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1868

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A SELECTION

OF

ÆSOP'S FABLES,

METRICALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK ORIGINAL,
AND MODERNISED. ETON EDITION, A.D. 1773.

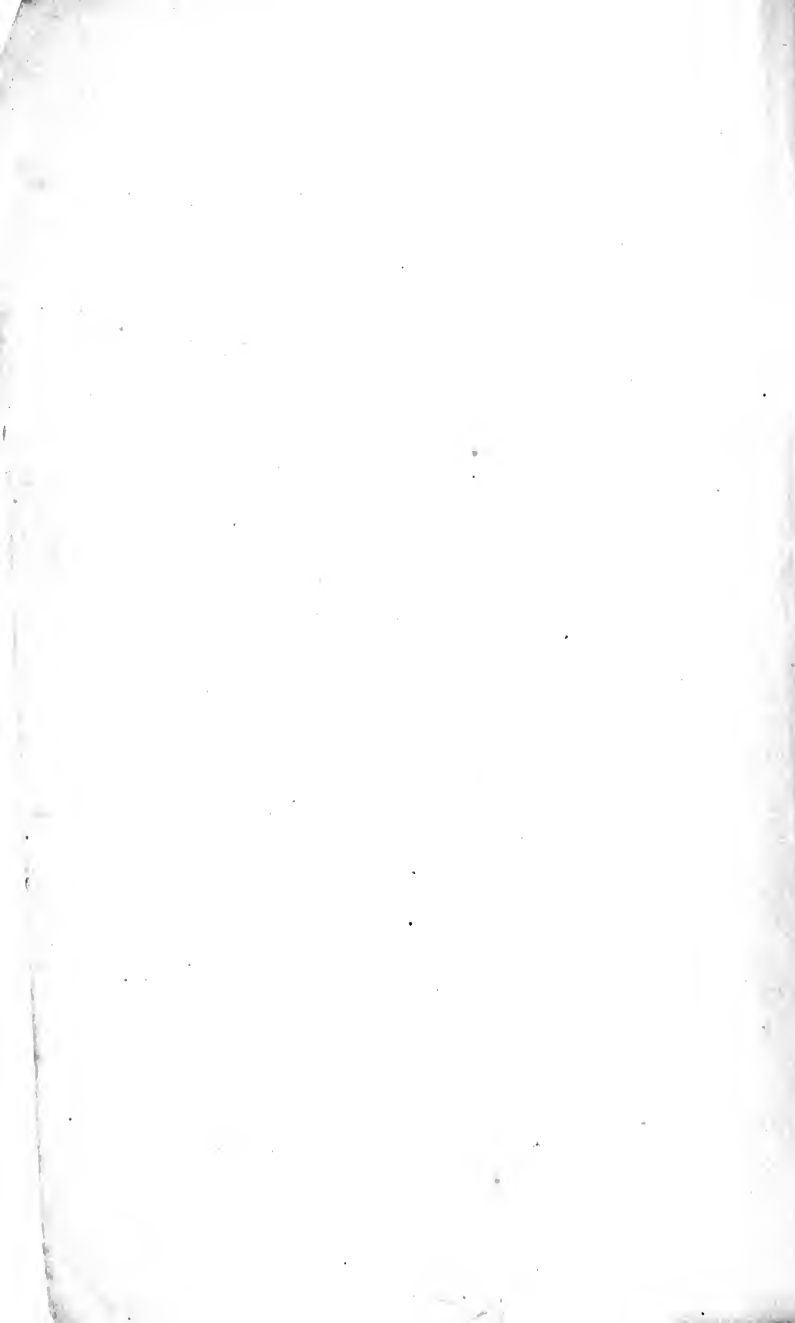
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INTENDED FOR USE IN SCHOOLS, RECITATIONS,
&c., &c.

CAMBRIDGE :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY FOISTER AND JAGG.

1868.



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PREFACE.

Εὐ σοὶ τὸ μέλον ἔξει
εἰ τὸ παρὸν ἐν τιθῆς.
Sic itur ad astra.

Would you be happy in futurity,
Be careful now ; maintain integrity.
Thus mount we to the stars above our head,
When in the path of "faith, hope, love," we tread.

The first physician by debauch was made,
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade ;
By labour our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung their nerves, and purified their blood.
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to till the field for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a noxious draught.

The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
 God never made His work for man to mend.

Prophetic voices fill the air,
 Faith's impulse fills the heart ;
 The future will be grand and fair,
 When drink's foul fiends depart.
 A sober world redeem'd from sin,
 And purified by love ;
 Edenic joys will then begin
 To lift man's soul above ;
 To crown earth's recreated Lord,
 And place Him on His throne,
 With sceptre wielded in accord
 With Mercy's Holy One.
 Then nought shall hurt, and nought destroy.
 In all God's holy mount ;
 But peace and love and purest joy
 Shall well from ev'ry fount.

From the "Alliance News," Feb. 29, 1868.

Dr. Paris says : "The art of preparing intoxicating liquors in all their forms and however disguised, is the greatest curse ever inflicted on humanity."—" *Temperance Star,*" for March 6, 1868 ; from " *London Temperance Tracts.*"

A SELECTION, ETC.

I.

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A KIDLING, once, was mounted on a roof,
And saw a wolf passing along, below.
She mock'd him, triumphing, with sharp reproof ;
He said—" Come down, and I'll take you in tow."

THE MORAL :

If people would but keep above the crowd,
They might be confident and shout aloud.

II.

THE TRUMPETER.

A TRUMPETER had blown a *rendez vous*.
It so fell out his party were defeated,
The others came round him to take a view ;
He humbly begg'd he might not be ill treated.
He said, he had done no one any harm ;
He'd nothing but that single bit of brass.

They said *that* was the cause of all th' alarm,
 And, therefore, could not suffer him to pass.
 "They are, of all, most inexcusable,
 " Who, tho' themselves, feeble and impotent,
 " Yet to set others by the ears are able,
 " And, to make quarrels, fully competent."

THE MORAL.

Peace breakers should be thoroughly detested;
 Their contrivances expos'd, their plans arrested.

III.

THE FOX AND THE LION.

A CERTAIN fox had never seen a lion,
 And met with one quite unexpectedly.
 He seem'd to be just ready to fly on,
 And, in her* fright, she'd nearly swoon'd away.
 A second time she met with him, point blank,
 But was not so much frighten'd as before ;
 The third time, she was easy, and quite frank :
 Held out her paw, and said, " Good morning, Sir !"

THE MORAL :

Familiarity will slacken guard ;
 Beware of sin's approach, its gripe is hard.

* Æsop makes all his foxes of the feminine gender.

IV.

THE FOX WHO HAD LOST HER BRUSH.

A fox was accidentally caught and snar'd.
 She lost her brush, and went about forlorn ;
 At length she fancied she'd a plan prepar'd
 To get the other foxes to be shorn.
 She called a conference, and them advis'd
 To imitate and follow her example ;
 She said the method she had now devis'd
 Left her a brush quite wide enough and ample.
 She said, the old one awkward was and heavy.
 They told her she was, they knew, very cunning ;
 They liked their brushes to be long and wavy,
 And so she might as well leave off her funning.

THE MORAL :

To interested parties give no heed,
 For, if you do, you will be fools indeed.

V.

THE FROGS.

Two frogs the kindest of all neighbours were,
 Tho' feeding in a diff'rent mode ;
 One in a dismal pond, deep, dark and drear,
 The other in a shallow, near a road.
 The one who chose the lower darksome deep,
 Advis'd his friend with him to come and dwell ;

That he might out of every danger keep,
 And so continue always doing well.
 T'other refus'd, and pow'r of habit pleaded ;
 When, lo ! a waggon pass'd by with full load.
 The frog was crush'd, the danger quite unheeded,
 He perish'd in the well-trod, common road.

THE MORAL :

To follow a multitude in doing wrong,
 Is sure to be our ruin before long.

VI.

THE BEE-KEEPER.

A THIEF, once on a time, a bee-hive plunder'd,
 In th' absence of the true and rightful owner :
 The bees, returning, very sorely wonder'd
 To find their precious honey-combs not there.
 So, falling to, they stung the master near then ;
 And dreadfully they wounded the poor man.
 He cried,—“ You senseless brutes, you are mistaken ;
 “ The thief is gone ; I help you all I can.
 “ The guilty you have suffer'd to escape ;
 “ Your friend and benefactor put to shame.
 “ Your folly has brought me into a scrape,
 “ Who, to say truth, am not the least to blame.”

THE MORAL :

Take, hence, a caution, prudently to learn :
 Your friends from foes correctly to discern.

VII.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

AN aged man, bow'd down with weight of years,
 Had travell'd far, with burden on his back ;
 He loud complain'd, and pour'd forth many tears,
 And call'd on Death to lighten his great pack.
 Death came at call, and ask'd what 'twas he wanted ?
 The old man stared at him, and was amaz'd ;
 He said he was hard breath'd, and sadly panted ;
 And wish'd his burden now to be replac'd.

THE MORAL :

Oh ! sweet is life, when we are not prepar'd
 To leave this world, and go to meet our Lord.

VIII.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS SONS.

A HUSBANDMAN, expecting to die soon,
 Desir'd to train his sons to husbandry.
 He call'd them to him, and, when quite alone,
 Said, " Sons, you'll find my treasure, if you try,
 " By digging in the orchard, round about
 " The trees, at their deep roots, diligently."
 They listen'd, and, not making any rout,
 Their spades and axes stoutly did they ply.
 They digg'd and digg'd, but riches found they nought ;

But something better, in reality,
 Than gold or pearls, or sparkling diamond ;
 The orchard furnish'd them with richer gains ;
 With health, than greatest wealth far, far beyond ;
 With what rewarded them for all their pains.
 With beneficial fruit, for years beheld,
 With " God's good creature " pure and unfermented,
 From Alkohol's impurity withheld,
 By man and Satan conjointly " invented,"
 Evil inflicting, sad, sad woes untold.

THE MORAL :

Oh, Industry ! thou noblest treasure's store !
 May we but learn to love thee more and more !

IX.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

A CERTAIN house had a large swarm of mice,
 A neighbour's prowling cat had heard of it ;
 Says she, " I think it would be very nice,
 " If I could just partake a little bit.
 " She didn't want," she said, " to eat 'em fast,
 " Perhaps a mouse, or so, would do, per diem,
 " And this would make her treat the longer last,
 " A little tasty bit would fairly try 'em."
 The mice observ'd, with pain, their diminution,
 And sadly vex'd were they with the per centage ;
 They took, in concert, a strong resolution,
 And pass'd it in a full house with much rage.

They said they would vacate the house *in toto* ;
 And this resolve they carried *nem. con.*
 Dissentients, they declared, at once, might go to—
 York, Bath, or Jericho, or any town.
 But puss the convocation no way relish'd,
 She soon chalk'd out herself another plan :
 She made 'em all believe that she was quite dish'd,
 And stretch'd herself full length, stiff, pale and wan.
 "Ah !" said a mouse, "is that you, pussy, dear ?
 "And are you, really, quite dead and gone !
 "You must wait longer yet, ere I come near,
 "Tho' hard as a Bath brick, or a hearth stone."

THE MORAL :

Where we can make out we've been taken in,
 'Twere better, sure, not to go there again.

X.

THE COCKS AND THE PARTRIDGE.

A MAN had some cocks in a poultry yard,
 And plac'd a partridge with them, to be fed ;
 The cocks flew on him, and peck'd at him hard ;
 They injur'd him, and hurt him on the head.
 The partridge, on his part, was dejected
 To see he was held as a foreigner ;
 He had hop'd he should have been respected
 On that account, and held far, far more dear.
 But when, after a little while, he saw
 How they quarrell'd and ill us'd each other,

He said, "I see now where there is a flaw,
 "I will not vex myself about their bother."

THE MORAL :

How can we ever hope to live a life
 Of ease with those, who are so oft at strife ?

XI.

THE FOX AND THE TRAGEDIAN.

A FOX, once, enter'd a player's apartment,
 And found, lying there, an elegant mask ;
 She said it was quite fit for his department ;
 Might she be allow'd a question to ask ?
 She saw it was made of good paper strong,
 But was not constructed to stand upright.
 She said, 'tis like those who make faces long,
 But their lives are very far from what's right.

THE MORAL :

Fair outward forms, combin'd with spirits foul,
 Do but add condemnation to the soul.

XII.

THE FOX AND THE THORN BRIER.

A FOX had mounted on a prickly hedge,
 And found herself in danger of a fall.

She thought it might be well to have a pledge

From a thorn brier she saw within her call.
She tried th' effect, but found it would not do ;

She made herself all bloody, and felt pain ;
She felt it did but add to her great woe ;

She ne'er would trust to a thorn brier again.
"But why did you so great a blunder make,"
Said the thorn brier to her, in mild reply,
"I am accustom'd pow'rful hold to take
"Of those who venture to approach too nigh."

THE MORAL :

Avoid the error fall'n into by those
Who can't distinguish friends from mortal foes.



XIII.

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

A GOOD woman had a drunken husband,

Whom she desir'd to have deliver'd from
The odious vice. To do so, she well plann'd

To take him drunken, sleeping, shiv'ring from
His warm bed, to a burial place hard by.

She left him there, and lock'd the door on him ;
And, when she thought he might be sober'd nigh,

Going to the crypt door, she knock'd amain.

"What's a stir now ?" said he, within ; "who's there ?"

"The dead men's messenger," said she, "with food.

"I know you must be hungry, pray don't spare ;

"Eat of these dishes, it will do you good."

“Hungry I’m not,” said he, “no, nor yet faint.

“’Tis drink, drink, drink, I want ; for I’m thirsty ;

“Eating, I abhor ; I want this, this—

“Gin, Rum, Brandy, Whiskey, bring ’em quickly.”

“O husband !” said she, “’tis, alas, too plain,

“My plot, well meant, has, altogether, fail’d ;

“When you’re let out, you’ll seek it yet again ;

“My hope has vanish’d, my faith is assail’d.”

THE MORAL :

Beware of evil habits’ growth too strong ;

It will convince you it has been too long.



XIV.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

A DOCTOR attended a poor sick man,

The sick man he died ; the doctor he cried—

“This man would have liv’d, deny it, who can,

Gingeret, rightly made, had he only tried.”

Standers by said, “Good Sir, you’re now too late ;

“Had you said so before, wise you’d have been ;

“Now, fiddlestick’s ends ! you do nought but prate,

“And that, by all of us, plainly is seen.”

THE MORAL :

If you would benefit a dear, dear friend,

Be quick, and your advice faithfully lend.



XV.

THE FLIES.

HONEY, one time, was scatter'd by mischance ;
 Some flies imagin'd they were in good luck.
 On the sweet tempting bait they needs must dance,
 But, trying to escape, they lost their pluck.
 Entangled, fast bound, they could not fly off :
 Their comrades, seeing them, began to mock.
 " Ah ! silly we," said they, " you well may scoff ;
 " Brief pleasure once was ours, but you have stock."

THE MORAL :

Vile appetite 's a snare to many men :
 The best thing is—to " cut and come again."

XVI.

THE DOG AND THE COOK.

A HUNGRY dog into a kitchen went,
 And while cook's back was turn'd, he stole a heart ;
 Cook saw he was on plunder deep intent,
 And said, " you think, no doubt, you've play'd your part ;
 " But, Mr. Dog, allow me just to say,
 " You have, in fact, done me no sort of harm.
 " My heart, 'tis true, you have just stol'n away,
 " But, I can tell you, I feel no alarm.
 " I'll watch your movements, henceforth, carefully,
 " And counteract the mischief you have plann'd.

“ My heart will be restor'd me plentifully
 “ And with it, also, a more skillful hand.”

THE MORAL :

Losses are, sometimes, far from being crosses,
 If they but teach us how to take new courses.

XVII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE ; OR, THE WAY OF PEACE.

A MAN once had a vixen of a wife,
 With whom his household could not live in peace.
 He sent her, therefore, back to mend her life,
 And to obtain some respite and release.
 She soon return'd : “ How are you, dear, just now ? ”
 Said he. “ The country servants took a spite
 “ At me,” she said ; “ and must fight anyhow.”
 Said he, “ they're out all day, my dear, till night ;
 “ I fear 'tis you, 'tis you, that is to blame.
 “ At home, abroad, the same you must be still.
 “ Where'er you go, I'm always put to shame ;
 “ Reason or reason none, you'll have your will.”

THE MORAL :

If you have sought, in vain, sweet peace to get,
 Do not despair, but try our Gingeret.

XVIII.

THE WOULD-BE MUSICIAN.

A MAN once lived in a well-stucco'd room,
 Where his voice echo'd clearly and loudly ;
 He said—" A Musician, surely, I am,
 " I will sing it out publicly, proudly."
 His name was announc'd, on walls placarded ;
 The orchestra he mounted for singing ;
 With applause, thought he, I'll be rewarded ;
 But with *hisses* his ears were soon ringing.

THE MORAL :

Make quite sure of your talents and powers,
 That shame and disgrace be not yours.

XIX.

THE THIEVES.

SOME desperate thieves broke into a house,
 And found nought there but a loud crowing cock ;
 They threaten'd his neck to wring off, quite loose ;
 Says he, " if you kill me, you'll have bad luck."
 He told them he often good service did,
 In calling the servants to keep proper hours ;
 They told him such things by them were forbid ;
 " *Dumb dogs* we prefer to cocks with your pow'rs."

THE MORAL :

The wicked profit by the sloth of others ;
 The good are punish'd by designing brothers.

XX.

THE CROW AND THE SNAKE.

A HUNGRY crow beheld a snake asleep,
 And pounc'd on it in furious assault ;
 The snake awoke, and gave the crow a gripe,
 Who soon perceiv'd himself to be in fault.
 " Ah ! me," said he, " I thought I'd gain'd a prize,
 " But it has prov'd to me a dreadful bane ;
 " I feel the torment, all too late I'm wise,
 " I perish miserably, in sore pain."

THE MORAL :

Beware of covetousness ; to virtue press ;
 Trust still in God, and He will surely bless.

XXI.

THE JACKDAW AND THE DOVES.

A JACKDAW once observ'd a lot of doves,
 And saw how nice they were both cloth'd and fed ;
 Whit'ning himself, he soon obtain'd their loves,
 As if they had been all together bred.
 But, when they heard his harshly croaking voice,
 They drove him off from them in great disdain ;
 His brother black-coats left him no more choice :
 They would not have him in their tribe again.

THE MORAL :

By greedy coveting there's not a few
 Who make false claims, and, thereby, lose the true.

XXII.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.*

GREAT Jove to Mercury once a strong charge gave,
 A potion to make tolerably full,
 That a share equal each tradesman should have,
 And all should be ask'd to take a long pull.
 He did so, endeav'ring to do his best,
 And, some remaining, contemplated he,
 Which of them should be portioned the rest,
 For the good mixture quite equal should be.
 Drink traffickers must have their proper share ;
 My bosom friends must take their proportion ;
 My coadjutors certainly they are :
Rogues in grain should first have their full portion.

THE MORAL :

This Fable proper is for man-killers ;
 ALL strong drink traffickers, brewers, distillers.

* The god of thieves.

XXIII.

JUPITER'S WEDDING DAY.

GREAT Jove, once, observ'd his own wedding day,
 And bade all the beasts and birds to be there ;
 The tortoise, alone, kept herself away ;
 Jove enquir'd why it was she did not share.
 She struck up the tune—"Home, Jupiter, home ;
 "Sweet home, sweet home, has far more charms for me."

“Has it,” quoth Jupiter ; “so be it, come ;
 “Always upon your back, there let it be.”

THE MORAL :

Beware of sloth : cast off the wretched vice ;
 Rise up, be active, time 's gone in a trice.

XXIV.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

AN ass once put on him a lion's skin,
 And, in it, much alarm'd all the poor beasts,
 Who saw him flourishing in the moonshine ;
 But Mistress Fox eyed him more than the rest.
 Said she to them, “Frighten'd I'd been perhaps,
 “And trembled as you did th' entire day ;
 “But, no, I'm not to be caught with claptraps,
 “For, happily, for me, I heard him *bray*.”

THE MORAL :

Some men would be thought wise, could they be quiet ;
 But let their tongues get loose, and *they run riot*.

XXV.

THE TWO ASSES.

A WILD ass saw a domesticated
 One, enjoying himself at his leisure ;

And concluded that it indicated
 He so pass'd all his life in great pleasure.
 But, when he beheld him toiling in pain,
 Driven about, and bruised all over,
 He chang'd the drift of his words back again—
 "You may live, for me, this way, in clover."

THE MORAL :

Envy not those who are seemingly well
 Off, till thou can'st their true history tell.

XXVI.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

A WOLF was once fiercely hunted by dogs,
 And got away, sadly damag'd by them ;
 A sheep passing near, the wolf humbly begs
 Some water she'd fetch him from out the stream.
 "Bring me water," said he, "and I'll food get ;"
 "Yes, yes, Mr. Wolf, no doubt that is true ;
 "I'll be useful, and be your own dear pet ;
 "Bring water, and, then, be nice food for you."

THE MORAL :

Let simple folks seeing themselves puzzled,
 Take care that by rogues they are not muzzled.

XXVII.

THE HARES AND THE EAGLES.

THE hares, once, with the eagles were at strife ;
 The hares call'd on the foxes for their aid ;
 Who said they would have help'd to save their life,
 Had they not of the eagles been afraid.

THE MORAL :

Thus might o'er right too frequently prevails,
 When courage in the look'd-for helpers fails.

XXVIII.

THE BAT AND THE WEASEL.

A BAT had once, by chance, fall'n on the ground ;
 A weasel caught it, and prepared to eat.
 The bat requested he might not be bound ;
 The weasel still insisted it was meet.
 " I'm no bird, but a mouse," said the bat.
 " Dear, say you so," the weasel then replied :
 " You are free, and set at large, since you say that ;
 " Your plea 's correct, and cannot be denied."
 Caught again, the bat said he was no mouse,
 But a two-winged bird, in fact, no more.
 Set at liberty, he flew off quite loose,
 Rejoic'd to find himself free as before.

THE MORAL :

Sometimes, indeed, it may not be unwise
 To try new plans, when hinder'd otherwise.

XXIX.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

A SHEPHERD, once, his sheep drove among oaks,
 And, throwing off his coat, began to climb :
 He shook the tree above his woolly flock ;
 The sheep regal'd upon the acorns fine.
 They ate up coat and all, for want of care ;
 The shepherd grumbled at their great mistake.
 He said, "Ungrateful beasts ye surely are :
 "You've taken my good cov'ring from my back."

THE MORAL :

Some men their best friend's interests spoil and dash,
 While, wanting wisdom, they are blind and rash.

XXX.

THE HORSE, THE ASS, AND THE DRIVER.

A CERTAIN man had a horse and an ass,
 And us'd, with them, to carry on his trade.
 As they were travelling with steady pace,
 The ass to the horse his lamentation made :
 "Take off some of the load I have on me,
 "Or else oblig'd I shall be to knock up."
 The horse refus'd, pretending not to see ;
 The ass, soon after, dying, quite gave up.

The master, in vexation at his loss,
 Shifted the ass's burden off from him,
 And put it on the shoulders of the horse,
 Together with his carcase and his skin.

THE MORAL :

Oh the great folly of vile selfishness !
 To help another makes our burden less.

XXXI.

THE ASS, THE LION, AND THE FOX.

AN ass and a fox went out hunting once,
 And met a huge lion upon the road.
 The fox perceiv'd the danger on the nonce,
 And to the lion stealthily she strode.
 "If you will promise safe that I shall be,
 "I will entrap the ass into a snare."
 "O yes, my lady, fully I'll agree
 "To your proposal, and with you will share."
 No sooner said than done : the ass was ta'en,
 And, when quite sure he could not get away,
 The lion, without trouble, without pain,
 Fell to and slew them *both* the self-same day.

THE MORAL :

All traitors base, this lesson you may learn :
 Your treach'ry on your own heads will return.

XXXII.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

A RICH man had two daughters, dear to him ;
 One died ; the mourners hired, as, then, 'twas done,*
 The other whispered tenderly to him—
 “ O father ! how's this ; surely there is none
 “ Who can, or ought, in such a case, to mourn,
 “ As we ourselves, for her we now deplore
 “ Gone to that bourne, whence ‘ no one shall return,’
 “ Gone, gone away ; ‘ not lost, but gone before.’ ”

THE MORAL :

The covetous do no objections make,
 From others' woes emoluments to take.

XXXIII.

THE MAN AND THE SATYR.†

A MAN and satyr, once, liv'd both together ;
 The man, when cold, breath'd on his hands to warm ;
 When they were warm, in the hot summer weather,
 He blew on them to keep himself from harm.
 Observing this, the satyr felt disgust,
 And, hence, determin'd that they two must part,

* See Eccles. xii. 7 ; Matt. ix. 23.

† A non-descript species of animal, fabled by the ancients.

Since he no longer could put faith nor trust,
 If to blow hot and cold he'd learnt the art.

THE MORAL :

All good and honest folks should firmly stand,
 Not to be drawn aside on either hand.

XXXIV.

THE FOX AND THE WOOD CUTTER.

A FOX, once, flying from the dogs, came to
 A wood cutter's retir'd, far-distant hut ;
 And humbly ask'd the wood cutter to do
 A favour for her, and to shelter put.
 Her suit obtain'd, she lay down as a trial.
 The hunters came, and of the man enquir'd
 If she were there ; he, not to make denial,
 Said "No ;" but pointed out where she'd retir'd.
 The hunters did not entertain a doubt
 The man spoke truth, and, therefore, went away.
 The danger over, Mrs. Fox crept out,
 And quite forgot, "thank ye, good Sir," to say.
 The wood cutter in vain remonstrated,
 And her behaviour call'd ungrateful quite.
 The fox insisted he had wrong stated
 The case before them, and would set him right.
 When you, in presence of a judge like me
 Lay claim to a return of gratitude,
 Let me advise you to take care and see
 Your words agree with your own attitude.

THE MORAL :

We may be sure we shall be in a pother,
When words and actions contradict each other.

XXXV.

THE TWO DOGS.

A MAN, once, made a supper for his friends.

A cur domestic told a friend of his,
And said there would be many odds and ends,
He might as well avail himself of this.

The stranger dog most willingly consented

T' accept his friend's obliging invitation ;
And, when the sav'ry meal he fully scented,
He thought he highly should enjoy his ration.
"I will," said he, "my powers now try thorough,

"My appetite digestive nought shall limit ;
"I'll eat enough for this day and tomorrow,"

And wagg'd his tail, and turn'd him round to trim it.
The cook had, silently, observ'd it all,

But did not seem to know quite what it meant ;
At length he took hold of him by the tail,
And toss'd him bodily out of the casement.

Another dog was passing by that way,

And hop'd he had his supper well enjoyed ;
He said, "it was first-rate, that he must say"—
But did not tell him how he'd been annoy'd.

THE MORAL :

If you'd enjoy the morsel that you own,
Take care you are quite sure it *is* your own.

XXXVI.

THE FISHERMAN.

A FISHERMAN, quite new in his own trade,
 Went out a fishing, one fine summer's day :
 He thought he had a fresh discovery made,
 And he resolv'd to try his own new way.
 He sat down on the bank, took out his pipe,—
 For he was musical, as soon you'll see,
 He felt quite sure the fishes would be ripe
 To dance and caper, when him they should see.
 But the dull fishes paid him no regard ;
 They left him brooding o'er his ill success ;
 He chang'd his plan, and quick his net threw hard,
 And they return'd, his efforts now to bless.
 He drew them all to land ; to dancing they flew,
 They jump'd, skipp'd and leap'd about, like folks mad.
 He said, " I see, I see now through and through,
 " You're caught, and now dancing must needs be had."

THE MORAL :

There is a time for seriousness and thought ;
 Pleasure and mirth may be too dearly bought.

XXXVII.

THE DYING CROW AND HIS MOTHER.

A CROW, at point of death, said to his mother,
 Don't fret for me, but to the great gods pray ;

She answering said, "which of them, more than other,
 "Have you abstain'd from robbing? say, oh! say."

THE MORAL :

If we "rob God,"* He will his cause avenge,
 And, in His own due time, take His revenge.

XXXVIII.

THE DYING EAGLE.

AN eagle, once, was perch'd upon a rock,
 Engag'd in his own trade of hunting hares.
 An archer, with his bow and arrows, struck
 Him in the back, the point thro' flares.
 He saw death's minister before his eyes,
 The fatal uneradicable prong ;
 In vain to shift the spectacle he tries,
 And thus commenc'd to sing his dying song :
 "My death I have procur'd in various weathers,
 "The cause of it, alas ! I plainly see ;
 "There, there, before my eyes, are my own feathers ;
 "My death has been occasion'd all by me."

THE MORAL :

This fable teaches us 'tis our own fault,
 If we invite to us death's last assault.

* Mal, iii, 8.

XXXVI.

THE FISHERMAN.

A FISHERMAN, quite new in his own trade,
 Went out a fishing, one fine summer's day :
 He thought he had a fresh discov'ry made,
 And he resolv'd to try his own new way.
 He sat down on the bank, took out his pipe,—
 For he was musical, as soon you'll see,
 He felt quite sure the fishes would be ripe
 To dance and caper, when him they should see.
 But the dull fishes paid him no regard ;
 They left him brooding o'er his ill success ;
 He chang'd his plan, and quick his net threw hard,
 And they return'd, his efforts now to bless.
 He drew them all to land ; to dancing they flew,
 They jump'd, skip'd and leap'd about, like folks mad.
 He said, " I see, I see now through and through,
 " You're caught, and now dancing must needs be had."

THE MORAL :

There is a time for seriousness and thought ;
 Pleasure and mirth may be too dearly bought.

XXXVII.

THE DYING CROW AND HIS MOTHER.

A CROW, at point of death, said to his mother,
 Don't fret for me, but to the great gods pray ;

She answering said, "which of them, more than other,
 "Have you abstain'd from robbing? say, oh! say."

THE MORAL :

If we "rob God,"* He will his cause avenge,
 And, in His own due time, take His revenge.

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THE MORAL :

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 If we invite to us death's last assault.

* Mal, iii, 8.

XXXIX.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

ONE winter, during frost and snow, the ants
 Liv'd sumptuously, like any gentle folk :
 The giddy grasshoppers felt all the wants
 Of poverty, which in their windows stalk'd.
 They came to th' ants, most humbly, cap in hand,
 And them solicited for a supply.
 Said th' ants, "How's this ? you are a healthy band,
 "Do tell us, we are waiting your reply."
 Said the grasshoppers, "winter's near the middle ;
 "Our store is low, we humbly do assure you."
 Said th' ants, "You sung in summer, now go fiddle ;
 "Drink Gingeret,* and *that* will quickly cure you."

THE MORAL :

Idleness will its own vengeance bring ;
 Work hard in summer, and in winter sing.

* See "How to make gingeret of prime quality ;" Foister & Jagg,
 Cambridge.—Price one half-penny, or 3d. per doz.

XL.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

THE LION FEIGNING SICKNESS.

A LION, once, pretended to be sick,
 And laid his head upon a downy pillow ;

The animals all flock'd in thick,
 T' enquire if they should have to wear the willow.
 All but the fox, who thought she'd wait a wee,
 To see what happen'd to the visitors ;
 She'd try his Majesty's sincerity,
 Nor trust herself with dark inquisitors.
 The lion wonder'd she should bashful be,
 And sent a lacquey to enquire the reason ;
 She answer'd, " may it please your Majesty,
 " I'd rather wait for a more proper season.
 " I have observ'd, while here I have kept guard,
 " Your grace's visitors come in, in packs ;
 " All their footsteps have been, always, *inward*,
 " But, *outward*, they have never turn'd their backs."

THE MORAL :

If you'd escape the terrors of the den,
 Within a *public-house* be you not seen.



XLI.

THE COAL PORTER AND THE SILK MERCER.

A COAL PORTER and silk mercer not far
 From each other, once, happen'd to reside.
 The coal porter said he would like to share
 Lodgings with the silk mercer, without pride.
 The man of silk politely said, " Oh, no !
 " My goods and your's will not agree together ;
 " Mine may suit well for one, but not for two.
 " We are, you see, not two 'birds of a feather.'"

THE MORAL :

“ Like loveth like,” ’tis true, in cases most,
 But unlike minds, and trades, must “ *count the cost.*”

XLII.

THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

A TRAVELLER had been in many parts,
 And had come home to rest his weary bones ;
 He boasted of his science and his arts,
 And how he’d taken in the knowing ones.
 He said that, when at Rhodes some time he stay’d,
 He had amaz’d them all with a long leap ;
 And that, if here, they’d testify, he said,
 The truth, for they would always keep
 The recollection of th’ astounding fact.
 A hearer said, “ My friend, you need’nt wait
 “ For testimony, here is Rhodes, pray act ;
 “ Oh ! do oblige us, let us *see* the feat.”

THE MORAL :

Proud boasters should, at once, to shame be put
 By those who know how high *on stilts they strut.*

XLIII.

THE FISHERMEN.

SOME fishermen had “ toiled all the night,
 And nothing taken ; ” so they were distress’d,

And were preparing to depart at light
 Of day, and sadly were by it depress'd.
 At length it happen'd that a fine fish large
 Took in his head to leap into their boat,
 Which made them full amends in their discharge,
 And now quite merrily they homewards float.

THE MORAL :

Never despair, nor yield too much to sense ;
 Be thankful to a gracious Providence.

XLIV.

THE TWO FROGS.

Two frogs found suited pasture in a pond,
 Which, in dry weather was, of course, denuded ;
 And they set out in search, and shortly found
 A well quite deep, which could not be eluded.
 The one said to the other, " Come, my friend,
 " Here is a well as deep as we could wish,
 " Without delay let us, at once, descend ; "
 Said the other, *all that comes to net's not fish* ;
 If this should dry up, how shall we ascend ?

THE MORAL :

Wise men, selecting their own domiciles,
 Will carefully avoid all that beguiles.

XLV.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A TORTOISE ask'd an eagle how to fly ;
 The eagle sharp with him remonstrated ;
 The tortoise, still urgent, his suit would ply ;
 The eagle on his back him fairly seated.
 But he fell off, as well might be expected,
 And dash'd himself to pieces on a rock.
 His capabilities had he inspected,
 He would not have been so much like—a *block*.

THE MORAL :

Do not neglect kind, friendly, premonitions ;
 Do not miscalculate your true conditions.

 XLVI.

THE BLACKAMOOR.

A MAN purchas'd himself a Blackamoor,
 And fancied he, with care, could make him white.
 He set to work with sponge, soap, oil, a store ;
 But found his labour was all wasted quite.
 The Ethiop's colour underwent no change ;
 He still continued black as e'er before ;
 He sunk beneath the ordeal so strange,
 He pined away, fell sick, and was no more.

THE MORAL :

Man's skill can't supersede divine appointment :
 Nought can effect a change in us, but God's own ointment.

XLVII.

THE MISER.

A MAN exchange'd for an ingot His gold,
 And buried it in a retir'd spot,
 Where he paid visits to it, days untold,
 For his whole soul in it absorb'd had got.
 But some one, more observant than the rest,
 Had made himself acquainted with his movement ;
 He was determin'd he would steal the blest
 Ingot ; it might make for his improvement.
 The miser, coming to look at his store,
 Discover'd that it had been sto'n away :
 He could not set eyes on it any more,
 He tore his hair, quite frantic, in dismay.
 Some one to plague him, said—" Here, take this stone,
 " And hide it safe, in the place of t'other ;
 " It will do quite as well, if let alone,
 " And it will never *give you any bother.*"

THE MORAL :

Let all men learn the proper use of gold is—
 To be well employ'd in God's good service.

XLVIII.

THE CRANES AND THE GEESE.

SOME cranes and geese were feeding in a meadow,
 Both of the parties got a sight of hunters ;

The calm lasted not long, a tempest rose ;
 Goods, almonds, he toss'd away over board ;
 Disgusted, he utter'd a thousand vows—
 Nought else, hereafter, he'd be but a land-lord.
 Next day the ocean became calm again ;
 He thought of his almonds, low down in the deep ;
 "Oh ! I know what it wants," said he, with pain ;
 "It wants goods and almonds, thrown out again."

THE MORAL :

Misfortunes are but blessings in disguise :
 If they're nought else, they're sent to make us wise.



LII.

THE PEACOCK AND THE DAW.

THE birds assembled to elect a king ;
 The peacock said he had the foremost claim,
 For who could beauty, like his, with him bring ?
 So he was chosen with a loud acclaim.
 A daw, for wisdom much esteem'd by all,
 A question ask'd, before they came to poll ;
 "What would the peacock do for them at all,
 "If they should be encounter'd by the eagle ?"

THE MORAL :

Choose you your leaders, not for outward shew,
 But see that they be wise men, good and true.



LIII.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX.

A WILD boar sharp'd his tusks upon a tree ;
 A fox, observing, ask'd the reason why.
 For she, just then, nothing at hand could see,
 And could imagine no necessity.
 The wild boar answer'd he had good reason,
 For, at that juncture, he was at leisure,
 And, at the proper moment, could seize on
 And eat up his prey with greater pleasure.

THE MORAL :

To profit by advantages be ready,
 Prepare your instruments, be always steady.

LIV.

THE WASPS, THE PARTRIDGES AND THE OXEN.

SOME wasps and partridges felt much athirst,
 And to a gardener came to beg water ;
 They promis'd they'd repay him well : the first
 Said they would make the thieves go from his quarter,
 By stinging them, and fright'ning them. The birds
 Said they would cultivate his vines for him,
 By pecking at their roots ; they'd have no words,
 They'd leave his garden very nice and trim.
 The man said he approv'd no waspish ways,
 Nor yet the partridges' peck—peck—peck—peck ;

He had two oxen, whom he could much praise,
 Who work'd for him most gladly, neck and neck.

THE MORAL :

Listen not to preposterous engagements,
 Go on with faith in God's all-wise arrangements.

LIV.

THE GUINEA FOWL.

A GUINEA FOWL was taken in a snare ;
 "Ah, me," she said, "oh sad, unlucky wight !
 "Nor gold nor silver have I, any where,
 "From any stol'n, neither by day nor night !
 "But a few grains of corn, I have pick'd up ;
 "And, just for this, I find myself ensconc'd
 "In this abominable snare, lick'd up,
 "And ready to be sacrific'd at once."

THE MORAL :

Lovers of this world barter precious souls
 For grains of corn contemptible, as fowls.

LVI.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

THE hares, once, in a congregation, mourn'd
 Their wretched life, with numberless encroachers,
 By men, dogs and eagles, they were wounded,
 Sportsmen, with guns, and still more vulgar poachers.

" 'Twere better far, to die, at once, together,
 " And not spin out a mis'erable existence ;
 " Not to delay 'till they should have fair weather ;
 " Surely, my brethren, you should have more sense."
 The motion, then, was carried by acclaim,
 With quite a large majority of hands ;
 They would, no longer, have themselves to blame,
 Nor tamely bear the tyranny of man.
 They rush'd all, headlong, to a neighbouring pond,
 Fill'd with a multitude of croaking frogs ;
 The frogs of such intruders were not fond,
 And popp'd their heads down underneath the bogs.
 A hare, a little wiser than the rest,
 Cried " halt, stand still ! my dear, beloved friends ;
 " I've often heard that second thoughts are best ;
 " Look ! here's a sight may make us all amends ;
 " A congregation of absurd fanatics
 " Think to improve their lot by leaping downwards ;
 " Let us not imitate their foolish antics,
 " But try to mend our ways by *moving upwards*."

THE MORAL :

Take no rash step, employ reason and courage ;
 God and good men will on your side engage.

LVII.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.*

A THIRSTY fox and thirsty goat had gone
 In search of water, to a well quite deep ;

* Facilis descensus averni.

And, having drunk the liquor sweetly down,
 Bethought themselves how they might upwards creep.
 "Hold there," said mistress fox, "I have a thought,
 "Which beneficial to us both may be ;
 "Against the side rest you your head full fraught,
 "Your horns will then be a support to me.
 "I'll climb on your back, and then mount the wall ;
 "Then I'll turn about, and I'll draw you up ;
 "You'll have no difficulty, you're so tall ;
 "And, both together, we will merrily sup."
 The goat consented, and the thing was done ;
 The fox soon manag'd quick to scale the fence ;
 She jump'd, and frisk'd and danc'd about like fun,
 And left the goat to mourn his want of sense.
 "And have you no more honesty, than that,
 "Good mistress fox, to play me such a trick ?"
 "To judge you by your beard, *sapienti sat*
 "*Verbum,*" said the fox, quite pert and quick."

THE MORAL :

If you'd be sure fatal mistakes to flee,
 Be careful to select good company.

LVIII.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A WOLF had a bone stuck within his throat,
 He wish'd his neighbour Crane to extract it ;
 Crane said he thought it might well be got out,
 His neck protracted would accomplish it.

Only he wish'd to make a fair bargain,
 If his attempt should have desir'd success,
 The wolf should well reward him for his pain,
 And, with a handsome fee, his skill should bless.
 Agreed : it was no sooner said than done ;
 The crane, of course, solicited for pay ;
 The wolf laugh'd at him, and said, 'twas good fun ;
 He'd had his fee,—*he got his neck away.*

THE MORAL :

When from bad knaves you a reward would get,
 If you're not plundered, sure, you need not fret.

LIX.

THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A BOY had stolen from his school a slate,
 And brought it home without any rebuke
 From his own mother, who thought it too late
 A fault to find, and so it of him took.
 As he grew up in after time, a man,
 He practis'd thieving, and advanc'd in fraud ;
 'Till he the laws to violate began
 On a large scale, and had to go abroad ;
 He was pursu'd, and taken, and brought home ;
 He was, at length, to a vile death condemn'd,
 And to the gallows was oblig'd to come,
 There his last look towards his home to bend.

On his way there, he begg'd to see his mother,
 As he had something of import to say ;
 He whisper'd closely, as if he would smother
 Her with kisses ; *biting her ear away.*
 Spectators, horrified, cried out—" What now ?
 " A thief, and murd'rer of a parent dear !"
 He said—" If she'd done as she ought to do,
 " Nor she nor I would, now, have aught to fear."

THE MORAL :

He } who, thro' false indulgence, " spares the rod,"
 She }
 Will have to give account thereof to God.

—

LX.

THE LION, THE FOX AND THE ASS.

A LION, fox and ass went out to hunt,
 And when they had amass'd a lot of spoil,
 And plac'd together all, without affront,
 The lion bid the ass divide it all.
 The ass complied, and fair proportions made,
 Begging his comrades free to help themselves ;
 The lion fell into a rage, and said,
 The fox knew better how to fill their shelves,
 And she should, therefore, be the chief divider ;
 While he, the poor ass tore up in a trice ;
 The fox stepp'd forth, and made the heap much wider,
 And left herself a very little piece.

The lion kindly said to her,—“my dear,
 “How is it you have thus perform’d your part?
 “I hope there’s nothing you think you need fear.”
 “Oh! nothing; only the poor ass’s smart.”

THE MORAL :

If you’d yourself out of all danger put,
 You’d best *take measure of your neighbour’s foot.*

LXI.

THE LION, THE BEAR AND THE FOX.

A LION and a bear were in pursuit
 Of a young roe, and quarrell’d about it ;
 They fought so long, till they were quite tir’d out,
 And lay down all unable to refit.
 A fox, who had their movements closely watch’d,
 Stole their prey from them, as they both look’d on,
 And swiftly fled ; while they saw it dispatch’d,
 And nothing else could do but groan and moan,
 And vex themselves, to see how it was ta’en
 From them, while they thought it their own,
 They saw it rent to pieces, torn and slain ;
 While they were looking on, alas, ’twas gone.

THE MORAL :

Quarrelling ’mongst friends does nought but them expose,
 From their worst enemies to receive blows.

LXII.

THE GNAT AND THE LION.

A GNAT went, in bravado, to a lion,

And said, "ah ! mister lion, I don't fear you.

"What, may I ask, is it that you rely on ?

"What is there you can do, that I can't do ?

"You can tear with your claws, and bite with teeth ;

"So can an angry woman, when she pleases ;

"But come ! let's try ; don't stand there underneath ;

"Come, I'm your man, your backwardness quite freezes."

The gnat began to sound his trumpet clear,

And seiz'd upon the lion in his nostrils ;

The lion tore himself, in very fear,

He shook his mane, he didn't much like those pills.

The gnat, delighted, sung, "*Io Triumphe* ;"

And, piping loudly, scamper'd safe away.

He left the lion quite provok'd and grumpy,

That such a *minikin* should gain the day.

A spider's web, however, soon cut short

The gnat's most haughty and triumphant strain ;

He was entangled, made *Aranea* sport,

And from her meshes ne'er could fly again.

THE MORAL :

Be not too much elated with success ;

Give praise to HIM, who can your efforts bless.



CHORUS.

A PARODY.

NO PEACE WITH ALKOHOL.

To arms—to arms—to arms—
 Your ensigns broad display.
 Now, now, now, oh, yes! now, now ;
 Set the fierce battle in array.
 The oracle a war demands,
 Success depends upon *our* hearts and hands.
 BRITONS, STRIKE HOME!
 AVENGE YOUR COUNTRY'S WRONGS!
 Embalm your memory in Temperance Songs.

 GRAND MARCH.

*To be sung in Procession.—From the "Alliance News," for
 Jan. 9, 1864.—Welsh Air, "Why weeping, Winifred,"—
 in Musical Herald, vol. ii.*

I.

STRONG drink's a foe, with whom we will
 Wage battle, while we are on earth ;
 Truth's sword is drawn, her armies fill,
 When'er the monster stalketh forth
 To trample mortals in the dust,
 With brazen forehead, to the plain ;

Fresh victims make to horrid lust,
 And cover earth with thousands slain.

II.

See, see, the enemies advance ;
 How lurid are their blood-shot eyes !
 Around they cast a fiery glance,
 They heed no tears, regard no sighs.
 Their visage grim, their form unsightly,
 Their aspect ghastly, pale and wan ;
 Meet him with firmness, speak not lightly
 Of this, the deadliest foe of man.

III.

Destruction comes when he appears,
 Fell ruin follows in the rear ;
 Demonic madness wildly tears
 Both skin and flesh, in dark despair.
 Before him life, and death behind him,
 A blood be-sprinkled, gloomy plain ;
 Seize, seize the monster, quickly bind him ;
 BRING GINGERET, BRING IT AGAIN !



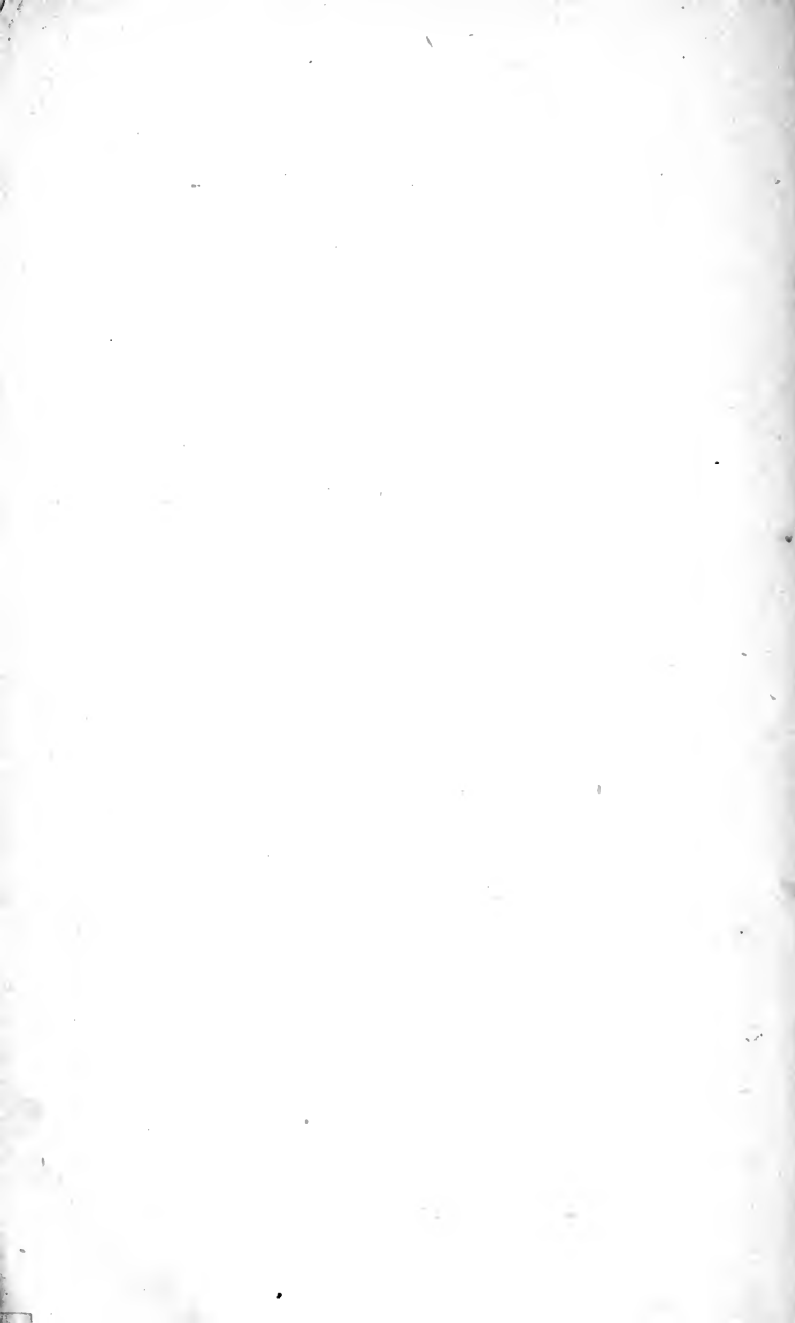
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Cambridge :

PRINTED BY FOISTER AND JAGG. -









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