

# OLD FRIENDS

IN

A NEW DRESS;

OR,

*FAMILIAR FABLES*

IN VERSE.

WITH SEVERAL COPPER PLATES.

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LONDON:

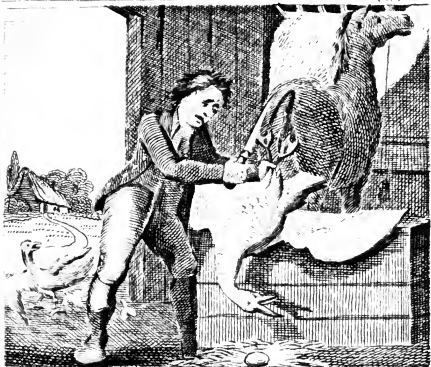
HARVEY and DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH STREET, and  
WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

*Price Sixpence.*

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1820.

The Farmers Boy *See Page 34*  
and the Goose with Golden Eggs.



The Shepherds Boy & the Wolf.  
*See Page 46.*

# OLD FRIENDS

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OR,

## FAMILIAR FABLES

IN VERSE.



LONDON:

HARVEY AND DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH STREET,  
AND WILLIAM DARTON, 53, HOLBORN HILL.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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F A C E.

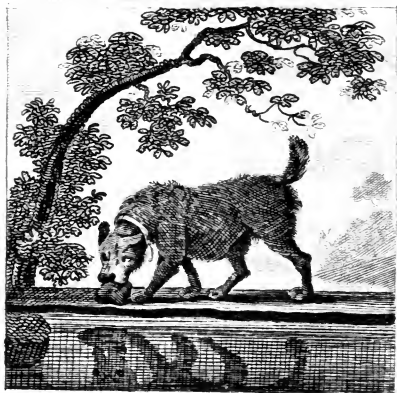
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lication is humbly offered to  
tendents of the education of  
youth, as presenting an inducement for children to  
commit to memory a few of those fables of Æsop, the  
morals of which are the most clear, and also the most  
adapted to their usual pursuits. To attain this end,  
some pains have been taken to offer them in a simple  
and unadorned style, as being in that state easy to  
comprehend, and consequently most likely to make a  
favourable impression on the infant mind. The fables  
chosen for this purpose are those, the subjects of  
which most young people are acquainted with as  
stories; though, perhaps, but few who have read and  
been pleased with them, have taken the trouble to re-  
flect on the lessons they inferred.

There appears but one cause assignable for this neg-  
lect. It has been the accustomed method, in printing  
fables, to divide the moral from the subject; and chil-  
dren, whose minds are alive to the entertainment of an  
amusing story, too often turn from one fable to ano-  
ther, rather than peruse those less-interesting lines that  
come under the term "Application." It is with this  
conviction, that the author of the present selection  
has endeavoured to interweave the moral with the  
subject, that the story shall not be obtained without  
the benefit arising from it; and that amusement and  
instruction may go hand in hand.

# OLD FRIENDS,

&c. &c.



## FABLE I.

*The Dog and the Shadow.*

A HUNGRY dog some meat had seized,  
And, with the ample booty pleased,  
His neighbour dogs forsook ;  
In fear for his delightful prize,  
He look'd around with eager eyes,  
And ran to cross the brook.

To cross the brook, a single plank  
 Was simply laid from bank to bank ;  
 And, as he past alone,  
 He saw his shadow at his feet,  
 Which seem'd another dog, with meat  
 Much better than his own.

Ah, ha ! thought he, as no one spies,  
 If I could make this piece my prize,  
 I should be double winner :  
 So made a snatch ; when, sad to tell !  
 His own piece in the water fell,  
 And thus he lost his dinner.

The fable which above you see,  
 To greedy folks must useful be,  
 And suits those to a tittle,  
 Who long for what they can't obtain ;  
 'Tis sure far wiser to remain  
 Contented with a little.

~ ~ ~

## FABLE II.

### *The Fox and the Crow.*

THE dairy window strew'd with cheese,  
 A Crow, by instinct led,  
 Dar'd, for its young, a piece to seize,  
 Who waited to be fed.

A Fox, who saw the plund'rer rise,  
 And perch upon a bough,  
 Wish'd much to share the sav'ry prize,  
 But long was puzzled how.

She held the cheese within her beak,  
 While she to rest did stop ;  
 Thought he, " if I can make her speak,  
 It certainly must drop."

He knew her cunning, keen, and sly,  
 So cautiously he went ;  
 Resolv'd, by flattery, to try  
 To compass his intent.

" Fair creature !" cried the artful Fox,  
 " Her plumage charms my eye !  
 No Jay, no Rook, no Turkey-cock's,  
 Can boast so fine a dye.

" If that her voice as much excels,  
 As does her form so fair ;  
 No bird, that in this country dwells,  
 Can with this Crow compare.

" Ah ! would you, Madam, deign to sing,  
 My fond attentive ear  
 Would think the various charms of spring  
 Were all collected here."

“ Sweet Sir ! I cannot sure refuse : ”  
 Alas ! down fell the cheese ;  
 The hungry Fox no time did lose,  
 But jump’d the prize to seize.

O, let not flatt’ry tempt the young !  
 ’Tis unsubstantial food ;  
 But counsel, from a prudent tongue,  
 Delights the wise and good.

~

### FABLE III.

*The Mouse, the Cock, and the Cat.*

A SILLY young Mouse  
 Ventur’d out of the house,  
 In spite of its mother’s advice ;  
 And, deaf to regard,  
 Ran along the farm-yard,  
 But return’d to the nest in a trice.

“ O, I’m in such a fright !  
 And I’ve seen such a sight ! ”  
 Out of breath to her mother she cries :  
 “ With tail, neck, and head,  
 All frightful and red,  
 And wings of a wonderful size.



" Its great wings it spread,  
 And rear'd its high head,  
 And I heard, as I ran back to you,  
 It set up a roar,  
 Of a minute or more,  
 And cried, ' Cock-a-doodle-doo !'

" I long'd much to stay,  
 For sleeping there lay  
 A creature so mild and demure ;  
 With nice whiskers and tail,  
 O, it must, without fail,  
 Be a friend to our nation, I'm sure !"

" O child !" cried the *old* Mouse,  
 " Thou hast been a *bold* Mouse,  
 'Twas lucky your friend was asleep ;  
 By this *friend*, as you thought,  
 You would soon have been taught,  
 Young folks oft pay dear for a peep.

But the creature you fear'd,  
 When its high head it rear'd,  
 And sent forth such terrible cries ;  
 Was a bird of great beauty,  
 Performing its duty,  
 In telling the servants to rise.



*The Turkey and the Pig*

“ In future, let me  
Your monitor be,  
Nor scorn a dear parent’s advice.”  
—Come, boys and girls, learn,  
Nor foolishly spurn  
This lesson, though taught you by Mice.





## FABLE IV.

### *The Boy and the Frogs.*

THE task was o'er, thrown by the book,  
The careless School-boy sought the brook,  
To pass the time away ;  
Some young and harmless Frogs were found,  
(Abundant upon marshy ground)  
And round the margin lay.

With showers of pebbles, stones, and sticks,  
 The Boy began his wanton tricks,  
 To make them dive and swim ;  
 So long as *he* was entertain'd,  
 It matter'd not if *they* were pain'd,  
 'Twas all alike to him.

A Frog, escap'd beyond his reach,  
 To aid his brethren made a speech,  
 And thus the Lad address :  
 " O, thoughtless Boy, to use us so !  
 Let calm reflection gently glow  
 Within thy youthful breast.

" O think how easy 'tis to find  
 Diversion to relieve the mind,  
 In innocent employ ;  
 No longer then this sport pursue,  
 'Tis *death* to us, though *sport* to you,  
 Unthinking, cruel Boy !"

The Boy with due remorse was mov'd,  
 He felt he justly was reprov'd  
 For his inhuman whim ;  
 He vow'd no more to merit blame,  
 But so to act, that just the same  
 Mankind might act by him.





## FABLE V.

### *The Farmer and Stork.*

A FARMER'S land was much annoy'd  
By greedy geese and cranes;  
Who oft his new-sown grain destroy'd,  
And spoilt his early pains.

A net was spread with prudent care,  
And soon the pilferers found  
Above their heads the well-wove snare  
Confin'd them to the ground.

A young and giddy Stork, who join'd  
 The rash misguided crew,  
 And shar'd their spoils, was now confin'd,  
 With them a pris'ner too.

The Farmer came and seiz'd his prey,  
 " Though you escap'd my gun,"  
 Cried he, " your forfeit lives shall pay  
 The mischief you have done."

" Good Sir," replied the humble Stork,  
 " Be pleas'd to let me loose ;  
 I ne'er before have spoilt your work,  
 I'm neither crane nor goose.

" A well-known character am I,  
 For filial duty fam'd ;  
 Then pray, kind Farmer, let me fly,  
 And let me fly unblam'd."

" Your character shall nought avail,  
 I shall not that regard ;  
 For, caught with thieves, you shall not fail  
 To meet a thief's reward."

If youth would be consider'd good,  
 Each careful, prudent child,  
 Should shun the mischievous and rude,  
 And court the meek and mild.



## FABLE VI.

*The Fox and the Mask.*

A Fox around a toyman's shop  
 Was walking, as the story goes,  
 When at a Mask he made a stop ;  
 (But how he came there, no one knows.)

The Mask was beautiful and fair,  
 As nice as Mask as e'er was made ;  
 And for a lady meant to wear,  
 At the Pantheon masquerade.

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

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

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



## FABLE VII.

*The Shepherd's Boy and the Wolf.*

A SHEPHERD'S Boy, who watch'd a flock,  
Oft took delight to lie and mock ;

A sad, unthinking youth ;  
He lov'd to joke, and jest, and jeer,  
And give folks trouble, taunt, and sneer,  
But seldom told the truth.

Sometimes he'd cry, " the Wolf is come ;"  
And when the neighbours left their home,  
And found it all a bubble ;  
The men who came to give him aid,  
Found that they only fools were made,  
And laugh'd at for their trouble.

This foolish, this unhappy dunce  
Had play'd these frolics more than once,  
Which made the folks declare,  
They never more would take his word ;  
To go and help him was absurd,  
When danger was not there.

One night a Wolf did come indeed,  
And many a lamb it caus'd to bleed ;  
The Boy in vain did roar :  
" O help ! O help ! the Wolf," he cried ;  
" No, no, you rogue !" the men replied,  
" You make us fools no more."



This fable may instruct us all,  
 To give due ear to Virtue's call ;  
 And teaches thoughtless youth,  
 When once they have a friend deceiv'd,  
 They will not be again believ'd,  
 E'en when they speak the truth.



### FABLE VIII.

#### *The Boy and the Filberts.*

SOME Filberts in a pitcher stood,  
 As oft in autumn Filberts do ;  
 A Boy the tempting treasure view'd,  
 And thought that he might take a few.

With eager joy his hand he thrust,  
 And, in his hurry, grasp'd so many,  
 The pitcher's neck must either burst,  
 Or the poor Boy could not get any.

But strong the pitcher was indeed,  
 And held his hand exceeding tight ;  
 He found he could not so succeed,  
 So burst in tears for very spite.

“ Ah ! silly Boy ! ” his mother said,  
 “ You see you must relinquish these ;  
 Your greediness is well repaid,  
 You might have taken them with ease.



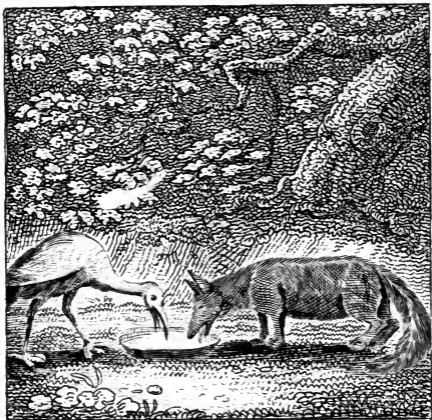
“ Grasp but a few ; that few obtain’d,  
You then may venture for some more ;  
And so shall soon have safely gain’d  
A moderate, but ample store.”

’Tis thus in learning : many a dunce  
Would fain be wise, but scorns the pains ;  
True wisdom is not learn’d at once,  
The slow and sure the treasure gains.

~~~~~  
FABLE IX.

*The Fox and the Stork.*

THE Fox had ask’d the Stork to dine,  
So, after friendly chatter,  
The dinner came ; some veal minced fine,  
Sery’d on a pewter platter.



The Stork, who vainly plied his bill,  
In silence did bemoan it ;  
For though, in truth, he took it ill,  
He did not chuse to own it.

The Fox, who both could lap and laugh,  
Took care that none was wasted ;  
So, nearly had devoured half,  
Before the Stork had tasted.

“ Why, how now, friend ? ” sly Reynard cries,  
“ You do not like your cheer ; ”  
“ My stomach’s weak,” the Stork replies,  
“ And dainty food is here.

“ But, if to-morrow you will share  
 With me my homely meal,  
 Something as good I will prepare  
 As this delightful veal.”

The Fox agreed : of dainty meat  
 He knew his friend had store ;  
 So came quite hungry to the treat,  
 That he might eat the more.


Sure none can think the Stork to blame,  
 To push the joke thus far ;  
 For, ah ! the sav'ry dinner came,  
 Serv'd in a long-neck'd jar.

Poor Reynard's appetite, so quick,  
 Repaid his former guilt ;  
 For now was he content to lick  
 The drops his comrade spilt.

The Stork with ease thrust in his bill,  
 Quite tickled at the jest ;  
 And, after he had eat his fill,  
 The Fox he thus addrest :

“ My friend, you do not like your food ;  
 Or, is your *stomach weak* ?”  
 (But, quite abash'd, poor Reynard stood,  
 And not a word did speak.)

This is a rule I think the best,  
 And which should ne'er forsake one ;  
 “ That man should never give a jest,  
 Who can't with patience take one.”





## FABLE X.

### *The Goat and the Kid.*

SAYS a Goat to a Kid,  
If you do as you're bid,  
You need have no fear of alarm;  
But if you neglect,  
Or my counsel reject,  
You'll certainly come to some harm.

To market I go,  
So mind what you do,  
And if any one knocks at the door,

Do not pull up the latch,  
Lest mischief you catch,  
But look out at the window before.

A Wolf who liv'd near,  
To the door put his ear,  
And heard ev'ry word that was said ;  
And thought, with some care,  
He the Kid might ensnare,  
For he had not that morning been fed.

He went slyly about,  
And he watch'd the Goat out,  
Then cried, in her voice rather thickly,  
“ I'm come back, my dear,  
Come down, never fear,  
But open the door again quickly.”

The Kid thought, of course,  
That her mother was hoarse,  
Yet wonder'd she was not before ;  
But feeling concern  
At her sudden return,  
She hasten'd to open the door.

By good luck, in a trice,  
Her mother's advice  
Popp'd into her head by the way ;  
And 'twas better that she  
Rather longer should be,  
Than her prudent commands disobey.

To the window she went,  
On obedience intent,  
And had certainly cause to rejoice ;  
For the Wolf stood without,  
Who thought, without doubt,  
He well mimic'd the mother-Goat's voice.

The Wolf waited long,  
With appetite strong,  
In vain for the dutiful Kid ;  
At last went away,  
And sought for his prey  
Some cubs, who ne'er do as they're bid.

When her mother return'd,  
And the story had learn'd,  
How she kiss'd her, her care to reward,  
Young readers ! may you  
Such good conduct pursue,  
And merit your parents' regard !



## FABLE XI.

*The Lion and the Mouse.*

WITHIN a thicket's calm retreat  
 A fine majestic Lion lay ;  
 Glad to forget, in slumber sweet,  
 The toils of the foregoing day.

A Mouse too near him chanc'd to creep,  
 It knew no fear, nor danger saw ;  
 The Lion, starting from his sleep,  
 On the intruder laid his paw.

Imprison'd, and detain'd so tight,  
 And so uncomfortably press'd ;  
 The Mouse was in a dreadful fright,  
 And thus the royal brute address'd :

“ Ah ! let me not, Sir, plead in vain,  
 Hear me, dread monarch of the wood !  
 And gen'rously forbear to stain  
 Thy paws with such ignoble blood.”

The Lion saw its humble size ;  
 And melted by the strain of woe,  
 In pity to its plaintive cries,  
 He let the little trembler go.

It chanc'd upon a sultry day,  
 When scarce a timid beast was met,  
 The Lion, roaming for his prey,  
 Was taken in the hunter's net.



He foam'd, he roar'd, he lash'd his tail,  
 His thund'ring groans the forest fill ;  
 But, ah ! his efforts nought avail,  
 The Lion is a pris'ner still.

The grateful Mouse, surpris'd to hear  
 The noble creature in distress,  
 Now proves its gratitude sincere,  
 By hasting to afford redress.

“ Be patient, Sir,” she cried, “ fear not,  
 While I my humble means will try  
 To show you I have not forgot  
 The day you gave me liberty.”

The Mouse began to work at nine,  
 And ere the morning clock struck three,  
 Completely gnaw'd the woven twine,  
 And set the royal captive free.

The Lion long in vain had storm'd,  
 The Mouse with *patience* had begun ;  
 And *perseverance* soon perform'd  
 A work rash haste could ne'er have done.

Two lessons we from hence may learn,  
 “ The humblest not to disregard ;”  
 And that “ a kind and friendly turn  
 Will almost always meet reward.”



## FABLE XII.

*The Dog in the Manger.*

A SHEPHERD'S Dog had found his way  
 Into a Manger fill'd with hay,  
 And pleasantly reposed :  
 Quite pleas'd with the delightful smell,  
 He roll'd about, and lik'd it well,  
 And now and then he dozed.

A Cow, attracted by the scent,  
 Into the manger gently went,  
 Nor thought the Dog would stir;  
 But so it was, by sad mishap,  
 She pull'd his bed, disturb'd his nap,  
 And woke the surly cur.

The Dog did nought but bark and growl,  
 And with a most uncivil howl,  
 To scold the Cow began ;  
 The Cow exclaim'd, " Unhappy elf !  
 You cannot eat the hay yourself,  
 Nor will let *me*, who can."

And thus most envious people do  
 The same ill-natur'd ways pursue,  
 Another to depress :  
 If in their plans they fail, they strive  
 Their fellow creatures to deprive  
 Of means to gain success.

O ! may I never so behave,  
 Nor count a poorer man my slave,  
 But as an humble brother ;  
 With all good men may I agree,  
 And what is not of use to me,  
 Make useful to another.



### FABLE XIII.

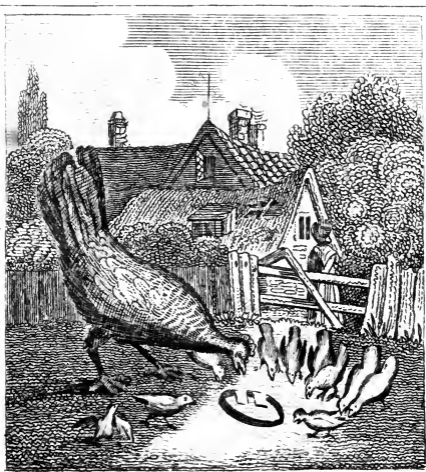
#### *The Jewel on the Dunghill.*

A CAREFUL Hen had hatch'd her brood,  
 And led them to the field ;  
 In view a spacious Dunghill stood,  
 And promis'd store of strength'ning food  
 To her young tribe to yield.

With tender care, the anxious Hen  
 Around her call'd her young ;  
 She scratch'd, and look'd, and scratch'd again,  
 But, ah ! not one poor single grain  
 From all her labour sprung.

While with unwearied love she tried,  
 A sparkling Jewel shone ;  
 With wonder all the treasure spied,  
 A bracelet clasp ! young Fanny's pride,  
 By careless Betty thrown.

The Hen, she peck'd, but peck'd in vain,  
 Though much it pleas'd her eyes ;  
 The young ones peck'd, and peck'd again,  
 But, ah ! of corn a single grain  
 Had been a better prize.



The careful Hen, at length quite pleas'd,  
An apple's core discern'd ;  
Her infant train the treasure seiz'd,  
When each its hunger soon appeas'd,  
The paltry jewel spurn'd.

Though brilliant Gold and Jewels seem,  
They shrink from virtue's test ;  
Those mental stores good friends esteem  
Try to obtain, and always deem  
Whate'er is useful—best.



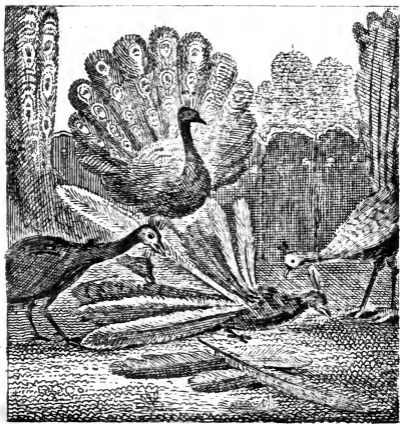
## FABLE XIV.

*The Daw in borrowed Plumes.*

AN ignorant creature,  
 A poor silly Daw,  
 Some gay Peacock's feathers  
 With ecstasy saw :  
 The sun shone so bright  
 On the colours so gay,  
 That she wish'd herself dress'd  
 In such brilliant array.

“ For,” said she, “ I am thinking,”  
 (The thought was absurd),  
 “ If well dress'd, I should be  
 An exceeding fine bird :  
 Preferr'd to a Peacock,  
 If near one I come,  
 Because I can speak,  
 And the Peacock is dumb.

So she stuck on the feathers,  
 And ran for to look  
 At her dear silly self,  
 In a neighbouring brook.  
 Quite pleas'd with her person,  
 She scorn'd her own breed,  
 And was almost as proud  
 As a Peacock indeed.



*London: William Parker Boston: Hill*

Three Peacocks approaching,  
New graces she tried ;  
She strutted and chatter'd  
With whimsical pride ;  
Astonish'd they view'd her,  
And as they drew near,  
"Hey-day !" thought the Peacocks,  
"Pray, who have we here ?"

It was not a Peacock,  
They saw by the neck,  
So one went behind her,  
And gave a sly peck ;

When off came a feather,  
 They then clearly saw,  
 'Twas a per<sup>+</sup> and a vain  
 Insignificant Daw.

They pecked her and pluck'd her,  
 And beat her quite sore,  
 Till she promis'd she ne'er  
 Would be vain any more ;  
 But so angry were they,  
 Ere they let her alone,  
 With her gay borrow'd plumes  
 She lost some of her own.

Asham'd she flew back  
 To the rest of the Daws !  
 They saw she was pluck'd,  
 And they soon learn'd the cause :  
 So not one as a sister  
 The victim would own,  
 But bade her go hide  
 Till her feathers were grown.

Let us, my young friends,  
 Of dress never be vain,  
 But mental accomplishments  
 Try to obtain :  
 The gew-gaws of dress  
 We lay by ev'ry night,  
 But the stores of the mind  
 Will for ever delight.



## FABLE XV.

*The Ant and the Grasshopper.*

ONE fine winter's day,  
 An Ant, on her way,  
 Met a Grasshopper pining for want ;  
 Who said, " Is it you ?  
 My good friend, how d'ye do ?"  
 And, " How do you do ?" said the Ant.

" O, think me not rude,  
 I am dying for food,"  
 The Grasshopper plaintively cried ;  
 " A truce with restraint,  
 For I'm ready to faint,  
 And my wants must by you be supplied.

" Three grains of your meat  
 Would to me be a treat,  
 This favour I hope you will grant ;  
 Three grains you'll not miss,  
 Sure you can't refuse this ;"  
 " Indeed but I can," said the Ant.

" Pray how, my good friend,  
 Your time did you spend  
 In summer, that now you're so poor ?"  
 " O, I danced, sung, and play'd,  
 The Grasshopper said,  
 And what, pray, could you have done more ?"



The Ant, with some pride,  
Thus sternly replied :

“ In summer, we Ants are more wise ;  
Our store we lay in,  
Lest, if winter begin,  
We should suffer through want of supplies.

“ If, before winter’s over,  
You chance to recover,  
Be prudent, and mind what I say :  
Do not spend all your leisure  
In riot and pleasure,  
But, while the sun’s shining make hay.”

The Grasshopper sigh’d,  
And faintly replied :  
“ I wish I had happen’d, when younger,  
To copy this Ant,  
I should ne’er have known want,  
Nor been thus sadly dying with hunger.”

This fable, we find,  
Alludes to the mind,  
Which in youth should be plenteously stor’d;  
Early knowledge, be sure,  
For age will secure  
More comfort than wealth can afford.



## FABLE XVI.

*The Farmer's Boy and the Goose with Golden Eggs.*

THOUGH rich was Tom, the farmer's boy,  
 While many neighbours round were poor ;  
 Yet Tom no riches could enjoy,  
 For envy that he had not more.

A Goose enrich'd him day by day,  
 Young readers, do not laugh, I beg ;  
 You'll think it likely, when I say,  
 She daily laid a Golden Egg.

The Egg might sell for near a pound,  
 But silly Tom, the farmer's son,  
 As often as the Egg he found,  
 Lamented that there was but *one*.

Unthinking boy ! a friend so good  
 Sure well deserv'd thy grateful care ;  
 The sweetest grain, the softest food,  
 Ought daily to have been her fare.

But, ah ! the cruel farmer's boy,  
 Enrag'd his riches came so slow,  
 Declar'd the Goose he would destroy,  
 To find rom whence the treasures flow.

“ And then,” the cruel lad would say,  
 (This foolish boy, this thoughtless dunce,)  
 “ Instead of one poor Egg a-day,  
 I shall enjoy them all at once.”

He then, with murderous intent,  
 Relentless seiz'd the fatal knife ;  
 And to the neighb'ring stable went,  
 Where the poor Goose resign'd her life.

But not one Egg within was stor'd :  
 Rash boy ! thus all thy hopes to sever !  
 Thy av'rice meets its just *reward*,  
 Adieu to Golden Eggs for ever !

Let us from hence, young friends, take heed,  
 Nor hope in indolence for wealth ;  
 Labour will make us rich indeed,  
 For labour brings content and health.



## FABLE XVII.

### *The Ass and the Lap-dog*

HAPPY and gay  
 Was little Tray,  
 His comrade's fare he envied not ;  
 Both old and young  
 His praises sung,  
 “ The Lap-dog at the farmer's eot.”



*Published by Will<sup>ms</sup> Darton, April 24 1870.*

So free and brisk,  
To jump and frisk  
Around his honest master's knees,  
Tray was belov'd,  
For thus he prov'd  
His wish as well as means to please.

It came to pass,  
The farmer's ass  
Had seen Tray fondled and rewarded ;  
Thought he, " Good Sir,  
Why love this cur ?  
While I, poor I, go unregarded !

" As day by day  
 I'm fed with hay,  
 'Tis plain you cannot quite despise me ;  
 I'll copy Tray,  
 'Twill be the way  
 To make you still more highly prize me."

So said, so done,  
 The Donkey run,  
 And pranc'd at once into the kitchen ;  
 Such pranks he play'd,  
 So plung'd and bray'd,  
 He thought his efforts quite bewitching.

The farmer pleas'd,  
 With laughter seiz'd,  
 Now made the Ass grow ten times bolder ;  
 He tried to kick,  
 His face to lick,  
 And plac'd his hoof upon his shoulder.

" To copy Tray,"  
 He gave a bray,  
 That nearly stunn'd his worthy master ;  
 But ah ! just then,  
 The farmer's men  
 Reliev'd him from this strange disaster.

The blows fell thick,  
 From either stick,  
 And the poor Ass reluctant went ;

He rued the day  
 He envied Tray,  
 For life till then had been content.

This fable shows,  
 That half the woes  
 We oft complain of are ideal ;  
 If vex'd we be  
 At Heaven's decree,  
 We well deserve to find them real.

Both high and low,  
 True worth may show  
 Alike—while each performs his best ;  
 Then, in that state  
 Decreed by fate,  
 Let ev'ry one contented rest.





*Published by Wm. Dorrice, April 29 1770.*

## FABLE XVIII.

### *The Belly and the Limbs.*

THE rich and the poor are each other's support,  
And depend on each other for health and  
for food ;  
To prove it, my fable (though not very short)  
Will, I trust, be allow'd to be useful and  
good.

The Hands, and the Feet, and the Teeth, and  
 the Tongue,  
 Resolv'd to attend on the Belly no longer;  
 'Tis true, they were active, and healthy, and  
 strong,  
 But the Belly was idle, yet fatter and  
 stronger.

Said the Feet, "we convey him where gar-  
 dens produce  
 Fine grapes in large clusters, all ripe and  
 inviting;"  
 "Which we," said the Hands, Tongue, and  
 Feet, "for his use  
 Are frequently plucking, and tasting, and  
 biting.

"While dull and inactive the Belly remains,  
 For whom we unthinkingly make such a  
 fuss;  
 To provide for itself it ne'er takes the least  
 pains,  
 But its healthy appearance depends upon us."

"If so," said the Feet, "I'll support him  
 no more;"

"If so," said the Hands, "I'll no longer  
 assist him;"

So the Teeth and the Tongue made the  
 Mouth shut her door,  
 And thus they from all future service dis-  
 miss'd him.



This strange resolution, ah! soon they be-  
 wail'd,  
 For stiff grew the Tongue, and the Teeth  
 could scarce chatter,  
 The Hands could not move, and the Legs  
 and Feet fail'd,  
 And astonish'd they wonder'd what *could*  
 be the matter.

“Ye fools!” cried the Belly, “the plan ye  
 pursue  
 With your frail constitutions can never  
 agree;  
 For 'tis plain, though I owe my existence to  
 you,  
 You trust to an equal dependance on me.

“I gratefully feel the assistance you give,  
 And a grateful return to you all I impart;  
 For while by your constant attendance I live,  
 Your vigour and nourishment flow from  
 the heart.

“Alas! 'tis most true,” answer'd faintly the  
 Tongue,  
 “But timely exertion our strength may  
 restore;  
 Unthinking companions! we all have done  
 wrong,  
 Then be quick to amendment, and do so  
 no more.”

Awake to the summons, convinc'd by the  
truth,  
United their utmost endeavours they tried;  
And soon, with the bloom and the beauty  
of youth,  
The Limbs and the Belly each *other* sup-  
plied.

'Tis thus in the world ; the industrious poor  
Receive from the rich the reward of their  
labour ;  
Then banish, ye wealthy, false pride from  
your door,  
For ev'ry man living owes much to his  
neighbour.



## FABLE XIX.

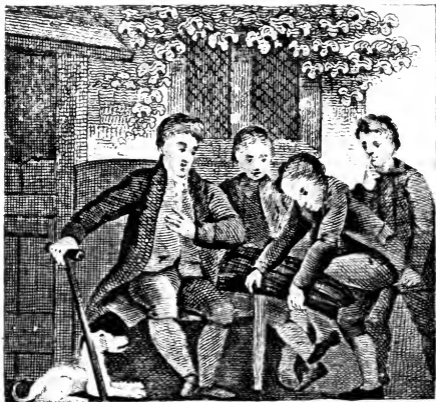
*The Husbandman and his Three Sons.*

## TWO FABLES IN ONE.

BILL, Edward, and Fred. were three mischievous boys,  
 Whom their father oft caution'd from discord and noise;  
 But, in spite of advice, or of all that he said,  
 Ned quarrel'd with William, and William with Fred.

The father was griev'd that his care was in vain,  
 But he seldom applied to the rod or the cane;  
 For he wisely imagin'd that beating must fail,  
 Where good sense and mild argument could not prevail.

An appeal to their reason he thought might ensure  
 For these childish proceedings a radical cure;  
 So, calling his children, he said, with a smile,  
 "Bill, fetch me a bundle of sticks from the pile."



*Published by Will. Dorton, April 29 1850.*

The bundle was brought, and the plan to  
pursue,

He said, "Which of you three can now  
break it in two?"

They each of them tried: "I can't do it,"  
said Fred.:

"Nor I," replied William; "Nor I," re-  
plied Ned.

The bundle of sticks he then bade them untie,  
And to break them in half with fresh efforts  
to try;

'Twas presently done, for, when placed on  
the knee,

Each stick snapp'd as easy as easy could be.

“ Be this,” said their father, “ a lesson to you,  
 The paths of affection and love to pursue ;  
 United, my children, nought have you to  
     fear,  
 But, by anger divided, then danger is near.”

The truth and the justice of all that he said,  
 Appear'd very clear to Fred. William, and  
     Ned ;  
 And they gladly united a promise to give,  
 For the future in love and in concord to live.

Long, long did they live in affection and joy,  
 And their father was pleas'd with each du-  
     tiful boy ;  
 At length, falling sick, on his bed he was laid,  
 And these are the words which, when dying,  
     he said :

“ Though long bless'd by Heaven with life  
     and with health,  
 I leave my dear boys a small portion of wealth ;  
 But the field which so long all our wants  
     has supplied,  
 Contains such a treasure !” — he falter'd,  
     and died.

The boys were astonish'd : they ne'er had  
     believ'd  
 That their father would bury the cash he  
     receiv'd ;

But, what could they do? They must either  
 go begging,  
 Or find out the treasure by working and  
 digging.

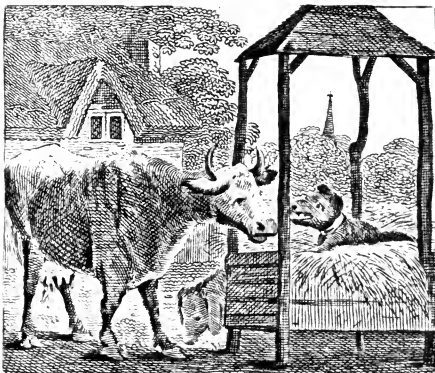
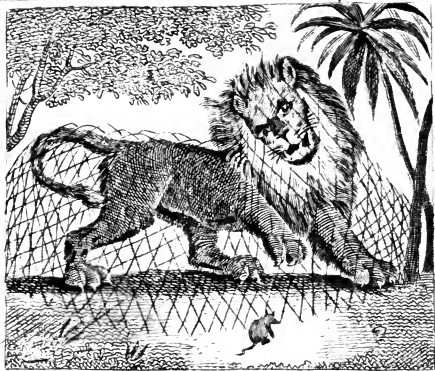
They turn'd up the field, but no treasure  
 they found,  
 So they plough'd, and they sow'd, and they  
 harrow'd the ground;  
 And duly rewarded they were for their pains,  
 For at harvest they all were surpris'd at  
 their gains.

“ My father's last words are,” said William,  
 “ fulfill'd :  
 The ground which we all have so carefully  
 till'd,  
 Had prov'd the great treasure my father  
 foretold,  
 For industry turn'd our poor field into gold.”

Two lessons are here, of importance and truth,  
 Which claim the attention and practice of  
 youth ;  
 “ Fraternal affection brings safety and plea-  
 sure,”  
 And “ industry proves the most excellent  
 treasure.”

THE END.

The Lion & the Mouse. *See Page 21.*



The Dog in the Manger. *See Page 26.*

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