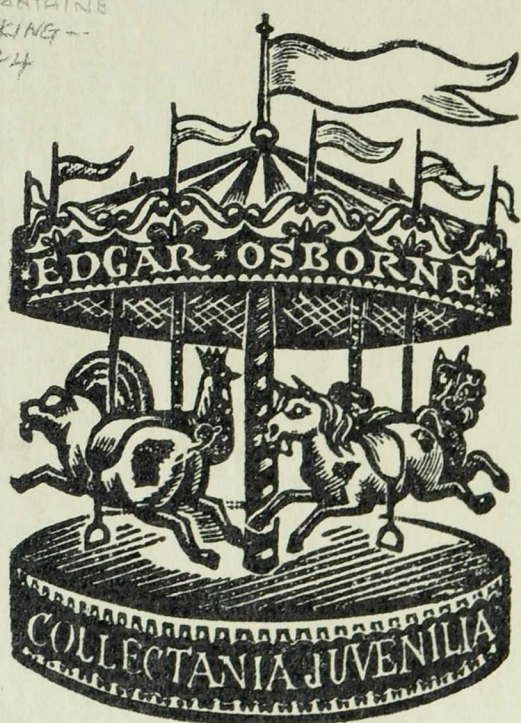


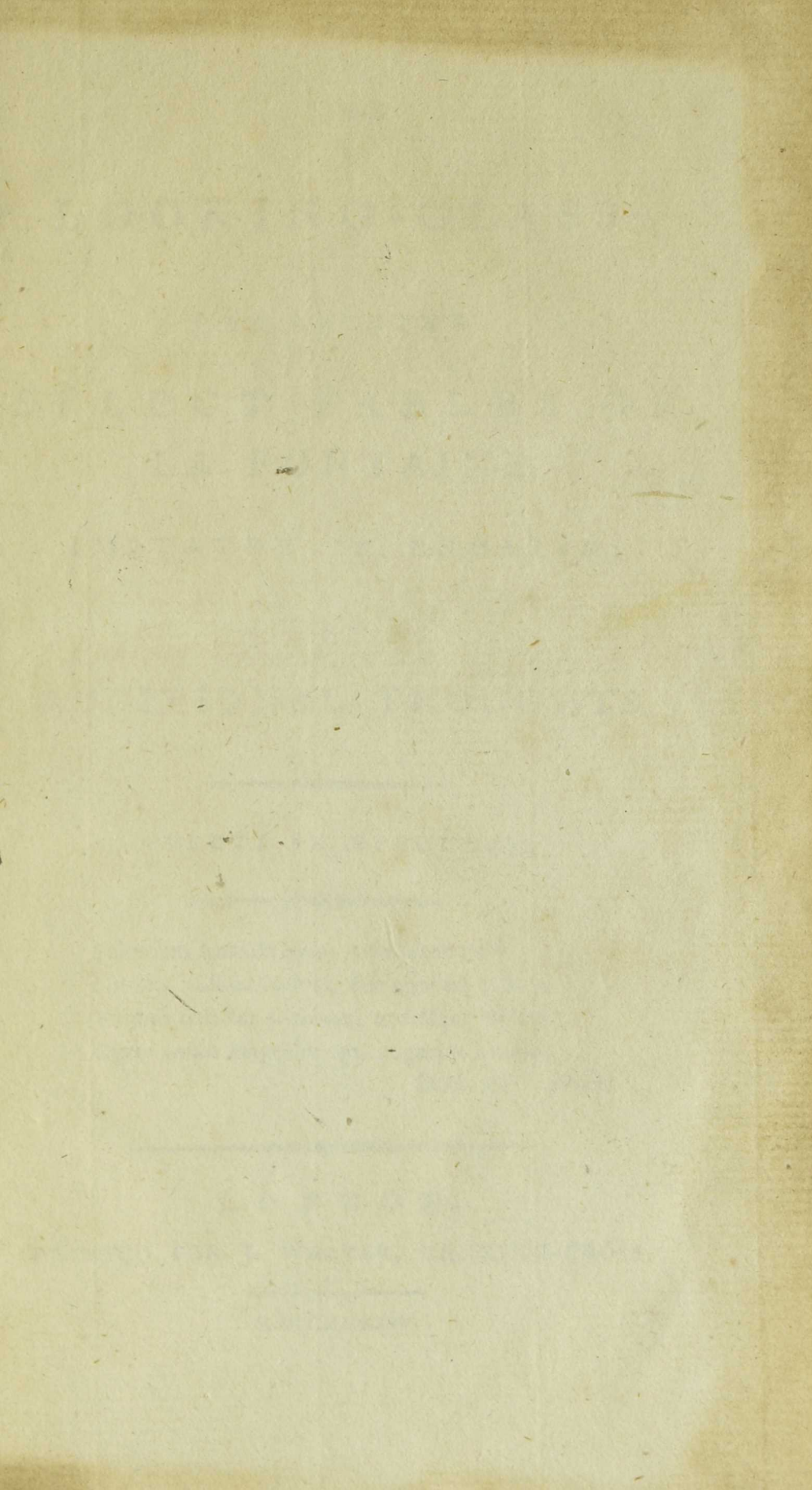
A
LA FONTAINE
LOOKING--
1784



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THE
LOOKING-GLASS:
CONTAINING
SELECT FABLES OF
LA FONTAINE,
IMITATED IN ENGLISH;
WITH
ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

HOR. ART. POET.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Imitations had never read Fontaine, till he very lately met with *Letters on several Subjects, by the Reverend Martin Sherlock, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bristol, in 2 vols. published in 1781.* Mr. Sherlock is an Enthusiast, and his panegyric upon Fontaine (which I shall transcribe) perhaps hyperbolic. — Fontaine has nevertheless been always considered, by those who have studied the style and manner of all Mythologists, both ancient and modern, as an Author *sui generis*.

Select Fables of Esop and other Fabu-
 lifts, in three books, in prose, were some time
 since published by Mr. Doddsley : they were
 written in a very elegant and ingenious
 style.

In his judicious Essay on Fable, pre-
 fixed to his Work, “ the Author treats
 “ of the Moral—the Action—the Inci-
 “ dents—the Persons—the Characters—the
 “ Sentiments—and the Language of Fable :
 “ and in his Introduction to his Essay, ob-
 “ serves, that whoever composes a Fable,
 “ whether of the sublimer and more com-
 “ plex kind, as the Epic and Dramatic ;
 “ or of the lower and more simple kind,
 “ sometimes called Esopean ; must first
 “ endeavour to illustrate some one moral
 “ or prudential Maxim. It is the busi-
 “ ness of both to teach some particular
 “ Moral, exemplified by an Action, and
 “ this enlivened by moral Incidents.—I
 “ would

“ would by no means however infer (says
 “ our Author) that to produce one of
 “ these small pieces, requires the same
 “ degree of genius, as to form an *Epic* or
 “ *Dramatic Fable*. All I would insinuate
 “ is, that the Apologue has some right to
 “ a share in our esteem, from the relation
 “ it bears to the Poems before mentioned;
 “ as it is honourable to spring from a
 “ noble stem, although in ever so remote
 “ a branch. A perfect Fable, even of this
 “ inferior kind, seems a much stronger
 “ proof of genius, than the mere narrative
 “ of an event: the latter, indeed, re-
 “ quires judgment; the former, together
 “ with judgment, demands an effort of the
 “ imagination.—Having thus endeavoured
 “ to procure these little compositions as
 “ much regard as they may fairly claim,
 “ I proceed to treat of some particulars
 “ more essential to their characters.

“ Strictly speaking (continues our Au-
 “ thor) detached or explicit Morals are
 “ not necessary: those we find at the close
 “ of Esop’s Fables, were placed there by
 “ other hands. Among the Ancients,
 “ Phædrus, and Gay, among the Moderns,
 “ inserted theirs at the beginning. La
 “ Motte prefers them at the conclusion;
 “ and Fontaine disposes of them indiscri-
 “ minately at the beginning or end.” As
 our Author proceeds, he treats of the Ac-
 tion and Incidents proper for a Fable:
 —“ Three conditions (he says) are altoge-
 “ ther expedient: first, it must be clear—
 “ secondly, it must be one and entire—
 “ thirdly, it must be natural.”

In our Author’s third section, he treats
 of the Persons, Characters, and Sentiments
 of the Fable,—and in the last, of the Lan-
 guage.—“ The Style of a Fable (he says)
 “ must be simple and familiar, correct and
 “ elegant.

“ elegant.—By the former, I would advise,
 “ that it should not be loaded with figure
 “ and metaphor; that the disposition of
 “ words be natural; the turn of the sen-
 “ tences easy; and their construction un-
 “ embarrassed: by elegance, I would ex-
 “ clude all coarse and provincial terms; all
 “ affected and puerile conceits; all obso-
 “ lete and pedantic phrases: to this I would
 “ adjoin, as the word, perhaps, implies,
 “ a certain finishing polish, which gives a
 “ grace and spirit to the whole, and which,
 “ though it may always have the appear-
 “ ance of nature, is almost ever the effect
 “ of art. But, notwithstanding all that has
 “ been said, there are some occasions on
 “ which it is allowable, and even expedi-
 “ ent, to change the style. The language
 “ of a Fable must rise or fall in conformity
 “ to the subject. A Lion, when intro-
 “ duced in his regal-capacity, must hold

“ discourse in a strain somewhat more ele-
 “ vated than a country Mouse: the Lioness
 “ becomes his queen, and the Beasts of
 “ the forest are called his subjects: a me-
 “ thod which offers at once to the imagi-
 “ nation, both the Animal and the Person
 “ he is designed to represent. Descriptions
 “ at once concise and pertinent, add a
 “ grace to Fable; but are then most hap-
 “ py when included in the action: an
 “ epithet well chosen, is often a descrip-
 “ tion in itself; and is so much the more
 “ agreeable, as it the less retards us in the
 “ pursuit of the catastrophe.—I might en-
 “ large much farther upon the subject;
 “ but shall only hint, that little strokes of
 “ humour, when arising naturally from the
 “ subject; and incidental reflections, when
 “ kept in due subordination to the prin-
 “ cipal, add a value to these compositions.
 “ These latter, however, should be em-
 “ ployed

“ ployed sparingly, and with great address,
 “ be very few and very short; it is scarcely
 “ enough that they *naturally spring* out of the
 “ subject; they should be such as to appear
 “ necessary and essential parts of the Fable:
 “ and when these embellishments, pleasing
 “ in themselves, tend to illustrate the main
 “ action, they then afford *that nameless*
 “ *grace remarkable in Fontaine*, and which
 “ persons of the best discernment will more
 “ easily conceive than they can explain.”

I have transcribed a considerable part
 of Mr. Doddsley's Essay, with an intent
 to introduce those readers to Fontaine,
 who have never studied him; an Author,
 from whom I have received such infinite
 delight, that I could not refrain from a
 poor attempt of imitating (for it is im-
 possible literally to translate) some of his
 select Fables, that those who cannot read
 him in his own language, may form, per-
 haps,

haps, a feeble idea of the original.—The Reader will meet with some new thoughts, I dare not say such as Fontaine would have given us, had he been an Englishman. I intended to have imitated most of his Fables, upon a supposition it would have been an undertaking similar to none in our language ; for though our excellent Gay is an Author whose works will never die—Fontaine was not his Prototype. A further progress in my scheme would have produced a work of magnitude, which probably would never have been read. I therefore present the Public with but a specimen : if, contrary to my expectations, it should be approved of, I shall with pleasure proceed, and produce a second cargo ; particularly designing to imitate the Fables I shall select, in as great a variety of metre, as circumstances will admit of, considering my puerile publication

tion

tion as a trifling substitute for a ride in a wet morning : my Muse, therefore, by varying her paces as much as possible, may probably meet with a more general approbation. I shall conclude this Advertisement with Mr. Sherlock's Three Letters, intending to make all the world as much an admirer of Fontaine, as he is of Lady Hervey.

V O L. I. L E T T E R X X.

A number of the first wits of Paris being assembled at the house of a famous Lady *Bel Esprit*, talked naturally enough of Literature. The elevation of Corneille, and the pathos of Racine, the purity of Boileau, and the depth of Moliere, were supported by different advocates. At last, says one, Suppose we were all this instant to be carried to the Bastile, and doomed to pass there
the

the remainder of our days ; suppose that we were suffered to have each, any Author's works we chose ; but that we were never to be permitted to make a second choice ; who is the Author each man would choose, to cheer the dreariness of perpetual solitude ? Let no one speak ; but let every man write the name of the Author he would prefer. They all wrote the same name. It was that of La Fontaine. A greater compliment, I suppose, never was paid a Writer.

Had a similar question been put at London, among English wits, I fancy Shakespear would have been named : in modern Rome it would have been Ariosto : in ancient Rome, I believe, it would have been Horace.

La Fontaine appears to me to be the Corregio of poetry. The Graces conducted the pen of the one, as they did the pencil
of

of the other. They have both negligences and inaccuracies, which they seem not to have troubled themselves about. La Fontaine wrote a fable: when he read it, says he, There's a syllable too much in that line; to correct it, I must change a word; that word expresses happily my meaning: if I lose it, I lose a beauty, and I gain a faultless but insipid line. One beauty compensates six faults: the fault and the beauty shall both rest. My line hobbles; but that word shall impress a sentiment on the heart, or present a picture to the imagination.

Corregio painted his Night. His object was the Virgin and Child. The canvass was large; and, says he, I must fill it. What shall I put in the top?—Why, some Angels. So he has scattered three or four sprawling figures in the top of the picture: these, I suppose, he painted in a
morning,

morning, and never meant they should be looked at. If the eye wanders to any other part of my canvass, thought he, it will not fix there; it will soon come back to my Child and Virgin. I meant to put my force *there*, to shew there the magic powers of my pencil; and I disregard the suffrage of any man who is capable of condemning me for weakness, where I did not mean to be strong. If I have a leg ill-disposed, or a finger ill-drawn, it is because I did not think the drawing of that finger, or the disposition of that leg, of any importance. I sought effect. I strove to animate my cloth, to paint soul and grace, to charm the eye, to touch the heart, to enchant the imagination—Have I succeeded?

There never were two more amiable artists than those: there never were two artists whose works excited more agreeable

able sensations, nor whose productions appear to have cost them less. Ease and *naturalness* (I mean naïveté) distinguish them equally. Other artists force you to admire them: these you feel yourself inclined to love. You are satisfied with knowing the works of other poets and painters; but you wish to have been acquainted with the persons of Corregio and La Fontaine.—
O fortunati ambo! Si quid mea——

As I have said Corregio is the La Fontaine of painting, so I think Albano is its Anacreon, Raphael its Virgil, and Rubens its Homer.

L E T T E R XXI.

MADAME de la Sabliere, a woman of condition in France, who shared with Lewis the Fourteenth the honour of patronising La Fontaine, used to call him her Fable-tree (*son Fablier*): she said he

produced fables spontaneously, as an apple-tree does apples. That is very prettily said; and the natural ease which runs through all his works, proves that this saying is as sensible as pretty.

The French, with great reason, are proud of this writer. The only author who can expect his works to live, is he who communicates instruction agreeably; who forms to himself a system of never departing from strict truth, and of presenting pictures, drawn only from nature, in an agreeable and pleasing point of view. This author is La Fontaine. He is an insinuating moralist, who, whilst he seems only to think of amusing his readers, steals into their hearts the mildest and most amiable virtues. His sense is always just; but he had the art to dress Philosophy with smiles, and to render that Goddess truly engaging, who seems only formed to command.

command.—No mortal ever told a story better: gaiety and good sense, reason and grace, are mixed in all his narrations: rapid, precise, and varied, he never astonishes, but never fails to charm. Reading his fables, you are surpris'd; for what you have read does not look like composition, it appears to be the language of an agreeable companion, who converses with ease, with elegance, and spirit.

To many a critic, such a writer will appear superficial. They do not feel the superiority of talent that is requisite to convey luminous truths, and deep reflections, with almost apparent carelessness. Because Wisdom *generally* wears a frown, they do not conceive that ever she can be taught to smile: and *that* which constitutes a writer's greatest merit, his being able to convey *interesting matter* in an *easy* manner, appears to them a proof of his
 a inferiority.

inferiority. Enchanting La Fontaine ! my model and my guide, dread not such judges : it is thy greatest glory, and will insure thy everlasting fame, that thou hast been able to attract thy reader by an easy brilliancy, and engage him afterwards by solid reason and profound morality.

L E T T E R XXII.

LA FONTAINE was a singular character : his soul was as simple as his understanding was acute. On account of that simplicity, and of his being often absent in company, which gave him frequently an appearance of silliness, he was called by his contemporary wits, *Le bon Homme*.—You know this phrase is generally used by the French, when they speak of a good-natured man who has scarce common sense. As Boileau, Moliere, and Racine, were one day walking together in the park at Versailles, they
saw

saw La Fontaine perched up in a tree, where he was possibly composing a fable: Racine and Boileau began to laugh at him. "Don't laugh at him," says Moliere, "the *bon homme* will go farther than any of us." La Fontaine's hourly increasing fame, proves the superiority of Moliere's penetration.

The object of this inimitable fabulist was to be useful: to be useful, he knew he must be agreeable: to be agreeable, he knew he must have variety. He fully attained his ends. He has so tissued wit, sense, and sentiment, in his works, that he must please every species of readers. He has so many ideas, that, read him ever so often, he is always new. He has so many remarks which come home to every man's bosom, that he is always interesting. Like Horace, he is read with more pleasure and profit, in proportion as men advance in

a 2

life.

life. But a circumstance peculiar only to himself is, that the same fable which charms the formed philosopher, shall delight the thoughtless school-boy, and the giddy coquet.

“ *Deux Coqs vivoient en paix, un Poule*

“ *survint,*

“ *Et voilà la guerre allumée ;*

“ *Amour tu perdis Troye—*”

How simple, how rapid that narration ! how lively, how graceful, how unexpected the apostrophe ! and with what inconceivable address has he introduced into his apostrophe a moral reflection ! See too, how he has given dignity to his reflection, by bringing in the destruction of Troy ! This is another of La Fontaine's secrets, to make a grand idea arise out of what is seemingly a frivolous situation. Here we

are thinking only of Two Cocks, and by a single stroke of his pen we are placed in a superior order of things, and have brought before us the Iliad, the Æneid, Agamemnon, Priam, Helen, and Achilles.

Do me the pleasure to read that Fable (*Les Deux Coqs*). You are lazy; you'll not read; otherwise I should recommend to you, *Les Animaux malades de la Peste*; *La Fille*; *Le Paysan du Danube*; *Le Chêne & le Roseau*; *Le Chat, la Belette, & le petit Lapin*. You are a good creature, but an indolent and dissipated one: do then indulge your indolence and me together, and abandon yourself a single evening to the luxury of your slippers, to read this child of Nature, and favourite of the Graces. One Fable I am determined you shall read; that is, provided you read me; for here it is, *Les Deux Pigeons, &c.*

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E R R A T A:

Page 35, line 1, for our faults, read a fault.
 Page 48, line 5, for reproach, read reprove.
 Page 76, line 1, for mother, read dam.
 Page 124, line 12, for wao'll, read who will.

THE TWO PIGEONS.

TWO Pigeons there were, and they lov'd one another,
 But yet, not contented at home,
 Nor regarding the tender remonstrance of t'other,
 The one was determin'd to roam.
 And shall I, says his sister, be left to complain :
 To where would you fly, let me ask ?
 In pity to me, for thy dangers are mine,
 Undertake not the perilous task :

Cold

Les Deux Pigeons.

DEUX Pigeons s'aimoient d'amour tendre :
 L'un d'eux s'ennuyant au logis,
 Fut assez fou pour entreprendre
 Un voyage en lointain pays.
 L'autre lui dit : Qu'allez vous faire ?
 Voulez-vous quitter votre frere ?

B

L'absence

Cold winterly storms are, we know, not remote,
 You'll repent of your courage too late ;
 Hark ! this moment the raven's sad ominous throat,
 Forebodes some poor flutterer's fate :

I shall have, in your absence, such horrible nights,
 And shall dream of such terrible battles
 With our fell feather'd tyrants, hawks, eagles, and kites—
 Hark ! it rains—how the dreadful storm rattles !
 O ! have you not here all your heart can desire,
 A supper at night, and a nest,
 In which we from danger can safely retire,
 And together contentedly rest ?

Though

L'absence est le plus grand des maux :
 Non pas pour vous, cruel. Au moins que les travaux,
 Les dangers, les soins du voyage,
 Changent un peu votre courage.
 Encor si la saison s'avançoit davantage !
 Attendez les Zephirs : Qui vous presse ? Un Corbeau
 Tout-à-l'heure annonçoit malheur à quelque oiseau.
 Je ne songerai plus que rencontre funeste,
 Que Faucons, que Rézeaux. Hélas ! dirai-je, il plût :
 Mon frere, a-t-il tout ce qu'il veut,
 Bon soupé, bon gîte, & le reste ?

Though struck, and dishearten'd a little at first,
 By this friendly remonfrance assail'd,
 Yet to see the wide world our poor fugitive's thirst
 And impatient desire, prevail'd :

My absence lament not, says he, for I mean
 But to take a short voyage, and then,
 Having seen, my dear sister, what is to be seen,
 I shall certainly fly back again ;

When return'd, the strange wonderful tales I'll unfold,
 With what exquisite pleasure you'll hear !

Ev'ry syllable shall be so faithfully told,
 That you'd swear you yourself had been there.

Both

Ce discours ébranla le cœur

De notre imprudent voyageur :

Mais le désir de voir & l'humeur inquiète

L'emportèrent enfin. Il dit : Ne pleurez point ;

Trois jours au plus rendront mon ame satisfaite :

Je reviendrai dans peu conter de point en point

Mes aventures à mon frere.

Je le défennuirai : quiconque ne voit guère

N'a guère à dire aussi. Mon voyage dépeint

Vous fera d'un plaisir extrême.

Je dirai : J'étois-là, telle chose m'avint :

Vous y croirez être vous-même.

Both shedding, alas! the reciprocal tear,
 And both billing a tender adieu,
 He at last, * without moving his wings, through the air
 With the swiftest celerity flew.

Soon 'twas dark, whilst a gathering storm in the sky
 Presented itself to his view;
 In the plain but one poor single tree could he spy,
 To which with impatience he flew :
 But its branches were few, and so leafless with age,
 Little shelter the wretch could obtain,
 Whose feathers were cruelly drench'd with the rage
 And the violent force of the rain.

When

* *Celeras nec commovet alas.*

VIRGIL.

A ces mots, en pleurant, ils se dirent adieu.
 Le voyageur s'éloigne ; & voilà qu'un nuage
 L'oblige de chercher retraite en quelque lieu :
 Un seul arbre s'offrit, tel encor que l'orage
 Maltraita le Pigeon, en dépit du feuillage.

L'air

When the storm was blown over, and bright was the day,
 Having preened all his plumage anew,
 By misfortune unluckily guided — away
 Once again the poor wanderer flew.

Soon, as if accidentally scatter'd, he spy'd,
 Poor fool ! not accusom'd to fast,
 Some chaff, amidst which a tame pigeon was ty'd,
 Which enjoy'd the pretended repast :

Escaping those dangers which others beset,
 To decoy she was cunningly taught ;
 For the stranger, suspecting no treacherous net,
 Soon descending, was suddenly caught :

As

L'air devenu serein, il part tout morfondu,
 Sèche du mieux qu'il peut son corps chargé de pluie.
 Dans un champ à l'écart voit du bléd répandu,
 Voit un Pigeon auprès, cela lui donné envie :
 Il y vole, il est pris : ce bléd couvroit d'un las,
 Les menteurs & traîtres appâts,

As the threads were but rotten, he manag'd so well,
 That he broke through the murderous tackle;
 As rejoic'd as a felon escap'd from his cell,
 Though dragging his leg in a shackle.

Again flapping his wings, and preparing for flight,
 Free from danger we cannot pronounce him:
 Too soon was he seen by the quick-sighted kite,
 Who was instantly ready to pounce him;

But, in pity to Venus, benevolent Jove
 Disappointed the blood-thirsty finner,
 Sent his eagle to rescue the favourite dove,
 Though he robb'd the poor kite of his dinner.

Our

Le las étoit usé, si bien que de son aîle,
 De ses piéds, de son bec, l'oiseau le rompt enfin:
 Quelque plume y périt; & le pis du destin
 Fut que un certain Vautour à la ferre cruelle,
 Vit notre malheureux, qui traînant la ficelle,
 Et les morceaux du las qui l'avoit attrappé,
 Sembloit un forçat échappé.

Le

Our fugitive, after a very short flight,
 Next drops on the thatch of a cottage,
 Expecting to rest, and recover his fright;
 But a boy, who was blowing his pottage,
 Soon threw down his dish and his spoon; for in truth,
 As misfortune and ill-luck would have it,
 This pitiless, cruel, but dexterous Youth,
 Was great grand-son to little King David:
 The Pigeon, more lucky, 'tis true, than Goliath,
 Receiv'd not its death from a sling;
 But it certainly would, had the boy but been nigher,
 Who broke both a leg and a wing.

Now

Le Vautour s'en alloit le lier, quand des nues
 Fond à son tour un Aigle aux ailes étendues.
 Le Pigeon profita du conflit des voleurs,
 S'envola, s'abattit auprès d'une mazure,
 Crut pour ce coup que ses malheurs
 Finitoient par cette aventure:
 Mais un fripon d'enfant, cet âge est sans pitié,
 Prit sa fronde, & d'un coup, tua plus d'amoitié
 La volatile malheureuse,

Now limping, alas ! with one leg in a string,
 And lamenting and cursing his fate,
 And trailing along with his poor broken wing,
 He return'd from his travels too late.

He might have far'd worse, 'midst such dangers beset :
 With good nursing he still may recover,
 Though wounded so much ; with what pleasure they met
 No language of mine can discover.

Now let every sensible lover declare,
 If he wishes to wander or rove ;
 Unless 'tis in search of his favourite fair,
 Whom he'll meet in the neighbouring grove ;

And

Qui maudissant sa curiosité,
 Trainant l'aîle, & tirant le piéd,
 Demi morte, & demi boiteuse,
 Droit au logis s'en retourna :
 Que bien que mal elle arriva,
 Sans autre aventure fâcheuse.

Voilà, nos gens rejoints ; & je laisse à juger
 De combien de plaisirs ils payerent leurs peins.

Amans, heureux amans, voulez vous voyager ?
 Que ce soit aux rives prochains.

And with whom, should the delicate, dear blushing maid
Give consent, he'll triumphantly speed,
On galloping Hymen's post-horses convey'd,
To the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

In pursuit of fantastical pleasure,
After this, should they carelessly roam,
They will forfeit an exquisite treasure,
No where to be found but at home ;

A more precious and beautiful gem
Than contentment, they ne'er can discover ;
All the world will be nothing to them,
If sincerely they love one another.

I formerly

Soyez-vous l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,
Toujours divers, toujours nouveau :
Tenez-vous lieu de tout, comptez pour rien le reste.

J'ai

I formerly once was delighted,
 And liv'd amidst pastoral scenes,
 More happy than had I been knighted,
 In favour with Kings and their Queens.

Up the mountains, and over the plains,
 With dear liberty still did I rove;
 Yet I boasted to wear her soft chains,
 As a slave to my *queen of the grove*;

The gay court, with its glittering treasure,
 And all the bright stars in the sky,
 Could afford me not half so much pleasure,
 As a glance from *dear Phyllis's eye*.

She

J'ai quelquefois aimé : je n'aurois pas alors,
 Contre le Louvre & ses trésors,
 Contre le Firmament & sa voûte céleste,
 Changé les bois, changé les lieux,
 Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
 De l'aimable & jeune Bergère,
 Pour qui, sous le fils de Cythère,
 Je servis engagé par mes premiers sermens.

Hélas !

She was fairest where thousands are fair—

But all those happy moments are fled ;

'Tis with exquisite grief I declare

Discontentedness reigns in their stead ;

For old father Time, with his sorrowful face,

Is telling Hymen his torch cannot burn ;

That the mind can pass moments of pleasure re-trace,

But, alas ! they can never return.

THE

Hélas ! Quand reviendront de semblables momens ?

Faut-il que tant d'objets si doux & si charmans,

Me laissent vivre au gré de mon ame inquiète ?

Ah ! si mon cœur osoit encor se renflammer !

Ne sentirai-je plus de charme qui m'arrête ?

Ai-je passé le temps d'aimer ?

Le

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE
LITTLE RABBIT.

EVER ready to seize all,
A witch of a Weasel,
With impudent secrecy stole,
One very fine morning,
Without giving warning,
Into poor little Bob Rabbet's hole :

Invited

Le Chat, la Belette, & le Petit Lapin.

DU palais d'un jeune Lapin
Dame Belette, un beau matin,
S'empara : c'est une rusée.

Le

Invited by Flora,

As well as Aurora,

The dear little Buck had sat out,

From his happy domain,

Which he meant to regain,

After browfing and trotting about :

But when he got home,

Where he had but one room,

The fly slut whom I mention'd before,

With her nose at the window,

Attempted to hinder

The Rabbet, who knock'd at the door :

Who,

Le Maître étant absent, ce lui fut chose aisée.

Elle porta chez lui ses Penates un jour

Qu'il étoit allé faire à l'Aurore sa cour,

Parmi le thim & la rosée.

Après qu'il eut brouté, trotté, fais tous ses tours,

Janot Lapin retourne aux souterrains séjours.

La Belette avoit mis le nez à la fenêtre.

O dieux

Who the devil is here ?

Says the young Pioneer.

Why, you vile little mouse-hunting strumpet !

So, Madam, you please,

My castle to seize,

Without formally founding the trumpet !

By my foul, says the Rabbet,

I'll instantly blab it ;

I'll tell all the boys of your hole :

I'll point out the furrow

Which leads to the burrow,

Conducting myself the patrole.

You

O Dieux hospitaliers, que vois-je ici paroître ?

Dit l'animal chassé du paternel logis :

Holà, Madame la Belette !

Que l'on déloge sans trompette,

Ou je vais avertir tous les Rats du pays.

La

You may do what you will,
 I shall here remain still ;
 And the door, Sir—I'll never unlock it—
 No, Sir—you're mistaken—
 You've your household-gods taken—
 'Tis a pity you had a side-pocket.

And she turn'd up her nose,
 As you may suppose,
 Declaring (as custom decrees it)
 That the burrow was hers,
 And this she avers,
 As belonging to those who could seize it.

'Tis

La Dame au nez pointu répondit, que la terre
 Etoit au premier occupant.

C'étoit

'Tis well worth a while
 To talk in this fyle,
 And make a ridiculous pother,
 'Bout a hole under ground,
 Which was empty when found ;
 You can easily scratch out another :

But, for argument's sake,
 Will you just undertake
 To prove, Sir, who granted the lease ?
 Says the Rabbet, 'tis mine ;
 For 'twas I paid the fine
 Just after my father's decease :

You

C'étoit un beau fujet de guerre,
 Qu'un logis où lui-même il n'entroit qu'en rampant :
 Et quand ce seroit un Royaume
 Je voudrois bien favoir, dit-elle, qu'elle loi
 En a pour toujours fait l'octroi
 A Jean fils ou neveu de Pierre, ou de Guillaume,
 Plûtôt qu'à Paul, plûtôt qu'à moi.
 Jean Lapin allégua la coûtume & l'usage.
 Ce font, dit-il, leurs loix qui m'ont de ce logis
 Rendu maître & Seigneur ; & qui de pere en fils,

L'ont

You must alter your tone ;
 This is certainly one
 Of our family burrows—we've had 'em,
 As history shews,
 And all the world knows,
 Since the time of our Grandfather Adam.

And to prove 'tis not thine,
 But in equity mine,
 That my title exhibits no flaw,
 And with ease to subdue
 Such vermin as you,
 We'll appeal, if you please, to the law.

I'm

L'ont de Pierre à Simon, puis a moi Jean transmis,
 Le premier occupant est-ce une loi plus sage ?
 Or bien sans crier davantage,

I'm by no means afraid
 The complaint should be laid
 Before my Lord Chancellor Scratch-all;
 Now my Lord — was a Cat,
 Most enormously fat,
 Dress'd up in a wig; — with a satchel

He held in his claw,
 Like a limb of the law:
 But my Lord very seldom stirr'd out,
 Unless when a Mouse
 Was approaching his house,
 Where he liv'd like a hermit devout.

Together

Rapportons-nous, dit-elle, à Raminagrobis.
 C'étoit un Chat vivant comme un dévot hermite;
 Un Chat faisant la Chatemite,
 Un saint homme de Chat, bien fourré, gros & gras,
 Arbitre expert sur tous les cas.
 Jean Lapin pour Juge l'agrée.

Together they trudge

To this excellent Judge :

Whilst his Reverence open'd the door,

(So loaded with fur

That he scarcely could stir)

Both his upright decision implore.

His whiskers stroaking first—he bow'd,

With reverential tread ;

With dignity their suit approv'd,

And bow'd—but shook his head.

Approach, my children, said the sage,

With grave and solemn face ;

Infirm, alas ! and deaf with age,

I cannot hear the case.

They

Les voilà tous deux arrivées

Devant sa Majesté fourré.

Grippeminaud leur dit : Mes enfans, approchez,

Approchez : je suis sourd, les ans en font la cause.

They nearer came—and twice he hem'd,

And thrice *he purr'd applause* ;

Whilst both were secretly condemn'd

To velvet-hidden claws ;

With which they were seiz'd,

And inhumanly squeez'd—

For the vile hypocritical finner

His pleaders nonsuited,

And stomach recruited,

By snapping 'em up for his dinner.

THE

L'un & l'autre approcha, ne craignant nulle chose.

Aussi-tôt qu'à portée il vit les contestans,

Grippeminaud, le bon apôtre,

Jettant des deux côtés la griffe en même temps,

Mit les Plaideurs d'accord en croquant l'un & l'autre.

THE RAT RETIRED FROM THE
WORLD.

UPON the truth of all Legends we shall not insist ;
Though we cannot—no matter for that.

'Mongst the lives of some Saints, once crept into the list

The Life of a Reverend Rat.

This world and its cares, all things under the moon,

He resign'd—whilst he liv'd at his ease ;

And no wonder, indeed, for the Pious Poltroon

Was shut up in a fine Cheshire cheese.

Thus

Le Rat qui s'est retiré du Monde.

LES Lévantines, en leur Légende,
Disent qu'un certain Rat, las des soins d'ici-bas,
Dans un fromage de Hollande
Se retira loin du tracas.

Thus did Monks who were cloister'd in laziness lurk,
 Till an Emperor's recent command,
 Decreed, that those subjects who never would work,
 Should not live on the fat of the land :

All the year if sad mortals in cloisters delight,
 Nor enjoy the sweet change of the seasons,
 They like darkness, undoubtedly, better than light ;
 But not without infamous reasons :

For in houses religious, we readily own,
 Are sinners sometimes to be found :
 Like cheeses, they're rotten within, 'tis well known,
 Though their roofs and their sides remain sound.

I thought

La solitude étoit profonde,
 S'entendant par tout à la ronde.
 Notre Hermite nouveau subsistoit là-dedans.

I thought we with safety might make a digression,
 And return to the Rat—he's at home:
 Who could think of relinquishing such a possession,
 Any longer intending to roam?

Contented we left him, contented we find him,
 In his Hermitage happily quiet;
 For, enlarging his cell both before and behind him,
 He wanted nor lodging nor diet:

His Reverence never neglecting his meat,
 And in safety forgetting the Cat,
 Without exercise living within his retreat,
 Soon became most enormously fat.

After

Il fit tant des piéds & des dents,
 Qu'en peu de jours il eût au fond de l'hermitage
 Le vivre & le couvert: Que faut-il davantage?
 Il devint gros & gras: Dieu prodigue ses biens
 A ceux qui font vœu d'être fiens.

After dinner one day was he taking his nap,
 As was always his custom to do ;
 When some strange running-footmen began with a rap,
 And then rattled——a-rat-a-tat-too.

His Grace almost asleep—just beginning to snore,
 Started up at the people's approach ;
 When a foreign Ambassador drove to the door,
 And politely slept out of his coach ;—

Ratopolis, Sir, is attack'd—from the Rats
 I'm deputed to tell you, my Liege,
 That the *Duke de Grimalkin*, with ten thousand Cats,
 On his march, will soon open the siege.

'Mongst

Un jour au dévot personnage,
 Des députés du peuple Rat
 S'en vinrent demander quelque aumône légère :
 Ils alloient en terre étrangère,
 Chercher quelque secours contre le peuple Chat :
 Ratopolis étoit bloquée ;

'Mongst his troops are few kittens, except some French
friskers,

With diamond buttons and loops in their hats ;

The rest are all grenadiers, with long terrible whiskers,

Well-disciplin'd—veteran Cats.

To be brief—the state begs that, without any quibble,

Your Holiness instantly send her

Some stores ; without which, having nothing to nibble,

The garrison soon must surrender :

Hanoverian succours of every kind

Are expected—as yet we've not got 'em ;

In every ship, besides cash, we shall find

A Battalion of Rats in its bottom :

But

On les avoit contraints de partir sans argent,

Attendu l'état indigent

De la République attaquée.

Ils

But at present, I say, without better finances,
 Expences cannot be defray'd ;
 And a loan which your Reverend Worship advances,
 Shall with interest soon be repaid.

My dear friends, reply'd the religious Recluse,
 Tell the state (yet it grieves me to tell 'em)
 From the world I retir'd can prove of no use,
 Though sorry for what has befel 'em,

That long since have I sworn not to leave my retreat :
 That an indigent Hermit declares,
 Though nought he can give, for the good of the state,
 Yet he'll ardently pour forth his prayers.

'Twas

Ils demandoient fort peu, certains que le secours
 Seroit prêt dans quatre ou cinque jours.
 Mes amis, dit le Solitaire,
 Les choses d'ici-bas ne me regardent plus :
 En quoi peut un pauvre Reclus
 Vous assister ? Que peut-il faire,
 Que de prier le Ciel qu'il vous aide en ceci ?

J'espère

'Twas all th' Ambaffador got, with his humble retinue,
 Their finking Republic to prop ;
 For, determin'd their talk should no longer continue,
 The Cheefemonger fhut up his fhop.

THE

J'efpère qu'il aura de vous quelque fouci.
 Ayant parlé de cette forte,
 Le nouveau Saint ferma fa porte.

La

THE PIGEON AND THE ANT.

A PIGEON observ'd, as she stoop'd at the brink,
 A poor Ant overwhelm'd in the stream ;
 Tho' thirsty, yet never a drop would she drink
 Till she'd plann'd her benevolent scheme :

Indulging her thirst—she'd have been but too late,
 So long had she struggled in vain,
 That it ne'er could have been the poor Labourer's fate,
 The rivulet's edge to regain.

Away

La Colombe & la Fourmi.

LE long d'un clair ruisseau bûvoit une Colombe :
 Quand sur l'eau se penchant une Fourmis y tombe.
 Et dans cet Océan l'on eût vû la Fourmis
 S'efforcer, mais en vain, de regagner la rive.

La

Away she flew—but return'd with a branch in her bill

(Again an emblem of life's restauration)

Which was instantly plac'd with such exquisite skill,

That it serv'd as a bridge of salvation ;

Whilst heaven-born *Pity* stood near as a guide,

(If lost left the state should bewail her)

'Twas a *Cape of Good Hope*, which with joy she descry'd,

Like * *Inglefield's* extatic sailor.

She with eagerness try'd, the first moment she landed,

To reach the republican nest ;

But *Pity's Sister* stood one of the group, and demanded,

In *Gratitude's* name, an arrest ;

Pointing

* See *Inglefield's Narrative*.

La Colombe, aussi-tôt usé de charité,

Un brin de herbe dans l'eau par elle étant jetté,

Ce fut un Promontoire où la Fourmis arrive.

Elle se sauve ; & là-dessus

Passe un certain Croquant, qui marchoit les piéds nuds ;

Pointing out to the reptile the Game-keeper's gun,
 Which he'd level'd, unerringly skill'd ;
 In a moment the murderous deed had been done,
 And Venus's favourite kill'd :

For already the Villain (supposing he'd got her)
 Within himself secretly boasted
 (Whilst licking his lips) that she shou'd, when he'd shot her,
 Soon be most deliciously roasted ;

And he tickled the trigger—yet willing to steal,
 If possible, nearer—the Sinner
 Started up—for the reptile was biting his heel—
 When away flew the Dove, and his dinner.

THE

Ce Croquant par hazard avoit un arbalète.
 Dès qu'il voit l'Oiseau de Venus,
 Il le croit en son pot, & déjà lui fait fête.
 Tandis qu'à le tuer mon Villageois s'apprête,
 La Fourmi le pique au talon.
 Le Vilain retourne la tête,
 La Colombe l'entend, part, & tire de la long.
 Le soupé du Croquant avec elle s'envole :
 Point de Pigeon pour une obole.

Les

THE ANIMALS SICK OF THE
PLAGUE.

TO punish every quadruped,
And favourite mortals spare,
Once Jupiter let loose ('tis said)
His angry dogs of war.

Fierce Sirius beam'd with violence,
His fiery rage increas'd,
And pestilential influence
Infected every beast;

Of

Les Animaux malades de la Peste.

UN mal qui répand la terreur
Mal que le Ciel, en sa fureur,
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre,
La Peste (puisqu'il faut l'appeller par son nom)

Capable

Of this the Dog below appriz'd,
 His three mouths open'd wide ;
 But Cerberus was tantaliz'd,
 For few there were that died :

Death not his darts—but threat'nings dealt ;
 To strike he still refrains ;
 Whilst every languid creature felt
 The poison in his veins :

Their lives no longer to sustain
 Were various schemes concerted ;
 Despairing they forfok the plains,
 And defarts were deserted :

Poor

Capable d'enrichir en un jour l'Acheron,
 Faisoit aux Animaux la guerre.
 Ils ne mouroient pas tous, mais tous étoit frappés.
 On n'en voyoit point d'occupés
 A chercher le soutien d'une mourante vie :
 Nul mets n'excitoit leur envie.

Ni

Poor Pufs (scarce wishing it) escapes
 Distemper'd Dogs let loose ;
 The feverish Fox still longs for grapes,
 But loaths the lingering Goose :

Each other to relinquish forc'd,
 In melancholy tone,
 Poor amorous Turtles, self-divorc'd,
 Reciprocally mourn.

A council now the Lion calls :
 Weak limbs but ill support
 Each Senator, who feebly crawls,
 Though scarce alive, to court.

To

Ni Loups, ni Renards, n'épioient
 La douce & l'innocente proie.
 Les Tourterelles se fuyoient :
 Plus d'amour, partant plus de joie.

To whom, when met, the Royal Sage—

We murderers here on earth

Our angry Gods must try t'affluage,

And deprecate their wrath :

All Heaven a willing ear may lend,

(Our prayer if Pity sings)

“ Some reconciling Saint to fend,

“ With healing in his wings.”

With truth th' historic page is fraught :

From thence, by virtuous Fate,

Of self-devoted victims taught,

We'll save the sinking state.

Though

Le Lion tint conseil, & dit—Mes chers amis,

Je croi que le Ciel a permis

Pour nos péchés cette infortune :

Que le plus coupable de nous

Se sacrifie aux traits du céleste courroux :

Peut-être il obtiendra la guérison commune.

L'histoire nous apprend qu'en de tels accidens

On fait de pareils dévoûmens.

Though frequently, to hide our faults,
 Self-flattery draws the veil ;
 If consciences at crimes revolt,
 Confessions must prevail.

In what have Sheep offended ?
 Yet I, voracious glutton !
 My greedy guts distended,
 When I could dine on mutton :

But yet, what's worse to tell, at last,
 By appetite untoward
 Induc'd to vary the repast,
 The Shepherd I've devour'd :

If

Ne nous flattons donc point, voyons sans indulgence
 L'état de notre conscience.

Pour moi, satisfaisant mes appétits gloutons,
 J'ai dévoré force Moutons.

Que m'avoient-ils fait ? Nulle offense :
 Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger le Berger.

If guilty most, I'll not refuse
 Most willingly to die ;
 But first, let every one accuse
 Himself, as well as I.

The Fox, though dying, still a Knave,
 Says—What a happy thing
 It is, when loyal subjects have
 An equitable King !

Though now and then you've kill'd a Sheep,
 And then have din'd upon her ;
 Poor simpletons ! no longer weep,
 You did 'em too much honour :

For

Je me dévouïrai donc, s'il le faut : mais je pense
 Qu'il est bon que chacun s'accuse ainsi que moi,
 Car ont doit souhaïter, selon tout justice,
 Que le plus coupable pérïsse.
 Sire, dit le Renard, vous êtes trop bon Roi ;
 Vos scrupules font voir trop de délicatesse ;
 Et bien, manger moutons, canaille, sottè espece !
 Est-ce un pêché ? Non, non ; vous leur fîtes, Seigneur,
 En les croquant beaucoup d'honneur.

Et

For trifling crimes no King atones ;
 The Sheep should be forgotten,
 They possibly were Aged Crones,
 And probably were rotten.

'Twas right to take the Shepherd's life,
 More cruel than his Dog ;
 For every month the Monster's knife
 Cuts up the Bacon Hog.

To please the Monarch every word
 And syllable conspir'd ;
 The Flatterer's speech the wicked herd
 Of murderers admir'd.

Each

Et quant au Berger, l'on peut dire
 Qu'il étoit digne de tous maux ;
 Etant de ces gens-là qui, sur les Animaux,
 Se font un chimérique empire.
 Ainsi, dit le Renard, & flatteurs d'applaudir.
 On n'osa trop approfondir
 Du Tigre, ni de l'Ours, ni des autres Puissances
 Les moins pardonnables offenses.

Each t'other to confession mov'd,
 Great crimes were small complaints ;
 Self-advocates, themselves they prov'd
A calendar of Saints.

When all the vile carnivorous clan,
 Bears, Wolves, and Dogs, had done ;
 The long-ear'd Animal began,
 And thus address'd the throne :

Since other beasts do theirs confess,
 My crimes I cannot hide ;
 But if they greater are, or less,
 Let Equity decide.

Once,

Tous les gens querelleurs, jusqu'aux simples Mâtins,
 Au dire de chacun, étoient de petits Saints.
 L'Ane vint à son tour, & dit : J'ai souvenance
 Qu'en un pré de Moines passant,

Once, almost fainting with a load
 I'd carried many a mile,
 Me, meeting in the dusty road,
 Some Devil did beguile :

The green-rob'd meadow's waving pride
 The pamper'd Horse may pass ;
 But, hungry Wretch ! I step'd aside,
 And stole a little grass ;

I'd scarcely got a mouthful, when
 The Gardener's Boy, my Master,
 Soon turn'd me tow'rds the road again,
 And made me travel faster :

At

La faim, l'occasion, l'herbe tendre, & je pense,
 Quelque Diable aussi me poussant,
 Je tondis de ce pré la largeur de ma langue.

At market he was measuring out
 On one side pease and beans ;
 On t'other side I turn'd my snout,
 And stole a bunch of greens.

A right to steal I'll not dispute,
 An apple yet I've stole ;
 At other times not fond of fruit,
 'Twas when I've been with foal.

Poor honest Dapple ! when she'd made
 This innocent confession ;
 The wicked Wolf began t'upbraid
 The triplicate transgression.

Attorney-

Je n'en avois nul droit, puisqu'il faut parler net.
 A ces mots on cria haro sur le Baudet.

Attorney-general to the Gang,

He partially declaims ;

And with an infamous harangue,

The multitude inflames :

Examples, e'en celestial, prove

Our bloody deeds are right ;

The fanguinary Gods above

In sacrifice delight :

But hateful to the Deities

Are daily crimes like these ;

For, though not great enormities,

Continually they displease.

The

Un Loup, quelque peu Clerc, prouva par sa harangue,

Qu'il falloit devouer ce maudit animal,

Ce pelé, ce galeux, d'où venoit tout le mal.

The nature of the Culprit's crime
Judiciouslyurvey;
Of grafs one mouthful makes, in time,
At leaft a trufs of hay :

This Afs devour'd, perhaps, a load,
Defroy'd it in the bud ;
But if the thief had kept the road,
The Farmer's grafs had flood :

His hopes of harveft to defroy
'Twas wicked and unjuft ;
But, when ſhe robb'd the Gard'ner's Boy,
'Twas then a breach of truſt.

The Gard'ner's clamorous Wife, no doubt,
The careless Boy would thrash,
When, sniveling, he return'd without
His complement of cash:

What's worse — whilst various thefts pervert —
Her appetite, the Brute,
As if aham'd of a desert,
Pretends to long for fruit.

I wonder that the snout dar'd tell,
With neatness it could whip in,
Perhaps the noble Nompareil,
Perhaps the Golden Pippin.

Successfully

Successfully the Wolf harangu'd :
Poor self-indicted Dapple
Was try'd—condemn'd at last—and hang'd,
Because she stole an apple.

THE

Sa peccadille fut jugée un cas pendable.
Manger l'herbe d'autrui ! Quel crime abominable !
Rien que la mort n'étoit capable
D'expier son forfait : on le lui fit bien voir.

La

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

THOUGH lamented the marry'd man dies,
 Whilst to grieve the poor Wife perseveres ;
 On the wings of old Time Sorrow flies,
 And his course turns the tide of her tears :

The Wife who's been widow'd a day,
 Has already shed many a tear :
 Of her sorrows but what shall we say,
 Whose Husband departed last year ?

With

La Jeune Veuve.

LA perte d'un Epoux ne va point sans soupirs.
 On fait beaucoup de bruit, & puis on se console.
 Sur les aîles du Temps la Tristesse s'envole,
 Le Temps ramène les plaisirs.
 Entre la Veuve d'une année,
 Et la Veuve d'une journée,

La

With the fits of the first are tormented
 Those friends who dare visit poor Madam ;
 Of which t'other long since has repented,
 And indeed is astonish'd she had 'em.

Try not with the first to prevail ;
 But let her alone—'tis as well
 To discredit her sorrowful tale,
 And attend to the story I'll tell.—

A Husband who once had a beautiful Wife
 Was, to see t'other world, setting out ;
 But as 'twas on a sudden he quitted this life,
 He sent home for his wife——from a Route ;

Who,

La différence est grande. On ne croiroit jamais
 Que ce fût la même personne.

L'un fait fuir les gens, & l'autre à mille traits :
 Aux soupirs vrais ou faux celle-là s'abandonne :
 C'est toujours même note, & pareil entretien :

On dit, qu'on est inconsolable :

On le dit, mais il n'en est rien,

Comme on verra par cette Fable,

Ou plutôt par la vérité.

L'Epoux d'un jeune Beauté

Partoit pour l'autre monde. A ses côtés sa Femme

Who, though she was winning a *Sans-prendre Vole*,
The *Miraculous Draught* disregards ;
The poor sorrowful creature no gains could console,
She distractedly threw down the cards :

At home, in a moment, she flew to the bed,
Nor regarded her friends who stood by ;
After wringing her hands, she got hold of his head,
Declaring——You never shall die ;

If you do, I shall follow th' example of those
Who seldom their Husbands survive ;
But, as soon as he's dead, will let none interpose,
If they choose to be roasted alive.

She

Lui crioit : Attens-moi, je te suis ; & mon ame,

Aussi-bien

She fear'd not (she protested) Death's terrible dart,
 When — the good man went off in a groan ;
 And though quite ready, the moment before, to depart,
 She thought he might as well travel alone.

Her father prudently meant not at first to reproach her,
 Discommending immoderate grief ;
 Yet, cautiously kind, when the storm was blown over,
 Prescrib'd consolation's relief.

'Tis too much, said the tender Old Man, my Dear Daughter ;
 The Dead Man can no benefit reap,
 Though, lamenting him still, you shed rivers of water
 From those eyes which incessantly weep :

You're

Aussi-bien que la tienne, est prête à s'envoler,

Le Mari fait seul le voyage.

La Belle avoit un père, homme prudent & sage :

Il laissa le torrent couler.

A la fin, pour la consoler,

Ma fille, lui dit-il, c'est trop verser de larmes :

Qu'à besoin le défunt que vous noyiez vos charms ?

Puisqu'il

You're a victim devoted, whom Envy beguiles,
 Left your brightness once more should appear;
 To prevent it you've cruelly delug'd your smiles,
 And ev'ry dimple fill'd up with a tear:

Too soon that some Widows, I cannot but own,
 Their tears most indecently smother;
 And in haste, having bury'd one Husband to-day,
 To-morrow run after another:

Yet in time, if I should, my dear Daughter, propose—
 He was gently proceeding to tell her
 That the Youth whom he'd anxiously thought of, and chose,
 Was an elegant handsome young fellow;

But

Puisqu'il est des vivans, ne songez plus aux morts.

Je ne dis pas que tout-à-l'heure

Une condition meilleure,

Change en des nôces ces transports :

Mais après certain temps, souffrez qu'on vous propose

Un Epoux beau, bien fait, jeune, & tout autre chose

But a greater storm the poor Father could not have presag'd,
 Had he tender'd an old barrel'd oyfter :
 With indignation she turn'd up her nose, and enrag'd,
 Swore she'd finish her days in a cloister.

The Father, made cautious, desisted a while,
 Having suffer'd a month to elapse ;
 When Madam, thinking to dress in a different style,
 Now began to look over her caps :

Ev'ry day produc'd some alteration in dress,
 Which at present the Dame could adorn :
 Yet, as decency's rules she disdain'd to transgress,
 Only black-and-white flounces were worn.

As

Que le défunt. Ah ! dit-elle aussi-tôt,
 Un Cloître est l'Epoux qu'il me faut.
 Le Pere lui laissa digérer sa disgrâce.
 Un mois de la sorte se passe.
 L'autre mois, on l'emploie à changer tous les jours
 Quelque chose à l'habit, au linge, à la coëffure :

Le

As engravings, depriv'd of th' original's tint,
Are often approv'd of as such ;
So she was esteem'd like an excellent print,
And by judges admir'd as much :

But at last, when full blown, in her colours appear'd
The bright morning-star of Dame Nature,
All judges, without hesitation, averr'd
Titian dress'd out the beautiful creature.

That her conquests again should extend far and wide,
She was always in battle array ;
And look'd (all her sorrowful weeds laid aside)
Like a Butterfly born on May-day.

In

Le deuil enfin sert de parure,
En attendant d'autres atours.

In abundance new Lovers submitted to fate,
 Besides old ones, and five or six Cousins;
 With fifty tongues I their numbers could never relate,
 For the poor souls died by dozens and dozens.

Her house with sad victims was constantly fill'd,
 Who certain destruction were wooing:
 So sometimes in a dove-house are poor Pigeons kill'd,
 Where a Cat puts an end to their cooing.

Poor creatures! and can we their conduct upbraid,
 Who died, 'cause they thought there was wit in
 Their Cat, which resembled a Venus, and play'd
 Foolish tricks, like a frolicksome kitten?

But

Toute la bande des Amours
 Revient au Colombier : les jeux, les ris, la danse,
 Ont aussi leur tour à la fin.

On

But to finish my fable—From morning till night

Dear pleasure bewitches her throng :

When numbers have led down the dance with delight,

Simple melody warbles her song ;

Then long-winded Fischer withholds the soft note,

Which dies away—then returns like a breeze ;

And, as soon as he's done, all the company vote

To finish with catches and glees.

That the Husband she formerly had was forgot,

Now the Father was secretly certain ;

And though the marriage-bed was most undoubtedly not—

He would not mention so much as its curtain ;

But

On se plonge, soir & matin,

Dans la fontaine de Jouyence.

Le Pere ne craint plus ce défunt tant chéri :

Mais comme il ne parloit de rien à notre Belle ;

But was dumb for a month—till his dear Daughter Anne,
Not wishing much longer to tarry,
Said—Which, Sir, of my Beaux is the beautiful Man;
The Man whom you'd wish me to marry?

THE

Où donc est le jeune Mari
Que vous m'avez promis? dit-elle.

THE YOUNG COCK, THE CAT, AND
THE LITTLE MOUSE.

A POOR little Mouse,
Which was bred in the house,
Stole abroad, and set off on his travels;
Without prudence or thought,
But was near being caught,
As the tale he related unravels :

Trotting

Le Cochét, le Chat, & le Souriceau.

UN Souriceau tout jeune, & qui n'avoit rien vû,
Fut presque pris au dépourvû.

Voici comme il conta l'aventure à sa Mère,

Trotting on, says the Brat,
 As bold as a Rat,
 Who rambles abroad at his pleasure,
 I met with two Creatures,
 Whose different features
 Surpriz'd me, Mama, beyond measure :

To be cringingly kind
 The one was inclin'd,
 With a countenance mild and demure ;
 But so turbulent, Mother,
 And noisy was t'other,
 His behaviour I could not endure :

If

J'avois franchi les Monts qui bornent cet Etat ;
 Et trottois, comme un jeune Rat
 Qui cherche à se donner carrière,
 Lorsque deux Animaux m'ont arrêté les yeux :
 L'un doux, benin, & gracieux,
 Et l'autre turbulent, & plein d'inquiétude.

If I do not mistake,
 A bit of beef-steak
 Mr. Impudence had on his head;
 As if intended for sale
 And, hung out at his tail
 A bunch of fine feathers were spread.

But how did I stare,
 When with arms in the air,
 He lifted himself from the ground;
 Setting up such a roar,
 As I think heretofore
 Never made frighten'd Echo resound!

Then

Il a la voix perçante & rude ;
 Sur la tête un morceau de chair,
 Une sorte de bras dont il s'éleve en l'air,
 Comme pour prendre sa volée,
 La queue en panache étalée.
 Or c'étoit un Cochet dont notre Souriceau
 Fit à sa Mère le tableau,
 Comme d'un Animal venu de l'Amérique.
 Il se battoit, dit-il, les flancs avec ses bras,
 Faisant tel bruit, & tel fracas.

Que

Then beating his fides,
 And advancing—he strides,
 With intention, no doubt, to assail ;
 But I scamper'd away,
 And avoided the fray,
 Very prudently turning my tail :

Without a retreat,
 But a mouthful of meat
 The magnanimous Monster had gain'd ;
 You'd have certainly got
 Dame Niobe's lot,
 Nor my terrible losfs have sustain'd.

With

Que moi, qui grace aux Dieux, de courage me pique,
 En ai pris le fuite de peur,
 Le maudissant de très-bon cœur.

With regret I declare,
 If there had not been there
 This impertinent, riotous Devil,
 An acquaintance I'd made
 With t'other beautiful jade,
 So apparently modest and civil ;

Whose glittering eyes
 And playful tail would surprife
 Those who know not the velveted creature ;
 With what pleasure they'd doat
 On her tortoise-shell coat,
 Most enchantingly spotted by Nature !

Though

Sans lui j'aurois fait connoissance
 Avec cet animal qui m'a semble si doux.
 Il est velouté comme nous,
 Marqueté, longue queue, un humble contenance,
 Un modeste regard, & pourtant l'œil luisant.

Je

Though bigger by far
 Than my Great-grand-mama,
 Yet 'tis easily seen by her ears
 That this delicate Venus
 Resembles our genus,
 By their parallel shape it appears.

Though ev'ry Mouse knows
 The Cock's voice when he crows,
 'Tis a measure I'd always advise,
 Says the Mother, to run;
 And 'twas very well done,
 You was still, Sir, more lucky than wife.

T'other

Je le crois fort sympatissant
 Avec Messieurs les Rats : car il a des oreilles
 En figure aux notes pareilles.
 J'allois aborder, quand, d'un son plein d'éclat,
 L'autre m'a fait prendre la fuite.

Mon

T'other creature so fat
 Was no less than the Cat;
 Who, instead of beef, mutton, and veal,
 Is so cruelly nice,
 That she lives upon Mice,
 Snapping up five or six at a meal :

But soon the poor Cock
 Will be brought to the block,
 Where his innocent blood will be shed ;
 Whilst in vain he'll upbraid
 The bold hard-hearted Maid,
 Whose dexterity chops off his head :

Then

Mon Fils, dit la Souris, ce doucet est un Chat,
 Qui, sous son minois hypocrite,
 Contre toute ta parenté
 D'un malin vouloir est porté.

L'autre

Then with bacon and greens
 He'll be boil'd, or French beans ;
 And what's nearer the bone will be left,
 As a sweeter repast
 For my Children at last,
 Who'll deliciously sup on the theft.

From the countenance judge not ;
 Near hypocrites trudge not ;
 They're all smooth-fac'd, sly, simpering finners.—
 Hadn't you better be picking
 The bones of a Chicken,
 Than snapp'd up by the Cat—for her dinner ?

THE

L'autre Animal, tout au contraire,
 Bien éloigné de nous mal faire,
 Servira quelque jour peut-être à nos repas.
 Quant au Chat, c'est sur nous qu'il fonde sa cuisine.
 Garde-toi, tant que tu vivras,
 De juger les gens sur la mine.

T H E H E R N.

A Long-legged Hern, in a bright summer's day,
 When the stream was enchantingly clear,
 Stalk'd along, 's if intending the banks to survey,
 Like a Bridgewater's chief Engineer.

With deliberate step, and a quick-fighted eye,
 She could easily number the Fish ;
 And (one after another the tribes passing by)
 Might have pick'd out an excellent dish.

For

Le Héron.

U N jour, sur ses longs piéds alloit je ne sçais où,
 Le Héron au long bec emmanché d'un long cou.
 Il côtoyoit une rivière.

L'onde étant transparente, ainsi qu'aux plus beaux jours :

Ma

For whilst fly-catching Trouts the smooth surface approach,
 No longer conceal'd in the deep,
 The Carp, with careless security, follows the Roach,
 Not regarding the Pike fast asleep.

Th' hypocritical Lady pretended to fast,
 Her appetite first was so quiet ;
 And, notwithstanding she came to her stomach at last,
 Dainty Madam found fault with the diet ;

Like Horace's whimsical Rat — who, forsooth,
 Could not sup on a piece of cold mutton,
 With varieties cloy'd ; whilst his dainty proud tooth
 Would scarcely nibble a gingerbread button.

I came

Ma commère la Carpe y faisoit mille tours
 Avec le Brochet son compère.
 L'Héron en eût fait aisément son profit :
 Tous approchoient du bord, l'Oiseau n'avoit qu'à prendre :
 Mais il crut mieux faire d'attendre
 Qu'il eût un peu plus d'appétit.

Il vivoit de régime ; & mangeoit à ses heures.
 Après quelques momens l'appétit vint : l'Oiseau
 S'approchant du bord, vit sur l'eau
 Des Tanches qui sortoient du fond de ces demeures.
 Le mets ne lui plut pas, il s'attendoit à mieux ;
 Et montrait un goût dédaigneux,
 Comme le Rat du bon Horace.

Moi

I came not such paltry provisions to seek ;

Carp and Tench were not made for my gullet :

I'm determin'd I never will open my beak,

For any thing less than a Mullet.

But no delicate Mullet, alas ! gliding by,

(Since at last was her appetite sharp)

Refusing Gudgeons, and other diminutive fry,

She condescended to long for a Carp :

'Twas too late in the day. Not a fish could she see,

For the stars were beginning to twinkle ;

And, lest she should go to bed supperless, she

Gladly gulp'd down a poor Periwinkle.

From

Moi des Tanches ! dit-il, moi Heron que je fasse

Un si pauvre chère ? et pour qui me prend-on ?

La Tanche, rebutée, il trouva du Goujon.

Du Goujon ! c'est bien là le dîner d'un Heron !

J'ouvrirois pour si peu le bec ! Aux Dieux ne plaise.

Il l'ouvrit pour bien moins : tout alla de façon

Qu'il ne vit plus aucun poisson.

La faim le prit : il fut tout heureux, et tout aise

De rencontrer un Limaçon.

From hence let Prudes a lesson learn,
 Nor take th' advice in dudgeon,
 Left, like the disappointed Hern,
 They cannot get a Gudgeon.

* *In men's affairs there is a tide,
 Which, taken at the flood,
 Acts like a kind conducting guide,
 To lead them on to good :*

*But, if omitted once, 'tis found,
 The voyage of their life
 Thenceforward is in shallows bound,
 And miseries and strife.*

The

* Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

Ne soyons pas si difficiles :
 Les plus accommodans, ce sont les plus habiles.
 On hazard de perdre en voulant trop gagner.
 Gardez-vous de rien dédaigner,
 Sur tout, quand vous avez à peu près votre compte.

Bien

The Damsel who long time delays
 Her choice, will be mistaken ;
 Too difficult, at last she stays,
 To lose the flitch of bacon.

T H E

Bien des gens y sont pris : ce n'est pas aux Herons
 Que je parle : écoutez, Humains, un autre conte.
 Vous verrez que chez vous j'ai puiffé ces leçons,

THE CAPRICIOUS LADY.

QUITE certain formerly, forsooth,
 The proud capricious Kitty
 Pretended she could gain a Youth,
 Young, beautiful, and witty :
 Agreeable, not frivolous,
 Like some fantastick fellows ;
 But all alive and amorous,
 And yet by no means jealous.

At

La Fille.

CERTAINNE Fille, un peu trop fière,
 Prétendoit trouver un Mari
 Jeune, bien fait, et beau, d'agréable manière,
 Point froid, et point jaloux : notez ces deux points-ci.

Cette

At first, attentive to the Maid,
 Dame Destiny was kind ;
And numbers sent, in whom, 'twas said,
 All virtues were combin'd.

Though Fortune did such blessings bring,
 She made the Men retreat ;
With folly not confidering
 Mind, body, nor estate.

First came some gilded Noblemen
 She soon made them retire ;
And then the golden Citizen,
 And then the Country 'Squire ;

The

Cette Fille vouloit aussi
 Qu'il eût du bien, de la naissance,
De l'esprit, enfin tout : mais qui peut tout avoir ?
Le Destin se montra soigneux de la pouvoir :
 Il vint des partis d'importance.
La Belle les trouva trop chétifs de moitié.

The Noble Puppies had no purse ;
 Cits had indeed resources,
 But nothing else ; whilst Hunters curse,
 And talk of dogs and horses.

Besides, if you'll observe their looks,
 You'll *plainly* see, the Graces,
 Dame Nature's maids and pastry-cooks,
 Forgot to form their faces :

Undoubtedly my friends are mad,
 Such monsters to propose ;
 One squints, one grins, and one, egad !
 Has got but half a nose ;

For,

Quoi moi ? Quoi ces gens-là ? L'on radote, je pense,
 A moi les proposer ? Hélas ! ils font pitié.

Voyez un peu la belle espèce !
 L'un n'avoit en l'esprit nulle délicatesse,
 L'autre avoit le nez fait de cette façon-là :

C'étoit

For, wantonly to shew their skill,
 The giggling Girls had put on,
 For one man's chin—a woodcock's bill,
 And for his nose—a button.

These, by the Damsel once dismiss'd,
 Returning not again;
 She found but in her second list,
 A moderate set of men :

And, mad with disappointment, swore
 Such folks should ne'er gain entry,
 For ever she would shut the door
 'Gainst such indifferent gentry.

With

C'étoit ceci, c'étoit cela,
 C'étoit tout, car les précieuses
 Font dessus tout les dédaigneuses.
 Après les bons partis, les médiocres gens
 Vinrent se mettre sur les rangs.
 Elle de se moquer : Ah, vraiment, je suis bonne
 De leur ouvrir la porte : ils pensent que je suis

With impudence themselves t'obtrude,
 What can such wretches mean?
 My nights, though spent in solitude,
 Are spent without chagrin.

Disdainfully Coquettes proceed,
 Pretending they're content;
 By Destiny 'tis still decreed,
 In time they shall repent.

Disquieted at last, too late,
 Whilst years succeed each other;
 Alas! poor discontented Kate
 In time lost every Lover.

And

Fort en peine de ma personne.
 Grace à Dieu, je passe les nuits
 Sans chagrin, quoiqu'en solitude.
 La Belle se fut gré de tous ces sentimens.
 L'âge la fit déchoir : adieu tous les Amans.

Un

And whilst her favourite locks grew grey,
 And nose put forth the pimple,
 She found that every New-year's day
 Depriv'd her of a dimple.

Each feature chang'd the Nymph alarms,
 She tries to re-instate 'em ;
 Procuring, to repair her charms,
 Paint, powder, and pomatum :

And more substantial things she tries,
 Plump-cushions and cork-rumps ;
 Whilst with dexterity she ties
 New teeth to rotten stumps.

A ruin'd

Un an se passe, & deux, avec inquiétude.
 Le chagrin vient ensuivre : elle sent chaque jour
 Déloger quelques Ris, quelques Jeux, puis l'Amour :
 Puis ses traits choquer & déplaire :
 Puis cents fortes de fards. Ses soins ne parent faire
 Qu'elle échappât au Temps, cet insigne larron.

Les

A ruin'd house we soon repair
 By sending for a Mason ;
 But to the face, which once was fair,
 When Kitty puts a case on,

Old father Time abhors the trade ;
 Her pains she might have spar'd :
 What was created was not made,
 And cannot be repair'd :

A moral truth — which to pronounce,
 And kindly recommend,
 The Mirror tries — her favourite once,
 And still her faithful friend.

DIALOGUE.

Les ruines d'une maison
 Se peuvent réparer : que n'est cet avantage
 Pour les ruines du visage !
 Sa préciosité changea lors de langage.
 Son Miroir lui disoit : Prenez vite un Mari :

DIALOGUE.

Looking-Glass. You once knew many worthy men—

Coquette. And then I might have had 'em.

I now must marry what I can ;

Looking-Glass. That's what you must, good Madam.

You see you can no longer pass

But for an aged crone ;

Coquette. To resignation forc'd at last,

I, Catharine, change my tone.

And so she did indeed, poor Kate

Now quite subdu'd, and civil,

Was marry'd, and, because 'twas late,

Contented with—a Devil.

THE

Je ne sçais quel désir le lui disoit aussi :

Le Désir peut loger chez une précieuse :

Celle-ci fit un choix qu'on n'auroit jamais crû,

Se trouvant à la fin tout aise & tout heureuse

De rencontrer un Malôtru.

Le

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

AN old Ewe once had twins, and th'affectionate Mother
 At a distance was suckling the Daughter,
 Whilst her other unlucky, but favourite Lamb,
 Was quenching his thirst in the water.

The Wolf, a lean, infamous, hungry finner,
 Coming up, and approaching the brink,
 Without doubt intended the Lamb for his dinner,
 Yet only pretended to drink.

At

Le Loup & l'Agneau.

UN Agneau se désaltéroit
 Dans le courant d'une onde pure ;
 Un Loup survient à jeun, qui cherchoit aventure,
 Et que la faim en ces lieux attiroit.

Qui

At first he roar'd out, in a violent rage,
 (In excuse for his murderous scheme)

Declaring no creatures their thirst could assuage,
 Whilst he wantonly troubled the stream.

Be not angry, Sir, I mean no disrespect;
 Yet cannot help wishing, that Kings,
 As well as their Subjects, would sometimes reflect,
 And examine the nature of things.

The rivulet's clear gliding current runs South,
 And I cannot in any degree
 Disturb the stream; which must meet with your Ma-
 jesty's mouth
 Long before it can ever reach me.

You

Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage ?

Dit cet Animal, plein de rage.

Tu feras châtié de la témérité.

Sire, répond l'Agneau, que vôtre Majesté

Ne se mette pas en colere,

Mais plutôt qu'elle confidere

Que je me vas défaltérant

Dans le courant,

Plus de vingt pas au-dessous d'elle ;

Et

You little impudent scoundrel—such logical reason
 Unpunish'd, no Sovereign hears ;
 To remonstrate with Majesty thus—'tis high treason,
 And I'll strip your skin over your ears :

 Last summer, besides, bleating one at another,
 Your scandalous vile tittle-tattle
 Was all about me ; though, good Madam, your mother
 Pretended 'twas innocent prattle :

 I was loaded with curses, my cousin averr'd,
 Who, by *chance*, was not far from the fold ;
 And by whom, all your vile conversation was heard,
 And ev'ry syllable faithfully told.

With

Et que, par consequent, en aucune façon,
 Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.
 Tu la troubles, reprit cette Bête cruelle ;
 Et je sçai que de moi tu médis l'an passé.
 Comment l'aurois-je fait si je n'étois pas né ?
 Reprit l'Agneau, je tâte encore de ma mère.

With reproach, Sir, to mention your name, I should
scorn ;

Me your Majesty takes for another ;

Since I've made it appear 'twas before I was born,

Why then, Mr. Pert, 'twas your brother.

I've no brother ; your Majesty certainly dreams ;

Then 'twas some of your infamous clan ;

Dogs and Shepherds were planning their infamous
schemes,

The poor innocent Wolf to trepan.

What beast could this tyrant in villainy match ?

A Dogmatical impudent sinner !

Who, creating himself Jury, Judge, and Jack Ketch,

Executed the Lamb for his dinner.

THE

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

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

Car vous ne m'epargnez guere,

Vous, vos Bergers, et vos Chiens.

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

Là-dessus, au fond des forêts,

Le Loup l'emporte, et puis le mange,

Sans autre forme de procès.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

TO makeup their quarrels, which long had subsisted,
 An Owl and an Eagle agreed :
 That each other their children should spare, 'twas insisted,
 And without altercation decreed.

Whilst the new royal Friends were embracing each other,
 And their Subjects were singing Te Deum,
 My children, says Madge (an affectionate mother)
 Does your Majesty know when you see 'em ?

No

L'Aigle et le Hibou.

L'AIGLE et le Chat-huant leurs querelles cessèrent ;
 Et firent tant qu'ils s'embrassèrent.
 L'un jura foi de Roi, l'autre foi de Hibou,
 Qu'ils ne se goboient leurs petits peu ni prou.
 Connoissez-vous les miens ? dit l'Oiseau de Minerve.

No indeed, says the Monarch ;—in sorrowful tone

The fond mother expresses her fears,

Then whenever you find them, 'tis fifty to one

But their skins are strip'd over their ears :

Gods and Kings, when incontinent, forfeit their word

For their appetite's sake ; and inveigle

Their credulous subjects, says Pallas's bird,

But I'll trust neither Jove nor his Eagle.

Says the Monarch, be patient, I've not often blasted

Your family's hopes, my dear Madam :

The flesh of your Children I scarce ever tasted ;

At our table we seldom have had 'em.

But

Non, dit l'Aigle. Tant pis, reprit le triste Oiseau,

Je crains, en ce cas, pour leur peau.

C'est hazard, si je les conserve.

Comme vous êtes Roi, vous ne confiderez

Qui ni quoi : Rois et Dieux mettent, quoiqu'on leur die,

Tout en même Catégorie.

Adieu mes nourrissons, si vous les rencontrez.

G

Peignez.

But to me, for the future, whilst searching for food,

Should chance accidentally shew 'em ;

Since I've sworn to destroy not the delicate brood ;

Pray describe them, and then I shall know 'em ;

And shall treat most respectfully, Madam, your race,

When I meet with your Highness's nest ;

With absolute caution avoiding the place

Where the dear little *Ganymedes* rest :

With professional friendship and flattery smooth'd,

His Majesty's speech was believ'd :

When fond Mothers, alas ! are by vanity sooth'd,

Then are Pallas's Daughters deceiv'd.

To

Peignez-les moi, dit l'Aigle, ou bien me les montrez ;

Je n'y toucherai de ma vie.

Le

To describe her dear Children the Mother begins—

I without partiality swear,

When my Darlings are hatch'd (for I always have twins)

You'll not find a more Beautiful Pair.

From their shape (by Dame Nature so well are they made)

You may trace out *the Beautiful Line*,

Which might *Bunbury's* accurate pencil persuade

To copy the partial design :

But outlines are enough, your sagacity now,

Sir, will easily guess at the rest,

And my young ones from others undoubtedly know,

When your Majesty meets with my nest.

Having

Le Hibou repartit : Mes petits son mignons,

Beaux, bien faits, & jolis, sur tous leurs compagnons :

Vous les reconnoîtrez sans peine à cette marque.

N'allez pas l'oublier : retenez-la si bien

Que chez moi la maudite Parque

N'entre point par votre moyen.

Having modestly waited till twilight, she trudges,
 Any longer impatient to tarry ;
 And, meeting with *one of his Majesty's Judges*,
 Persuaded his Lordship to marry :

(No quibbling delays could the nuptials impede,
 As the Bridegroom belong'd to the law ;
 The Priest pray'd that the new-married couple might breed,
 And the Lady was soon in the straw :

Little Judges were hatch'd—but before they were flown,
 What by chance should Jove's minister see,
 But two tender young Devils, all cover'd with down,
 Peeping out of an old hollow tree ?

'Mongst

Il avint qu'au Hibou Dieu donna géniture.
 De façon qu'un beau soir qu'il étoit en pâture,
 Notre Aigle aperçut d'avanture,
 Dans les coins d'une roche dure,
 Où dans les trous d'une mazure,
 (Je ne sçai pas lequel des deux)
 De petits Monstres fort hideux,

Rechignés,

'Mongst five hundred and fifty ridiculous fights,
 You never could see such another ;
 Of countenance woeful, diminutive Knights,
 They both seem'd afraid of each other ;

One was grinning, and rolling his black marble eyes,
 T'other snapping his petulant bill ;
 Though prodigious at first was the Monarch's surprize,
 He determin'd his belly to fill.

These are nothing like Owls—I may safely proceed,
 And the shrill shrieking Devils shall seize :
 By the Mother's description, Madge never could breed
 Such horrible monsters as these.

She

Reçhignés, un air triste, une voix de Mégère,
 Ces enfans ne sont pas, dit l'Aigle, à notre ami :
 Croquons-les. Le galand n'en fit pas a demi.
 Ses repas ne sont point repas à la légère.

She was absent, in search of provisions to roam,
 And returning from market with meat ;
 Instead of her dear little Darlings at home,
 She nothing could find but their feet.

The Mouse, whilst poor Madge was like Niobe shrieking,
 Vain provision ! jump'd out of her jaws ;
 And the glad little Chicken escap'd, which was squeaking,
 No longer retentive her claws.

She call'd upon Pallas, and Jupiter too,
 To punish the murderous finner ;
 But what could the Gods or the Goddeses do,
 When their Eagle had had his dinner.

That

L'Hibou, de retour, ne trouve que les piéds
 De ses chers nourissons, hélas ! pour toute chose.
 Il se plaint ; & les Dieux son par lui suppliés
 De punir le brigand qui de son deuil est cause,
 Quelqu'un lui dit alors : n'en accuse que toi,
 Ou plutôt la commune loi,

Qui

That the Mother's imprudence and vanity flew
 Both her Children, at last 'twas insisted;
 For partially guiding the pencil, she drew
 The resemblance which never existed.

THE

Qui veut qu'on trouve son semblable
 Beau, bien fait, & sur tous aimable.
 Tu fis de tes enfans à l'Aigle ce portrait :
 En avoient-ils le moindre trait?

THE LION, THE WOLF, AND THE FOX.

AN old Lion, with age
 More decrepid, than sage,
 Was determin'd to grow young again ;
 To tell obstinate Kings
 Of impossible things,
 Without doubt is to labour in vain.

That

Le Lion, le Loup, & le Renard.

UN Lion décrépité, gouteux, n'en pouvant plus
 Vouloit que l'on trouvât remède à la vieillesse ;
 Alleguer l'impossible aux Rois, c'est un abus.

Celui-

That all might attend
 Their assistance to lend,
 He sent for the Medical Pack :
 And said, some should prescribe
 Out of every tribe,
 The Physician as well as the Quack :

From various parts,
 Skill'd in physical arts,
 What coxcomical numbers appear ?
 Cats, Monkeys, and Pigs,
 Dress'd in full-bottom'd wigs,
 But, alas ! Dr. Fox was not there.

The

Celui-ci, parmi chaque espèce,
 Manda des Médecins : il en est de tous arts :
 Médecins au Lion viennent de toutes parts :
 De tous côtés lui vient des donneurs de recettes :
 Dans les visites qui font faites,
 Le Renard se dispense, & se tient clos & coi.

Le

The Wolf, approaching the bed,
 Like a sycophant, said,
 Shall the Fox then his visits postpone?
 The Doctor's at home,
 And, not caring to come,
 Must intend an affront to the Throne:

On this grand consultation
 The good of the nation
 Depends — Says the King, in a wrath,
 With fire and smoke
 The vile rascal we'll choke,
 If he does not crawl out of his earth,

And

Le Loup en fait sa cour, daube au coucher du Roi,
 Son camarade absent; le Prince tout-à-l'heure
 Veut qu'on aille enfumer Renard dans sa demeure,

Qu'on

And directly appear —
 But, says Reynard, I'm here ;
 For the sly cunning cur had found out,
 By some one who went,
 Or intelligence sent,
 Of what Dr. Wolf was about.

To conceive 'twas neglect,
 Or, what's worse, disrespect,
 Your Majesty, Sir, is too wise :
 To speak plain, and be bold,
 You've been certainly told
 A parcel of infamous lyes :

I to

Qu'on le fasse venir. Il vient, est présenté ;
 Et sachant que le Loup lui faisoit cette affaire.
 Je crains, Sire, dit-il, qu'un rapport peu sincère
 Ne m'ait à mépris imputé
 D'avoir différé cet hommage ;

Mais

I to offer up vows
 For your health (Heaven knows!)
 A perilous Pilgrimage made;
 Or, believe me, no one
 At the foot of the Throne
 With more pleasure his homage had paid.

To Physicians of learning,
 And men of discerning,
 Whilst I travel'd, your case was related;
 That the whole Commonwealth
 On your Majesty's health
 Was depending, I faithfully stated,

Ev'ry

Mais j'étois en pèlerinage,
 Et m'acquittois d'un vœu fait pour votre santé.
 Même j'ai vû dans mon voyage
 Gens experts & savans; leur ai dit la langueur
 Dont votre Majesté craint à bon droit la suite:

Vous

Ev'ry one of them said,
 (Whilst shaking his head,)

That the natural warmth was destroy'd ;

That in every vein

You would vigour regain,
 If fresh animal warmth was employ'd :

The secret is this
 (And indeed not amiss,
 Prescribing what's easily got)
 That no med'cine can more
 Feeble nature restore,
 Than——the skin of a Wolf smoking hot.

When

Vous ne manquez que de chaleur :
 Le long âge en vous l'a détruite.
 D'un Loup écorché vif appliquez-vous la peau
 Tout chaude & toute fumante :
 Le secret, sans doute, en est beau
 Pour la nature défaillante,

Messire

When th' experiment's try'd,
 Let th' event but decide,
 If your Majesty pleases, we'll do't :
 And now, to proceed,
 Dr. Wolf must be flay'd,
 And shall furnish the *Royal Surtout*.

Not hearing his pray'rs,
 Nor regarding his tears,
 To strip him Physicians begin ;
 With part of his flesh
 They their Monarch refresh,
 And envelop him warm in the skin.

THE

Messire Loup vous servira,
 S'il vous plaît, de robe-de-chambre.
 Le Roi goûte cet avis-là ?
 On écorche, on taille, on démembre
 Messire Loup. Le Monarque en soupa,
 Et de sa peau s'enveloppa.

Le

THE ENGLISH FOX.

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

YOU'RE noble-minded, free, liberal, friendly, sedate;
 And have talents to govern the nation:
 Had I twice fifty tongues I could never relate
 All your excellent qualifications.

Those Elements (lately which Englishmen brav'd
 In the glorious month of September *)
 From the jaws of destruction your enemies sav'd,
 Must with gratitude ever remember.

* 13th of Sept. 1782, Floating Batteries destroyed before Gibraltar.

To

Le Renard Anglois.

LE bon cœur est chez vous compagnon du bon sens,
 Avec cent qualités trop longues à déduire,
 Un noblesse d'âme, un talent pour conduire
 Et les affaires & les gens,
 Un humeur franche & libre, & le don d'être amie,
 Malgré Jupiter même, & les temps orageux:
 Tout cela méritoit un éloge pompeux:
 Il en eût été moins, selon votre génie.

La

To all other countries your own is preferr'd ;
 A true Briton dislikes an Exotic :
 And, though the maxim, perhaps, is condemn'd as absurd,
 He thinks he cannot be too patriotic.

By climate assisted, your temperate minds
 Are all given to deep meditation ;
 Your improvements in science the Foreigner finds,
 And they meet with his just approbation.

To prove ingenuity never is idle,
 We'll examine your riding attire :
 An Englishman's saddle, boots, breeches, and bridle,
 With envy French Jockies admire :

They'll

La pompe vous déplaît, l'éloge vous ennuie :
 J'ai donc fait celui-ci court & simple. Je veux
 Y coudre encore un mot ou deux
 En faveur de votre patrie :
 Vous l'aimez. Les Anglois pensent profondément,
 Leur esprit en cela suit leur tempérament.
 Creusant dans les fujets, & forts d'expériences,
 Ils étendent par-tout l'empire des Sciences.
 Je ne dis point ceci pour vous faire ma cour.

They'll attend when the Killer of Vermin begins
 To mention his Dogs and his Doxies ;
 But, delighted, will almost jump out of their skins,
 When he talks of your excellent Foxes ;
 To prove that they're wiser, and others excel,
 A miraculous tale I'll unfold ;
 The common tricks of a Fox any body can tell,
 But my tale never yet has been told :
 A notorious Fox, pres'd exceedingly hard
 By a numerous pack in full cry,
 Accidentally ran through a Game-keeper's yard,
 Where the Traitor was ready to die :

At

Vos gens, à penetrer, l'emportent sur les autres :
 Même les Chiens de leur séjour
 Ont meilleur nez que n'ont les nôtres.
 Vos Renards sont plus fins, je m'en vais le prouver
 Par un d'eux, qui, pour se sauver,
 Mit en usage un stratagème
 Non encor pratiqué, des mieux imaginés.
 Le scélérat réduit en un péril extrême,
 Et presque mis à bout par ces Chiens au bon nez

H

Passa

At one end of the barn, *in terrorem* suspended,
 The Villain could instantly see
 Many thieves, who their lives in disgrace had thus ended,
 Malefactors of ev'ry degree ;
 Brother Foxes, state Traitors, vile Badgers, and Cats,
 Were all honour'd with separate pegs ;
 Whilst Hawks, Kites, and Magpies, Spread Eagles, and
 Rats,
 Ev'ry one were nail'd up by the legs :
 The poor Devil, exhausted, yet able to crawl,
 Up amongst the good company steals,
 Where he found an unoccupied peg in the wall,
 And hung himself up by the heels :

By

Passa pres d'un patibulaire.
 Là, des Animaux ravissans,
 Blereaux, Renards, Hiboux, race incline à mal faire,
 Pour l'exemple pendus instruissoient les passans.
 Leur confrere, aux abois, entre ces morts s'arrange.

By necessity thus reconcil'd and prepar'd,
 'Twas in conscience a wise *Coalition*;
 Though arrang'd amongst those who, he'd often declar'd,
 Were with equity doom'd to perdition :

None but Hannibal thus could prevent an assault,
 Ev'ry person of judgment supposes ;
 For he made his escape, when the Romans, at fault,
 Were all puzzled, and cock'd up their noses.

The leading Dogs arriv'd first at the Game-keeper's door,
 Who seldom their Huntsman misled,
 He was close at their heels, and, fast galloping, swore,
 That the Fox was ran under the bed ;

Determin'd

Je crois voir Annibal, qui presse des Romains,
 Met leurs Chefs en défaut, ou leur donne le change ;
 Et sçait eu vieux Renard s'échapper de leurs mains.

Les Clefs de meute parvenues
 A l'endroit ou pour mort le traître se pendit,

H 2

Remplirent

Determin'd that Reynard should forfeit his life,
 And kneeling down with her broom-stick to kill—
 Why there's no such a thing, says the Game-keeper's wife;
 Look under the bed, if you will;

By this time came up all the rest of the chace
 In full cry—but their triumph was ended;
 In a moment the scent was thrown up at the place
 Where the sly cunning Cur was suspended:

Whilst the Dogs in distraction were rending the skies,
 We depend on your noses, says *Meynel*,
 Who declar'd that the Fox, whom they saw with their eyes,
 Some-whereelse was earth'd up in his kennel:

He

Remplirent l'air de cris : leur Maître les rompit,
 Bien que de leurs abois ils perçassent les nues.
 Il ne put soupçonner ce tour assez plaisant.
 Quelque Terrier, dit-dil, a sauvé mon galant.

Mes

He commanded his Huntsman to call off the pack ;
 With reluctance his voice they regard,
 Who instantly leading them off, with a crack
 Trotted out of the Game-keeper's yard.

The Fox was hunted again ; but not changing his rout,
 In his stratagem still perseveres ;
 When the people as well as the pack found him out,
 And his skin was stript over his ears.

THE MORAL.

Whilst Englishmen trust *Parliamentary Proxies*,
 If they be not insensible logs,
 They will let self-suspended political Foxes
 Deservedly go to the Dogs.

THE

Mes Chiens n'appellent point au-delà des colonnes

Où sont tant d'honnêtes personnes.

Il y viendra, le drôle. Il y vint, à son dam.

Voilà maint Basset clabaudant ;

Voilà notre Renard, au charnier se guindant ;

Maître pendu croyoit qu'il en iroit de même

Que le jour qu'il tendit de semblables panneaux :

Mais le pauvret, ce coup, y laissa ses housseaux :

Tant il est vrai qu'il faut changer de stratagème.

THE YOUNG COCK AND THE FOX.

YOUNG Chanticleer, perch'd on the branch of a
tree,

Was standing sentinel over his Pullet ;
And by chance, looking down at the bottom, could see
One—who thought of distending his gullet ;

A sly flatt'ring Fox, whose soft eloquent voice

Was addressing the Pullet—to tell her,
“ That whatever farm-yard had afforded the choice,
“ She'd pick'd out a fine beautiful fellow :

“ His

Le jeune Coq & le Renard.

SUR la branche d'un arbre étoit en sentinelle
Un jeune Coq adroit, et matois.

Frère,

“ His dulciloquent voice is our constant delight,
 “ And ev’ry one of the neighbourhood know
 “ How often our *House* keeps awake all the night,
 “ When it hears the Young Gentleman crow.”

Having talk’d to the Pullet in vain — whose invention
 Seldom fails him, the Killer of Geese
 Next addresses the Cock,—with beginning to mention
 The terms of a general peace.

“ We’re to quarrel no more,” says the sly cunning Devil,
 “ But with joy must each other embrace ;
 “ Vouchsafe, Sir, to put us but both on a level,
 “ By coming down, and resigning your place :

“ Don’t

Frère, dit un Renard, adoucissante sa voix,
 Nous ne sommes plus en querelle :
 Paix générale cette fois.
 Je viens te l’annoncer ; descens, que je t’embrasse.

- “ Don't detain me, dear Sir ; I'm oblig'd to proceed,
 “ And deliver out many a letter,
 “ Containing glad tidings of peace to your breed ;
 “ The sooner you come down, the better.
- “ 'Gainst our fly cunning tricks now no longer you need
 “ All your dear brother Chickens forewarn ;
 “ Ev'ry one may be safe, and in bus'ness proceed,
 “ Whilst he pecks in the Treasury-barn.
- “ If you do not descend, I shall bleed at the heart ;
 “ All your scrupulous fears, Sir, dismiss ;
 “ I shall die with distraction, before I depart
 “ If I get not a brotherly kifs.

“ If

Ne me retarde point de grace :
 Je dois faire aujourd'hui vingt postes sans manquer.
 Les tiens & toi pouvez vaquer,
 Sans nulle crainte, à vos affaires :
 Nous vous y servirons en freres.
 Faites-en les feux, dès ce soir ;
 Et cependant vient recevoir
 Le baiser d'amour fraternelle.

Ami,

- “ If for fashion’s sake only, come down, my dear Brother,
 “ And condescend—for, whenever they meet,
 “ All our Gentlemen now kiss and hug one another,
 “ Though ’tis in the midst of the street.”

Notwithstanding this flattering speech—in good truth

The Young Cock was exceedingly staunch :
 And at last, like a prudent and eloquent Youth,
 Stepping forward, still stood on the branch :

- “ To hear, Sir, that henceforward our quarrels shall cease,
 “ Affords me most exquisite pleasure ;
 “ And with you, Sir, at least, always wishing for peace,
 “ I cannot but approve of the measure,
 “ Which

Ami, reprit le Coq, je ne pouvois jamais
 Apprendre une plus douce & meilleure nouvelle,
 Que celle
 De cette paix.

Et ce m’est une double joie
 De la tenir de toi. Je vois deux Lévriers,
 Qui m’assure, sont couriers,
 Que pour ce sujet on envoie.

- “ Which I doubted at first, and suppos’d ’twas a fly
 “ Cunning tale, which was told to decoy ;
 “ But two Messengers more I perceive, in full cry,
 “ To bring the glad tidings of joy ;
 “ *Snap* and *Holdfast*, I mean ; they’ll soon finish their chace,
 “ Most joyfully joining our crew ;
 “ Then descending, we will with great pleasure embrace
 “ All together.”—Says Reynard, “ Adieu !
 “ You know, my dear Sir, that, in infinite haste,
 “ I’ve no time for such long interviews ;
 “ And, because I must travel exceedingly fast,
 “ Another time we’ll talk over the news.”

And

Ils vont vite, & feront dans un moment à nous.
 Je descens : nous pourrons nous entrebaiser tous.
 Adieu ! dit Renard, ma traite est longue à faire.
 Nous nous réjouirons du succès de l'affaire
 Un autre fois. Le Galant aussi-tôt
 Tire ses grégues, gagne au haut,

Mal-

And away the fly flattering Cur (with his switch
'Tween his legs) most disgracefully steals,
As much frighten'd, as if the two Sons of a Bitch,
Open-mouth'd, had been close at his heels.

D E A T H

Mal-content de son stratagème ;
Et notre jeune Coq, en soi-même,
Se mit à rire de sa peur :
Car c'est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur.

DEATH AND THE DYING MAN.

*Debilem facito manu,
 Debilem pede coxâ :
 Tuber adstrue gibberum,
 Lubricos quate dentes,
 Vita dum superest, benè est.
 Hanc mihi, vel acutâ
 Si sedeam cruce, sustine.*

Vide SENEC. Epist. 101.

A Dying old Man, not forgetting his Heirs,
 Yet reluctantly taking his leave,
 Poor Mortal! most ardently pleads his affairs,
 And impatiently begs a reprieve;

Appall'd

La Mort & le Mourant.

UN Mourant, qui comptoit plus de cent ans de vie,
 Se plaignoit à la Morte, que précipitamment

Elle

Appall'd at the sight of his terrible dart—

O Death ! do not suddenly kill,
And oblige a poor innocent Man to depart
Without having finish'd his will.

My Wife has declar'd that she means to partake
Of my fate ; and (can any one doubt her)
Prepar'd not at present the journey to take,
Won't permit me to travel without her ;

I've recently got a Great-grandson, for whom
To provide not would prove a difaster ;
I've been building a Room, and not finish'd the Dome,
Having waited for Adams's plaister :

Dame

Elle le contraignoit de partir tout à l'heure,
Sans qu'il eût fait son testament,
Sans l'avertir au moins. Est-il juste qu'on meure
Au piéd levé ? dit-il : attendez quelque peu.
Ma Femme ne veut pas que je parte sans elle :
Il me reste à pourvoir un Ariere-neveu :
Souffrez qu'à mon logis j'ajoute encore une aîle.

Dame Proserpine's summons I'd not disregard,
 If I was not confin'd by the gout :
 I return many thanks for her Ladyship's card,
 But I cannot make one at her route.

Indignant Death—in different style,
 (No longer to postpone)
Grinn'd horrible—a ghastly smile,
 And made him change his tone.

'Tis shameful such a Sage as you
 Should talk of Children's rattles,
 Whilst Death hath something else to do,
 Than think of goods and chattels.

'Tis

Que vous êtes pressante. O Déesse cruelle !
 Vieillard, lui dit la Mort, je ne t'ai point surpris.
 Tu te plains sans raison de mon impatience.
 Eh n'as-tu pas cent ans ? Trouve moi dans Paris
 Deux Mortels aussi vieux ; trouve m'en dix en France.

Je

'Tis shameful too, that such a Sage
 Should anxiously complain;
 You're ninety-nine,—and that's an age,
 Few seldom can attain.

Ten thousand younger men than you,
 Regardless of my dart,
 In battle bid the world adieu,
 And willingly depart:

* Thy tottering steps, 'tis evident,
 To labour still constrain'd,
 Try to support a *Tenement*
 Which cannot be sustain'd;

Nor

* Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii. — Vide *Amenitates Academicæ Linnæi*,
 vol. v.—Solomon on Old Age explained.

Je devois, ce dis tu, te donner quelque avis,
 Qui te disposât à la chose:
 J'aurois trouvé ton testament tout fait
 Ton petit-fils pourvû, ton bâtiment parfait.
 Ne te donna-t-on pas des avis, quand la cause
 Du marcher & du mouvement

Quand

Nor can it ever be restor'd,
 As various signs betoken,
 For *loosen'd is the silver chord,*
The golden bowl is broken :

Whilst all your faculties decrease,
 Your nerves have lost their tone,
Because they're few, the grinders cease ;
 Your appetite is gone.

Sweet Music's daughters now rejoice
No longer— though the viol*
Awakes—to Melancholy's plaintive voice,
 Or Joy's extatic trial.

But

* See Collins's Ode for Music—The Passions.

Quand les esprits, le sentiment,
 Quand tout faillit en toi ? Plus de goût, plus d'ouïe ;
 Toute chose pour toi semble être évanouie :
 Pour toi l'astre du jour prend des soins superflus :

Tu

But to be brief—I must attend

This moment many a bed;

Remember, Sir, your every friend

Is dying, if not dead.

You shall not then be left alone;

Expect no second warning:

The world, old Gentleman, will find you gone

Before to-morrow morning.

T H E

Tu regrettes des biens qui ne te touchent plus.

Je t'ai fait voir les Camaardes,

Ou morts, ou mourans, ou malades.

Qu'est-ce que tout cela, qu'un avertissement ?

Allons, Vieillard, & sans réplique :

Il n'importe à la République

Que tu fasses ton testament.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS.

A Grasshopper, at home by cold winter confin'd,
 Survey'd her treasury-chamber in vain,
 For not a grain our improvident Songster could find,
 Her languishing life to sustain :

In summer-time singing, more merry than wife,
 Happy creature ! she wanted no meat ;
 In her interludes catching diminutive Flies,
 Ev'ry moment she met with a treat.

So

Le Cigale & la Fourmi.

LA Cigale ayant chanté
 Tout l'E'té,
 Se trouva fort depourvûe
 Quand la bise fut venue.
 Pas un seul petit morceau
 De Mouche ou de Vermisseau.

So the warbling Syren, whenever she pleases,
 From the scenes of our Opera shop
 (With her music betwitching him) easily seizes
 (Poor victim!) the fluttering Fop.

In full feather and song she can thousands engage,
 But she cannot catch amorous Beaux,
 In the cruel penurious winter of age,
 When the storm of Adversity blows.

To return—the poor Grasshopper, famish'd, applies
 To a neighb'ring republic of Ants;
 And, to move their compassion her eloquence tries,
 In all humility telling her wants:

If

Elle alla crier famine
 Chez la Fourmi sa voisine,
 La priant de lui prêter
 Quelque grain pour subsister
 Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
 Je vous paierai, lui dit-elle,
 Avant l'Oût, foi d'animal,
 Intérêt & principal.

If you lend but a little, my life to sustain,
 To return it indeed I'll remember,
 And be gratefully thankful; and every grain
 Will with interest pay in September:

But not one of Dame Industry's tribe would befriend her,
 Hard questions, moreover, they ask;
 And (cruel Moralists!) now 'tis too late, reprehend her
 For last summer neglecting her task.

Night and day you spent merrily singing?—'tis true:
 For futurity trusting to Chance?
 With empty stomachs, in winter-time what can you do?
 You cannot do better than dance.

T H E

La Fourmi n'est pas prêteuse :
 C'est là son moindre défaut.
 Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud ?
 Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
 Nuit & jour, à tout venant
 Je chantois, ne vous déplaise.
 Vous chantiez ? J'en suis fort aise :
 Hé bien, dansez maintenant.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES,
WITH THE MASTER OF THE FIELD.

WHEN Feather'd Folks are all pairing themselves
two and two,

And Dame Nature is making a *hulliballoo*,
The Turkey Cock gobbles, and Quack! goes the Drake,
Diving merrily after his Duck in the lake.

Frighten'd out of the church by the Parson and People,
Noisy Jackdaws are choosing their wives in the steeple;
As devoutly employ'd as the Preacher (we prove)

For what is the warmest devotion, but love?

When the wise little Architect, artless, the Wren,
Tells his amorous tale to the dear little Hen;

When the nimble Tom-tit rounds the tree, to discover
The snug little hole, for himself and his Lover;

You

L'Alouette & ses Petits, avec le Maître d'un Champ.

LES Alouettes font leur nid
Dans les blés quand ils sont en herbe ;
C'est-à-dire, environ le temps
Que tout aime, & que tout pollule dans la monde :
Monstres marins au fond de l'onde,
Tigres dans les forêts, Alouettes aux champs.

You will possibly think a poor Fabulist crazy,
 For ever believing a Lark could be lazy :
 Yet 'tis true ; for more modest, perhaps, than the rest,
 There was certainly one, who, forgetting her nest,
 Like an unsettled Mortal (for ever on wing)
 Had undoubtedly lost the best part of the spring :
 At last, prompted by Nature, as well as another,
 She determin'd, tho' late, to commence the fond Mother :
 And she flies to *Dame Ceres*, and earnestly begs,
 In the midst of the corn to deposit her eggs ;
 Where, instinctively fix'd, with affectionate pleasure,
 For a time the fond Mother broods over her treasure ;
 Whilst humble, yet lofty, whilst warbling, devout,
 Is the Cock's early note, when Aurora sets out ;
 For, leaving the ground, rising upwards, He flies
 On Gratitude's wings, mounting up to the skies ;
 In his song are the praises of Providence found,
 For guarding his Hen in her nest on the ground :

But

Un portant de ces dernières,
 Avoit laissé passer la moitié d'un printemps
 Sans goûter les plaisirs des amours printannières.
 A toute force enfin elle se résolut
 D'imiter la Nature ; & d'être Mère encore.

Elle

But these heavenly flights he no longer pursues,
 When his favourite Partner has told him the news :
 “ You’ve now something better to do than to sing,
 “ As you’ll find, if you will but peep under my wing ;
 “ In the midst of the clouds you can pick up no food,
 “ And empty bills, we both know, cannot nourish our brood.”
 Before the tale was well told, the dear diligent Fellow
 Was flown again ; for he staid not a moment to tell her
 With what affectionate care, and parental delight,
 He should search for (by no perpendicular flight)
 Amongst Nature’s diminutive tribes, a repast ;
 Determin’d their clamorous brood should not fast.
 Had I five thousand tongues I could never relate
 Half those insects the dear little *Dunstables* ate :
 As their Parents were at it from morning till night,
 What numberless victims were stopt in their flight !

For

Elle bâtit un nid, pond, couve, & fait éclore,
 A la hâte, le tout alla du mieux qu’il put.

For they seiz'd on sometimes (not regarding the sting)
But a bit of a Wasp, or a Butterfly's wing ;
Grasshoppers lamented the loss of their feet,
For almost every creature they met with was meat.
And these Larks (from their Parents' protection releas'd)
Are to make a side-dish at an Alderman's feast :
But no matter for that, since 'twill never be known
What becomes of their volatile brood, when 'tis flown :

Those Children whom they'll not recall,

But let the wanderers soar ;

And then, rejoicing once for all,

They'll never know them more.

By Providence at first employ'd,

Forgetting dear connections

In future time, they thus avoid

Ten thousand keen reflections.

What consolation can assuage

The Mothers of Mankind?

Whose generous warlike Sons engage

With elements combin'd:

And when their fate is too well known,

(Their winding-sheet a wave,)

Grey hairs at home are then brought down

With sorrow to the grave.

To return to the Larks—though we find 'em not flown,

And imperfectly fledg'd, they're amazingly grown;

And with exquisite pleasure the Mother descries

That they've cock'd up their bills, and have open'd their eyes.

But now, changing her colours, *Dame Ceres* was seen

In her *demi-saison*, neither yellow nor green;

And 'fore the Mother could see the dear favourites flown,

The *Goddeſs* had put on her ſtraw-colour'd gown,

When

Les blés d'alentour mûs, avant que la nitée

Se trouvât assez forte encor

Pour voler, & prendre l'effor,

De

When the *provident Creature* began to reveal
 Both her fears and her cautious advice—*en famille* ;
 Whilst peeping from under her wing, in their turns,
 Every one his first lesson attentively learns :—
 “ With his Servants and Sons, when the Farmer appears,
 “ Ev’ry one must immediately prick up his ears ;
 “ Our future conduct depending on what they shall say,
 “ Whether sooner or later to scamper away —
 “ A single syllable must not from me be conceal’d.”
 She was flown, when the Farmer appear’d in the field,
 And examin’d an ear, which he rubb’d in his hand :—
 “ This corn is quite ripe, and no longer shall stand ;
 “ Give

De mille foins divers l’Alouette agitée,
 S’en va chercher pâture, avertit ses enfans
 D’être toujours au guet, & faire sentinelle.

Si le Possesseur de ces Champs
 Vient avec son Fils, comme il viendra, dit-elle,

Ecoutez bien : selon ce qu’il dira,

Chacun de nous décampera.

Si-tôt que l’Alouette eût quitté sa famille,
 Le Possesseur du Champ vient avec son Fils.

“ Give all my friends warning

“ To meet in the morning ;

“ Let ev’ry one come with his fickle.”

The Larks, from their fright,

Were in horrible plight,

And their nest in a terrible pickle.

Soon the Mother return’d with a mouthful of meat,
Which none of her vigilant Watchmen would eat ;
And whilst she was wondering what was the matter,
Every one at a time were beginning to chatter ;

But the Cock of the nest,

More alert than the rest,

And a favourite Bird of his Mother’s,

Was appointed the Speaker,

And, ’cause they were weaker,

Boldly perch’d on the backs of his Brothers :

“ Again

Ces blés sont mûrs, dit-il : Allez chez nos amis,
Les prier que chacun apportant sa faucille,
Nous vienne aider demain dès la pointe du jour.

Notre Alouette de retour

Trouve en alarme sa couvée.

L’un

" Again the Farmer was here—
 " If the morning is clear,
 " All his friends will be with him by five :
 " Slashing work will be made,
 " They'll cut down ev'ry blade,
 " And such a havoc we cannot survive."

" A fine maiden speech !
 " But I beg and beseech
 " You'd no more put yourselves in a pother ;
 " Since the bus'ness depends
 " On the help of those friends,
 " Who'll none of them come," says the Mother.

She

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

L'aube

She was certainly right,
 Though the morning was bright,
 Yet the poor Farmer's friends were too fickle;
 If the truth could be known,
 They'd all crops of their own,
 And at home were at work with the fickle,

Still the provident Lark
 Bids her young ones remark,
 And 'bove all the dear favourite Bird :

“ To-morrow's the day,
 “ You must mind what they say,
 “ And remember to tell ev'ry word.

“ Take

L'aube du jour arrive ; & d'amis point du tout.

L'Alouette à l'effor, le Maître s'en vient faire

Sa ronde ainsi qu'à l'ordinaire :

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

Nos amis ont grand tort, & tort qui se repose

Sur de tels paresseux à servir ainsi lents :

Mon Fils, allez chez nos parens

Les prier de la même chose.

L'épouvante

“ Take courage, I beg,

“ (And this Butterfly’s egg)

“ To-night, at least, in security rest :”

And expanding her wings

O’er the dear little things,

Most completely she cover’d the nest.

In the morning she flew

Without bidding adieu,

Soon intending to bring them their meat ;

She return’d—but, behold !

Such a story was told,

That she thought it high time to retreat :

For

L’épouvante est au nid plus forte que jamais.

Il a dit ses parens : Mère, c’est à cette heure—

Non, mes enfans, dormez en paix :

Ne bougeons de notre demeure.

L’Alouette eût raison, car personne ne vint.

Pour

For the Farmer again

Came, without any men :—

“ We’ll wait no longer for friend or relation ;

“ By myself and my Son

“ Shall the work be begun,

“ And our diligence make reparation

“ (Without any cost)

“ For the time which is lost ;

“ And this moment we both will begin :

“ We’ll no longer repine ;

“ Since the weather is fine

“ We shall certainly soon get it in.”

Though

Pour la troisième fois le Maître se souvint
 De visiter ses blés. Notre erreur est extrême,
 Dit-il, de nous attendre à d'autres gens que nous.
 Il n'est meilleur ami ni parent que soi-même.
 Retenez bien cela, mon Fils ; & sachez-vous
 Ce qu'il faut faire ? Il faut qu'avec notre famille,
 Nous prenions dès demain chacun une faucille :
 C'est-là nôtre plus court ; & nous achèverons

Notre moisson quand nous pourrons.

Dès-lors

Though not attacking by storm,
 That their task they'd perform
 Very soon, the wise Mother computes ;
 And, though proper the measure,
 Yet still, at her leisure,
 Marches off with Aurora's Recruits.

Dès-lors que le dessein fut sù de l'Alouette,
 C'est à ce coup qu'il faut décamper, mes enfans :
 Et les Petits en même temps
 Voletans, se culebutans.
 Délogèrent tous sans trompette.

F I N I S.



