



Miss Jane

Miss Collyer

Miss Del. Miss Anne

Miss Mary

Miss Elizabeth

Miss Sarah

Miss Ann

Miss Mary

Miss Elizabeth

Miss Sarah

Miss Ann



ÆSOP UNVEIL'D;
OR, THE
BEAUTIES of DEFORMITY.
BEING

A POETICAL TRANSLATION of several
Curious FABLES out of ÆSOP, and other
Approv'd MYTHOLOGISTS; equally as *Diverting*
and *Beneficial* to the ENGLISH READER, as his
Comic Shape and *Instructive Morals* were to the
ANCIENTS.

Mentem hominis spectato, non frontem. PHOEDR.



L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by J. Clarke, at the *Golden-Ball*,
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M,DCC,XXXI. [Price One Shilling.]

THE HISTORY OF THE
PROGRESS OF THE
ART OF PRINTING

IN

A LETTER TO THE
HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE
COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
BY JOHN WELSH, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
THE 17TH OF MARCH 1764
RELATIVE TO THE
ART OF PRINTING

IN TWO VOLUMES




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THE P R E F A C E.

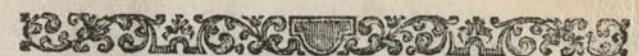
INCE Profit and Delight are the two main Springs of human Actions, and the Touch-stone whereby we try and judge of the intrinsic Worth of any thing; it must be allow'd, the greater Improvement and Diversion an Author imparts and conveys to his Reader's Mind, the more he attracts and engages his Affections; the more serviceable in fact he is to him.

How extremely Valuable then, and Praiseworthy, must that Composition be, which fully answers that end, the sole Design of Reading: wherein the one is so artfully blended with the other, as that the Fancy is sweetly amused, the Understanding enlighten'd, and the Mind cultivated and enlarged at the same time?

Now, among all the Writings of the Ancient Heathens, none ever was more fitly adapted to, and better came up to this Purpose, than
MY-

MYTHOLOGY ; *the Invention of FABLES.* And tho' a Work of this Sort may seem trifling and contemptible to some, on Account of the Subject-Matter of it, as treating of Beasts, Birds, Insects, &c. as well as Rational Creatures : Yet they might easily perceive, were they not over-much wedded to their own Opinions, that herein lies a particular Excellence : Hereby their Fancy is kept awake, their Imaginations heighten'd, and their Thoughts pleasantly entertain'd, 'till they are insensibly carried on to the Application, the Moral Part ; where they meet with an ample Recompence for their Time spent, and Pains taken ; being agreeably surpris'd with their sudden Increase of Knowledge, and unexpected Improvement of their intellectual Faculties.

Of this Kind of Writing you have here a most Exact Pattern, and Choice Collection out of the FABLES of ÆSOP and other Eminent MYTHOLOGISTS ; of whose Advantage to Mankind, (after the Labours of the Ingenious Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, and the Rev. Dr. CROXALL, &c. in their Translations and Imitations of them) I need say no more, but humbly recommend them to the Perusal of the Publick.



A
 DESCRIPTION
 OF
 ÆSOP,
 IN
 LYRIC VERSE.

I.



NATURE, when ÆSOP first was form'd,
 Was in a merry Mood;
 Compos'd the Figure in Grotesque,
 All rough, unpolish'd, rude:

II.

With Paunch elate, and Hump erect,
 Splay-Feet, and goggling Eyes;
 Yet all this Farce the Goddess play'd,
 The better to surprize.

Tho'

III.

*Tho' at first Sight her Work was deem'd
Artless, and ill-design'd;
Yet thus disguis'd, within She clos'd
A Glorious, Godlike Mind.*

IV.

*When e'er he spoke, none could resist
The Doctrines which he taught;
All stood attentive, and surpris'd
At his vast Reach of Thought.*

V.

*Thus We, wise Nature's Scheme pursue,
And act in Masquerade;
Tickle your Ears with Comic Tales,
And please, whilst we persuade.*





ÆSOP UNVEIL'D;
OR, THE
BEAUTIES of DEFORMITY.

FABLE I.

The COCK and PRECIOUS STONE.



Cock for his living that scrap'd in a
dunghill,
Had the fortune to meet with a shining
Carbuncle,
He turn'd it, and spurn'd it, and thought, looking
round it,
How happy a jeweller were to ha' found it;
To me, says the Cock, it does wonderful seem,
How so uselefs a thing shou'd be had in esteem:
Had I both the *Indies*, 'twould be my opinion,
A little good barley was worth my dominion.

B

MORAL.

M O R A L.

*What's needful and useful that pleases the wise,
But vain show and glitter allures a fool's eyes.*

A N O T H E R.

*Good parts and great virtues are turn'd to offence,
Where all men are criticks, and few men ha' sense :
A loose debauchee thinks religion all nonsense,
But pleasure and profit are matters o' conscience :
Indeed he must have but a very dull brain,
That can't slight a virtue he ne'er cou'd attain.*

F A B L E II.

The OWL and the SUN.

AN Owl in the sunshine sat frowning and
winking,
And rail'd at the Sun that occasion'd his blinking :
He thought the gay light was on purpose design'd
For no other end but to keep an Owl blind.
The Sun soon reply'd, Must the beauty of nature
Be ruin'd to gratify one purblind creature ?
Must the day be all shaded and look unbeseeming,
That you may fright children with whooping and
screaming ?

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*Some men are so proud of their own silly reason,
That what they don't fancy seems all out o' season :
But providence still is patient and wise,
An Owl may find fault, but the fault's in his eyes.*

F A B L E III.

The TOAD and the Ox.

AN old sullen Toad full of envy and poison,
Wou'd rival an Ox that by chance she set
eyes on;

Her son, that sat by, said, Mother be wise,
And aim not to swell to that monstrous size :
For were you as big as the Ox is, or bigger,
The beasts would but stare at your horrible figure :
But the Toad to be taught was too old, and too curst,
So she try'd twice or thrice, and swell'd till she burst.

M O R A L.

*Pretend not to rival conditions above ye,
If you love your own self, or wou'd have others love ye ;
For that man is born to an unlucky fate,
Whose heart is too large for his wit or estate :
'Tis an idle ambition to bluster and swagger,
And live like a lord, tho' you die like a beggar.*

FABLE IV.

The GOOSE and her GOSLING.

SAYS a Goose to her Gosling, child think o' my
 rule,
 And don't you go nodding your head like a fool;
 The Gosling, to alter her gait, frait intended,
 But found 'twas in vain to endeavour to mend it:
 The Goose to her legs tyes two little sticks,
 To wean off her child from such wadling tricks;
 But striving to manage the stilts, she wa'nt able
 To walk, or to swim, or so much as to dabble:
 Nay, says the Old Goose, ne'er let it be said,
 But that at the least you could hold up your head:
 The Gosling frait perks up her head, and cries, so!
 Now how shall I do to see where I go?
 Nay, then, says the old one, if this be your answer,
 E'en waddle and noddle and go like your grandfire.

MORAL.

*How happy 'twould be if each silly creature,
 Did know but the folly of striving with nature;
 But many have got a fantastical wit,
 Who doats on employment for which they're unfit.*

F A B L E V.

A BEE and a BEAR.

A Bee stung a Bear, and for the rash action,
The Bear from the hive would demand Satisfaction:

While he rifles the hive a swarm of Bees flies out,
And stings the poor Bear till they stung both his eyes out.

M O R A L.

*Put up small affronts: if they wont content ye,
Instead of one sleight you'll encounter with twenty.*

F A B L E VI.

A TOWN in Danger of a SIEGE.

A Town fear'd a Siege, and held consultation,
What was the best method o' fortification;
A grave skilful mason declar'd his opinion,
That nothing but stone could secure the dominion.
A carpenter said, Though that was well spoke,
Yet he'd rather chuse to defend it with oak.
A currier wiser than both these together,
Cry'd, Try what you please, but nothing's like leather.

M O R A L

M O R A L.

*Most men will be true to their own private ends,
 Tho' false to their country, religion, and friends;
 One main thing is needful, and that's our own profit;
 Let that be secur'd whatever come of it:
 But while this self-love is a nation's undoing,
 Ev'n they who betray it must sink in the ruin.*

F A B L E VII.

The Dog and the Sow.

BEgone, says a Sow to a Dog, or by *Venus*,
 I'll make you repent that a word past be-
 tween us;

You fool, says the Dog, that goddess divine
 Hates nothing so much as the flesh of a swine;
 Indeed, Madam Sow, he that sees you so fair,
 Will say you have reason by *Venus* to swear;
 Yet *Venus* no votary e'er could endure,
 Whom vile filthy bacon had render'd impure.
 For that, says the Sow, I her kindness admire,
 For they that hurt me durst never come nigh her.

M O R A L.

*A quick repartee is of excellent use,
 Which can to our credit improve an abuse.*

F A B L E

F A B L E VIII.

The Kingdom of APES.

TWas the chance of two travellers once in
their way

To light of a kingdom where Apes bore the sway ;

The one was a plain man, the other all riddle,

His joints were in tune to obey a court fiddle :

Being taken for spies who to realms denounce ill,

They must be examin'd before privy council :

The king of the Apes to try their civility :

Demanded their thoughts of himself and nobility ;

The courtier cries, Sir, you govern the place,

For majesty seems to be stamp'd in your face,

An emperor you, these are princes o' th' blood,

And wise politicians that do the world good.

The king then reply'd, We wisdom regard,

A bushel of apples shall be your reward.

But now for your neighbour : Let's hear, friend,
your mind,

Pray how are your thoughts to the kingdom inclin'd ?

Plain-dealer replies, Sir, you seem, by your shape,

To be but a dignify'd kind of an Ape :

And these here about you seem all your relations,

All Apes, and all fitted for their occupations.

This anger'd the monarch, and vex'd all his train,

So they tore him to pieces for talking so plain.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*He soon gets preferment that flatters and lies,
But plain honest men are not likely to rise.*

F A B L E IX.

The CRAB and her DAUGHTER.

AN Old Mother Crab thus school'd her young
wench,

Daughter, turn out your toes, and walk like the *French*;
Move handsomely forward, observe the *bon grace*,
And don't you crawl backward with that aukward
pace :

But the Crab met with this reply from her Daughter,
Mother, lead you the way, and I'll soon follow after.

M O R A L.

*Example to vertue the heart more engages
Than all the fine sayings of doctors and sages ;
Good words are but vain, if your actions don't suit,
While you talk like an angel, and live like a brute,*

FABLE X.

The GNAT and the BULL.

A Mannerly Gnat to a Bull made address,
And thus in court language himself did
expres ;

Sir, I beg your diversion, and humbly crave pardon,
If the weight of my body your horn presses hard on :
But if I offend you I'll straightway be gone.

Pray go, Sir, or stay, says the Bull, 'tis all one.

M O R A L.

*An ill bred buffoon plagues us less with abuses,
Than a finical fop with harangues and excuses ;
Left his person or dress should 'scape ridicule,
He takes care his language should show he's a fool.*

FABLE XI.

A MOUNTEBANK and a BEAR.

A Mountebank who the whole rabble did gravel,
With *Greek* words, and balsoms, elixir, and
travel,

Stood amaz'd, to behold that wonder of nature,
A Bear, drew the mob from the learn'd Operator ;

They laugh'd, and huzza'd, and threw many a flout
 At the beast and the squire that usher'd his snout:
 The brute would not bear it, but taking o' snuff,
 Soon answer'd derision with moral rebuff:
 Says he, Courteous friends, don't keep such a pother,
 Have patience to see your own faults in another:
 You hoot at a Bear, yet he more than supposes,
 A Glisterpipe-Quack leads you all by the noses.

M O R A L.

*He that others derides, himself should see clearly,
 Or else he may lash his own faults most severely.*

F A B L E XII.

A WIDOW and WIDOWER.

A Widow and Widower led a sad life;
 She prais'd her dead husband, the man his
 dead wife;
 At supper the wife gives the leg of a fowl
 To a beggar, to pray for her dead husband's soul:
 The rest of the fowl the husband imparted,
 That the beggar might pray for his lady departed.
 Thus, while they both testify'd love to the dead,
 The living went angry and hungry to bed.

M O R A L.

*A married condition becomes a mere riot,
 Where a man and his wife can't agree to be quiet.*

F A B L E XIII.

The MOUSE and the LION.

A Mouse fav'd a Lion in danger of life ;
And then begg'd his daughter to make him
a wife :

The generous Lion soon granted the favour ;
The day was appointed the Mouse was to have her :
The marriage was soon huddl'd up at a venture,
And just as sack-posset was ready to enter ;
The unfortunate bride, as she stalk'd into bed,
Set her paw on her husband and left him stone dead.
It was a great pity, a bridegroom so merry,
Should thus call for cars at the *Stygian* ferry.

M O R A L.

*There's many a tradesman reduc'd to great need,
To keep a proud wife of a quality breed :
Yet while he's related to some noble house,
The man ne'er considers the fate of the Mouse.*

F A B L E XIV.

The CAT and the COCK.

A Hungry Cat seiz'd a Cock in his claws ;
And thus the poor bird wou'd a pleaded his
cause ;

Pray what's the offence of which I'm indited?
 If I do any wrong I'll endeavour to right it.
 You crow, says the Cat, with an ugly shrill voice,
 And no one can sleep for your sowlgelder's noise.
 Alas, says the Cock, I by crowing give warning,
 That servants may rise up betimes in the morning.
 Moreover, says Puss, you're incestuous they say,
 And mother, or sisters, all one in your way:
 Says the Cock, By this means the house is supply'd,
 And eggs still remain for the market beside.
 In a word, says the Cat, no excuse can defend you,
 The claws of grim justice are ready to end you.

M O R A L.

*He that is by nature revengeful and cruel,
 All passion and fire, can never want fuel:
 For there's no excuse so untoward ond senceless,
 But does well enough to oppress the defenceless.*

F A B L E XV.

The MOON and her TAYLOR.

THE Moon wants a gown, and her Taylor
 must make it,
 But he, honest man, would not dare undertake it.
 Your body, says he, Madam, looks well to day,
 But in a week's time 'twill wear half away:

Some-

Sometimes your proportion is jolly and round,
Then as thin as a candle of twelve in the pound ;
You're crooked, and strait, thick, and thin, at your
pleasure ;
And now, Madam, how can a Taylor take measure?

M O R A L.

*In vain are our pains and our labours design'd,
To humour a man that don't know his own mind.*

F A B L E XVI.

A CUCKOW and LITTLE BIRDS.

A Cuckow much wonder'd the Birds did so fly
her,
And what was the reason they dare not come nigh
her ?
She never did harm, not a titmouse could say,
That ever she made his relations a prey.
'Tis true, replies one, but our fancies you balk,
You are no bird of prey, but you look like a hawk.

M O R A L.

*A man that does vertue and goodness approve,
Does never unsuitable company love.
To hate all that's ill is a happy condition,
And none truly hates it, but hates the suspicion.*

FABLE XVII.

The HAWKS and the PIGEONS.

THE Hawks in a long civil war had contended,
By means of the Pigeons the matter is ended:
The quarrel no sooner among the Hawks ceases,
But they fall on the Pigeons and tear them to pieces.

M O R A L.

*Good nature should ne'er indiscreetly be shown ;
Many pacify quarrels and make them their own.*

FABLE XVIII.

The COCK and the FOX.

A Cock on a tree advantageously posted,
Was seen by a plausible Fox and accosted ;
He told him no bird that e'er wore a feather,
Could match him for beauty and wisdom together !
And O ! that the Cock would afford him the grace,
So great a philosopher once to embrace !
How blest should he be, if by his vicinity
He might as it were but touch his divinity !
The Cock heard the Fox with a very good will,
So tickled with praise he could hardly sit still :

At

At last down he flutters ; the Fox takes occasion
To welcome his friend with a rough salutation :
Says he, Worthy prophet, your skill you have shown,
You tell others fortunes and can't tell your own :
Now juggle, now conjure, shew all your black art ;
Without strong enchantment you'll certainly smart.

M O R A L.

*In nature it seems an infallible rule,
That flattery always supposes a fool :
If we love the praise, we the scandal must bear ;
If we slight it, it falls to the flatterer's share.*

F A B L E XIX.

The Mad LION.

THere went a report, and good author's
back'd it :
The Lion, the king of the woods, was distracted.
This put the whole mob in a sad consternation :
What mischief, say they, will befall the poor nation :
A Lion, at best, is like absolute princes ;
He'll eat us all up if he's out of his senses.

M O R A L.

*Men hardly good princes with patience endure ;
But he that's a tyrant had need to sit sure.*

FABLE XX.

The DOG and the SHADOW.

A Dog who for plunder had been a pickeering,
 With a piece of raw beef cross a river was
 steering :

The sun shone, and made a reflection so fresh,
 The stream seem'd to shew him a new piece o'flesh :
 So he chopp'd at the Shadow, and lost what he had,
 Which vex'd the cur so, that they say he ran mad.

M O R A L.

*Projectors that with their estates a'nt contented,
 Quite ruin their fortune by striving to mend it.*

FABLE XXI.

The FOX, WOLF, and APE.

A Fox was indicted upon an old grudge,
 A Wolf was the plaintiff, an Ape was the
 judge :

Then Reynard was ask'd, was he guilty or no ?

And the witnesses swore to it, *con & pro.*

The Ape having duly consider'd the case,

Pronounces both faulty : You Wolf hath the face,

Says

Says my lord, this Fox, as a thief to indite,
In an action to prosecute which you want right :
This Indictment the Fox to deny does not doubt,
Though the matter of fact be plainly made out :
In short, you endeavour, the whole court may see,
You're a couple of rascals but cannot agree.

M O R A L.

*Disorder breeds order, injustice does right ;
Men are honest in envy. and good out of spite.*

F A B L E XXII.

A COVETOUS MAN *and his* ORCHARD.

A Man who an Orchard of rare fruit had gotten,
Spar'd all that was ripe, and eat all that was
rotten :

His son, my young master, one day got the key,
And in with a whole gang of schoolboys comes he :
Now boys fill your britches, and hang him who
spares ;

So down go the peaches, the plumbs, and the pears :
Be sure, says young master, what's good and ripe
gather,

And leave all that's bad for the old fool my father.

M O R A L.

*A poor sordid spirit that doats upon pelf,
Though hated by all, suffers most from himself:
He scrapes all his life, ev'n till he's a dying,
To leave it a son that will soon set it flying.*

F A B L E XXIII.

The MAGPY and the EAGLE.

A Magpy try'd many ways how to inveigle,
And make herself intimate with a court Eagle:
She thought her great parts and quick apprehension,
Might give her deservedly hopes of a pension:
No bird that could shew such an excellent soul,
So fit to pay compliments, or to condole:
Her fancy in dressing was airy and pretty,
And then in discourse there was nothing so witty.
The Eagle saw well that the Magpy had parts,
Confess'd her great beauty, and worthy deserts;
But yet, would give him no place of trust, hating
A bird that was so much addicted to prating.

M O R A L.

*To govern his tongue shews a man of more sence,
Than they who to witty discourse make pretence;
A friend that's defective in this kind of wit,
Is for the degree of a servant unfit.*

F A B L E

F A B L E XXIV.

The FLY and the POT.

A Liquorish Fly that would pamper his belly,
Was got very deep in a Pot of good jelly ;
And when he would gladly have got out again,
He found upon tryal his labour was vain :
His boots were so liquor'd, his wings were so pasted,
He found he must pay dear for what he had tasted :
Then he pull'd up his heart, and with courage heroic,
Though he liv'd like an epicure dy'd like a stoick.

M O R A L.

*'Tis wise in enjoyments to keep a due measure,
And not die effeminate martyrs of pleasure ;
Yet, if by our vices we worthily smart,
There's nothing looks well but a good patient heart.*

F A B L E XXV.

The FOX and the CROW.

A Crow, who had somewhere been stealing a
dinner,
Held cheese in her mouth till a fly Fox had seen her :
He runs to the tree where she sat, and says he,
Are you the bright lady I long wish'd to see ?

People say you are black, but where is their sight?
 I ne'er saw a bird of so lovely a white!
 The Swan's very fair, to give her her due,
 But not of so clear a complexion as you:
 If your voice does as much as your beauty excel,
 You'll ravish all creatures where ever you dwell:
 The Crow, who imagin'd her voice must needs please,
 Went to tune up her pipes, and down fell the cheese:
 The Fox catch'd it up, and cry'd, Spare your noise,
 You quite turn my stomach with that ugly voice:
 Let's have a cessation of those rueful strains,
 'Tis plain you have neither voice, beauty, nor brains.

M O R A L.

*He who has an Estate, shall never want friends
 To flatter his vanity for their own ends:
 But when the enchantment of interest's gone,
 A fool may be sure he shall meet with his own.*

F A B L E XXVI.

A CLOWN and a BEE.

A Clown took it ill to be stung by a Bee,
 For how could such venom with honey agree?
 The Bee told him plain, You're a dull country
 creature;
 Is any thing worse to provoke than good nature?

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*When men even mercy and patience abuse,
Our anger can't wish for a fairer excuse ;
Yet though our revenge may be handsomely shown,
'Tis always more noble to let it alone.*

F A B L E XXVII.

The PILOT and MERCHANT.

A Merchant who ne'er was before in a storm,
Was amaz'd at a Pilot that dreaded no harm ;
And therefore he puts in a word by the by,
What death, Mr. Pilot, did your father die ?
What death, do you ask ? says the Pilot, Why he,
And my grandfather too, both perish'd at sea,
If so, says the Merchant, then what's the occasion
That makes you so forward at this navigation ?
Why pray, says the Pilot, e'nt your father dead ?
Why yes, cries the Merchant, but dy'd in his bed.
Say you so, quoth the tar, why then, by this rule,
If you yourself e'er go to bed you're a fool.

M O R A L.

*Since fate is strong, and death is every where ;
The brave are as secure as those who fear.*

FABLE XXVIII.

The Fox and the CRANE.

A Fox that had made quick dispatch of a pullet,
Felt an untoward bone stick a-cross in his
gullet ;

Which he neither upward nor downward could get,
This put the poor beast in a wonderful fret :
He thought of a Crane, who, by special gift,
Was suited to help him out at a dead lift.
The bird, with fair promises, quickly was won,
To put his long bill in and pull out the bone :
This done, the reward was expected with passion,
As richly deserv'd, by the rare operation :
Of that, says the Fox, no more must be said of,
'Tis enough, when I might, I did not bite your
head off.

M O R A L.

*Men oft in distress are submissive and fair,
Who, if fortune changes, as insolent are ;
What favour can sordid ingratitude charm ?
You're paid well enough if you meet with no harm.*

FABLE XXIX.

The PROJECTOR and the Ass.

I N the space of ten years, a Projector agreed
To teach an Ass how to chop logick and read:
The

The wager was laid, and the forfeitures nam'd;
But when the odd humour by many was blam'd,
Why look ye, says he, 'tis forty to one,
The As's may be dead e'er his lectures are done;
Or I may drop off, peradventure, or he
Who lays me the wager, and then we are free.

M O R A L.

*Some projects at first that improbable seem,
Are manag'd by methods of which we don't dream;
A crafty designer, if one way won't do,
Has twenty more ready his ends to pursue.*

F A B L E XXX.

The FARMER and the WEASEL.

A Weasel was taken and cry'd out for pity,
O, master, consider the good that I did ye!
I always defended your bacon and cheese,
And kill'd rats and mice of all sorts and degrees:
And after such service, methinks it agrees ill
With justice, for you to destroy the poor Weasel.
The Farmer replies, You seem to talk fence;
Yet all that you say, is mere sham, and pretence.
'Tis true, that you eat up the mice, as you say,
And every thing else that comes in your way:
And therefore I must deal so freely to tell ye,
You did not love me so much as your belly.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*Too many that aim at their own private ends,
Would fain have the fame of obliging their friends.*

F A B L E XXXI.

The Fox and the CRANE.

A Fox would needs treat, and invited a Crane,
To shew how genteely he could entertain:
With posset and caudle he slabber'd a table,
And vow'd 'twas as good as to make he was able:
Fall to Mr. Crane, for now you are come,
You must be as free as at your own home:
I vow you're to blame, you eat very little,
I fancy you are not well pleas'd with your victual.
The Crane, for his heart, could not take up a drop,
Yet, civilly bow'd, and commended the soup;
And begg'd of the Fox, with wondrous humility,
That he would accept of the same civility.
The Fox very kindly vouchsaf'd him the grace,
The Crane gave a treat in a narrow-mouth'd glass;
From whence his long bill pick'd up the good fare,
While the Fox lick'd the outside and cry'd it was rare.

M O R A L.

*An insolent jester that never gives quarter,
Oft meets with his match, and catches a Tartar:*

And

*And all men are mightily pleas'd, when they find
A knave or buffoon paid home in his kind.*

F A B L E XXXII.

The VIPER and FILE.

A Viper enrag'd would needs bite a File,
The File at her madness could not chuse but
smile ;

Leave off, idle fool, unless you have need
To break all your teeth and make your gums bleed.
To hurt me, or not hurt yourself is a wonder,
For I can bite brasse and hard iron asunder.

M O R A L.

*Though envy should suffer, in dealing hard measure,
It ne'er feels the smart, but endures it with pleasure :
And who's in so bad a condition as he is,
Who loves his own pain, and enjoys his disease.*

F A B L E XXXIII.

The FOX and the EAGLE.

A N Eagle that thought a young Fox pretty
victual,

Would carry some home to her birds that were little:

E

The

The old mother Fox ran after, protesting,
 And from her claws mercy most humbly requesting;
 When all other arguments fail'd, and were slighted,
 She fetches a firebrand that was well lighted :
 Says she, for my sake, no pity is shown,
 Yet now, Mrs. Eagle, shew some for your own :
 For if you return not my cubs at desire,
 I'll set both the tree and your nest in a fire.
 The Eagle was startled at this proposition,
 And gave back the cubs with an humble submission

M O R A L.

*The powerful ne'er should their greatness misuse,
 Inferior persons to vex or abuse :
 No creature so dull its designs to pursue,
 But rage makes 'em witty and mischievous too.*

F A B L E XXXIV.

The OLD MAN and his TWO WIVES.

AN Old sort of beaux, an unmortify'd dunce,
 Would hardly venture on Two Wives at once:
 The one was a beauty and dazled his eyes,
 The other was old enough but very wise.
 The young one dispatch'd all his hairs that were
 grey ;

Left

Left they should his weakness or dotage betray :
The matron pull'd up the black hairs by the root,
Which did not his age or his gravity fute :
Thus worse than Old Time did the poor bully fare,
Before, and behind, he was left without hair.

M O R A L.

*He that meddles with women, had best look about him,
For tho' he be cautious, they're likely to rout him ;
The ugly and airy, the formal and gay,
The wits, and the fools have all tricks in their way.*

F A B L E XXXV.

A CAT, SOW, and EAGLE.

A Cat, Sow, and Eagle, all happen'd to be
Together, inhabitants of the same tree.
The Eagle upon the top planted her nest,
The Cat with her kitlings the middle possess'd ;
But as for the pigs, the careful Sow got 'em
All treasur'd up safe at a hole in the bottom :
The Cat and her claws were very much busy'd,
To clamber and pay neighbour Eagle a visit :
Ah, Madam ! said she, I fear you and I
Shall get little good by the Sow and her sty :
She lies undermining and grunting below,
I'm sure, in a while, she'll the tree overthrow.

At this information, the Eagle sat watching;
 And never durst go from the birds she was hatching.
 Then down creeps the Cat to the pigs below stairs,
 And there, with suspicions, she fills the Sows ears:
 She bids her beware, or soon she would find
 The Eagle to pigs flesh was strangely inclin'd:
 Her humour, says she, will be certainly shown,
 If e'er you go out and leave piggies alone.
 The Sow hearing this, was frighted and aw'd,
 And never for victuals durst travel abroad.
 By such informations and diligent labours,
 The Cat made a shift to starve both her neighbours:
 Which when she had very successfully done,
 She claim'd both the nest and pigs for her own.

M O R A L.

*A man does in friendship exceedingly fail,
 Who gives too much ear to a whisperer's tale:
 To him you suspect of a story, reveal it:
 For 'tis both unsafe, and unkind, to conceal it.
 'Tis somewhat, to break all a talebearer's measures;
 To find a true friend, is the greatest of pleasures.*

F A B L E XXXVI.

The EAGLE, DAW, and TORTOISE.

A Tortoise, by nature, was so wrapp'd in armour,
 The Eagle had got her, but could not well harm her.
 A mis-

A mischievous Daw would needs shew the way,
On promise herself might ha' share in the prey ;
Says she, let her fall from on high on a rock ;
Then all her coat-armour will break with the shock.
The Eagle the Daws wicked counsel soon hears,
And dashes the Tortoise's house round her ears.

M O R A L.

*The greatest and best are the most unsecure ;
Where mischievous counsel rules absolute power.*

F A B L E XXXVII.

The GOAT and the Fox.

A Dull hairy Goat spy'd a Fox in a well,
Who told him the water did strangely excel ;
That still as he drank his delight did encrease ;
That liquor must fail e'er his pleasure could cease.
Then down skips the Goat ; and the Fox takes occasion
To leap on his horns, and so make an evasion,

M O R A L.

*A man in great danger, so he may get rid,
Considers but little who comes in his stead.*

FABLE XXXVIII.

The Dogs and JUPITER.

THE Dogs little pleas'd with their slavish condition,

Sent legates and envoys to *Jove* wi' Petition :
These were to inform him of their nasty diet,
And how they were bang'd and could ne'er live at
quiet.

But while at each dunghill they scrape for a bone,
The Embassy went very leisurely on :

So that *Mercury* coming to usher them in,
There was not so much as a whelp to be seen :

At last having found out the plenipotentiaries,
He dragg'd them by the ears thro' *Jupiter's* entries.
The Dogs dreading *Jove*, and his high presence
chamber,

Left an odd sort of smell, but 'twas not of amber;
Which when *Jove* perceiv'd, he caus'd some attacks
To be made with a cudgel laid over their backs :

And order'd them all to be laid up in durance.
For playing such tricks with so little assurance.

The rumour to all other Dogs was convey'd,
What odious work the late legates had made ;
So sending new envoys, they took special care
To daub all their tails with odours most rare :

But when the new legates saw *Jove* shaking thunder,
They felt other motions beside those of wonder :

And

And though they were fortify'd well with perfume,
They left no commendable scent in the room :
So that mighty *Jove*, more vex'd than before,
E'en sent them to prison and would hear no more :
From that day to this, the Dogs smell in vain
At strangers, expecting their envoys again.

M O R A L.

*They sorry improvements are likely to make,
Who will against nature affairs undertake.*

F A B L E XXXIX.

The COUNTRY-MOUSE and CITY-MOUSE.

A Nice City-Mouse with a frolick was taken,
To take the fresh air and eat beans and bacon ;
And see her old friend, a plain hearty Mouse,
That liv'd in the country and kept a farm house :
The Mice in the village came crowding together,
When first the gay stranger was newly come thither ;
The farmer with pride not a little did swell,
That a fine filken Mouse at a cottage would dwell ;
And so she made ready her beans and her pease,
The rine of fat bacon, the paring of cheese ;
Beside these a dish kept hot with a cover,
A dainty black-pudding, with sugar strow'd over.
The City-Mouse smil'd, and, neighbour, said she,
Don't put your self to these expences for me ;

For

For we in the city are daintily fed,
But I in the country delight in rye-bread.
You are free and honest and have a good heart,
But sure your condition's below your desert :
Come go live with me, and leave your vocation,
I'll shew you to live in the fat o' the nation :
I speak without compliment, trust to my word,
It never shall cost you a farthing for board :
You there shall be furnish'd with what e'er you lack,
And eat venizon-pasty, drink sugar and sack :
This life was approv'd more than carting and
ploughing,

And, friend, says the farmer, when shall we be going ?
For I find my fancy a little incline
To drink humming liquor, and eat what is fine :
E'er night, in a palace the Mice made their entry,
Yet City-Mouse would not go into the pantry,
Because in the parlour, upon some occasion,
The table was dress'd with a dainty collation ;
Come, friend, says the citizen, turn pioneer,
This pasty you see is full o' good cheer :
So to it they fell, and cramm'd without measure,
Till a noise in the key-hole disturb'd all the pleasure ;
A parcel of bullies, that lov'd to be whoring,
Came in with their dogs, and their mistresses roaring :
The Country-Mouse being but clumsy and tardy,
Unus'd to the place, found life in jeopardy :
For being well stuf't, from danger she ran ill,
And was very near being snapp'd by a spaniel ;
But

But being recover'd at last from the fright,
Cry'd she, City friend, I must bid you good night:
I'll ne'er to eat *quelque chose*, and high *ragousts* strive,
And live thus in danger of losing my life.

M O R A L.

*A wise man will chuse a safe mean condition,
Before the gay life of a court politician;
Before the false kindness, that fain would appear,
Where malice and envy are only sincere.*

F A B L E XL.

The HERDSMAN and JUPITER.

A Herdsman the loss of his calf much lamented:
To part with a kid he was freely contented,
If *Jove* would afford him the sorry relief
To see but so much as the phyz of the thief:
The poor silly swain scarce ended his pray'rs,
When a lion with terrible whiskers appears:
O *Jove*! said the fellow, I see the thief plain,
I'll give you a bull to remove him again.

M O R A L.

*We often of heaven our own mischief require,
And then 'tis a blessing to lose our desire.*

F A B L E XLI.

The APE and the FOX.

A Lion had issued out his proclamation,
All beasts without tails must go out of the }
nation,

So the Ape was equipp'd for perigrination:
But still she was mightily puzzled to learn.
Why the Fox pack'd his goods up with so much
concern :

A Fox, says the Ape, has no cause to fear,
For he has a tail large enough and to spare :
But soon she had answer; that that was all one,
If an absolute monarch should say he had none :

M O R A L.

*No innocence can be secure from a flaw,
Where tyranny rules, and where humour is law.*

F A B L E XLII.

The Sick KITE and her MOTHER.

SAYS a languishing Kite, Mother give over tears,
You'll do me more good if you fall to your
prayers :

O child !

O child ! says the mother, if that is the way,
The Gods will mind little what e'er I can say :
When e'er I would pray, I find my tongue falters,
Alas the Gods know I have robb'd all their altars.

M O R A L.

*Be grateful, and use the kind blessings of heaven
To honour the pow'r by which they were giv'n,
Deride not religion when healthy and well,
And then pray and flatter again when you're ill.*

F A B L E XLIII.

The TRUMPETER taken Prisoner.

A Trumpeter was taken pris'ner a strolling
And when he was taken he fell a cajoling,
Well, gentlemen, this for my self I can say,
I ne'er was the man that engag'd in a fray :
There's no one among you can say, I suppose,
I e'er broke so much as a shin or a nose :
And therefore, I hope, you ar'n't for inditing
A person that never was guilty of fighting.
But one of the enemies made this reply,
For that very reason he rather should die ;
That being a coward, and full of base fears,
He set other people together by th' ears.

M O R A L.

*Some villanous people use all their invention,
To make others quarrel and fall to contention:
Such pitiful spirits can basely desire,
To burn a man's house, and warm by the fire:
But he that contrives, does a villany further,
As much as the hands that are dy'd in the murder.*

F A B L E XLIV.

The HART and the FOUNTAIN.

A Hart in a Fountain surveying his figure,
Was vex'd at his legs for being no bigger;
Says he, To my nature I owe little thanks,
That gave a pair of such thin spindle shanks:
They look but unsuitable to my fat haunches,
Or to my large horns with agreeable branches:
While thus he was finding o' fault and remarking,
He heard the men hollow, and all the dogs barking:
Away flies the Hart as swift as the wind,
And leaves all the dogs and the danger behind;
Till hamper'd at last by the horns in a wood,
His folly too plainly he then understood;
His feet he despis'd had preserv'd him from ruin,
The horns he had honour'd had been his undoing.

M O R A L.

*We in our true interest are so short sighted,
With what hurts us most, we most are delighted.*

F A B L E XLV.

The SUN and the NORTH-WIND.

THE Sun and North-wind who blusters and
fwaggers,
Had quarrel'd and e'er come to drawing o' daggers;
For *Phæbus* imagin'd he could not seem more an ass
Than by yielding place to this bully *Boreas*:
In short 'twas agreed that each should do something;
To shew forth his power upon a poor bumkin:
And he that could first with his cloak make him part,
Should fairly be own'd of the highest desert:
The Wind first began, and so manag'd the matter
That he made the country man's grinders to chatter;
The more still he bluster'd the less he could rout him,
The clown wrapp'd his cloak the closer about him;
But when the Sun came with his fiery ordeal,
The man was so faint that he wanted a cordial:
He melted so fast with the splendor meridian,
That off went the cloak he was glad to be rid on.

M O R A L.

*Men who to all fury and rage bid defiance,
Are melted by soft easy means to compliance.*

F A B L E

FABLE XLVI.

The CRAB and the SERPENT.

A Serpent and Crab made a friendship together,
 A friendship to last in all kind of weather;
 The Crab was downright, but plagu'd with heart-
 burnings,
 To find in the Serpent such windings and turnings;
 This serpentine dealing so much did provoke him,
 That one night the Crab took occasion to choke him:
 And viewing his body, when life was quite ended,
 Which lay now at length in a strait line extended;
 Oh! had you but liv'd so direct and upright,
 Old crony, said he, you ne'er should ha' dy'd.

M O R A L.

*By honesty foes are to friendship invited,
 But treachery separates friends when united.*

FABLE XLVII.

The PARTIAL JUDGE.

A Farmer once made a complaint to a Judge,
 My bull, and please you, Sir, owing a grudge
 Belike, to one of your good worship's cattle,
 Has slain him outright in a mortal battle:

I'm

I'm sorry at heart because of the action,
And want to know how to make satisfaction:
Why you must give me your bull, that's plain,
Says the Judge, or pay me the price of the slain.
But I have mistaken the case, says the clown,
The dead bull I talk of, and please you's my own:
The Judge soon replies, with a serious face,
Say you so; this accident alters the case.

M O R A L.

*Men greatly delight to have justice shewn,
In any one's case excepting their own.*

F A B L E XLVIII.

The APE and the DOLPHIN.

THE Dolphin, they say, has a singular vanity,
Which is to doat very much on humanity,
It chanc'd in a storm a poor frighted Ape,
Was dash'd from a ship into sea by mishap:
The kind hearted Dolphin to succour him ran,
Supposing he had been a small sort of man:
The monkey bestriding the fish, made appear
The seat and address of a good chevalier;
He rode through the surges with no less decorum
Than when the bears follow, and apes ride afore'em:
At last, cries the Dolphin, My friend, how fare ye?
And pray let us hear what countryman are ye?
Why

Why I'm an *Athenian*, the Ape strait replies,
 For there my estate and my chief dealing lies:
 You know then **Piraum*? *Piraum*, says *John*,
 Why he's my old friend, we were always all one:
 Your friend! says the Dolphin, then at his devotion
 I leave you; your friend's very great with the ocean:
 So slipping betwixt the Ape's legs with facility,
 He left the *Athenian* to shew his ability.

M O R A L.

*Deceivers are oftentimes left in the briars,
 For none are so odious to all men as liars.*

F A B L E XLIX.

The 'SQUIRE and his DOGS.

AN old country'Squire lov'd Dogs at his heart,
 And he and his kennel could ne'er dwell apart;
 But one day his son, by a villanous hound,
 Was bit so severely, he died o' the wound;
 Which put the old spark in so grievous a passion,
 That on the whole pack he past condemnation;
 So ranger, and jowler, and rockwood, and tray,
 Tho' harmless, were hang'd as they came in the way.

* *Piraum* is a Port or Harbour of *Athens*, now call'd *Atines*, a Town of *Achaia* in *Greece*, and is join'd to the City by a long Wall, between the *Ionian* and *Ægean* Sea.

M O R A L.

*Too often we find that one man's impiety
Has been the destruction of all the society.*

F A B L E L.

A DRUNKARD and his WIFE.

A Woman had got such a sot to her spouse,
He ne'er could come home, on his legs, to his
house :

'Twas work for the porters to put him to bed ;
In one of these fits, it came into her head,
To coffin him, and put him down in a vault,
In hopes so to frighten him out of his fault :
He lay there a day, at last his Wife comes,
And at the vault door with her knuckles she drums :
Who's there ? says old soul : Wife answers, O sinner
Departed ! I come to invite you to dinner :
Tell me of no dinner, replies the good fellow,
But hast thou a crag of good liquor that's mellow ;
Ah husband ! cries she, will nothing prevail
To cure this unquenchable love o' pot-ale ?

M O R A L.

*'Tis no easy task, by reason, or shame,
A man, long accusom'd to vice, to reclaim.*

FABLE LI.

The BEAR and the FOX.

SAYS a Bear to a Fox, it ne'er can be said
 I e'er was so base as to prey on the dead;
 But yet, says the Fox, you deserve no thanksgiving,
 You do what is worse, for you murder the living.

MORAL.

*A proud silly fellow will tell you a story,
 Which turns to his shame, while he aims at his glory.*

FABLE LII.

The GARDINER and his DOG.

A Gard'ner's Dog by misfortune had fell,
 And there he lay ready to drown in the well:
 The Gard'ner needs would assist the dumb beast,
 And the Dog in requital bit thro' his hard fist:
 The Gard'ner, in passion cries, if you're so stout,
 E'en drown, and for me, let who will take ye out.

MORAL.

*He shews his own foolishness, and ill conditions,
 Who hates a true friend for his good admonitions.*

FABLE

F A B L E LIII.

The CLOWN and the FLIES.

A Clown that was vex'd with abundance of Flies,
To drive 'em away with a firebrand tries;
This, while he with wonderful courage essays,
His thatch'd habitation is set in a blaze.

M O R A L.

*The greatest misfortunes do often besal,
While men are impatient to bear with the small.*

F A B L E LIV.

The HOUND and other Dogs.

A Hound brought a hare home which he had
out-run,
To shew other Dogs what a feat he had done;
He boasted how justly he merited praise,
And that they ne'er saw such a course in their days;
But while he was bragging and raising of wonder,
The other Dogs all fell aboard of his plunder,

M O R A L.

*A boaster no other advantage does gain,
But envy, or pity for being so vain;
'Tis wise to be happy without proclamation,
Unless we would ruin our own expectation.*

FABLE LV.

The LION and other BEASTS.

THE Lion, with some other Beasts of his nation,
 One day went a hunting, for meer recreation:
 They ran down a hart, and then they expected
 In four equal parts, to see him dissected:
 The Lion perform'd it, and rolling his eyes,
 One part, as a king, I claim for my prize;
 Another division I think is my merit,
 'Cause no other Beast has so noble a spirit;
 A third part I challenge, and 'tis but small gains,
 For one, that in hunting, has took so much pains:
 The fourth part is mine too, if any bold prater
 Shall question my right, I proclaim he's a traitor:
 The Beasts said, they all were his servants most humble,
 And made all their honours, not daring to grumble.

M O R A L.

*Don't do your self harm, by aiming to right ye,
 For 'tis a great folly to strive with the mighty.*

FABLE LVI.

The Dull SCHOOL-BOY.

A School Boy was once so dull in his way,
 He could not be taught so much as great A;
 His

His school-fellow jested upon his hard skull,
Nay, hold, says the youngster, I am not so dull;
But if I learn A, which I could soon do,
They'll put me to B, C, and all the cross-row;
Now that will exceedingly trouble my gizard,
For learning of A to be run down to izard.

M O R A L.

*'Tis better to enter on no resolution,
Then make it and ne'er venture on execution.*

F A B L E LVII.

The GNAT and the LION.

SAys a Gnat to a Lion I boldly defy you;
Grim monarch, whose whiskers fright all that
come nigh you,
You may bite like a woman, and scratch like a cat,
Yet I'll make you dread the invincible Gnat:
I give you fair warning my force to oppose,
Before I begin a career at your nose.
This said, he the Lion attack'd in the snout
So smartly, the monarch was fain to roar out;
And striving to succour himself with his paws,
He tore his own phisnomy with his own claws:
The Gnat having thus the Lion defeated,
Was trapt by a spider, just as she retreated;
And died with regret, that fate could devise on
No death but to blast her fresh laurels with poison.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*A slave can revenge, if provok'd by a king,
 A spider can poison, a gnat has a sting;
 There's no one so powerful, no one so brave,
 But may be perplex'd by a fly little knave.*

F A B L E LVIII.

The AXLE-TREE and OXEN.

A Team of stout Oxen were press'd with a load
 Of large heavy timber they drew on the road,
 And much they were fretted, that while they were
 straining,
 They heard the shrill Axle-Tree loudly complaining;
 Be silent, say they, you long wooden lubber,
 For nothing of timber can injure your crupper.

M O R A L.

*No people complain more of taxes than they
 Who are most secure having nothing to pay:
 Those are not devoutest that use the most whining,
 Nor those the most hurt who are always repining.*

F A B L E

F A B L E LIX.

The DOG, Ass, and WOLF.

A Brisk mettld whelp had a mind to a duel,
He'd needs fight the Wolf for being so cruel;
But fearing he might be too weak for resistance,
He comes to an Ass and desires assistance;
For he had a back strong enough for a combat,
His voice too was warlike and much like a trumpet.
But at the first onset the Ass ran away,
And left the young mastiff to finish the fray.

M O R A L.

*It mocks all the power of physnomy art
By outward proportion to judge of the heart.
There's many a beautiful whore, and a fool,
Without any sence in a large jobber noll.*

F A B L E LX.

The MOLE and her DAUGHTER.

SAYS a Mole to her dam, I've cause to thank a
sence
That brings thro' my nose a smell of frankincense;
A little while after she cries out, Alas,
What a noise do I hear of hammering brass!

A third

A third time she boasts she could with her dim eye,
Perceive at a very great distance a chimney :
Good child, says the mother, e'en prattle no more,
Two fences you want we near heard of before.

M O R A L.

*Great boasters their palpable follies reveal,
Which they by their silence might safely conceal.*

F A B L E L X I.

The Ass and the Frogs.

TWas the fate of an Ass that carry'd a pack,
To make a false step, and fall into a quag :
He call'd fortune slut, and said she was fickle,
To leave a poor Ass in so nasty a pickle.
The Frogs round about were quickly convented,
And told him he need not be so discontented ;
For he scarce had suffered one short hour's soaking,
But they must live there eternally croaking.

M O R A L.

*'Tis a comfort to one in afflictions to see,
That others are much more unhappy than he ;
How can we indeed a misfortune deplore
When much better people have suffer'd much more.*

F A B L E LXII.

The CAT and the MICE.

A Politick Cat that made it her trade,
Pick'd many a Mouse in fly ambuscade ;
The nation was griev'd that so many brave Mice
Should thus lose their lives and estates in a trice :
They call a grave council whose wit should determine
Some means for the best preservation of vermin.
Says one of the council, All things would be well,
If round the Cat's neck we could tie but a bell ;
Then let the Cat come by night or by day,
The bell will give warning to scamper away ;
That's true, said another, but where shall be found
A Mouse that will venture to tie the bell round.

M O R A L.

*'Tis easy to frame a good bold resolution,
But hard is the task that concerns execution :
For where life and fortune must lie at the stake,
No wise man a desperate counsel will take.*

F A B L E LXIII.

The OLD MAN and DEATH.

Q uite spent with a burthen of sticks, an Old
Clown
To take breath a while on a bank sat him down ;
H. He

He call'd upon Death, and said, 'twas a hard case,
For him to bear sticks and an old crazy carcase.
While thus he complain'd, who but Death should
appear,

Which made my Old Gaffer's teeth chatter wi' fear.
I call'd you, says he, Mr. Death, in a maggot,
And now you are here help me up with my faggot.

M O R A L.

*Men easily death at a distance defy,
But tremble like cowards when ready to die,
For then the gay spirits and brisk idle flashes
Are sunk, as thorns crackle and fall into ashes.*

F A B L E LXIV.

The GNAT and the BEE.

A Gnat almost starv'd in a sorry condition,
Pretended to be a most skilful musician;
He comes to a Bee-hive, and there he would stay
To teach the Bee's children to sing *sol la fa*.
The Bee told him plainly, the way of their nation
Was breeding up youth in some honest vocation:
For fear by their labour they should not be fed,
And then curse their parents for being high bred.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*Bad fingers, and dancers, and scholars, are made
Of those who had better been taught a good trade.*

F A B L E LXV.

The ASS and the NIGHTINGALE.

AN Ass who in musick was wonderful choice,
Would challenge a Nightingale for a fine voice.
A cuckow is judge to make the decision,
The Nightingale warbles a heavenly division :
But soon as the Ass set up his loud bray,
The cuckow was ravish'd and gave him the day.

M O R A L.

*Where fools are the judges, a quack's a physician,
A cobbler may pass for a shrewd politician ;
To bawl makes a lawyer, and he that can whine
And poach both his eyes is a heavenly divine.
Vice triumphs, and farces affectedly writ,
Are clapt by the dull powder'd beaux of the pit.*

F A B L E LXVI.

An OLD MAN, his SON, and his ASS.

ONCE on a time it by chance came to pass,
That a Man and his Son were leading an Ass.

Cries a passenger, Neighbour you're shrewdly put
to't

To lead an Afs empty and trudge it on foot.
Nay, quoth the Old fellow, if folk do so mind us
I'll e'en climb the Afs, and Boy mount behind us:
But as they jogg'd on they were laugh'd at and hiss'd,
What, two booby lubbers on one sorry beast!
This is such a figure as never was known,
'Tis a sign that the Afs is none of their own.
Then down gets the Boy and walks by the side,
Till another cries, What, you Old fool, must you ride?
When you see the poor child that's weakly and young,
Forc'd through thick and thin to trudge it along.
Then down gets the Father, and up gets the Son,
If this cannot please them we ne'er shall have done,
They had not gone far, but a woman cries out,
O you young graceless imp, you'll be hang'd no doubt!
Must you ride an Afs, and your Father that's grey,
E'en foot it and pick out the best of his way?
So now to please all they but one trick lack,
And that was to carry the Afs a pickback;
But when that was try'd, it appear'd such a jest,
It occasion'd more laughter by half than the rest.

M O R A L.

*He who would please all, and their good liking gain,
Shews a deal of good nature but labours in vain.*

F A B L E LXVII.

The DEVIL and SINNER.

A Poor drudging Devil had made a hard shift,
To help out a Sinner at many dead lift ;
At last he came to him with very bad news,
He brought at his back a whole bundle of shoes :
All these he wore out in running of stages,
And now, says he, master, pray pay me my wages.

M O R A L.

*An ill man can never be truly secure,
For vengeance deferr'd falls heavy and sure.*

F A B L E LXVIII.

A WOLF and a PORCUPINE.

A Wolf asks a Porcupine why still in armour ?
As if she was jealous that some one would
harm her ;
Whene'er I come nigh you, says she, your quills rattle,
As if you were ready to charge in a battle ;
I never would ask if I thought you were vicious,
But now you are honest pray why so suspicious ;
Believe me, when beasts bear each other good will,
'Tis odd to go fortified all o'er with quill.

The

The Porcupine answers, In spite of your reason,
Where Wolves are, my armour is always in season.

M O R A L.

*When a knave is a friend, we then may divine
He surely is hatching some evil design;
But those of all others they soonest deceive,
Who are most by nature inclin'd to believe.*

F A B L E LXIX.

The SNAKE and the HEDGHOG.

A Hedghog that was on his journey benighted,
A Snake very kindly to shelter invited;
The Hedghog approv'd of the lodging so well,
The Snake cou'd no more get him out of the cell.

M O R A L.

*Take heed who it is that you take for your friend,
Least he prove the worst foe you have in the end.*

F A B L E LXX.

The WORM and the Fox.

From a bank of green turf, his old habitation,
A Worm put his head out, and made proclamation:
“ Let

“ Let all the beasts know, if any one is sick,
“ I, Worm, am by practice a doctor o’ physick ;
“ I’m none of your quacks that are circumforaneous
“ But skill’d by long travel in parts subterraneous :
“ Where nature her chymical art does display,
“ Where all the rich juices and minerals lay :
“ I think, without vanity, I know the pow’rs
“ And vertues lock’d up in roots, stones or flow’rs.
“ I modestly say, I can nature restore
“ By safe easy methods, unheard of before.
“ I’ve been in some places, where princes would fain
“ Have hindred me from coming hither again:
“ But I love the good of my country and friends
“ Beyond the mean principle of private ends.
The Fox, who with patience had listned awhile,
Began with some scorn on the doctor to smile ;
And pray, Sir, says he, if your skill’s so refin’d,
How came you, your self, to be lame and blind ?
If you’re such a doctor, shew some of your rare tricks?
And purge your own nastiness with your catharticks.

M O R A L.

*He talks well of vertue, in which he’s defective,
Against his own self does but make an invective ;
Such men may harangue with a bantring oration,
But few will believe against plain demonstration.*

FABLE LXXI.

The WOMAN and DEATH.

Good Death, said a Woman, for once be so kind
To take me, and leave my dear husband
behind!

But when Death appear'd with a sour grimace,
The Woman was dash'd at his thin hatchet face;
So she made him a curt'sy, and modestly s'ed
If you come for my husband he lies there a bed.

M O R A L.

*Some needs will oblige you, and take no denial,
Unless you're so rude as to go to make tryal;
Such friends can never be seen at a distance,
Unless a time comes when you need their Assistance.*

FABLE LXXII.

The FARMER and his DOG.

A Farmer came home, and his cradle he found
Turn'd quite topsy-turvy, the clothes on
the ground:

He frown'd at his Dog, by the cradle that stood,
And seeing his mouth smear'd over with blood;

He

He stabb'd him in anger, without looking further,
He took it for granted his Dog had done murther :
But turning the cradle he found his mistake,
The child was alive, but there lay a dead snake,
Which the poor faithful cur, to stay a disaster,
Had slain in defence of his hard hearted master.

M O R A L.

*Though hasty revenge be imagin'd a pleasure,
A man may have time to repent it at leisure.*

F A B L E LXXIII.

The LARK and her YOUNG ONES.

THE harvest was nigh, and the Lark was employ'd

Some victuals for all her young birds to provide ;
And as she went out, Dear children, said she,
If men talk of corn be sure you tell me :
Pray mark what I say, and take care to learn,
For this does our lives and our fortunes concern.
Ah! mother, say they, when she came home at night,
Our landlord has put us all in a sad fright :
For he has given orders to send for his friends,
And with them to-morrow to reap he intends.
The Old one replies, we the reapers defy,

As long as our landlord on friends shall rely.
 The next day the lark went abroad once more,
 And left the same charge with her young as before.
 My landlord perceiving friends mock expectations,
 Son, says he, to-morrow go call our relations.
 This story the birds told at night to their mother;
 Says she, his relations will do like the other.
 When all people fail'd him, the father said, Son,
 Let's do it ourselves if we'd have the work done:
 At this the Old Lark cry'd, now there's no tampering,
 To-morrow we all must prepare to be scampering.

M O R A L.

*In vain from our friends we assistance expect,
 If we our own selves our own business neglect;
 In other mens matters that zeal's never shown,
 Which people are us'd to express in their own.*

F A B L E LXXIV.

The MONKEY and the CAT.

SOME chestnuts in embers did roast by the fire,
 A Monkey observ'd 'em with longing desire;
 But how to come near them no method he saw,
 Because he was fearful of burning his paw:
 At last catching hold of a Cat that sat by him,
 He poak'd with her paw till the chestnuts came
 nigh him.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*A sly politician to gain his own ends,
Makes bold with his instruments which he calls friends.*

F A B L E LXXV.

The Sick LION, FOX, and WOLF.

A Lion was very sick and kept his bed,
The beasts came to see how his majesty did;
No beast was away but the Fox: the Wolf cry'd,
The Fox was a beast of singular pride,
He highly presum'd on his parts and his sence,
And thought it beneath him to wait on his prince.
The Fox heard the close of the Wolf's fine oration,
And coming in saw that the king was in passion,
And therefore, said he, I see many here
Who full of concern and condoling appear,
But I have allow'd myself no kind of ease
To find out a cure for your highness' disease;
And now, I may say, I've a secret of nature
That soon will restore the most languishing creature;
The medicine, in short, which you die if you lack,
Is a Wolf's skin laid hot to your majesty's back.
The cure was *probatum*, the Wolf he was fated
To be superficially excoriated.

You see, said the Fox, while he skinn'd him, what
labour

I take here to teach you to slander your neighbour.

M O R A L.

*They who to do mischief their business have made,
Have by their own stratagems oft been betray'd.*

F A B L E LXXVI.

The WOLF and the LAMB.

A Butcherly Wolf that liv'd upon slaughter,
For want of warm blood, was drinking of water;
But spying a Lamb at a distance a drinking,
He runs to her and falls a damning and sinking;
You mean to affront me, says he, I suppose,
By troubling the stream with your rascally nose.
The Lamb answer'd modestly, Strange it did seem
How he, at such distance, could trouble the stream;
'Twas next to impossible to have offended,
But if he had done it he ne'er did intend it.
Grant that, says the Wolf, which I need not do,
Yet you did abuse me some six months ago.
Alas, says the Lamb, that cannot be, seeing
That six months ago I was not in being.
Why then 'twas your father, and that is all one,
For you ought to suffer for what he has done.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*A mischievous man that loves to break unity,
To pick quarrels never need want opportunity.*

F A B L E LXXVII.

The MAN and his Ass.

SAYS a Man to his Ass, Come let's fly away,
The enemy's coming to plunder, they say.
Fly you, says the Ass, I no enemies fear,
My shoulders can carry no more than they'll bear;
My life is so servile it makes my heart steady,
I cannot live worse than I live here already.

M O R A L.

*The changes of kingdoms affect not the poor;
They lie on the ground and can tumble no lower.*

F A B L E LXXVIII.

The PARROT and other BIRDS.

THE cage was of gold where a prince kept
a Parrot,
A fortunate bird, which others did stare at:

One

One day round about him, a whole congregation
 Were gather'd, 'twixt envy and admiration;
 They'd fain know the reason that did him promote,
 Who was but a coward drest in a gay coat.
 O! I, says the Parrot, am witty in prating,
 And what the king talks of I'm frait imitating.

M O R A L.

*He in the court way is an idle presumer,
 Who can't please the great and flatter their humour,
 A plain dealing man will ne'er earn his wages
 But soft oily talkers dwell in the fine cages.*

F A B L E LXXIX.

The Disobedient SON and his CHILD.

A Base Son his father so ill had entreated,
 That of his estate the old 'squire was cheated;
 And forc'd in an hospital to hide his head,
 Where other good people supply'd him with bread;
 One day the old father his Son chanc'd to spy,
 And call'd to him as he pass'd carelessly by;
 And one pair of sheets was all his request,
 From him that his plentiful fortune possess'd.
 The Son, when the father no more did require,
 Was asham'd to deny such a modest desire;

And

And calling his child, here take the sheets, and, Sir,
See that you deliver 'em safe to your Grandfire :
The Father soon heard he deliver'd but one,
And ask'd the small varlet why thus he had done ?
Young graceless replies, I kept it for you
When old you may dwell in the hospital too.

M O R A L.

*Unmerciful children, too commonly find
That providence pays them at last in their kind.*

F A B L E LXXX.

The BITCH big with Young.

A Big bellied Bitch, in a doleful condition,
To one of her gossips made humble petition ;
Good neighbour, says she, let a kindness be done me,
Pray lend me your kennel, my pains are upon me.
Yes, with all my heart, the gossip reply'd,
To one in your pickle it can't be deny'd.
But danger once past, it was her desire
She'd take up her puppies and homeward retire ;
Good neighbour, says t'other, lets stay somewhat
longer,
Till puppies can see, and grow somewhat stronger.
Soon after, the puppies so valiant were grown,
That they and the Bitch made the kennel their own.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

*Be prudently kind, some speak fair to please ye,
Who soon will abuse you for being so easy.*

F A B L E LXXXI.

The HARE and the SPARROW.

A Neagle had seiz'd in her claws a poor Hare,
Who begg'd for her life with many a tear;
A Sparrow sat by, saying, Where is the speed,
You Hares do pretend to, of which you had need?
The name of a racer will little avail you,
If in time of danger your petty-toes fail you.
While thus the impertinent Sparrow did talk,
Herself, unawares, was seiz'd by an hawk;
The Hare, even dying, some pleasure did find,
To see the vain Sparrow serv'd in the same kind.

M O R A L.

*There's no one so ready to give his advice
To others, as he who himself is unwise.*

F A B L E LXXXII.

The FLY and the ANT.

SAYS a Fly to an Ant, I'm a person of quality,
And you're a poltron, and full of rascallity;
I fly

I fly in the air with a brave active soul,
You creep on the ground round your own nasty hole:
To pilfer mens corn your scandalous trade is,
While I live with princes, and kiss the great ladies:
I always am welcome, though never invited,
With ravishing musick my ears are delighted ;
Each day I regale with wine and high diet,
While grains and fair water secure you from riot :
And now a'nt you sorry, that step-mother nature
Did ever produce such a poor drudging creature ?
To all this the Ant made a modest reply,
I freely confess that my birth is not high ;
'Tis true you have wings to fly up and down,
And I have got feet to walk sure on the ground ;
Secure in the earth, no dangers I dread,
For tempests and meteors fly over my head ;
I live upon corn and water, it is true,
But yet am as healthy and happy as you :
But you, Mr. Fly, would not be so thriving,
Were you to take pains, like me, for your living :
You know you are call'd by all you come nigh,
Impertinent, impudent, troublesome Fly :
You're nauseous confest where ever you go,
And yet you pretend to the life of a beau :
Because what you taste is presently scented,
Was that noble engine, the fly-flap, invented.
Methinks such a thing universally hated,
To be proud and scornful was never created ;

K

In

In summer you're lewd, and drink sack and claret,
In winter you'll starve like a whore in a garret.

M O R A L.

*In all conversation 'tis prudent to wave your
Fastidious deportment, and lofty behaviour;
Comparisons odiously often are made,
Which smartly and shamefully may be repay'd:
We say what we will, and scorn to repent it;
We hear what we wou'd not, and must be contented.*

F A B L E LXXXIII.

The FROGS and the SUN.

A Groundless report was round the fens carried,
The Sun was in love, and would soon be married;

The Frogs fell a croaking in sad dismal notes,
Jove ask'd 'em the reason they set up their throats:
Say they, if one Sun so scorch our complexion,
If more should be born we should ha' no protection;
So your majesty's dutiful subjects, the Frogs,
Would boil in the fens and bake in the bogs.

M O R A L.

*The world has so many bad people, we need
Desire to have but few more of the breed.*

F A B L E

F A B L E LXXXIV.

The Ass, the APE and the MOLE.

Woe's me! cries an Ass, that e'er I was born,
With a brain without wit, and a skull
without horn!
But then, says the Ape, An't I a poor wretch,
Without e'er a tail to cover my breech?
A Mole peeping out, declar'd it was hateful
To hear the complaints of people ungrateful;
You both for a trifle make foolish objections,
Tho' heaven freely give you so many perfections;
Whereas in a dungeon I live without sight,
For ever debarr'd of the glory of light:
To me all the beauties of nature are vain,
And yet you ne'er hear me repine or complain.

M O R A L.

*Should heaven make a murmurer truly distressed,
He'd know he repin'd ev'n when he was blest.*

F A B L E LXXXV.

The HE-GOATS and JUPITER.

THE He-Goats were vex'd, when first it ap-
pear'd,
She-Goats had a patent to wear a long beard,

They mutter'd at *Jove*, and thought it not fair,
That She-Goats with He-Goats for beard should
compare.

I wonder, says *Jove*, in so small a matter,
You can't be so civil the ladies to flatter :
For though, as to beard, the case equal stands,
Yet you have the power to raise the train'd bands.
And since 'twixt your courage there is noequality,
Pray yield to the weakest in dress and formality.

M O R A L.

*A man of true worth ne'er grieves to be outvy'd
By ignorant people in dressing his out-side.*

F A B L E LXXXVI.

The Dying EAGLE.

AN hungry Eagle that sat watching hares,
Was, with a swift arrow, shot thro' unawares,
It was a great grief, just as she departed,
To look at the arrow with which she was darred;
It seems that the shaft which the mischief did bring,
Was made up with feathers took from her own wing.

M O R A L.

*No little vexation a person attends,
Who finds those his foes whom he took for his friends;*

Yet

*Yet those are most wretched whose miseries wholly,
Are owing to nothing else but their own folly.*

F A B L E LXXXVII.

The FOWLER and PARTRIDGE.

A Partridge insnar'd begg'd hard for some favour,
She'd soon pay the Fowler the life that he
gave her ;

For she could decoy birds of the same feather,
And so he might take a whole covey together ;
Nay, answers the Fowler, a treacherous spirit
Scarce merits a scandalous life to inherit ;
Who'll spare a base bird, that for private ends
Makes not the least scruple to ruin her friends ?

M O R A L.

*There's nothing so vile or so base as a traitor,
Ev'n they who most need 'em abhor their ill-nature.*

F A B L E LXXXVIII.

The PYE and the PIGEON.

Says a Pye to a Pigeon, I can't, for my soul,
Tell a reason you always breed in the same
hole ;

Still

Still in the same place your young ones you lay,
 From whence 'tother day they were taken away;
 The Pigeon replies, 'Tis true, Mrs. Pye,
 But I mean no ill, nor suspect it, not I.

M O R A L.

*The honestest natures are subject to meet,
 And lay the most open to lies and deceit;
 For which cause the innocent seem to be dull,
 But a knave seems a wit though e'er such a fool:
 But yet threadbare honesty's best, though bravery
 And high reputation may wait upon knavery.*

F A B L E LXXXIX.

The Dog and the Ass.

A Flattering spaniel, by fawning behaviour,
 Had got very intimate in his lord's favour;
 An Ass would make tryal of his skill in flattery,
 But he was paid home for assault and battery.

M O R A L.

*He who against nature his actions will strain,
 Takes care to be laugh'd at, and labours in vain.*

F A B L E XC.

The Fox and Cock.

THE Fox in a snare, and in danger of life,
Begg'd hard of a Cock to procure him a knife;
The Cock made as if he'd the favour have done him,
But calling his master he brought him upon him:
Now when the Fox saw that sentence must pass,
He reckon'd himself an egregious ass;
To think the Cock would befriend him in distress,
Who oft had rob'd hen-roosts and eaten his mistress.

M O R A L.

*That person a great deal of weakness does show,
Who needs will provoke, and then trust to a foe.*

F A B L E XCI.

The Mouse and the Frog.

A Travelling Mouse would fain pass a moat,
But could not get over for want of a boat,
At last, a stout Frog would needs undertake
To carry her over upon his broad back:
And lest the Mouse perish by stress o' bad weather,
He ties his own leg and the Mouse's together;

But

But when they had got in the midst of the water,
Then down ducks the Frog and draws the Mouse
after :

The Mouse very earnestly struggles for life,
Till a kite in the air observing the strife,
Stoops downward, and seizes the Mouse in her claws,
The string at her foot the Frog likewise draws;
The kite eat 'em both; so did the Frog find
As little compassion as he had design'd.

M O R A L.

*The justice of heav'n our ill actions surveys,
And in his own way the oppressor repays;
He loves mischief well, who ventures to do't,
Though he ruins himself and his fortune to boot.*

F A B L E XCII.

JUPITER and the TORTOISE.

A Tortoise to Jove a petition did make,
To carry her house up and down at her back :
To carry your house is a toil, said the God,
To think it a favour, looks wonderful odd :
Said she, I with patience submit to the labour,
To move when I please from a troublesome neighbour.

M O R A L.

*To live near a neighbour that's given to strife,
Is almost as bad as to have an ill wife.*

F A B L E XCIII.

The LION grown old.

AN old weakly Lion whose teeth were all gone,
Was pitied by few and was dreaded by none;
The surly wild boar made bold to defy him,
The bull gor'd his sides when e'er he came nigh him.
He meets e'ery day new affronts and disgraces,
He's butted by rams, and kick'd at by asses;
To bear this with patience he was well contented,
From those he had ever misus'd or offended:
But those sort of enemies troubled his spirit,
Who once were his friends and preferr'd without
merit.

M O R A L.

*In prosperous fortunes be modest and wise,
The greatest may fall, and the lowest may rise:
But insolent people that fall in disgrace,
Are wretched, and no body pities their case.*

F A B L E XCIV.

The SHEPHERD and his DOG.

A Shepherd was kind to his Dog, and would treat
The cur every day with plenty of meat;

L

This

This Dog, who the wolf would never connive at,
 Himself, now and then, eat a lamb up in private:
 At last being found a committing of murther,
 His master would kill him, and trust him no further.
 The Dog would fain have his fault to be venial,
 And pray'd him, in pity, to spare an old menial.
 Ne'er hope, says the Shepherd, to scape, I'll assure ye
 I sooner would pardon the wolf in my fury:
 His hate is profest, and he does not pretend
 To treachery, under the name of a friend.

M O R A L.

*A man would more favour to enemies use,
 Than those who the title of friendship abuse.*

F A B L E XCV.

The MONKEY and WALLNUTS.

A Monkey heard Wallnuts extremely commen-
 ded,
 And of them to make a full meal he intended;
 To climb the high tree no scruple he made,
 For robbing of orchards had been his old trade;
 There sitting in state he pulls off a nut
 And bites it, and finds it as bitter as foot;
 He sputters a while, and makes a grimace,
 'Tis unripe, a fresh tryal may alter the case:

He

He bites at another, and two or three more,
The last still is worse than he tasted before :
They nettle his mouth in the highest degree,
Is this the rare fruit they talk of, said he ?
The world sure is foolish, or else full of knavery,
For I never tasted a thing so unfavoury.
So the pains he had taken in clambring, grudging
He slid down the tree and departed in dudgeon.

M O R A L.

*Men blame ill success and fall in a passion,
Whereas the fault lies in their ill application ;
He that can't with patience some bitterness meet,
Can plead little merit to that which is sweet.*

F A B L E XCVI.

The IMAGE to be Sold.

A Carver a Mercury made out of wood,
And without a chapman a long while he stood.
At last out he brings it, and there makes a speech,
Here, who'll buy a god that will make a man rich ?
Says one, if your god is free of his pelf,
Ne'er offer to sell him but keep him your self.
The artist replies, the god's money's sure,
But then it comes flow, which I cannot endure :
If you, friend, can stay, you'll have kindness done ye,
But I am in haste and want ready money.

M O R A L.

*He that doats on money his friend will betray,
His god or his faith, all that comes in his way;
So here he takes pleasure and has his diversion,
He freely resigns all the world in reversion.*

F A B L E XCVII.

The FARMER and his OXEN.

HIS Oxen a countryman came to look after,
And found them all very much tickled with
laughter;

Demanding the reason, we dream'd, say they, master,
Last night, that you led us to delicate pasture:

The master replies, but dreams often vary,
For I dream'd of ploughing, and that's quite con-
trary;

Now as to the consequence, I make no doubt
But your dream will fail you, and mine will be out.

M O R A L.

*A man that relies upon dreaming and vision,
Disturbs his own brain, and occasions derision,*

F A B L E XCVIII.

The HORSE and the HOG.

A Hog liv'd as well as a Hog would desire;
And tumbled about at his ease in the mire;
But spying a War-horse equipp'd for the battle,
He call'd him the dullest of all sorts of cattle;
For now art thou going, thou fool, said the Hog,
To be shot in a skirmish, and die like a dog.
To which the Horse answers, I'd rather prefer,
To breath out my soul like a hero in war,
Than live in the dirt, and eat nasty victual,
And have my throat cut with a butcherly whittle.

M O R A L.

*Some danger for honour the brave will endure,
And hate a base life though ne'er so secure.*

F A B L E XCIX.

The HAWK and CUCKOW.

A Hawk very sharply the Cuckow did blame,
That being like him, and in colour the same,
He eat mice and worms, a diet unpleasant,
Whereas he might feed upon partridge and pheasant:

Soon

Soon after, for pigeons which he had been mangling,
 He saw the Hawk's carcass hang on a tree dangling:
 Which as he pass'd by, the Cuckow derided,
 O, Hawk, you had better have eat worms as I did!

M O R A L.

*A little, well gotten, will do us more good,
 Than scepters and lordships by rapine and blood.*

F A B L E C.

The Fox and the Wolf.

A Fox in a well by misfortune did fall,
 And 'twas but in vain for assistance to call;
 A Wolf passing by came and look'd in his face,
 Friend Reynard, said he, you're in a fine case;
 You need not the hen, nor the chicken her daughter,
 As far as I see, to make your mouth water,
 No fryar that starves himself in a cell,
 Can mortify better than you in this well;
 But how feels the water, as cool as you'd wish?
 And what's your chief diet here, frogs or fish?
 Well, you're young and hardy, nature can't fail,
 Were there 'twould make me catch cold in my tail.

M O R A L.

*'Tis cruel to jest when a man is in grief,
 And give him hard language that sues for relief;*

Did

*Did an enemy want, and ne'er importune,
Yet a gen'rous heart would relieve his misfortune,
But he is an ill man; and what if he be?
Shew therefore that you ar'nt as wicked as he.*

F A B L E C I.

A FATHER and his SONS.

DAD *Mitio* had sad boys that ne'er could agree;
He bad them be one, but they always were
three;

Still wrangling and jangling, snorting and huffing,
They never were easy till they fell a cuffing.
Here blows cause wry faces, and shoulders to shrug,
There a kick on the shins, or close *Cornish* hug:
This thunders and bullies, that scratches and tears,
Till they all are in blood quite up to the ears.

At length the old man, grown weary of his life
With plagues of this nature, far worse than his wife,
A stratagem found to put an end to their strife. }

Come hither, my Sons, who are lusty and strong,
And unto each other have done so much wrong,
Try your strength on this rod, fast ty'd as you see,
And strive for to break it with hand or with knee.

What! cannot young *Rowland* nor *Oliver* do it?
Nor sturdy bold *Roger*, with both hands set to it?
Can a bundle of twigs, so slender and fine,
All your efforts defeat, only bound with a twine?

Well,

Well, untie but this wyth, the magic's undone,
 And you may easily snap them all one by one.
 So if with each other these rude tricks you play,
 Your union divided you'll soon fall a prey,
 To knaves of design, who'll your weakness betray.
 But if, my dear Boys, as by nature you're join'd
 In bonds of affection, you'll be of one mind,
 And assist one another in cases of need,
 (For brothers by birth should be brothers indeed)
 Then you from all danger and harm will be freed.

M O R A L.

*Whoever is styl'd Defender of a nation,
 Should watchfully keep it in peaceable station:
 For if that the subjects do quarrel and grumble,
 A hundred to one but the state down will tumble.*

F A B L E CII.

A BLADDER and BEANS.

AN ancient philosopher (if it be true)
 Was damnably plagu'd with a termagant
 shrew.

In vain he endeavour'd to quiet her tongue
 The clamorous bell so perversely was hung,
 From morning till evening it eternally rung.
 Nor good words, nor bad, nor fawning nor drubbing,
 Could make her desist from scolding and snubbing.

She

She valu'd no logic, no figure, or trope,
And nothing would cure her, unless 'twas a rope.
The devil was in her, nor could be cast out
By all the spells us'd for tooth, ague, or gout.
Thus *Socrates* was worry'd from morning to night,
And dreaded *Xantippe* much more than a spright.
At last to *Canidia* the forcerefs he went,
Who tipt with a piece did a rare trick invent,
And sent the philosopher home with content. }
A Bladder of Beans by her order he got.
What mean you, says Madam, you doting old sot?
'Tis food, he replies, fit for such sort of queans, }
'Tis a dainty fine dish, a Bladder of Beans, }
And strait to my comfort you'll see what it means. }
She raves like a fury, like *Billingsgate* scolds,
And as a virago her hands scarce witholds;
When lo! a great wonder, the Bladder's loud rattle
Strikes her dumb as a fish by drowning her prattle.

M O R A L.

*Small matters great mischiefs will often prevent,
Or make those plagues easy which to us are sent.
Yet often it happens, there is such a pothor,
One Devil must be rais'd to drive out another.*



F A B L E C H I I.

An OLD WOMAN and the DEVIL.

AS satan was rambling the wide world around
 In quest of a prey, if it were to be found;
 He spy'd an Old Gossip perch'd on a high tree,
 But how she got up there, or why, could not see.
 Then equipt like a huntsman with horn by his side,
 His secret intentions the better to hide;
 The blasts of his bugle the rusticks alarm,
 Who with spades, flails, and pikes that never did
 harm,
 Came running from meadow, ditch, stable and barn.
 Good folks (quoth our sportsman) see yonder fly
 hag,
 Who makes brisk young farmers at midnight her
 nag:

I fancy in her head there's no good design,
 For who but a witch would thus venture to climb?
 I guess by her squint she's a prize in her eye,
 Or Old Nick is in her to scramble so high,
 Now should she fall down, as no doubt she well may,
 The Devil it in't the Old Beldam will say;
 Whereas, my good neighbours, the Devil has not,
 Nor any of his imps, a finger in the plot.
 Their attention thus rais'd, he no sooner spoke,
 But the slender weak boughs afunder were broke;

Then

Then down she comes tumbling (a sight but uncouth)
And the Devil is in't, burst forth from her mouth.

M O R A L.

Since all the misfortunes that mankind befall,
Take rise from the weakness their minds do enthrall;
When state-politicians e'er fail of success,
Nor people nor prince should they blame more or less,
But take shame to themselves and the error confess. }
For planets and stars, and spirits infernal
Are no good excuse, where the fault is internal.
If then self does amiss, let self feel remorse,
That the saddle be always put on the right horse.

F A B L E C I V.

A Young DROLL and a Crooked OLD MAN.

A Saucy young lad thus accosted a sage,
Who was bent almost double with sickness
and age,
If you'll please to resolve me, I desire to know
What money you'll have for your crooked old bow?
My bow, says old daddy, save your money, be gone;
You fool, you will have one for nothing anon.

M O R A L.

To scoff at old men's an unnatural vice;
For when we are born, we decay in a trice.

FABLE CV.

A DOG and THIEVES.

A Gang of sly Thieves, the pest of a nation,
 Old towzer accost in most humble fashion,
 With words smooth as oil, fit for courtier or lover,
 Their knavish intentions the better to cover.
 But this not succeeding, they present him a crust,
 That while he is gnawing, the doors they may burst.
 The bait is alluring, yet gifts of such sort
 Won't down with sir trusty, ne'er us'd to the court.
 My duty, says he, do you think I'll neglect,
 That your base design may have its effect?
 Is any so stupid, of so shallow a pate,
 For doubtful dependance to quit present state?
 Shall I for a morsel my sov'reign betray
 To villains like you, who'll soon make him a prey?
 No, I'll guard him at night who feeds me by day.
 Then low'ring and growling he pricks up his ears,
 Then barks loud as thunder till the family hears;
 When lo! on a sudden the crew disappears,

MORAL.

Thrice happy that monarch, who's ministers care,
 Protects his dominions from danger and fear!
 But in these corrupt times, where one can we find
 Of towzer's integrity and honest mind.

F A B L E C V I.

Of a SATYR and COUNTRYMAN.

WHile a Satyr benign was ranging the wood,
Both himself to divert and furnish with
food;

A spectacle horrid appear'd in his sight,
Would any the stoutest of mortals affright.
But wood-gods, so honest and innocent are,
In thought, word and deed they're not subject to fear.
It was a skeleton, with hunger agast,
Who breath'd on his fingers, you'd swear 'twas his
last.

The Satyr, inquiring the reason, was told
He blew on his fingers because they were cold.
Then moved with pity this wight he convey'd
Strait into his cell, where before him was laid
Whatever was proper for comfort or aid: }
Amongst other dainties a dish of hot broth,
On which he blew likewise; this taking in scoff,
His kind host demanded, what made him do so?
Quoth he, with one mouth, hot and cold I can blow.
Can you so, says the Satyr, then as I am human,
You out must go hence, for you are no true-man.

M O R A L.

*Who under one hat bears a different face,
Like Janus of old, if he meets with disgrace,
Deserves*

*Deserves what he meets, for in morals divine,
As the moon among stars, plain honesty'll shine.
Then take my advice, let the heart and the tongue
In every affair together be hung.*

FABLE CVII.

*A Dispute betwixt a DOCTOR, a VINTNER
and a BOTCHER.*

IN those blessed times when the word of the lord
Victoriously follow'd the parliament sword;
When apostolick Botchers and gifted translators
Abandon'd their stalls and became commentators;
When lobsters and oysters profane were laid down,
And the gospel was grown the sole cry of the town;
When causes in chancery by scripture were try'd,
And all titles as popish and false were deny'd,
Except his that produc'd the most texts on his side.
'Twas in those blessed times that two puritan
teachers,

A Taylor and Vintner, both soul-saving preachers,
With a Parson would needs have a tryal of skill;
The text was the weapon; so come when he will.
Quoth the Parson, I scorn it shall ever be said
I refus'd to perform what is part of my trade:
But before we begin it mayn't be amiss,
To clear up one point, which in short, sirs, is this.

Tho'

Tho' we read in the scripture, you know how *St. Paul*
With beasts once at *Ephesus* ventur'd a fall ;
Yet it cannot be shewn where the scriptures do say,
We now are oblig'd to engage the same way :
For which reason, unless you can make it appear
From a chapter and verse in a text that is clear,
That you really are men, I may hope for excuse,
If I such anti-scriptural terms should refuse.

Why now, says the Taylor, I vow and declare,
By yea and by nay 'tis a pleasant affair,
To pretend to dispute that our nature is human,
As if I and my neighbour here were not both true-
men.

Such a doubt could ne'er enter a rational mind ;
But that we are men to your cost you shall find.

Nay hold, quoth the Doctor, pray be not offended ;
Little said, says the proverb, *is soonest amended.*

First then, Mr. Taylor, because you're so stout,
Supposing my coat at the elbows worn out,
That of the same stuff not a rag I had by me,
Pray what would you do?—Why sure 'tis to try me,
Says he, that you ask me so silly a question,
I'd go to the draper's and buy me some fustion ;
Why then, says the Parson, I read in *St. Luke*
Fifth chapter and thirty-sixth verse of that book,
That no man does old garments with new cloth repair ;
And now, sir, maintain you're a man if you dare.

Then

Then you, Mr. Vintner, resolve me one doubt,
Do you ever new wine into old bottles put?
Hey day! says the Vintner, what would you be at?
There's nothing more common:—And what of all
that?

Why then, says the Parson, the words that ensue,
Declare that *No man puts his wine that is new
Into bottles that old are.*—From whence, sir, to me,
'Tis as clear as the Sun that no man you can be.
Thus at their own weapons the heroes he beat,
And by the help of a text made a handsome retreat.

M O R A L.

*When fools think Religion consists in grimace,
A broad beaver hat and a sanctify'd face;
The best way to bam 'em, and make 'em perplex'd,
Is to talk as they talk, and to quote them a text:
Though ne'er so ill-handled 'tis never the worse,
To argue without's singing psalms to a horse.
How happy are we! that good sense is now priz'd,
And such canting fanatics by all are despis'd!*

F A B L E CVIII.

The Covetous MAN and the Envious MAN.

A Curmudgeon of Old, and a splenatick Blade,
Successfully once to great Jupiter pray'd.

Apollo

Apollo was order'd forthwith to go down,
And tell them whatever they ask'd should be done;
With this only restriction, that what one requir'd
Should be doubl'd to th'other altho' not desir'd,
The miserly hunks, with a grin and a smile,
Thought of twenty good things, but stood still for a
while :

Because he consider'd the encrease of his store,
Would make his companion have just as much more.
By degrees he determin'd, had his wish without
trouble,

And his Partner, without a request, had it double.
But now the malicious Man's turn is come on,
To have what he wish'd as immediately done.
O *Jove* ! says the fool, I pray be so kind,
To put one of my eyes out, that he may be blind.

M O R A L.

*The man that's a miser in nothing takes pleasure,
When he knows any neighbour possess of a treasure :
And the man who is envious will ever complain,
Unless all his friends are in need, or in pain.*



F A B L E CIX.

BOYS and FROGS.

TWO waggish young lads, for meer merri-
ment sake,
Long pelted the *Frogs* as they rose in the lake.
O lads, quoth a *Frog*, do you know what you do?
This is murder to us tho' diversion to you.

M O R A L.

*Whilst children are young impress on their mind,
What a virtue it is to be clement and kind.*

F A B L E CX.

The DEVIL refused to MARRY.

A *Devil* once married a buxom young wife,
Who prov'd a meer crab, and the plague of
his life;

Her tongue was a member unruly and shrill,
And tormented him worse than the clack of a mill.
But sickness confin'd her at last to her bed,
And the fates in two nights cut asunder her thread.
The *Devil* grew frisky, thus loos'd from his chain,
And vow'd that he'd never be marry'd again.

But

But this fiend quickly after a poor man possest, }
Who, in hopes to get rid of his troublesome guest, }
With tears in his eyes told his case to a priest. }
The pious *Franciscan* condoling his pain, }
Tumbled over his bead-roll again and again, }
Gave him good words and bad but all were in vain }
The *Friar* being vext, cry'd I ne'er yet miscarry'd,
Come forth, I conjure you, or be instantly marry'd.
Tho' the fiend before this was both stubborn and
flout,
Like an aspen he trembled, and cry'd I'll come out,
Have mercy upon me, spare this penance I pray,
And send me ten thousand miles distant away.
But talk not of marriage, I know it too well,
'Tis a torment far greater than any in Hell.

M O R A L.

*Tho' this tale may seem bold, 'tis intended to be
No more than a droll and an hyperbole,
Drest up to express the unspeakable curse
Of taking a tongue-pad for better for worse.*

F A B L E CXI.

A COBLER and FINANCIER.

A Jolly translator who liv'd in a stall,
That serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and
hall;

With pipe of mundungus, and merry old song,
Pleas'd himself and his neighbours all the day long.
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his head,
From hand to mouth always he earned his bread; }
Thus a life void of fear and danger he led. }
Hard by honest crispin a Financier dwelt,
Who rolling in treasure no comfort e'er felt;
From morning till evening, from night unto morn,
The ill-gotten wealth in his side prov'd a thorn.
With cares thus oppress'd once tumbling he lay,
Not sleeping nor waking, when at break of day
He's rous'd by the Cobler a tuning his throat,
More happy than a prince, tho' not worth a groat;
He foams and he raves like a wretch that is mad,
To think that no quiet nor pleasure he had,
While so poor a fellow, not worth e'en a pin,
Devoid of all care did so merrily sing;
To think that his voice and his hammer kept time,
While his own canker'd soul was deem'd to repine.
Thus plagu'd, he resolv'd to part with his pelf,
And make honest crispin as rich as himself.
He sent for him over, his mind did unfold,
And gave him a thousand broad pieces of gold,
Of a beggar, quoth he, you shall be a king:
Therefore now get you home and merrily sing.
The cobbler transported, with bow and a scrape,
Takes leave, and now dreams of the juice of the
grape,

Of fat pigs and capons, of turkies and geese,
Despising brown bread and his mouldy old cheese.
And 'twas but a dream, for he no sooner lockt
The gold in his chest, than his mind was all shockt
With terrors and with fears lest it should be gone,
So that it were better he had let it alone.
No whistling, no singing, no mirth was now heard,
But crispin at every thing startl'd and fear'd,
Strait back to the treasurer the money he told,
And recover'd his rest by losing the gold.

M O R A L.

*Content and riches seldom meet together :
Riches take thou, contentment I had rather.*



The Revolt of the Rebels

Of the pigs and capons of the kitchen
Drooping down bread and butter
And twigs and a dream of a world
The gold in the chest, then his mind was all
With terror and with fear of the world
So that it was better to be a pig
No whistling no singing no
But only a every thing that was
Some black and white and red
And recover his self by the gold

THE REVOLT

Count and other things
The count and other things





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