant morfondu.
Au brouet on le convie :
Il n'étoit pas attendu.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

Written in March, 1819.

A SATYR in a rocky den
 Liv'd, distant from the haunts of men :
 Tho' half a goat, he seldom ran
 To revel in the train of Pan :
 But led a quiet sober life
 With one fair Dryad for his wife ;
 And she, engross'd by household matters,
 Prepar'd his soup, and brought young Satyrs.
 It happen'd on a wint'ry day
 A Traveller had lost his way,
 And stiff with cold, and drench'd with rain,
 He joy'd the Satyr's cave to gain.
 He peeps ; and midst recesses inner,
 He sees his horned host at dinner.
 He halts, and near the entrance lingers,
 And, blowing hard his aching fingers,
 He frames apologetic speeches,
 To his landlord with the shaggy breeches.

Son hôte n'eut pas la peine,
De le semondre deux fois.
D'abord avec son haleine
Il se réchauffe les doigts.

Puis sur le mets qu'on lui donne
Délicat, il souffle aussi.
Le Satyre s'en étonne :
Notre hôte ! à quoi bon ceci ?

L'un refroidit mon potage,
L'autre réchauffe ma main.
Vous pouvez, dit le Sauvage,
Reprendre votre chemin.

But ere he could excuse begin,
A hoarse rough voice exclaims, "Come in!
"If you can dine without a cloth,
"Stranger, you're welcome to my broth.
"My curious wife would fain be knowing,
"What 'tis with so much care you're blowing."
"Thanks," said the Man, "I'll not be shy
"To accept your hospitality.
"To please your lady, I'll inform her,
"I blow my hands to make them warmer."

The mistress of the rocky cottage
Pours for her guest some smoking pottage;
Who to gulp down his mess the quicker,
Blows, ere he tastes, the scalding liquor.
The Satyr o'er the table leaning,
Surpris'd, once more enquires his meaning.
"Sir," said the Stranger, "you shall know it—
"It is to cool my broth I blow it."
"Hold!" cries the host, "is that your plan?
"Are these the double ways of man?
"Stranger, away! you see the door,
"Nor dare approach my mansion more.
"Whilst I possess this vaulted roof—
(And fiercely then he rais'd his hoof)

Ne plaise aux dieux que je couche
Avec vous sous même toit.
Arrière ceux dont la bouche
Souffle le chaud et le froid !

“ No mouth it’s mossy sides shall hold
“ Which blows at once both hot and cold !”

Tell me, ye Westminster Electors,
Who love political projectors,
Whom cunning state-empirics please,
Have you not met with mouths like these ?
Mouths which advance assertions bold,
Blow sometimes hot and sometimes cold.
Have you no smooth-tongu’d sophist found,
Who Proteus-like still shifts his ground,
Promulging for the public good
Schemes by no mortal understood ?
Whose patriot soul, so truly Roman,
Would trust the regal power to no man,
Tho’ check’d and limited it be
Like Britain’s well-pois’d monarchy ;
Yet plasters praises thick and hearty
Upon his fav’rite Buonaparté ?
To British honour much alive,
Yet hates to see her laurels thrive ;
And strives to pluck the shining bough
From her great Hero’s glorious brow :

Who deeply ting'd with classic lore,
 Would now with lofty Byron soar,
 Displaying to our wond'ring sight
 A literary paper kite !
 Giving, as Harold mounts the gale,
 Collected scraps, to form his tail :—
 Now takes a lower road to fame,
 Charm'd if the rabble shout his name,
 When every zealous wild supporter
 Proves Parliaments are best when shorter,
 By windows broke in every quarter :
 Whilst fractur'd heads demonstrate clearly,
 These sports should be repeated yearly !
 When such mad follies meet our eye,
 Is't right to laugh ?—or must we cry ?
 We smile at such attempts to fob us—
 But sigh to find the hoaxer H—— !

Electors ! midst this horrid clatter,
 'Twas well to imitate the Satyr.

LE CHEVAL ET LE LOUP.

UN certain Loup, dans la saison
Que les tièdes zephyrs ont l'herbe rajeunie,
Et que les animaux quittent tous la maison
Pour s'en aller chercher leur vie ;
Un Loup, dis-je, au sortir des rigueurs de l'hiver,
Apperçut un Cheval qu'on avoit mis au verd.
Je laisse à penser quelle joie.
Bonne chasse, dit-il, qui l'auroit à son croc !
Eh ! que n'es tu mouton ! car tu me serois hoc :
Au lieu qu'il faut ruser pour avoir cette proie.
Rusons donc. Ainsi dit, il vient à pas comptés,

THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

WHEN Nature, releas'd from the cold icy trammels,
Which winter had form'd, all her lustre renews,
When the gold of the cowslip each meadow enamels,
And the amethyst blends with soft emerald hues ;

At this sprightly season of love and of joy,
A Horse from his stable was sent by his master,
In freedom these holiday hours to employ,
And graze at his ease in a rich verdant pasture.

A Wolf who was prowling in search of adventures,
The glossy, plump animal joyfully spies :
With caution the paddock's enclosure he enters,
In hopes of possessing so tempting a prize.

“ Ah ! wert thou, stout beast,” cries the thief, “ but a mut-
ton—

“ In a moment that carcase I'd seize as my own :
“ As it is, some disguise I must artfully put on,
“ Before I can tear thy fat flesh from the bone.”

Se dit écolier d'Hippocrate ;
Qu'il connoît les vertus et les propriétés
De tous les simples de ces prés ;
Qu'il sait guérir, sans qu'il se flatte,
Toutes sortes de maux. Si Don Coursier vouloit
Ne point celer sa maladie,
Lui Loup, gratis le guériroit.
Car le voir dans cette prairie
Paître ainsi sans être lié
Témoignoit quelque mal, selon la médecine.
J'ai, dit la bête chevaline,
Une apostume sous le pied.
Mon fils, dit le docteur, il n'est point de partie
Susceptible de tant de maux.

So gravely saluting, he question'd the Steed—

“ Are you here, my fair Sir, for your health or your
pleasure ?

“ From the symptoms I fear you're a great invalid,

“ For in health men allow their poor nags but small
leisure.

“ As a pupil of Galen accept my assistance ;

“ By feeling your pulse I shall find what your state is ;

“ I have travell'd thus far, from a very great distance,

“ To give the afflicted my best advice gratis.

“ Very choice are the wise in selecting their food,

“ For plants that are noxious the functions disturb all,

“ As Solomon knew well the bad from the good,

“ I can point out each root in old Culpepper's herbal.”

The Horse Isgrim's character knew by repute,

And plainly perceiv'd what the traitor design'd :

So he says, “ Learned Doctor, my pains are acute,

“ An abscess is form'd in my off-foot behind.”

“ A delicate part !” quoth the Lecch, “ and indeed

“ In the choice of a surgeon 'tis well to be wary ;

J'ai l'honneur de servir nosseigneurs les chevaux,
Et fais aussi la chirurgie.

Mon galant ne songeoit qu'à bien prendre son temps,
A fin de happer son malade.

L'autre, qui s'en doutoit, lui lâche une ruade

Qui vous lui met en marmelade

Les mandibules et les dents.

C'est bien fait, dit le Loup en soi-même, fort triste ;

Chacun à son métier doit toujours s'attacher.

Tu veux faire ici l'herboriste,

Et ne fut jamais que boucher.

“ Allow me to touch it, and then I’ll proceed

“ Like a perfect adept in the art veter’nary.

“ But first of your pain let’s examine the cause—”

The Horse launch’d his heels, and no kick could be
kinder,

It crush’d to a mummy the hypocrite’s jaws,

And dash’d from their sockets each holder and grinder.

“ All this I deserve,” said the Wolf, full of sadness :

“ In the trade of a Butcher I’d been quite at home, ah !

“ To change my profession was absolute madness—

“ Who dares kill a patient without a diploma !”

LE VIEILLARD ET L'ÂNE.

UN Vieillard sur son Ane aperçut en passant ,

Un pré plein d'herbe et fleurissant ;

Il y lâche sa bête : et le grison se rue

Au travers de l'herbe menue,

Se veautrant, grattant, et frottant,

Gambadant, chantant, et broutant,

Et faisant mainte place nette.

L'ennemi vient sur l'entrefaite,

Fuyons, dit alors le Vieillard.

Pour quoi ? répondit le paillard :

Me fera-t-on porter double bât, double charge ?

Non pas, dit le Vieillard, qui prit d'abord le large.

Et que m'importe donc, dit l'Ane, à qui je sois ?

THE OLD MAN AND THE ASS.

AN ancient Codger, mounted on an Ass,

Thump'd his tough hide along a smooth high-way ;
They reach'd a place where sprang abundant grass :

Upon this fair, luxuriant mead

He turn'd his Donkey loose to feed—

Who, at the rare occasion blithe and gay,
Kick'd up his heels, and rolling, braying, brousing,
Was glad at heart to enjoy such fine carousing.

The trumpet's blast announc'd th' approaching foe :

Jack ! said the Man, for flight we must prepare.

“ Why so ?” replied the Donkey—“ fain I'd know,

“ If I be taken whilst I tarry,

“ Shall I a double burthen carry,

“ Or on my back two pair of panniers bear ?”

“ No,” quoth the Man :—“ I'll stay then—what care I ?

“ Who e'er is master is our enemy.”

Thus when the Pole's rich soil was cut in three,

Little indeed the torpid people car'd

Sauvez-vous, et me laissez paître.
Notre ennemi, c'est notre maître :
Je vous le dis en bon François.

Under whose iron rod their lot might be :

What was to them their Despot's name ?

To slaves all masters are the same :

And thus the dull, submissive herd was shar'd.

Their youth beneath the destin'd banners range,

Their blind allegiance shift, and scarcely mark the change.

Far other feelings, other thoughts prevail

In that dear land, which Freedom calls her own.

I foreign foemen dare her shores assail,

Each son his ready weapon draws

To guard her liberties and laws,

Which form the very basis of the throne.

Howe'er Whigs, Tories, Mobists, act their part—

This is the language of a British heart.

LE CHIEN QUI LÂCHE SA PROIE POUR
L'OMBRE.

CHACUN se trompe ici bas ;
On voit courir après l'ombre
Tant de fous, qu'on n'en sait pas,
La plûpart du temps, le nombre.
Au Chien dont parle Ésope il faut les renvoyer.
Ce Chien, voyant sa proie en l'eau représentée,
La quitta pour l'image, et pensa se noyer ;
La rivière devint tout d'un coup agitée ;
A toute peine il regagna les bords,
Et n'eut ni l'ombre ni le corps.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

HUMAN pursuits are mostly empty shadows ;
Reason is left for toys and fancies wild ;
The man mature acts as the thoughtless lad does ;
The lad—no better than the foolish child.

This truth is well exemplified by Æsop,
Whose Dog with loaded mouth beholds the stream,
Whilst he the bright reflection strives to seize up,
Loses the substance like a fitting dream.

Thus did the brain-sick Demagogues of France,
With a fair model close within their reach,
Blow bubble-plans of Freedom as by chance,
Neglecting all experience sage would teach.

Successive phantoms rise, and glare, and vanish :
Whilst deep in blood each desp'rate schemer waded ;
Till all their hopes Imperial mandates banish ;
Thus dropp'd the substance, thus the shadow faded !

LE CHARTIER EMBOURBÉ.

LE Phaëton d'une voiture à foin
 Vit son char embourbé. Le pauvre homme étoit loin
 De tout humain secours : c'étoit à la campagne,
 Près d'un certain canton de la basse-Bretagne,
 Appellé Quimper Corentin.

'Tis call'd the Haywood to this day.

The Haywood forest, near the city of Hereford, is supposed to be the place where an incident happened, which gave rise to Milton's beautiful Mask. Vide note on the Life of Milton, in Murphy's collection of Johnson's Works, Vol. IX.

The Lady Alice Egerton and her two Brothers, are said to have lost their way and been benighted in this Forest on their road to Ludlow, where their Father, the Earl of Bridgewater, resided, as President of Wales. Milton raised his highly poetical structure on this foundation. The *Draua* was represented in Ludlow Castle in the year 1634, by the personages who had experienced the adventure.

It may be remarked, that had the Poet been well acquainted with the geography of this part of the country, he probably would not have had recourse to *SABRINA* to dissolve the spell of *Comus*. A Naiad of still more attractive beauty might have been found in *VAGA*, whose waters flow nearer to the scene of action. The greater part of this Forest, under whose shade the writer has often roved, "muttering his wayward fancies," is now (as the

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HERCULES.

A PEASANT thro' a miry road
 Convey'd of hay a pond'rous load ;
 'Twas whilst the heathen Gods bore sway :—
 The place—old records fail to say ;
 But as the soil was stiffest clay,
 I guess (if wrong it matters not)
 A certain forest was the spot,
 Where sloughs and quagmires scar'd the rider
 That erst explor'd the Land of Cider ;
 Such was it's antient state ;—the place
 Now wears a somewhat diff'rent face.
 Still trees of various size and form
 Give shade, and shelter from the storm ;
 Whilst Cambrian hills of azure hue
 Adorn the smiling distant view.
 Perhaps from this fam'd load of hay
 'Tis call'd the Haywood to this day.

picturesque Mr. Gilpin would have said) “ deformed by the miserable scratches of cultivation.”

On sait assez que le Destin
Adresse là les gens quand il veut qu'on enrage.
Dieu nous préserve du voyage !
Pour venir au Chartier embourbé dans ces lieux,
Le voilà, qui déteste et jure de son mieux,
Pestant, en sa fureur extrême,
Tantôt contre les trous, puis contre ses chevaux,
Contre son char, contre lui-même.
Il invoque à la fin le Dieu dont les travaux
Sont si célèbres dans le monde.
Hercule, lui dit-il, aide-moi : si ton dos
A porté la machine ronde,
Ton bras peut me tirer d'ici.
Sa prière étant faite, il entend dans la nue
Une voix qui lui parle ainsi :
Hercule veut qu'on se remue ;
Puis il aide les gens. Regarde d'où provient
L'achoppement qui te retient :
Ote d'autour de chaque roue
Ce malheureux mortier, cette maudite boue,
Qui jusqu' à l'aissieu les enduit ;

Here jolly Comus held his revels
With all his mischief-loving devils :
Who pleas'd beheld full many a wain
Stick in the dirt of his domain ;
And when they saw the flound'ring team in,
With laughter heard the clowns blaspheming.

In that old time, our Peasant's wagon
The horses could no longer drag on :
For axle-deep the wheels had now
Sunk, in a wet, tenacious slough.
Hodge first discharg'd, with angry folly,
Of oaths a very copious volley :
But as a spark of grace he felt,
Down on his marrow bones he knelt,
And pray'd as hard as he was able
To him, who cleans'd th' Augean stable ;
The God so stout in dirty dealing
Hodge hop'd, might have a fellow-feeling.
Alcides from a shining cloud
Heard the petition urg'd so loud.
“ Rise, honest Hodge,—now wield your spade,
“ And clear this mud the rain has made,
“ Which clogs each hamper'd spoke and felly,
“ And reaches e'en your cattle's belly.

Prends ton pic, et me romps ce caillou qui te nuit :
Comble moi cette ornière. As tu fait ? Oui, dit l'homme.
Or bien, je vais t'aider, dit la voix : prends ton fouet.
Je l'ai pris Qu'est ceci ? mon char marche à souhait !
Hercule en soit loué ! Lors la voix : Tu vois comme
Tes chevaux aisément se sont tirés de là.

Aide toi, le Ciel t'aidera.

“ Have you remov’d the strong resistance?—

“ Thus do the Gods bestow assistance.

“ Now clap your shoulder to the wheel

“ And let the whip your horses feel.”

A miracle the Bumpkin sees :

His striving cattle move with ease !

He joyful thanks great Hercules.

}

Mortals! to Heav’n address your pray’r,

But seek not all your succour there :—

Deaf to the careless, slothful elf,

Heav’n helps the man, who helps himself.

L'ÂNE ET LE PETIT CHIEN.

NE forçons point notre talent :
 Nous ne ferions rien avec grâce.
 Jamais un lourdaud, quoiqu'il fasse,
 Ne sauroit passer pour galant.
 Peu de gens, que le ciel chérit et gratifie,
 Ont le don d'agrèer infus avec la vie.
 C'est un point qu'il leur faut laisser,
 Et ne pas ressembler à l'âne de la fable,
 Qui pour se rendre plus aimable,
 Et plus cher à son maître, alla le caresser.
 Comment ! disoit-il en son ame,
 Ce Chien, parce qu'il est mignon,
 Vivra de pair et compagnon
 Avec Monsieur, avec Madame !
 Et j'aurai de coups de bâton !
 Que fait-il ? il donne la patte,
 Puis aussitôt il est baisé :
 S'il en faut faire autant afin que l'on me flatte,
 Cela n'est pas bien mal-aisé.
 Dans cette admirable pensée,

THE LAPDOG AND THE ASS.

SOME men mistake their talent, some their station :

Each of these errors shews a lack of brains.

If grey-beard suitors aim at gay flirtation,

The dotards are but laugh'd at for their pains.

Beau B — —, if he chose, could sadly tell

'Tis wrong to bid *some People* ring the bell !

An Ass once saw with envy those caresses,

A Lapdog gain'd from Misses and from Madam ;

Thus to himself his murmurs he expresses : —

“ Those fond endearments—O that once I had 'em !

“ I see the cause ;— I'm not enough familiar.

“ My stupid, distant manners vastly silly are.

“ I'll change the plan ;—delightful pats and kisses

“ Will then be mine, instead of kicks and beating.

“ Like Pompey now I'll frisk about the Misses,

“ And hail my Mistress with a playful greeting.”

Soon as he made this well-judg'd resolution,

Jack put his hopeful scheme in execution.

Voyant sont maître en joie, il s'en vient lourdement.

Lève une corne tout usée,

La lui porte au menton fort amoureusement,

Non sans accompagner, pour plus grand ornement,

De son chant gracieux cette action hardie.

Oh ! oh ! quelle caresse ! et quelle mélodie !

Dit le maître aussitôt. Hola, Martin-bâton !

Martin-bâton accourt, l'Ane change de ton.

Ainsi finit la comédie.

Meeting the Lady, in a humour gay,

He rais'd his long rough hoofs about her neck,
Gracing the action with a tuneful bray :—

Aloud she scream'd :—the fond salute to check,
A storm of blows from whips and cudgels blended
Shower'd on his back, and thus Jack's project ended.

LE JARDINIER ET SON SEIGNEUR.

UN amateur du jardinage,
Demi-bourgeois, demi-manant,
Possédoit en certain village

Un jardin assez propre, et le clos attenant.

Il avoit de plant vif fermé cette étendue :

Là croissoit à plaisir l'oseille et la laitue,

De quoi faire à Margot pour sa fête un bouquet,

Peu de jasmin d'Espagne, et force serpolet.

Cette félicité par un lièvre troublée,

Fit qu'au Seigneur du bourg notre homme se plaignit.

THE GARDENER AND THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

IN the gay days of France, when her ancient *régime*
 Allow'd her noblesse to do just what they pleas'd ;—
 By feudal oppression, now gone like a dream,
 Roturiers rather too roughly were squeez'd :—
 One of these of a handsome snug cottage was master,
 With a garden well-stor'd, and some acres of pasture.

But chief in the garden was center'd his joy :—
 His exercise, luxury, solace was there.
 Yet all human pleasures some crosses annoy ;
 The fiend which this paradise cross'd was—a hare !
 With sorrow, with anger, with malice he view'd her,
 His strong hawthorn hedge could not bar the intruder.

He dar'd neither trap her, nor shoot her, nor stone her :—
 To pot went the parsley, the pease, and the salad ;
 But not to the pot of the poor luckless owner—
 The fruits of his labour this pilferer all had.
 At length he no longer could suffer the pillage,
 So he carried his complaints to the Lord of the village.

Ce maudit animal vient prendre sa goutée
Soir et matin, dit-il, et des pièges se rit :
Les pierres, les bâtons, y perdent leur credit :
Il est sorcier, je crois. Sorcier ! je l'en défie,
Répartit le Seigneur : fut-il diable Miraut,
En dépit de ces tours, l'attrapera bientôt.
Je vous en déferai, bon homme, sur ma vie ;
Et quand ? Et dès demain, sans tarder plus long-temps.
La partie ainsi faite, il vient avec ses gens.
Cà, dejeûnons, dit-il : vos poulets sont-ils tendres ?
La fille du logis, qu'on vous voie, approchez :
Quand la marierons-nous ? quand aurons-nous des gendres ?
Bon homme, c'est ce coup qu'il faut, vous m'entendez,
Qu'il faut fouiller à l'escarcelle.

This Lord was a sportsman ;—a good-humour'd wight,
 If his game they'd respect, and due reverence show
 him,
 (Tho' his freedoms sometimes put the nymphs in a
 fright)

He seldom did mischief to persons below him.
 He said, " My good fellow, now banish your sorrow,
 " Of the culprit I'll make an example to morrow.

" To morrow at breakfast I'll beat up your quarters,
 " I've heard, my friend Jacques, that your hams are much
 boasted :

" Your chicken are famous by many reporters !"—

So the gammon was boil'd, and the pullets were roasted.
 Half the night was employ'd on this joyful occasion,
 For my Lord's august presence to make preparation.

Next day came his Honour, his train, and his hounds :

He guttled and swill'd, and he prais'd his regaling.—
 With horns and with shouts all the village resounds !

Monsieur show'd a spice of his principal failing.
 Whilst the crew of attendants still quaff'd in the kitchen,
 And made a great hole both the tap, and the fitch in,

Disant ces mots, il fait connoissance avec elle,
 Au près de lui la fait asseoir,
 Prend une main, un bras, lève un coin du mouchoir :
 Toutes sottises dont la belle
 Se défend avec grand respect :
 Tant qu'au père à la fin cela devient suspect.
 Cependant on fricasse, on se rue en cuisine.
 De quand sont vos jambons ? ils ont fort bonne mine.
 Monsieur, ils sont à vous. Vraiment, dit le Seigneur,
 Je les reçois, et de bon coeur.
 Il déjeûne très bien, aussi fait sa famille,

When a bride—she was his by the Laws of the Manor.

The imitator will not take upon him to assert on positive authority, that the degrading privilege here alluded to, actually subsisted either in France or England. The very notion of it strikingly shews the aristocratic tyranny of Lords under the feudal system, and the abject submission of their vassals. Blackstone informs us, that it certainly prevailed in Scotland under the name of *Mercheta*. But as this custom is said to have been abolished by Malcolm III, who was successor to Macbeth, and co-temporary with our Edward the Confessor, it can scarcely be supposed to have remained in France down to a very late period. There is every reason to believe, that this custom subsisted in other countries of Europe, as well as among our northern neigh-

My Lord at the host's pretty daughter that waitcd,
 'Twixt the morsels he swallow'd, cast amorous glances ;
 Press'd her hand, - smack'd her lips, - she was soon to be
 mated,

So he whisper'd some stuff, as the fashion of France is.
 'Twas scarcely worth while to take pains to trepan her—
 When a bride—she was *his* by the Laws of the Manor.

hours. As a confirmation of this opinion, Voltaire mentions it in his *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, without any allusion to Scotland ; another passage in the same Essay states, that all the feudal regulations in France were derived from Italy. The tenure of Borough English which obtained in some parts of England, by which the *youngest* son, and not the *eldest*, succeeded to the burgage tenement on the death of his father, affords ground for the supposition that it prevailed here at some period of our history. Anachronisms may be pardoned in works of fancy. Availing himself of this licence, one of our early dramatic writers has made this claim the subject of a play, called the Custom of the Manor, which produces some comic effect. The successful lover of a rich heiress being about to take possession of his fair mistress and her property, is coolly informed, that, by the custom of the Manor, the Lord has an imprescriptible right to the first favours of the bride. After having his fears and his feelings worked up to the highest pitch, he is relieved from his painful embarrassment by the intelligence that the lady's husband by the ceremony of marriage became himself the Lord, and consequently entitled to all the manorial privileges.

Chiens, chevaux, et valets, tous gens bien endentés.

Il commande chez l'hôte, il prend des libertés,

Boit son vin, caresse sa fille.

L'embarras des chasseurs succède au déjeûné.

Chacun s'anime et se prépare :

Les trompes et les cors font un tel tintamarre,

Que le bon homme est étonné.

Le pis fut que l'on mit en piteux équipage

Le pauvre potager : adieu planches, carreaux,

Adieu chicorée et poireaux :

Adieu de quoi mettre au potage.

Le lièvre étoit gîté dessous un maître chou.

On le quête, on le lance : il s'enfuit par un trou,

Non pas trou, mais trouée, horrible et large plaie

Que l'on fit à la pauvre haie

Par ordre du Seigneur ; car il eût été mal

Qu'on n'eût pu du jardin sortir tout à cheval.

Le bon homme disoit : Ce sont là jeux de prince.

Mais on le laissoit dire ; et les chiens et les gens

Firent plus de dégât en une heure de temps,

Que n'en auroient fait en cent ans

Tous les lièvres de la province.

The father with joy saw the clan quit the house all ;
 They mounted their steeds for the storming the garden :
 Tho' much he begrudg'd them this wasteful carousal,
 At least the conclusion he hop'd some reward in.
 They levell'd the hedge which surrounded the place,
 And in dash'd at once all the pomp of the chase.

But now 'twas his fate to contemplate with pain
 The horses' hoofs tearing each bed and each border ;
 The work of a twelvemonth was labour in vain—
 Here herbs, flow'rs, and frames lie in fatal disorder !
 O'er the wreck of his hopes his eyes mournfully pass,
 And he views in despair the sad fragments of glass !

“ I find,” said poor Jacques, “ I was strangely mistaken.
 “ The hare to be sure—these kind sportsmen have caught
 “ her,
 “ But they've drank up my wine, ate my fowls and my
 “ bacon,
 “ Destroy'd all my garden, and tousled my daughter !
 “ Thro' the year should ten hares all my pot-herbs devour,
 “ They will do me less harm than my friends in an
 “ hour !”

Petits Princes, vuidez vos débats entre vous ;
De récourir aux rois vous seriez de grands fous.
Il ne les faut jamais engager dans vos guerres.
Ni les faire entrer sur vos terres.

Into errors like these even nations may fall, and

Such feats may be done on a much larger scale :

When Frenchmen were pray'd to give freedom to Holland,

They listen'd with joy to the Jacobin tale ;—

Mynheer lost the burthen he grumbled to bear,

Just as our honest Jacques was reliev'd from his hare.

LE SERPENT ET LA LIME.

ON conte qu'un Serpent, voisin d'un Horloger,
(C'étoit pour l'Horloger un mauvais voisinage)
Entra dans sa boutique, et, cherchant à manger,
N'y rencontra pour tout potage
Qu'une Lime d'acier, qu'il se mit à ronger.
Cette Lime lui dit, sans se mettre en colère :
Pauvre ignorant ! eh ! que prétends-tu faire ?
Tu te prends à plus dur que toi,
Petit Serpent à tête folle ;
Plutôt que d'emporter de moi
Seulement le quart d'une obole,
Tu te romprois toutes les dents.
Je ne crains que celles du temps.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

A VIPER chanc'd his head to pop
 Into a neighbouring blacksmith's shop ;
 Long near the place had he been lurking,
 And staid till past the hours for working.
 As with keen eyes he glanc'd around
 In search of food, a File he found :
 Of meats he saw no single item,
 Which tempted hungry jaws to bite 'em ;
 So with his fangs the eager fool
 Attack'd the rough impassive tool ;
 And whilst his wounded palate bled,
 Fancied on foreign gore he fed.

When thus the File retorted coolly :—
 “ Viper ! this work's ingenious, truly !
 “ No more those idle efforts try ;
 “ Proof 'gainst assaults like your's am I.
 “ On me you'd fracture ev'ry bone,
 “ I feel the teeth of Time alone.”

Ceci s'adresse à vous, esprits du dernier ordre,
Qui, n'étant bons à rien, cherchez sur tout à mordre :

Vous vous tourmentez vainement.

Croyez-vous que vos dents impriment leurs outrages

Sur tant de beaux ouvrages ?

Ils sont pour vous d'airain, d'acier, de diamant.

Thus did a Poet, vain and young,
(Who since has palinody sung,)
His fangs upon a Minstrel's lay
Fix hard:—'Twas labour thrown away!
On that sweet Bard of Doric strain
This venom'd bite was tried in vain:
His flights, thro' no dark medium view'd,
Derive from fog no magnitude;
But bright and clear to charm our eyes,
His vivid pictures boldly rise.
In painting manners, arms, and dress sure,
Time shew'd him all his form and pressure.
Bard of the North! thou still shalt be
A File to Critics, harsh as he.
Tho' Time has teeth—thou need'st not fear 'em,
Thy verse defies old Edax Rerum!

LE LIÈVRE ET LA TORTUE.

RIEN ne sert de courir : il faut partir à point.
Le Lièvre et la Tortue en sont un témoignage.
Gageons, dit celle-ci, que vous n'atteindrez point
Sitôt que moi ce but. Sitôt ! êtes-vous sage ?

Répartit l'animal léger :

Ma commère, il faut vous purger

Avec quatre grains d'ellébore.

Sage ou non, je parie encore.

Ainsi fut fait ; et de tous deux

On mit près du but les enjeux.

Savoir quoi, ce n'est pas l'affaire,

Ni de quel juge l'on convint.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

YE men of genius-gifted brains,
Who scoff at tardy wits as muddy,
That gain their point by toil and pains—
You deem mispent the hours severe of study ;
More pleas'd with feasting, frolicking, or nodding ;
Learn from this tale the potency of plodding.

A Tortoise, nothing swift, but somewhat cunning,
Said to a brisk, young, thoughtless Hare,
“ Friend, if you wish to shew your skill in running,
“ I will against your speed a trial dare.
“ A verdant parsley-wreath shall grace the winner,
“ To wear—or else to make a savoury dinner.”

“ You run with me !” said wond'ring Puss,
“ Have you these megrims, Gossip, had before ?
“ Till now I never saw you thus—
“ Pray take to-night some grains of hellebore.”
“ My brains are sound as your's :” the Tortoise cried ;
And so at once the experiment was tried.

Notre Lièvre n'avoit que quatre pas à faire,
J'entends de ceux qu'il fait, lorsque, près d'être atteint,
Il s'éloigne des chiens, les renvoie aux calendes,
Et leur fait arpenter les landes.

Ayant, dis-je, du temps de reste pour brouter
Pour dormir, et pour écouter
D'où vient le vent, il laisse la Tortue

 Aller son train de sénateur.

 Elle part, elle s'évertue,

 Elle se hâte avec lenteur.

Lui cependant méprise une telle victoire,

 Tient la gageure à peu de gloire,

 Croit qu'il y va de son honneur

De partir tard. Il broute, il se repose,

Il s'amuse à toute autre chose

Qu' à la gageure. A la fin, quand il vit

Que l'autre touchoit presque au bout de la carrière,

Il partit comme un trait : mais les élans qu'il fit

Furent vains ; la Tortue arriva la première.

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

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

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

LE CURÉ ET LE MORT.

UN Mort s'en alloit tristement
 S'emparer de son dernier gîte ;
 Un Curé s'en alloit gaiement
 Enterrer ce Mort au plus vite.
 Notre défunt étoit en carrosse porté,
 Bien et dûment empaqueté,
 Et vêtu d'une robe, hélas ! qu'on nomme bière,
 Robe d'hiver, robe d'été,
 Que les morts ne dépouillent guère.
 Le Pasteur étoit à côté,
 Et récitoit, à l'ordinaire,
 Maintes dévotes oraisons,
 Et des pseumes, et des leçons,
 Et des versets, et des répons.
 Monsieur le Mort, laissez-nous faire,
 On vous en donnera de toutes les façons :
 Il ne s'agit que du salaire.

*

THE CORPSE AND THE CURATE.

A CORPSE was passing on the road,
 Towards it's long and last abode ;
 And with it went a Curate merry,
 The cold and stiff defunct to bury.

Wrapt in a shroud, the lump of clay
 Within a leaden coffin lay,
 His only robe a winding-sheet,
 In winter's cold and summer's heat ;
 Henceforth in damp sepulchral dirt,
 Doom'd never more to change his shirt !
 No matter !—We must all endure it :
 He rode in state beside the Curate,
 Who chaunted with religious care
 Meet orisons, and many a pray'r ;
 The lessons, psalms, responses, verses,—
 Sad, solemn, serenade of hearses.
 Yet duly thus or said or sung,
 They only occupied his tongue ;
 His mind was brooding o'er the gains
 Accruing from these pious pains.

Messire Jean Chouart couvoit des yeux son Mort,
Comme si l'on eût dû lui ravir ce trésor,

Et, des regards, sembloit lui dire :

Monsieur le Mort, j'aurai de vous

Tant en argent, et tant en cire,

Et tant en autres menus coûts.

Il fondoit là-dessus l'achat d'une feuillette

Du meilleur vins des environs :

Certaine nièce assez proprette,

Et sa chambrière Pâquette,

Devoient avoir des cotillons.

Sur cette agréable pensée

Un heurt survient ; adieu le char.

Voilà Messire Jean Chouart,

Qui du choc de son Mort a la tête cassée :

Le paroissien en plomb entraîne son Pasteur ;

Notre Curé suit son seigneur ;

Tous deux s'en vont de compagnie.

His looks intent, and eager eyes,
Seem'd fearful he might lose his prize ;
And pensively appear'd to count
To what the funeral fees amount—
In money, cloth—in waxen lights,
Scarf, gloves, and other perquisites :
Of wine he deem'd 'em worth a barrel,
And something over for apparel,
For presents to his maid, and—niece,—
At least a petticoat apiece.

Rapt in these pleasing meditations,—
Indulging fond anticipations,
A sudden shock—(the coachman's blunder,)
Hurl'd headlong both,—the Curate under.
Dash'd to the ground, the Corpse and Pastor
Felt not alike the deep disaster :
The Corpse was dead enough before,
And having died, could die no more,
From life's long labours once releas't;—
Not so the visionary Priest :
Of health, and hope, and spirits full,
The falling coffin crack'd his skull ;
Dispatch'd at once from musing glee,
To death's eternal reverie.

Proprement, toute notre vie
Est le Curé Chouart, qui sur son Mort comptoit,
Et la Fable du Pot au lait.

Thus, future prospects gaily gilding,
We pass our lives in castle-building :
Whilst life itself is but a breath,
And soon—too soon—the bubble bursts in death.

LA COUR DU LION.

SA Majesté lionne un jour voulut connoître
De quelles nations le ciel l'avoit fait maître.

Il manda donc par députés
Ses vassaux de toute nature,
Envoyant de tous les côtés
Une circulaire écriture
Avec son sceau. L'écrit portoit
Qu'un mois durant le roi tiendrait
Cour plènière, dont l'ouverture
Devoit être un fort grand festin,
Suivi des tours de Fagotin.

Par ce trait de magnificence
Le prince à ses sujets étaloit sa puissance.

En son Louvre il les invita.

Quel Louvre ! un vrai charnier, dont l'odeur se porta
D'abord au nez des gens ; l'Ours boucha sa narine :

THE LION'S COURT.

THE King of Beasts once issued a decree,
 That all his loving subjects, high and low,
 Of whatsoever station and degree,
 Without delay should to his presence go.
 The Monarch will'd with his own eyes to see
 His vassals all, their several states to know.
 The royal mandate, duly sign'd and seal'd,
 Was sent to ev'ry tenant of the field.

This gala was to last a month at least :
 And there was spread a general report,
 The whole would open with a splendid feast,
 With gay spectacles—ev'ry kind of sport,
 To suit the taste of ev'ry loyal beast,
 Worthy the grandeur of this sylvan court
 Held in the Lion's—call it what you please,
 The Porte, Escorial, or the Tuileries.

O what a Court it was ! for here assail'd
 The nostrils scents would surfeit carrion crows :

Il se fût bien passé de faire cette mine ;
Sa grimace déplut : le monarque irrité
L'envoya chez Pluton faire
Le dégoûté.

Le Singe approuva fort cette sévérité ;
Et, flatteur excessif, il loua la colère
Et la griffe du prince, et l'antre, et cette odeur :
Il n'étoit ambre, il n'étoit fleur,
Qui ne fût ail au prix. Sa sotte flatterie
Eut un mauvais succès, et fût encor punie.
Ce monseigneur de Lion là
Fut parent de Caligula.

From ev'ry corner putrid fumes exhal'd!

The Bear approaching turn'd and stopp'd his nose.
Unlucky movement!—there his duty fail'd:

The Sovereign marks the high contempt he shows,
And, in the paroxysm of anger's fever,
Sends him to Dis, to learn the *savoir vivre*.

The fawning Ape this apt occasion caught,
To cram with praise the offended Monarch's ear.

“ Bruin, great Sir, was punish'd as he ought,
“ And future Bears that potent paw will fear,
“ By just example better manners taught.

“ This perfume Flora's fragrance comes not near,
“ With such no musk or ambergris can vie,
“ All here delights the nose and charms the eye.”

This dose the royal critic thought too strong,

And roaring cried, “ Such fulsome fools I hate !”
In dealing castigation seldom long,

He gave to prating Jacko Bruin's fate ;
For in correction of opinions wrong

He copied Harry Tudor's rules of state.
But Harry broil'd his victims—always raw
King Lion gave his subjects to his maw.

Le Renard étant proche : Or ça, lui dit le sire,
Que sens-tu ? dis-le moi : parle sans déguiser.

L'autre aussi-tôt de s'excuser,
Alléguant un grand rhume : il ne pouvoit que dire
Sans odorat.—Bref, il s'en tire.

Ceci vous sert d'enseignement.

Ne soyez à la cour, si vous voulez y plaire,
Ni fade adulateur, ni parleur trop sincère,
Et tâchez quelquefois de répondre en Normand.

The Fox was near ; “ Ho ! Renard,” cries the King,

“ By you at once we shall be freely told

“ What sorts of odour from our palace spring:

“ Speak out, good Renard, speak with freedom bold,

“ A voice like your's must honest council bring.”

“ Your pardon, Sire,” said Renard, “ I've a cold ;

“ A judge less fit, my Liege, could not be chose—

“ Just now, I can't tell garlick from a rose !”

LES DEUX PIGEONS.

DEUX Pigeons s'aimoient d'amour tendre ;
L'un deux s'ennuyant au logis,
Fut aussi fou pour entreprendre
Un voyage en lointain pays.
L'autre lui dit—Qu'allez-vous faire ?
Voulez-vous quitter votre frère ?
L'absence est le plus grand des maux :
Non pas pour vous, cruel ! au moins, que les travaux,
Les dangers, les soins du voyage,
Changent un peu votre courage.
Encor, si la saison s'avançoit davantage !
Attendez les zéphyr : qui vous presse ? Un corbeau
Tout-à-l'heure annonçoit malheur à quelque oiseau.
Je ne songerai plus que rencontre funeste,
Que faucons, que réseaux. Hélas ! dirai-je, il pleut ;

THE TWO PIGEONS.

Two Doves, twin-brothers of a nest,
By tender friendship's flame possess,
 Long liv'd, as Pythias with his Damon—
Neither abroad desir'd to roam ;
Till one at length, grown sick of home,
 A restless, rambling fancy came on.

To check the whim, his brother tried :

“ Can you then leave me thus ? ” he cried—

 “ On absence think what pangs attend ! ”

“ Think of the peril which besets

“ The wand'ring bird—storms, falcons, nets :—

 “ O spare the feelings of your friend.

“ Or stay at least till spring's mild season—

“ Then lightly skim the tepid breeze on ;

 “ But now you wayward fate provoke.

“ At ev'ry driving show'r of sleet

“ My anxious heart will sadly beat !

 “ Heard you that boding raven's croak ? ”

Mon frère, a-t-il tout ce qu'il veut,

Bon soupé, bon gîte, et le reste ?

Ce discours ébranla le coeur

De notre imprudent voyageur ;

Mais le désir de voir, et l'humeur inquiète,

L'emportèrent enfin. Il dit : Ne pleurez point :

Trois jours au plus rendront mon ame satisfaite !

Je reviendrai dans peu conter de point en point

Mes aventures à mon frère.

Je le désennuyeraï : quiconque ne voit guère,

N'a guère à dire aussi. Mon voyage dépeint

Vous sera d'un plaisir extrême.

Je dirai : J'étois là, telle chose m'avint ;

Vous y croirez être vous-même.

A ces mots, en pleurant, il se dirent adieu.

Le voyageur s'éloigne : et voilà qu'un nuage

L'oblige de chercher retraite en quelque lieu.

Un seul arbre s'offrit, tel encor que l'orage

Maltraita le Pigeon en dépit du feuillage.

L'air devenu serein, il part tout morfondu,

Sèche du mieux qu'il peut son corps chargé de pluie :

When first these fond complaints were heard,
It shook the purpose of the Bird ;

But soon the roving rage prevails.

“ Grieve not, dear friend,” he says, and sighs,

“ By travel, men and birds grow wise ;

“ How charm’d you’ll be to hear my tales !

“ The distant scenes beheld by me,

“ In narrative yourself shall see—

“ Who nothing sees, can nothing tell :—

“ And three short days, at most, shall bring

“ Your brother home on rapid wing :

“ So dry your tears—adieu—farewell !”

He fled :—the harbingers of storm,

Black gathering clouds, heav’n’s face deform,

And loud and shrill the tempest blows :

In torrents pour’d the drenching rain ;

One leafless tree upon the plain,

Alone its shelter thin bestows.

But soon, the pelting deluge done,

His ruffled plumage to the sun

Dans un champ à l'écart voit du blé répandu,
Voit un Pigeon auprès ; cela lui donne envie :
Il y vole, il est pris : ce blé couvrait d'un lacs

Les menteurs et traîtres appas.

Le lacs étoit usé ; si bien que, de son aile,
De ses pieds, de son bec, l'oiseau le rompt enfin ;
Quelque plume y périt : et le pis du destin
Fut, que certain Vautour, à la serre cruelle,
Vit notre malheureux, quit traînant la ficelle,
Et les morceaux du lacs qui l'avoit attrapé,

Sembloit un forçat échappé.

Le Vautour s'en alloit le lier, quand des nues
Fond à son tour un Aigle aux ailes étendues.

He spreads, and joyful onward flies :
'Till in his course a shelter'd nook,
Where grain was strew'd, with eager look,
Hungry, and wet, and faint, he spies.

A Pigeon, too, was feeding there :
So, heedless of the lurking snare,
He darted down as swift as thought.
Too soon he finds the fell deceit ;
The toils surround his tangled feet—
The novice in the trap is caught.

But fickle Fortune here was kind ;
His limbs tho' hempen fetters bind,
Distress and joy arrive together.
Thro' meshes weak, by time decay'd,
With bill, wings, feet, a breach he made,
And scap'd, with loss of many a feather.

The captive freed a Vulture saw,
And aim'd to seize with felon claw :—
Fortune again evinc'd her sway ;
A royal Eagle, soaring high,
Shot thro' the liquid azure sky,
And claim'd, as his, the helpless prey.

Le Pigeon profita du conflit des voleurs,
S'envola, s'abattit auprès d'une mesure,
Crut pour ce coup que ses malheurs
Finiroient par cette aventure :
Mais un fripon d'enfant (cet âge est sans pitié)
Prit sa fronde, et du coup tua plus d'à-moitié,
La volatile malheureuse,
Qui, maudissant sa curiosité,
Traînant l'aile, et tirant le pied,
Demi-morte, et demi-boiteuse,
Droit au logis s'en retourna :
Que bien, que mal, elle arriva
Sans autre aventure fâcheuse.

Voilà nos gens réjoints : et je laisse à juger
De combien de plaisirs ils payèrent leurs peines.

Amants, heureux amants, voulez-vous voyager ?

Que ce soit au rives prochaines.

Soyez-vous l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,

Toujours divers, toujours nouveau :

Tenez-vous lien de tout, comptez pour rien le reste.

Whilst the two ruffians fiercely strove,
 Escapes th' emancipated Dove,
 And flatt'ring hope to dawn began :
 But soon an urchin with his sling,
 Observ'd him rest his weary wing :—
 How cruel are the sports of man !

The whizzing stone, with dext'rous aim,
 Flew to its mark : now hurt, and lame,
 Our Dove of rambling rage was cur'd.
 He crept home safe, tho' tempest-tost,
 And in th' embrace of friendship, lost
 The pain his luckless flight endur'd.

Ye Lovers ! to these lays attend :
 Take warning by this roving friend—
 'Twill profit those who well receive it.
 If once in port your sails are furl'd,
 There anchor :—there you've all the world—
 You'll lose your treasure if you leave it.

Yet absence (O forgive, Fontaine,
 If I pervert thy tender strain)

J'ai quelquefois aimé ; je n'aurois pas alors,
Contre le Louvre, et ses trésors,
Contre le firmament, et sa voute céleste,
Changé les bois, changé les lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
De l'aimable et jeune bergère
Pour qui, sous le fils de Cythère,
Je servis, engagé par mes premiers serments.
Hélas ! quand reviendront de semblables moments !
Faut-il que tant d'objets, si doux et si charmants,
Me laissent vivre au gré de mon ame inquiète !
Ah ! si mon cœur osoit encore se réinflammer !
Ne sentirai-je plus de charme qui m'arrête ?
Ai-je passé le temps d'aimer ?

Brings sweeter bliss when joy returns.
The torch of Love then blazes high'r,
And steady Friendship's sacred fire
By absence fann'd still brighter burns.

L'AMOUR ET LA FOLIE.

Tout est mystère dans l'Amour,
Ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance :
 Ce n'est pas l'ouvrage d'un jour
 Que d'épuiser cette science.
Je ne prétends donc point tout expliquer ici :
Mon but est seulement de dire à ma manière,
 Comment l'aveugle que voici
(C'est un Dieu) comment, dis-je, il perdit la lumière ;
Qu'elle suite eut ce mal, qui peut-être est un bien.
J'en fais juge un amant, et ne décide rien.

La Folie et l'Amour jouoient un jour ensemble.
Celui-ci n'étoit pas encore privé des yeux.
Une dispute vint : l'Amour veut qu'on assemble
 Là-dessus le conseil des dieux.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

IN the good days of yore, before Cupid was blind,
With eyes keen as his arrows he aim'd at each bosom ;
Old records of Paphos the cause have assign'd,
How the playful young Deity happen'd to lose 'em ;
And they show, why so small is the portion of bliss,
In the tender connection from that time to this.

Master Love, and Miss Folly were very great cronies ;
One minute they kiss'd, the next moment they pouted :
The cause of these frequent dissensions unknown is ;
Which did the most mischief may fairly be doubted :
But so it fell out, upon one April day,
A terrible quarrel took place at their play.

Folly teas'd him to join, on the day of her fête,
A silly young Fop to a rich ancient Widow.
Love thought for the Dame 'twas a little too late,
Therefore begg'd to decline the mad prank he was bid do ;

L'autre n'eut pas la patience :
 Elle lui donne un coup si furieux,
 Qu'il en perd la clarté des cieux.
 Vénus en demande vengeance.
 Femme et mère, il suffit pour juger de ses cris ;
 Les dieux en furent étourdis,
 Et Jupiter, et Némésis,
 Et les juges d'enfer, enfin toute la bande.
 Elle représenta l'énormité du cas ;
 Son fils, sans un bâton, ne pouvoit faire un pas :
 Nulle peine n'étoit pour ce crime assez grande :
 Le dommage devoit être aussi réparé.
 Quand on eut bien considéré
 L'intérêt du public, celui de la partie,
 Le résultat enfin de la suprême cour
 Fut de condamner la Folie
 A servir de guide à l'Amour.

Threw at him the bauble she us'd for her sceptre.

This will be illustrated by inserting an extract from a note by one of the Commentators on Shakspeare, upon a passage in *All's well that Ends well*, Act 4. Scene 5.

“ Part of the furniture of a *Fool* was a *Bauble*, which though
 “ it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a
 “ precise and determinate meaning. It is, in short, a kind of

When Folly, enrag'd that at arm's length he kept her,
Threw at him the bauble she us'd for a sceptre.

The missile thus hurl'd hit him full in the eyes :
So hard was the blow, he was blind ever after.
Cupid made all Olympus resound with his cries,
Whilst Folly broke out into loud, silly laughter.
From hence all his schemes, e'en if wisely he plann'd 'em,
Were marr'd, for his arrows were scatter'd at random.

A synod of Gods was conven'd at the place :
Jove patiently heard what was urg'd by each pleader.
For the good of mankind he determin'd the case,
That the culprit should now to the blind boy be leader ;
And e'en to this day, thousand instances prove,
Folly still is the guide and the leader of Love.

“ truncheon, with a head carved on it, which the Fool anciently
“ carried in his hand.”

With this interpretation in view, the phrase used by that Radical Reformer, Cromwell, in his clearing out the House of Commons, appears more pointedly sarcastic.

LE SINGE ET LE CHAT.

BERTRAND avec Raton, l'un Singe et l'autre Chat,
Commensaux d'un logis, avoient un commun maître.
D'animaux malfaisants c'étoit un très-bon plat :
Ils n'y craignoient tous deux aucun, quelqu'il pût être.

Trouvoit-on quelque chose au logis de gâté ;
L'on ne s'en prenoit pas aux gens du voisinage :
Bertrand déroboit tout : Raton, de son côté,
Etoit moins attentif aux souris qu'au fromage.

Un jour, au coin du feu, nos deux maîtres fripons
 Regardoient rôtir des marrons.
Les escroquer étoit une très-bonne affaire :
Nos galants y voyoient double profit à faire,
Leur bien premièrement, et puis le mal d'autrui.

THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.

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

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

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

Bertrand dit à Raton : Frère, il faut, aujourd'hui,
Que tu fasses un coup de maître.
Tire-moi ces marrons. Si Dieu m'avoit fait naître
Propre à tirer marrons du feu,
Certes, marrons verroient beau jeu.
Aussitôt fait que dit : Raton avec sa patte,
D'une manière délicate,
Ecarte un peu la cendre, et rétire les doigts ;
Puis les reporte à plusieurs fois ;
Tire un marron, puis deux, et puis trois en escroque ;
Et cependant Bertrand les croque.
Une servante vient : adieu mes gens. Raton
N'étoit point content, ce dit-on.

Aussi ne le sont pas la plupart de ces princes
Qui, flattés d'un pareil emploi,
Vont s'échauder en des provinces
Pour le profit de quelque roi.

“ Tom ! ’ says sly Pug, “ pray could not you and I

“ Share this dessert the cook is pleas’d to cater?

“ Had I such claws as your’s, I’d quickly try :

“ Lend me a hand— ’twill be a *coup-de-mâitre* :”

So said, he seiz’d his colleague’s ready paw,

Pull’d out the fruit, and cramm’d it in his jaw.

Now came the shining Priestess of the fane,

And off in haste the two marauders scamper’d.

Tom for his share of plunder had the pain,

Whilst Pug his palate with the dainties pamper’d.

Pug had the prize ; Tom gain’d at least the learning,

That Pug lov’d nuts, and gave his friend the burning.

France has had Cats whose paws have felt the fire,

Obsequious friends, who deem’d her mandates honours :

Dutch, Spanish, Danish Tabbies have stood by her,

And nearer home, O’Coigleys and O’Connors.

Ambitious France ! her selfish ends pursuing,

Grasp’d all she could, and careless view’d their ruin.

LA FORÊT ET LE BÛCHERON.

UN Bûcheron venoit de rompre ou d'égarer
Le bois, dont il avoit émmanché sa cognée.
Cette perte ne put sitôt se réparer,
Que la Forêt n'en fut quelque temps épargnée.
L'homme enfin la prie humblement,
De lui laisser tout doucement,
Emporter une unique branche,
Afin de faire un autre manche.
Il iroit employer ailleurs son gagne-pain :
Il laisseroit debout maint chêne et maint sapin,
Dont chacun respectoit la vieillesse et les charmes.

THE WOODMAN AND THE FOREST.

A WOODMAN the handle had lost of his hatchet ;
 He lost, too, his living, unless he could match it :
 So he went to the wood, and addressing an Oak —
 In these moving accents submissively spoke.

“ Great King of the Forest ! O deign to allow,
 “ To this my distress, one superfluous bough.
 “ Munificent Monarch ! give ear to my pray’r —
 “ The boon I implore, you can very well spare.
 “ ’Till this faithful tool with a handle is fitted,
 “ My family starves—we are much to be pitied !
 “ Excuse me that thus I your goodness importune,
 “ When my axe is repair’d, then repair’d is my fortune.
 “ On gorse, thorns, and brambles, I’ll steadily toil,
 “ Which smother the saplings, that spring from the soil.
 “ I know ’tis reported, by ill-natur’d folks,
 “ That I formerly liv’d a sworn foe to the Oaks.
 “ Nay, many a stick thro’ the woodland still preaches,
 “ That I harbour designs against Elms, Firs, and Beeches ;
 “ That faggots have blaz’d, which were all of my tying—
 “ O how this vile world is addicted to lying !

L'innocente Forêt lui fournit d'autres armes,
Elle en eut du regret. Il emmanche son fer :

Le misérable ne s'en sert
Qu'à dépouiller sa bienfaitrice
De ses principaux ornemens :
Elle gémit à tous momens :
Son propre don fait son supplice.

Voilà le train du monde et de ses sectateurs ;
On s'y sert du bienfait contre les bienfaiteurs.
Je suis las d'en parler. Mais que de doux ombrages
Soient exposé à ces outrages ;
Qui ne se plaindroit là-dessus ?

*Save that Persecution poor Catholics feel,
Whom cruel laws bar—from the Chancellor's seal!*

If there is any one right, which seems incontestably to belong to man, it is, that he should be permitted to pay his homage to his Creator in the manner he thinks most acceptable in his sight. To annul this right has however been the particular object of the Roman Catholic religion. As their tenets allow of no salvation out of the pale of their church, it is considered by them as an act of Christian charity towards Heretics, to "compel them to come in;" and thus has this text of Scripture been interpreted. To effect this purpose, the most violent means have been employed in different ages and nations; tortures have

“ No malice or guile ever dwelt in my breast ;
 “ Vouchsafe, gracious Monarch, to grant my request.”

The Oak saw with pity the Woodman's condition,
 And yields, thus cajol'd, to his artful petition.
 But as soon as the innocent hatchet was mended,
 At once was demonstrated what was intended.
 Each dutiful subject discover'd with wonder,
 That their ligneous king had committed a blunder ;
 For the man and the axe scatter'd havock around,
 And the pride of the forest lay flat on the ground.

Some think that this tale of old Æsop comes pat on
 The warm, long effusions of eloquent Grattan.
 We're told, that old stories our fancies bewilder ;
 That Rome's ardent spirit by age becomes milder,
 As the wine in our cellars grows mellow by keeping :
 That Charity wakes—Persecution lies sleeping :—
 Save *that* Persecution poor Catholics feel,
 Whom cruel laws bar—from the Chancellor's seal !

been used, at least as horrible as those which disgraced the Heathen world, when the primitive Christians were the victims of their malice.

It is in vain we endeavour to lessen our repugnance to the

Hélas ! j'ai beau crier, et me rendre incommode ;

L'ingratitude et les abus

N'en seront pas moins à la mode.

Church of Rome, by contemplating the virtues and amiable qualities of our acquaintance and friends ; who being born and educated in these tenets, continue to profess them. It is in vain we find evidence of the mild spirit of that Church, in the more liberal notions of some of its professors in England, or among the simple manners of the mountains of Switzerland.

If intolerance and conversion by force, are not inseparable from the genius of Catholicism, all history is gross deceit ; the Holy Office of the Inquisition, as they choose to call it, is most foully calumniated ; the religious zeal of the conquerors of Peru and Mexico, the massacres of St. Bartholomew, and the flames of Smithfield, are idle romances and lying tales. It is to prevent the possibility of a repetition of these horrors on British ground, that the friends of Protestantism ought watchfully to defend the outworks of their Establishment. Granting freely to the Roman Catholics that full Toleration, which they deny to others, every avenue to power should be strictly shut against them. This is the severity of which their advocates in this country have thought fit so grievously to complain ;—this is what they are pleased to call Persecution ! If this be Persecution—O ye spirits of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer !—if ye are conscious of what passes in this lower world—with what contempt must you look down on such pretensions to the crown of martyrdom.

However the modes of old Popery vary,
 Let Britons remember there once reign'd Queen Mary:
 Unpar'd Inquisition's sharp talons remain,
 The scarlet Dame's daughter, so cherish'd in Spain.
 If Rome and the Protestant Church become equal,
 Be my warning remember'd, when seen is the sequel.
 For ne'er, like the Cuckoo, Rome's spirit will rest,
 'Till her rival is fairly toss'd out of the nest.

Since the schemes of Benevolence sometimes are plann'd ill,
 Let us pause ere we grant Popish Woodmen a handle.

*For ne'er, like the Cuckoo, Rome's spirit will rest,
 'Till her rival is fairly toss'd out of the nest.*

The natural history of the Cuckoo, so curiously investigated and described by Dr. Jenner, the celebrated Inventor of Vaccination, may not be known to all readers. The female bird, as careless, but less cruel, than the mothers of the Arreoy Coterie, in Otaheite, a society where infanticide was among the standing orders—drops her egg into the nest of the Hedge-Sparrow, committing the trouble of incubation and nutrition to this unconscious step-mother. When hatched, she feeds the young Cuckoo with the same attention as she bestows upon her natural offspring. The ungrateful intruder, desirous of monopolizing the whole of the nurse's maternal kindness, labours incessantly with its unfledged wings to eject its partners of the nest, which at length it never fails to accomplish.

L'OURS ET LES DEUX COMPAGNONS.

DEUX Compagnons, pressés d'argent,

A leur voisin fourreur vendirent

La peau d'un Ours encor vivant,

Mais qu'ils tueroient bien-tôt, du moins à ce qu'ils dirent.

C'étoit le roi des ours. Au compte de ces gens,

Le Marchand à sa peau devoit faire fortune :

Elle garantiroit des froids les plus cuisans ;

On en pourroit fourrer plutôt deux robes qu'une.

Dindenaut prisoit moins ses moutons, qu'eux leurs ours,

Leur, à leur compte, et non à celui de la bête.

S'offrant de la livrer au plus tard dans deux jours,

Ils conviennent de prix, et se mettent en quête,

THE BEAR AND THE TWO HUNTERS.

IN the cold regions of the north,
Once two brisk Hunters sallied forth,
 Their game—the Bear.

In this pursuit, our Chasseurs bold
Thought not so much of sport, as gold
 They meant to share.

For in a wood, hard by, their wond'ring eyes
Had seen a Bear of most stupendous size.

As their finances were but low,
To a rich furrier first they go :
 Their scheme they tell him.

For muffs or tippets, they aver,
Never was seen such lovely fur !
 The skin they sell him.

Than any common price they're promis'd more, and
To bind the bargain, touch some cash before-hand.

Well arm'd with pistols, spear, and sabre,
Each starts for this heroic labour,

Trouvent l'Ours, qui s'avance, et vient vers eux au trot.

Voilà mes gens frappés comme d'un coup de foudre.

Le marché ne tint pas, il fallut le résoudre :

D'intérêts contre l'Ours, on n'en dit pas un mot.

L'un des deux compagnons grimpe au faite d'un arbre ;

L'autre, plus froid que n'est un marbre,

Se couche sur le nez, fait le mort, tient son vent,

Ayant quelque part ouï dire

Que l'Ours s'acharne peu souvent

Sur un corps qui ne vit, ne meut, ni ne respire.

Seigneur Ours, comme un sot, donna dans ce panneau :

Il voit ce corps gisant, le croit privé de vie ;

Et de peur de supercherie,

Le tourne, le retourne, approche son museau,

Flaire aux passages de l'haleine.

C'est, dit-il, un cadavre : otons-nous, car il sent.

A ces mots, l'Ours s'en va dans la forêt prochaine.

L'un de nos deux marchands de son arbre descend,

Court à son Compagnon, lui dit que c'est merveille

Qu'il n'ait eu seulement que la peur pour tout mal.

Eh bien ! ajouta-t-il, la peau d'animal ?

Mais que t'a-t-il dit à l'oreille ?

Car il t'approchoit de bien près,

Te retournant avec sa serre.

With courage hot.

Soon as the Hunters reach'd the place
Tow'rds them the beast with rapid pace,
Came at full trot.

Scar'd at the sudden sight their valour fled ;
One climb'd a tree, the other dropp'd as dead,

For he had heard, detesting carrion,
Bears a dead carcass will not tarry on :

He held his breath.

Bruin, resolv'd to clear the doubt,
Sought with his scrutinizing snout

For signs of death ;

Rummag'd the corpse as on the ground it lay,
And, snuffing fetid odours, stalk'd away.

The danger past, soon met the friends :

This quickly rises,—that descends—

Each now could rally :

Said Percher, “ Of the Bear and you

“ I had a charming bird's-eye view,

“ My prudent ally !

“ But what said Bruin?—prithee solve the puzzle—

“ Close to your ear I saw him thrust his muzzle.”

Il m'a dit qu'il ne faut jamais
Vendre la peau de l'Ours qu'on ne l'ait mis par terre.

“ In fact,” said Corpse, “ my comrade brave,

“ Not bad advice the savage gave,

“ And it was this:

“ He said, If Ladies like to wear

“ The precious fur that clothes the Bear,

“ ’Twere not amiss

“ At the right end the business to begin,

“ First kill the Bear, and then go sell his skin.”

LA MORT ET LE MOURANT.

LA Mort ne surprend point le sage :
 Il est toujours prêt à partir,
 S'étant su lui-même avertir
 Du temps, où l'on se doit résoudre à ce passage.
 Ce temps, hélas ! embrasse tous les temps :
 Qu'on le partage en jours, en heures, en moments,
 Il n'en est point qu'il ne comprenne
 Dans le fatal tribut, tous sont de son domaine ;
 Et le premier instant où les enfants des rois
 Ouvrant les yeux à la lumière,
 Est celui qui vient quelquefois
 Fermer pour toujours leur paupière.
 Défendez-vous par la grandeur,
 Alléguez la beauté, la vertu, la jeunesse,
 La Mort ravit tous sans pudeur.
 Un jour le monde entier accroîtra sa richesse ;
 Il n'est rien de moins ignoré ;
 Et, puisqu'il faut que je le die,
 Rien où l'on soit moins préparé.
 Un Mourant, qui comptoit plus de cent ans de vie,

*

DEATH AND THE DOTARD.

DEATH never takes the wise man by surprise :

He deems each hour and moment only lent ;—
Anticipating fate, he daily dies—

Nor needs long notice or advertisement :
His Creditor may call at any hour,

Not e'en the Sabbath's free from dunning Death ;
By night as well as day we're in his power,

And owe upon demand our borrow'd breath !

Divide it as we will, day, month, or minute,

No particle of time but Death is in it !

The stern destroyer spares nor sex nor age ;

Rank, virtue, beauty, bow beneath his rage ;

Nor youth nor innocence his course can stay,

Which, ere it stop, will sweep the world away !

—Trite truth, alas ! this universal debt,

Which all mankind acknowledge—and forget !

A moribund old man

Arriv'd at life's extremest span,

Bent with the weight of twice-told fifty years—

A hundred winters gone and past,

Se plaignoit à la Mort que précipitamment
Elle le contraignoit de partir tout-à-l'heure,
 Sans qu'il eût fait son testament,
Sans l'avertir au moins. Est-il juste qu'on meure
Au pied levé ? dit-il ; attendez quelque peu :
Ma femme ne veut pas que je parte sans elle :
Il me reste à pourvoir un arrière-néveu ;
Souffrez qu'à mon logis j'ajoute encore un aile.
Que vous êtes pressante, O déesse cruelle !

Vieillard, lui-dit la Mort, je ne t'ai point surpris :
Tu te plains sans raison de mon impatience.
Eh ! n'as-tu pas cent ans ? Trouve-moi dans Paris
Deux mortels aussi vieux, trouve-moi dix en France.
Je devois, ce dis-tu, te donner quelque avis
 Qui te disposât à la chose :
J'aurois trouvé ton testament tout fait,
Ton petit-fils pourvu, ton bâtiment parfait.
Ne te donna-t-on pas des avis quand la cause
 Du marcher et du mouvement,
 Quand les esprits, le sentiment,
Quand tout faillit en toi ? Plus de goût, plus d'ouïe :

Life's longest lease at length expir'd—

Notice to quit receiv'd at last :

Still of the same dull round untir'd,

Astonish'd at the summons he appears,

And some short respite yet of Death's demand requir'd :

“ What ! without warning hurried thus away !

“ And pounce you so—by stealth—upon your prey ?

“ 'Tis hard, dread Sir !—permit that I protest it—

“ Hard to depart so soon, and die intestate !

“ My little grandson unprovided leave—

“ My widow'd wife of her sole joy bereave !

“ Ah, why must I precede my faithful spouse ?

“ And may n't I add a wing to my unfinish'd house.

“ 'Tis hard to be thus taken by surprise—

“ And fair to give one notice ere one dies !”

“ Notice !—surprise !” (the tyrant sternly thunder'd)

“ Surpris'd, at years advanc'd beyond a hundred !

“ So long the father of the city,

“ Survivor sole of numberless tontines,

“ In vain you strive to move my pity—

“ I know not what the driv'ling Dotard means !

“ The loss of sight and sentiment,

“ Of touch, and taste, and locomotion,

“ As gentle hints were kindly sent

Toute chose pour toi semble être évanouïe ;
Pour toi l'astre du jour prend des soins superflus :
Tu regrettes ces biens qui ne te touchent plus.

Je t'ai fait voir tes camarades

Ou morts, ou mourants, ou malades.

Qu'est-ce que tout cela qu'un avertissement ?

Allons, Vieillard, et sans réplique :

Il n'importe à la république

Que tu fasses ton testament.

La Mort avoit raison ; je voudrais qu'à cet âge

On sortît de la vie ainsi que d'un banquet,

Rémerciant son hôte ; et qu'on fit son paquet :

Car de combien peut-on retarder le voyage ?

Tu murmures, Vieillard ! vois ces jeunes mourir,

Vois-les marcher, vois-les courir

A des morts, il est vrai, glorieuses et belles,

- “ To give of Death some previous notion.
 “ Contemporaries long since buried,
 “ Dar’st *thou* complain of being hurried ?
 “ Three junior generations past,
 “ Thy hour, old man, is come at last.
 “ Receive the warrant as a kind release,
 “ Nor cling to life, when all life’s pleasures cease.
 “ In vain to thee the smiling mornings shine ;
 “ Thine ears are deaf to harmony divine ;
 “ All being is a blank—to leave it why repine ?
 “ Dotard, away !—nor vainly urge reply—
 “ The sand is all run out, and thou must die :
 “ Ne’er prate of testament and codicil,—
 “ The state will still subsist, or made, or not, your will !”

Death reason’d well ! from lengthen’d life’s full feast
 Should gratefully depart the well-fed guest.
 Why linger long ? Doth feeble nature shrink
 To jump the life to come, upon it’s brink ?
 What boots delay ? shall bed-rid Age complain,
 And shun the dart of Death, tho’ shunn’d in vain,
 Fearing to give, what it perforce must yield,
 Whilst ardent Youth affronts him in the field,
 Seeking the bubble of an empty name,

Mais sûres cependant, et quelque fois cruelles.
J'ai beau te le crier, mon zèle est indiscret :
Le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret.

And deeming life well sold to purchase fame?
Alas ! 'tis thus that Heav'n of Man decrees
The love of life still lingers in it's lees ;
Drawn to the dregs, existence still we prize,
And who seems least to live, with most reluctance dies !

LA LICE ET SA COMPAGNE.

UNE Lice étant sur son terme,
Et ne sachant où mettre un fardeau si pésant,
Fait si bien qu'à la fin sa compagne consent
De lui prêter sa hutte ; où la Lice s'enferme.
Au bout de quelque temps sa Compagne revient.

THE TWO BITCHES.

A BULL-dog's lady, following nature's law,
 Could find no place to lay her cumbrous load;
 No kennel, hut, or hovel fill'd with straw,
 Where her blind brood might wait for eyes,
 And their limbs gain a proper size
 To venture safely on a walk abroad.
 In this distress she visited a neighbour,
 And begg'd she'd lend a lodging for her labour.

Her neighbour, Mrs. Mastiff, was kind-hearted,
 Who said, " Tho' ladies I'm not us'd to lodge any,
 " My hut for once is yours:" and she departed,
 Wishing her toil a lucky minute,
 When e'er she happen'd to begin it,
 And offer'd vows for safety of her progeny,
 Praying that fortune, on them never frowning,
 Would save the pretty, precious pugs from drowning.

After the month, the landlady just hinted
 The place might now conveniently be quitted.

La Lice lui demande encore une quinzaine ;
Ses petits ne marchaient, disoit-elle, qu'à peine.

Pour faire court, elle l'obtient.

Ce second terme échu, l'autre lui redemande

Sa maison, sa chambre, son lit.

La Lice cette fois montre les dents, et dit :

Je suis prête à sortir avec toute ma bande,

Si vous pouvez nous mettre hors.

Ses enfans étoient déjà forts.

Ce qu'on donne aux méchants, toujours on le regrette :

Pour tirer d'eux ce qu'on leur prête,

Il faut que l'on en vienne aux coups ;

Il faut plaider, il faut combattre.

Laissez-leur prendre un pied chez vous,

Ils en auront bientôt pris quatre.

Dame Pug-nose, much unwilling to be stinted,
 Observ'd, her babes were still but tender,
 And as Dame Mastiff chose to lend her
 The hut, and kindly her condition pitied,
 She hop'd to meet indulgence something further :—
 To turn out such poor sucklings would be murder.

Dame Mastiff to this urgent plea consented.

Week follow'd week—the tenants never stir'd :

Her own necessities she represented :

“ Here,” said th' ungrateful Bitch, “ I'm suited,

“ Nor can my claim be well disputed:

“ Possession is nine tenth's of law, I've heard.

“ In short, my whelps have teeth, their limbs are stable—

“ Now then eject us, if you think you're able !”

To Mother Britain, as a duteous son,

I'm loth with her to use a filthy name ;

Else, I must needs confess, my Fable done,

There's something moves me much to say,

That Britain and America,

The first for soft good nature puff'd by Fame—

The last once weak, whom commerce now enriches—

Bear great resemblance to this brace of Bitches !

L'OURS ET L'AMATEUR DES JARDINS.

CERTAIN Ours montagnard, Ours à demi léché
Confiné par le sort dans un bois solitaire,
Nouveau Bellérophon, vivoit seul et caché.
Il fût devenu fou : la raison d'ordinaire
N'habite pas long-temps chez les gens séquestrés.
Il est bon de parler, et meilleur de se taire :
Mais tous deux sont mauvais alors qu'ils sont outrés,
 Nul animal n'avoit affaire
 Dans les lieux que l'Ours habitoit ;
 Si bien que, tout Ours qu'il étoit,
Il vint à s'ennuyer de cette triste vie.
Pendant qu'il se livroit à la mélancolie,
 Non loin de là certain Vieillard
 S'ennuyoit aussi de sa part.
Il aimoit les jardins, étoit prêtre de Flore,

THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR.

ONCE on a time a mountain Bear,
 Liv'd in a forest drear, with no Bears near him,
 Fat, fierce, and sulky.

Nor man nor other beast approach'd his lair;
 His neighbours all despise, or hate, or fear him.

'Tis good to talk—to hold one's tongue—

Tho' either in excess be wrong : —

 Our Hermit bulky,

So shaggy, sullen, taciturn, and rude,
 Bear as he was, grew sick of solitude.

At the same time, by chance, retir'd
 Far from the world, a man advanc'd in age,
 But stout and healthy.

Not with devotion's flame his heart was fir'd,
 Not prayer and fasting occupied the sage ;

 Tho' on mankind he shut his door,

No vows of poverty he swore,

 The wight was wealthy.

But by some treacherous friend, or fair, betray'd—
 He liv'd with plants, and commun'd with his spade.

Il l'étoit de Pomone encore.

Ces deux emplois sont beaux : mais je voudrois parmi

Quelque doux et discret ami.

Les jardins parlent peu, si ce n'est dans mon livre ;

De façon que, lassé de vivre

Avec des gens muets, notre homme, un beau matin,

Va chercher compagnie, et se met en campagne.

L'Ours, porté d'un même dessein,

Venoit de quitter sa montagne.

Tous deux, par un cas surprenant,

Se rencontrent en un tournant.

L'homme eut peur : mais comment esquiver ? et que faire ?

Se tirer en Gascon d'une semblable affaire

Est le mieux : il sut donc dissimuler sa peur.

High-priest of Flora you might call him
Nor less was he the fav'rite of Pomona.—

But one day walking,

He found it dull ;—and should some ill befall him
In his sweet Paradise, he felt alone, ah !

For neither rose, nor pink, nor vine,
Except in such a lay as mine,

Are giv'n to talking.

His head old Time had now lone years heap'd many on ;—
So he resolv'd to look for some companion.

On this important expedition,
But fearing his researches would be vain,
The sage departed :

Revolving deeply his forlorn condition,
He slowly mused along a narrow lane :—

When on a sudden—unawares—

A nose met his—it was the Bear's !—

With fright he started.

Fear is a common feeling : he that wise is—
Altho' his fright be great—his fear disguises.

Prudence suggested—“ Stand your ground !
“ 'Tis hard to turn, and harder still to dash on.”

L'Ours, très-mauvais complimenteur,
Lui-dit : Viens-t'en me voir. L'autre reprit : Seigneur,
Vous voyez mon logis ; si vous vouliez me faire
Tant d'honneur que d'y prendre un champêtre repas,
J'ai des fruits—j'ai du lait : ce n'est peut-être pas
De nosseigneurs les Ours le manger ordinaire ;
Mais j'offre ce que j'ai. L'Ours l'accepte ; et d'aller.
Les voilà bons amis avant que d'arriver ;
Arrivés, les voilà se trouvant bien ensemble :
Et bien qu'on soit, à ce qu'il semble,
Beaucoup mieux seul qu'avec des sots.
Comme l'Ours en un jour ne disoit pas deux mots,

Prudence prevails—

'Twixt kindred minds a sympathy is found,
Which lights up oft at sight a tender passion,
Where sexes are of different kind,
And oft 'twill ties of friendship bind
Between two males.

These magic signs our Hermits at a glance see ;
Each found he strongly pleas'd the other's fancy.

Bruin at compliments was awkward ;
But was not long his sentiments in telling—

“ Old man ! I like you — ”

The man replied, “ Fair Sir, you need not walk hard,
“ In half an hour to reach my humble dwelling.

“ I've milk, and various sorts of fruit,

“ If any should your palate suit,

“ Take what may strike you :

“ On me it will confer the highest pleasure

“ To spread before you all my garden's treasure.”

On jogg'd the human Hermit with the Bear,
Like smoking Germans few words interlarding :

Though little said,

Finding their tempers suited to a hair,
They grew firm friends before they reach'd the garden.

L'homme pouvoit sans bruit vaquer à son ouvrage.

L'Ours alloit à la chasse ; apportoit du gibier ;

Faisoit son principal métier

D'être bon émoucheur ; écartoit du visage

De son ami dormant ce parasite ailé

Que nous avons mouche appelé

Un jour que le Vieillard dormoit d'un profond somme

Sur le bout de son nez une allant se placer,

Mit l'Ours au désespoïn ; il eut beau la chasser.

Je t'attraperai bien, dit-il, et voici comme.

Aussitôt fait que dit : le fidèle émoucheur

Vous empoigne un pavé, le lance avec roideur,

Each took his task, their moods the same ;
One dug, the other hunted game,
And often sped :

And Bruin o'er his friend a strict watch keeping,
Chas'd off the flies which haunted him when sleeping.

One afternoon, as in the sun
The weary Hermit took his usual nap,
And at his post
The faithful Bear his daily work begun,
Giving full many a brush and gentle slap
With a light wisp of herbs sweet-scented,
And thus the teasing flies prevented,
That buzzing host,
From fixing on his sleeping Patron's visage,
Sunk in the deep repose so fit for his age.

One blue-bottle his care defied ;—
No place could please him but the old man's nose,
Quite unabash'd.

The Bear provok'd, no means would leave untried ;
At last a vigorous, certain mode he chose—
Extending wide his heavy paw,
And thrusting hard each crooked claw,

Casse la tête à l'homme en écrasant la mouche ;
Et non moins bon archer que mauvais raisonneur,
Roide mort étendu sur la place il le couche.

Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant ami.
Mieux vaudroit un sage ennemi.

The fly was mash'd:—

But the poor Patron's face so roughly patted,
All stream'd with blood, and smooth his nose was flatted.

The Bear sneak'd off to humble distance,
Seeing the damage he had done his friend,
Who rag'd with smart.

But calling in philosophy's assistance,
Anger, he thought, his wounds would never mend,
So coolly said, "Farewell, friend Bruin!
"Since you have laid my face in ruin,
" 'Tis time to part."—

All those must such mishaps expect to share,
Who for a friend think fit to take a Bear.

L'HIRONDELLE ET LES PETITS OISEAUX.

UNE Hironnelle en ses voyages

Avoit beaucoup appris : Quiconque a beaucoup vu

Peut avoir beaucoup retenue.

Celle-ci prévoyoit jusqu'aux moindres orages,

Et devant qu'ils fussent éclos,

Les annonçoit aux matelots.

Il arriva qu'au temps que le chanvre se sème,

Elle vit un manant en couvrir maints sillons :

Ceci ne me plait pas, dit-elle aux Oisillons :

Je vous plains ; car, pour moi, dans ce péril extrême,

Je saurai m'éloigner, ou vivre en quelque coin.

Voyez-vous cette main qui par les airs chemine ?

Un jour viendra, qui n'est pas loin,

Que ce qu'elle répand sera votre ruine.

De la naitront engines à vous envelopper,

Et lacets pour vous attrapper ;

Enfin, mainte et mainte machine

Qui causera dans la saison

Votre mort ou votre prison ;

Gare la cage ou la chaudron !

THE SWALLOW AND THE LITTLE BIRDS.

THE wand'ring Swallow many lands had seen,
 And much she treasur'd in her prudent mind,
 Thro' the long months that pass her flight between,
 And her return to fields she left behind :
 Hence was she thought to know what omens mean,
 And call'd a gifted seer by human kind ;
 As far, at least, as may concern the weather,
 She knew what was to hap for days together.

Warm spring return'd :—she spied on furrow'd land
 A sturdy peasant hemp-seed freely sowing.
 “ I like not this,” she said ;—“ some plots are plann'd,
 “ Which, little Birds, are secrets worth your knowing.
 “ See yonder bumpkin's swiftly waving hand—
 “ Torrents of danger from that source are flowing !
 “ Then take my counsel, sisters, nothing doubting
 “ That fatal engines from these seeds are sprouting.
 “ With speed unite ;— in the great work engage—
 “ Pick up each grain while fortune deigns to smile.

C'est pourquoi, leur dit l'Hirondelle,
 Mangez ce grain, et croyez-moi.
 Les Oiseaux se moquent d'elle ;
 Ils trouvoient aux champs trop de quoi.
 Quand la chènevière fut verte,

L'Hirondelle leur dit : Arrachez brin à brin
 Ce qu'a produit ce maudit grain ;
 Ou soyez sûrs de votre perte.

Prophète de malheur ! babillarde ! dit-on ;
 Le bel emploi que tu nous donnes !
 Il nous faudroit mille personnes
 Pour éplucher tout ce canton.

La chanvre étant tout-à-fait crüe,

L'Hirondelle ajouta : Ceci ne va pas bien ;
 Mauvaise graine est tôt venue.

Mais, puisque jusqu'ici l'on ne m'a crue en rien,
 Dès que vous verrez que la terre
 Sera couverte, et qu'à leurs blés
 Les gens n'étant plus occupés,
 Feront aux Oisillons la guerre,
 Quand réginglettes et réseaux
 Attrapperont petits oiseaux,
 Ne volez plus de place en place ;

“ If not—a pasty, or at least a cage

“ Will soon your limbs enclose in durance vile.”

The young Birds laugh'd, whilst those of riper age

Thought so much pains were scarcely worth the while.

“ When food is plenty why such labour waste ?

“ And hemp-seed is not greatly to our taste.”

From the rich soil now sprung the moisten'd seed :

“ Ah !” cries the Swallow, “ 'tis not yet too late.—

“ E'en now tear up this noxious, cursed weed,

“ Or find your folly in approaching fate.

“ Safety will be your labour's precious meed !”

The flock their augur now begin to rate—

Her sound advice they scorn, and idly scoff it,

And call her seer of ill, and scurvy prophet !

Now saw the warning Bird the hemp mature :

“ Ill weeds,” said she, “ will always grow apace.

“ O silly flock ! your safety to secure

“ One way is left ;—there's yet a little space

“ For counsel wise ;—your numbers will be fewer

“ If you flit wanton here from place to place.

“ Then swift like me to other climates roam,

“ Or if too weak your wing, keep close at home.”

Démeurez au logis, ou changez de climat :

Imitez le canard, la grue, et la bécasse.

Mais vous n'êtes pas en état

De passer, comme nous, les déserts, et les ondes,

Ni d'aller chercher d'autres mondes :

C'est pourquoi, vous n'avez qu'un parti qui soit sûr,

C'est de vous renfermer aux trous de quelque mur.

Les Oisillons, las de l'entendre,

Se mirent à jaser aussi confusément

Que faisoient les Troyens quand la pauvre Cassandre

Ouvroit la bouche seulement.

Il en prit aux uns comme aux autres :

Maint Oisillon se vit esclave retenu.

The growing perils of the rabble's sway—

The writer having, in this and other places of the Fables, directed some apparently contemptuous expressions towards the inferior orders of the community, is desirous of speaking very plainly his sentiments on this subject. He offers no apology to those demagogues, whose spleen is raised at the very use of the word *inferior*. Orators and writers of this description, would persuade their deluded followers, that there is no such thing as *inferiority*; that *up* and *down* are notions, as imaginary in the moral and political, as in the geographical position of men on this globe of earth. The converts to this doctrine would do well to examine, whether *equality*, in the sense to which it has been wrested by the anarchists in France, and their imitators

The Swallow finish'd thus her sage oration.

Linnet nor Finch was by her speech deterr'd.

They chirp'd in chorus loud disapprobation,

As when at Troy Cassandra's voice was heard.

The same event fell out on this occasion

To many a captive, many a slaughter'd bird.

Counsel unask'd we hate like Finch or Linnet,

And see our danger clearly—when we're in it.

How many Swallows twitter'd forth in vain

The growing perils of the rabble's sway—

here, can be found any where, except in the mouths of revolutionists, or in the crazed brains of self-styled philosophers. Let us nevertheless do justice to those whose lot it is to occupy the lower ranks of civil society.

Providence has bestowed on them as many natural good qualities, as on their superiors; and making allowances for the disadvantages of their situation, they have probably as few vices. There is nothing degrading, nor, whatever may be thought of the observation of the Roman satirist, is there any thing ridiculous in poverty. Wherever the honest man is found, whether he appears in "leather or prunello,"—he is "the noblest work of God."

The British populace, from one end of the Island to the other, not only possess more manly and generous feelings than that of any other country, but they are impressed with more decent deference to their superiors, and with a better sense of religious

Nous n'écoutons d'instincts que ceux qui sont les nôtres,
Et ne croyons le mal que quand il est venu.

duty. It is only when the inferior classes are transformed into a riotous mob,—when the most depraved assimilate the whole mass to their own nature, that they become The Rabble, and are obnoxious to those epithets which would be entirely misapplied to an orderly and rational assemblage of the people. This metamorphosis takes place when their minds are poisoned by the arts of designing men, who assiduously preach to them their real or pretended rights, without once hinting to them their duties. Like the old Serpent, these tempters offer to them the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for no other purpose than to let them see their own nakedness, to make them discontented and unhappy.

Whigs heeded not the hemp-seed sown by Paine,
 And little car'd what Cobbet chose to say,
 But thoughtless sow'd themselves the noxious grain—
 Yet loyalty at last shall win the day !
 Halters—who e'er may rebel it or mob it,
 Will spring from hemp-seed sown by Paine and Cobbett.

Halters—who e'er may rebel it or mob it.

Lest there should seem to be an inconsistency between this passage, and the Fable of Phœbus and Boreas, which recommends mildness in preference to violence, let it be remarked, that different cases require different treatment. Gentle methods may best inform and correct ignorance, however savage ; but wholesome rigour only can *eradicate* irreclaimable malice and depravity.

immedicabile vulnus

Ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.

LE TRÉSOR ET LES DEUX HOMMES.

UN homme n'ayant plus ni crédit ni ressource,
 Et logeant le diable en sa bourse,
 C'est-à-dire, n'y logeant rien,
 S'imagina qu'il feroit bien
 De se pendre, et finir lui-même sa misère,
 Puisqu'aussi bien sans lui la faim le viendroit faire :
 Genre de mort qui ne duit pas
 A gens peu curieux de goûter le trépas.

Dans cette intention, une vieille mesure
 Fut la scène où devoit se passer l'aventure :
 Il y porte une corde; et veut avec un clou

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

THERE liv'd long since—no matter when—
An outcast from the herd of men.
Within the fob each side his hose
Old Nick might dance when e'er he chose :
For Milton tells us Satan's figure
Grows smaller at his will or bigger :
Such empty nooks, 'tis said, delight him,
Where never comes a cross to fright him.

Our Pauper thought no chance could mend him ;
No soul a sous would give or lend him ;
In short, his rueful situation
Threaten'd without delay starvation ;
And life, whatever ills may vex it,
Revolts at such a painful exit.
He therefore sought, bereft of hope,
Woe's final remedy—a rope.
'Twas found ; and for the scene of doing
The deed, he chose a neighb'ring ruin,
Where birds of night, which roost in ivy,
Alone should to the act be privy.

Au haut d'un certain mur attacher le licou.

La muraille, vieille et peu forte,
S'ébranle aux premiers coups, tombe avec un trésor.
Notre désespéré le ramasse et l'emporte,
Laisse là le licou, s'en retourne avec l'or,
Sans compter : ronde ou non, la somme plut au sire.

Tandis que le galant à grands pas se retire,
L'Homme au trésor arrive, et trouve son argent
Absent.

Quoi ! dit-il, sans mourir je perdrai cette somme !

Here for a beam he look'd in vain,
Which might his pensile corpse sustain.
But by the moon's bright rays he found
A long, stout nail upon the ground.
He seiz'd it; climbing on a block
With a large stone he strove to knock,
And fix it at a proper height;
His desp'rate hand us'd all it's might.
At the last thump the mould'ring wall
He sees in massy fragments fall:
Sees midst the rubbish, with surprise,
A swelling bag of bulky size,
Whence a sound issu'd as it roll'd,
As if what chink'd within were gold!
He quits the block despair had mounted;
Grasping his weighty prize uncounted,
Off runs the rogue with hurried pace,
And leaves the halter in its place.

As the glad rascal turn'd his back,
Up came the owner of the sack;
Whose stolen visits, like a lover's,
Were nightly paid. He soon discovers,
That fled was now his only joy.—
“ Shall I not then myself destroy

Je ne me pendrai pas ! Eh ! vraiment si ferai,
Ou de corde je manquerai.

Le lacs étoit tout prêt, il n'y manquoit qu'un homme :
Celui-ci se l'attache, et se pend bien et beau.

Ce qui le consola, peut-être,
Fut qu'un autre eût, pour lui, fait les frais du cordeau.
Aussi bien que l'argent le licou trouva maître.

L'avare rarement finit ses jours sans pleurs :
Il a le moins de part au trésor qu'il enserre.

Thésaurisant pour les voleurs,
Pour ses parents, ou pour la terre.

Mais que dire du troc que la Fortune fit ?
Ce sont là de ses traits : elle s'en divertit.
Plus le tour est bizarre, et plus elle est contente.

Cette déesse inconstante
Se mit alors en l'esprit
De voir un homme se pendre :
Et celui qui se pendit
S'y devoit le moins attendre.

" In such a case ?" the Miser cries—
 " Who loses all, with pleasure dies :
 " Yes—soon I'll quit this life abhorr'd,
 " If such a thing exists as cord !"
 The cord—since hanging was his plan,
 Was there—it wanted but the man !
 Now, both in fair occasion met,
 The Miser swung, to cure his fret,
 Pleas'd, in the very act of dying,
 That his rope cost him nought in buying !

Fit fate was this to end a miser,
 Whom no example renders wiser :
 Who wealth untouch'd reluctant leaves
 To earth, to cousins, or to thieves,
 And when he goes no mortal grieves.

But Fortune plays her wild vagaries,
 And each man's lot at pleasure varies :
 Makes this a beggar—that a king—
 Her whim now dooms a wretch to swing,
 As tho' her fancy with delight
 Could view, like Selwyn, such a sight :

Could view, like Selwyn, such a sight.

Many whimsical anecdotes have been told of this eccentric character, celebrated half a century ago for bon-mots, and for a passion for seeing executions.

This fancy he not only indulged in England, but took the trouble of a journey to the Continent, when any extraordinary exhibition of this sort excited his attention. He is said to have been fond of relating the following adventure, which once happened to him.

A grand spectacle was to take place at Paris, where some murderers were to be broken on the wheel. Mr. George Selwyn was desirous of being early, and of obtaining a very good situation at the Place Grève. On very particular occasions, it was the custom for the Professors of the Axe, in the large provincial towns of France, to attend at Paris in order to take a lesson, and pay their respects to their chief; who on mounting the scaffold, saluted his brethren ranged round [the scene of action, by the style and title of the places where they exercised their functions. At the ceremony in question, Monsieur l'Archi-Bourreau, on taking his post, bowed with condescending courtesy to Monsieur de Toulouse, Monsieur d'Orleans, &c. &c.; and seeing amongst the rest a John Bull sort of figure, he concluded it must be the grand Finisher of the Law from London: with a peculiar grace he therefore welcomed the stranger—"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, Monsieur de Tybourn." To which polite address the Wit replied: "Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur, je n'ai pas l'honneur d'être *Artiste*—je ne suis qu' *Amateur*."

Needle-wielding Ferdinand.

It is scarcely necessary to explain this epithet. It will be remembered, that when under Buonaparte's power at Bayonne, the royal prisoner employed his leisure in ornamenting a pious gift to the Virgin. Embroidering a petticoat was at least a harmless method of amusing his captivity. Happy would it

But still caprice her victim alters :—
 Here gives her treasures—there her halters :
 This man on life's last verge protected,
 That—meets his fate when least expected.

Thus have we seen, in this our day,
 The triumphs of her wanton sway,
 In highest and in lowest sphere ;
 Now oddly kind, and now severe.
 She urg'd gay France to bloody strife,
 Snatch'd gracious Louis' harmless life ;
 Dash'd from his throne Gustavus down,
 And gave to Bernadotte a crown.
 Gave to the sottish Joseph, Spain,
 Then turn'd the caitiff out again,
 And left it to the mad command
 Of needle-wielding Ferdinand :

have been for his subjects, had his future hours been occupied in fooleries as innocent.

20th March, 1820.

The Goddess of Antium has played another freak on the Spanish Peninsula. A bloodless Revolution has given freedom to that people, and after liberating the victims of superstitious tyranny, has closed the prisons of the Inquisition. Had we not

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
 Injurioso ne pede proruas
 Stantem columnam :—

Serves iturum in ultimos
 Orbis Britannos.

Mediocribus esse Poetis
 Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

HOR.

seen how soon the fairest hopes may be blasted, this dawn of liberty might be hailed with unmixed pleasure. But it is impossible not to see that the Constitution now proclaimed in Spain contains abundant seeds of future mischief. May the steadiness of the Spanish character cautiously weigh every part of the proposed plan before it is adopted at this important crisis, relying on experience as the surest guide. Their volatile neighbours have taught them a useful lesson if they have the prudence to profit by it. Happy are they who gain cheap wisdom by the follies, and the miseries of others.

She let not her Napoleon stop
Till of her wheel he reach'd the top,
Bade him in pow'r and conquest revel,
Then hurl'd him headlong to the devil!
 May She midst weightier occupation,
Deign to dispose the British nation,
(Where many an awful Critic court
Damns luckless Poets for their sport,—
E'en Critics sometimes censure blindly)—
To view these humble labours kindly,
If I should venture forth to launch 'em,
To meet the fitful dame of Antium.
Thus to her shrine I incense offer,
Nor dare, like Juvenal, to scoff her ;
Praying my talents mediocre
To sudden rage may not provoke her
With hasty foot to kick the column,
Whose friendly shaft supports my volume.
Yet, must I own, I hold him wiser,
Whose prudent, steady mind defies her ;
Who calmly can receive her favour—
But if she frown, as calmly brave her !

Additional Note to the Fable of the Satyr and the Traveller.

*Electors, midst this horrid clatter,
'Twas well to imitate the Satyr.*

Since the printing of this Fable, the praise here given to the Westminster Electors is no longer due. Panegyric or censure expressed in this place will affect them very little ; nor perhaps will their choice, in the present instance, be of much importance to the great council of the nation. This event, however, which many persons will consider as the extinction of good sense among the elective body in that city, will be celebrated with appropriate honours by the Democratic faction. *Mors janua vitæ* is a common motto for funereal decoraments. Mr. H——e with the same antithesis, and complying with the propensity to punning, which heraldic inscriptions often exhibit, may plac under *his achievement*,

NEWGATE IS THE NEW GATE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS !

THE END.

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