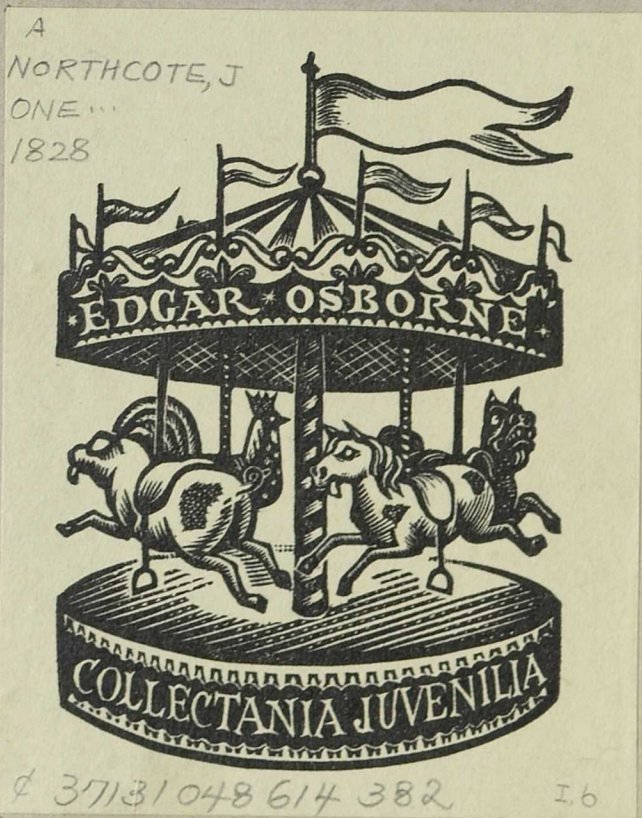


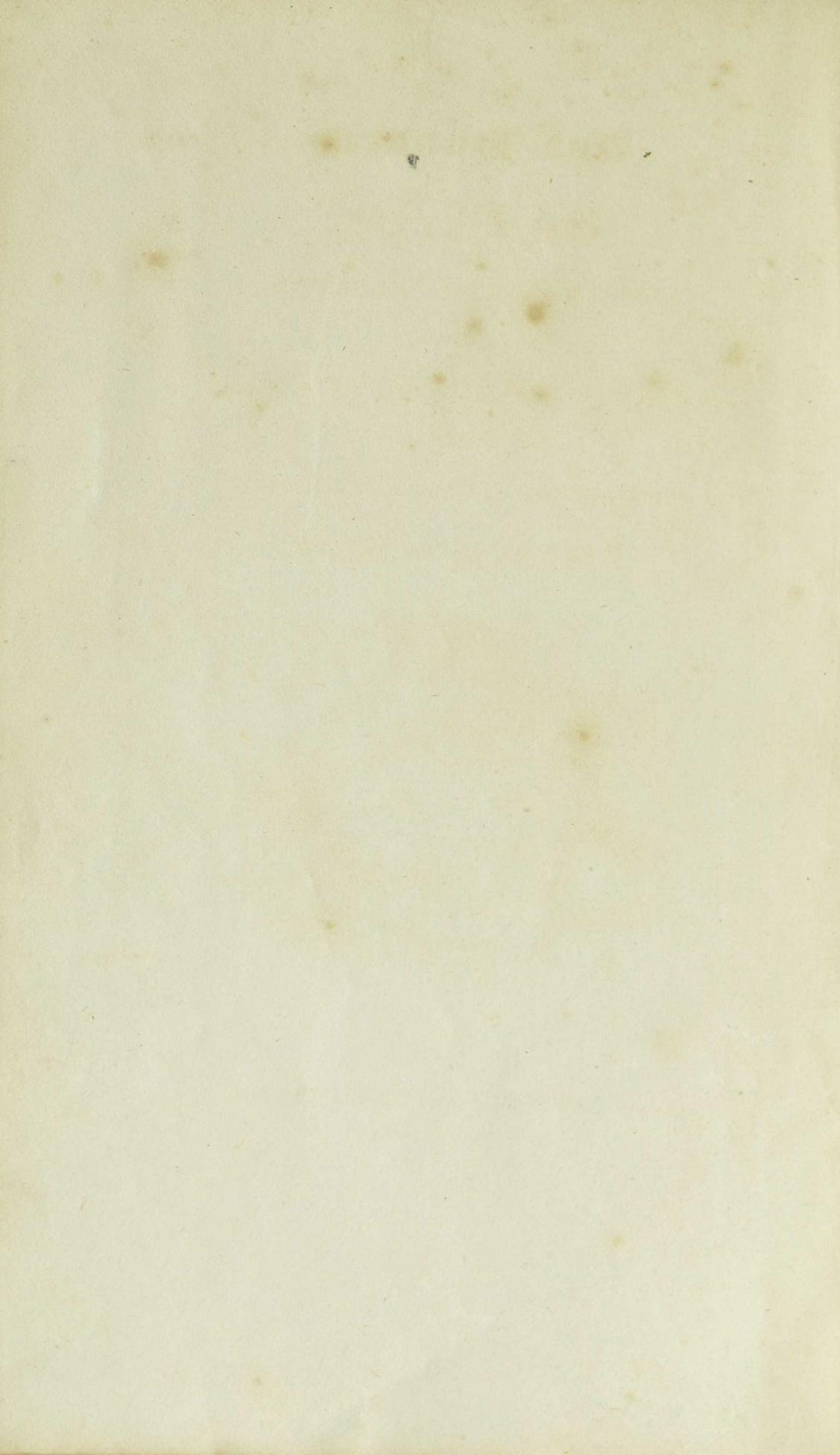
Sir Henry Edwardsth
March 24
1828

J. W. Samuel
1855

From

Sir H. H. Edwards





One Hundred

FABLES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

&c. &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY

Engravings on Wood.



LONDON:

GEO: LAWFORD, SAVILLE PASSAGE.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON.

1828.

TO
THE KING'S
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
THIS VOLUME

IS,
WITH PERMISSION,
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY
HIS MAJESTY'S

MOST DUTIFUL SUBJECT,

AND
FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

PREFACE.

ON the life of Æsop, as invented by Planudes, the Greek monk, La Motte well remarks, that it was a happy thought to make Æsop a slave, and his master a philosopher. The slave was to manage his master's pride, he dared not speak to him certain home truths; and there was no better way to join sincerity with prudence and respect, than by Apologue and Fable. On the other hand, his master would not have acted like a wise man, had he looked no further than the surface. His part was to extract instruction from fictions, in which it was so ingeniously covered. He was to be pleased with the considerate artifice of Æsop, and to forgive him the lesson, for the sake of his address and courtesy.

By this may plainly be seen what the author of Fables and his readers are in relation to each other. The Fabulists are the slaves, who are willing to instruct them without hurting their pride. The readers are the masters, who willingly admit the truth, since it is partly left to themselves to have the honour of finding it out.

It may be expected that I should say something respecting my motives for the present undertaking. I have only to observe, that a chief inducement in making this collection, was the amusement and employment it afforded me in the way of my profession as a Painter, in sketching designs for each Fable. I am therefore the less anxious about what may be said by Critics on the literary part of the work. They will quickly perceive it has been gathered from various sources: the greater portion of the Fables are of my own invention; others are drawn from well known subjects.

In a word, I do not desire greater indulgence for my faults than I dare hope from candour, and the gratification I may possibly have the good fortune to afford.

In the numerous embellishments of this volume, I claim but a part of the merit it may by chance possess. Although the original invention and designs for the prints at the head of each Fable are my own, yet they have been most excellently drawn on wood, and prepared for the Engravers, by MR. WILLIAM HARVEY, one of the most distinguished artists in his profession; and many of them have been improved by his skill.

The ornamental letter at the beginning of each Fable, and the vignette at the end, are solely the invention of MR. HARVEY.

The execution of the prints has been intrusted to the hands of the most eminent engravers in England in this department, who have earned their due share of praise, by the ability with which they have acquitted themselves; and the Critic in art is referred to the Index for the names of each individual, whose merits he would ascertain.

Also much is due to MR. JOHN JOHNSON, of the Apollo Press, whose skill in the difficult task of printing engravings on wood, has been long well-known and firmly established.

J. N.

8, Argyle Place,
Jan. 1, 1828.

FABLES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.



THE FOWLER AND THE BIRDS.



FOWLER in killing some Birds, which he had caught in his net, wounded his hand by accident so severely, that he shed tears through the anguish he suffered. "See," says a young Bird, "he shews signs of pity for us."—"Don't mind

B

his tears," replied an old Bird, "but look at his bloody hands."

APPLICATION.

Innocence and a credulous facility expose a man to be both a prey and a laughing-stock at once; and the imposture can hardly miscarry, where there is a full confidence on the one side, and a plausible address on the other.

Prudent folks never trust those a second time who have deceived them once; and indeed we cannot be too cautious in following this rule, for upon examination we shall find that most of the misfortunes that befall us, arise from an excessive credulity. They who are anxious to guard against others, without exposing or hurting themselves, (till honesty comes to be more in fashion) can never be too suspicious.

It is a man's actions we are to be governed by in our opinion of his character; as fair words may be untrue, and false impressions may deceive us. The tears from the eyes will not suffice to wash blood from the murderous hands.

J. NORTHCOTE.



FASHION AND NIGHT.



FASHION, a motley nymph of yore,
 The Cyprian queen to Proteus
 bore;
 Various herself in various climes,
 She moulds the manners of the
 And turns in ev'ry age and nation, [times:
 The chequer'd wheel of variegation,
 True female that ne'er knew her will,
 Still changing, tho' immortal still:
 One day, as the inconstant maid
 Was careless on her sofa laid,

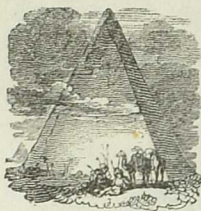
Sick of the sun, and tired with light,
 She thus invok'd the gloomy night:
 'Come, those malignant rays destroy,
 'Thou screen of shame, and rise of joy;
 'Come from thy western ambuscade,
 'Queen of the rout and masquerade!
 'Nymph, without thee no cards advance,
 'Without thee halts the loitering dance;
 'Till you approach, all is restraint,
 'Nor is it safe to game or paint;
 'The belles and beaux thy influence ask;
 'Put on the universal mask:
 'Let us invert in thy disguise,
 'That odious nature we despise.'
 She ceas'd—The sable-mantled dame,
 With slow approach, and awful, came;
 And frowning with sarcastic sneer,
 Reproved the female rioter:
 'That Nature you abuse, my fair,
 'Was I created to repair,
 'And contrast with a friendly shade,
 'The pictures heaven's rich pencil made;
 'And with my sleep-alluring dose
 'To give laborious art repose;
 'To make both noise and action cease,
 'The queen of secrecy and peace.
 'But thou, a rebel, vile and vain,
 'Usurp'st my lawful old domain:

' My sceptre thou affect'st to sway,
 ' And all the various hours are day;
 ' With clamours of unreal joy,
 ' My sister silence you destroy;
 ' The blazing lamp's unnatural light
 ' My eye-balls turn from with affright;
 ' But if I am allowed one shade,
 ' Which no intrusive eyes invade,
 ' There all the atrocious imps of hell,
 ' Theft, murder, and pollution dwell;
 ' Think then how much, thou toy of chance,
 ' Thy praise is like my worth t'inhance.
 ' Blind thing, that runn'st without a guide,
 ' Thou whirlpool in a rushing tide;
 ' No more my fame with praise pollute,
 ' But doom me into some repute!'





THE SELF-IMPORTANT.



CERTAIN man of great opulence, one day taking a survey of his domain, was agitated to a fury of passion, on perceiving that the fruit on his favorite trees and vines had been pecked and devoured by the birds. He cursed them from his heart, as interlopers: “Hold,” said a thrush that had perched on a branch of a tree near him, and had witnessed his rage:—“Hold, voluptuous man, and know that it is the human

race who are the real interlopers and usurpers of our rights. These covetous and lordly tyrants of the creation, whose boards are daily spread with every delicacy the world can furnish, sauced with rarities from the east and from the west, and whose gluttonous appetites are able to devour them all, swelled with pride and self-importance, conceive that all things on earth are created and ordained solely for their gratification and pleasure, whilst our humble species are to be prohibited even the touch of any of them, although sent into the world by the same Almighty Power as themselves; but with appetites more limited, confined to a very few things, such as merely a small proportion of fruit and grain, which nature has provided for us, that we may not perish. Yet this small part of the abundance of creation the selfishness of mankind would deny us, and makes them greedily claim the whole as their own.

APPLICATION.

The pride and self-importance found in man alone of the whole animal creation, if not checked in time, is the origin of many vices, particularly our cruelty to animals, our

contempt for the major part even of our fellow-creatures, and our tyranny over those who are subject to us. And also that inordinate thirst for power, which we persuade ourselves we ought to possess, and, to gain it, scruple not to make use of the foulest means, is derived from the same source. It is this selfishness and pride that binds us so tenaciously to our own opinion, and fires us with such rage against those who do not coincide with us and will not submit to our arguments, that we are not satisfied till we see them burnt at a stake.

Pride, ambition, covetousness, and cruelty are the offspring of an inordinate degree of self-importance and conceit. J. N.





REASON TAKEN CAPTIVE.



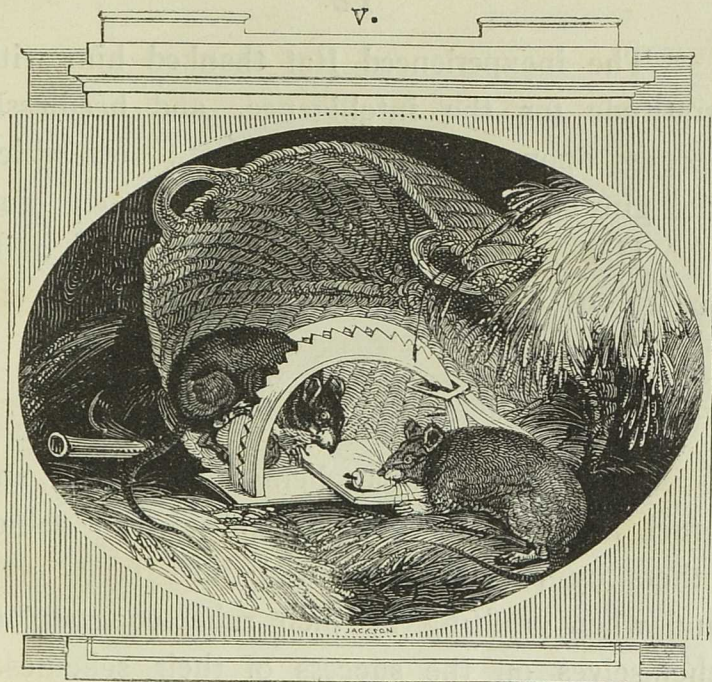
FROM earliest times, if right I read,
Reason and Love have disagreed:
In Reason something too austere
Depress'd the heart she rul'd with
fear,

The Paphian queen's unlucky boy,
Indulged to all unbounded joy,
A wanton sovereign weakly kind,
No laws his laughing subjects bind.

Well might they jar—but love awhile
Took friendship's name with specious guile.

Now Reason seem'd to share his throne,
 And with his influence blend her own,
 Yet, truth to tell, 'twas nought but show,
 For native hate still lurk'd below;
 And soon that hate, with pain conceal'd,
 Flam'd out in open war reveal'd.

Their force at first in skirmish try'd,
 Th' advantage fell to Reason's side:
 For then the troops of Love were few,
 And those light arm'd, if Fame say true.
 But soon deserters round him crowd,
 Who once their faith to Reason vow'd.
 With foreign force thus potent grown,
 Love knew to make those troops his own:
 To battle now he press'd the foe,
 And aim'd the last decisive blow.
 Reason o'er match'd, collects her might—
 Despairs, but still renews the fight:
 She flew where most the battle rag'd,
 And hand to hand, with Love engag'd;
 In vain her skill and prowess prove,
 Disarm'd and captiv'd now by Love:
 The god, to reign without controul,
 Releas'd his pris'ner on parole;
 Whose freedom this condition bore,
 She ne'er should serve against him more.



THE TWO RATS.



CUNNING old Rat discovered in his rounds a most tempting piece of cheese, which was placed in a gin. But being well aware, that if he touched it, he would be caught in the trap, he treacherously accosted one of his young companions; and under the mask of friendship, informed him of the prize, which he could not regale himself with, as he had just swallowed a hearty meal.

The inexperienced Rat thanked him with gratitude for the intelligence, and heedlessly sprung upon the tempting bait: on which the gin closed, and instantly destroyed him.

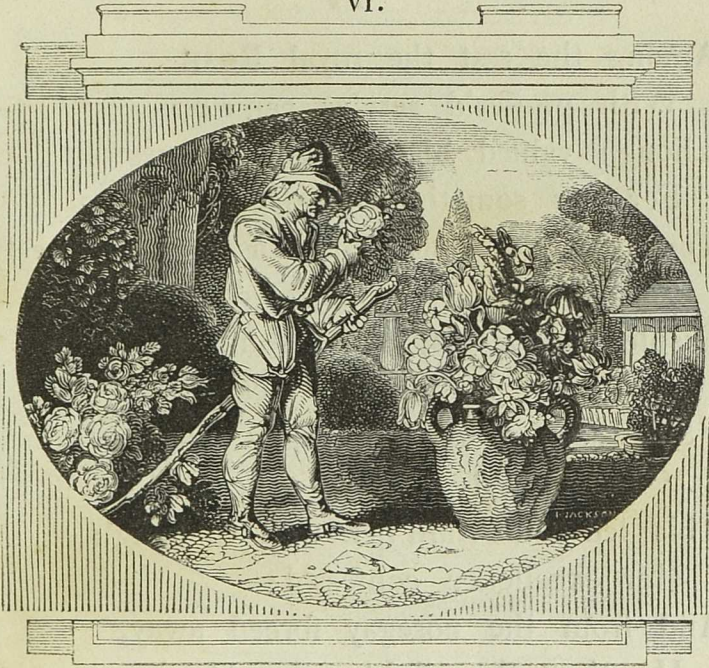
His insidious adviser being now quite secure, quietly eat up the cheese.

APPLICATION.

There are human beings as selfish and cruel as the Rat in this Fable: who seduce others by pernicious counsel into fatal acts, and when profiting by their ruin, congratulate themselves on the success of their schemes.

J. N.





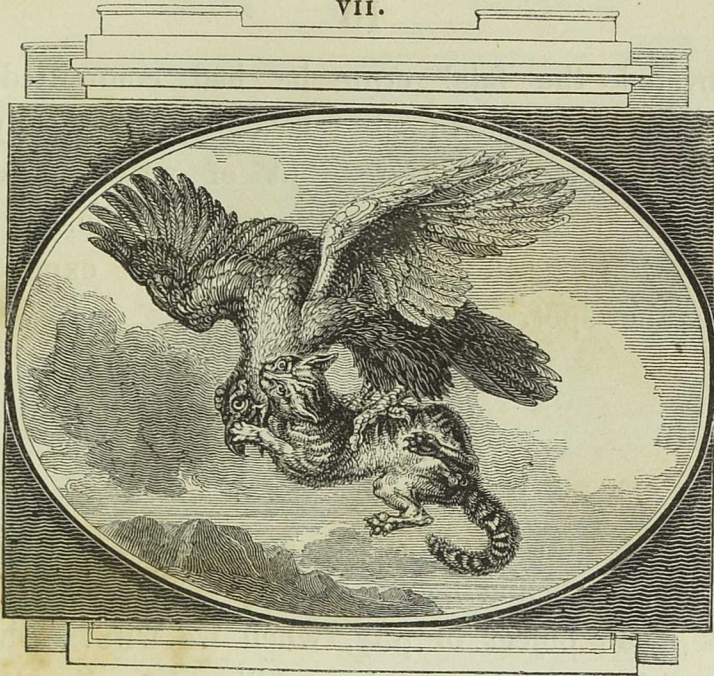
THE GARDENER AND THE ROSE.



ONCE on a time the choicest flowers,
 Were summon'd to a meeting ;
 And all the Gard'ner's fragrant
 stores
 Obey'd him as was fitting :
 To furnish out a nosegay, they
 At call came crowding in ;
 Arunculas, Carnations gay,
 The Pink and Jessamine,
 A thousand more you may suppose,
 Too tedious here to name ;

Among the rest the royal ROSE
 With proffer'd service came :
 Though valued higher than the rest
 For her sometimes neglected :
 Too late she came, and was, bright guest,
 For want of room rejected :
 Displeas'd at this, she sighing said,
 While for herself she pleaded,
 "Since she alone a nosegay made,
 "'Twas hard to pass unheeded!"
 This led the Gard'ner well to weigh
 Her excellence confess'd ;
 And from the nosegay forced away,
 He thus the slight redress'd :
 He ordered her to stand alone,
 Their yet unrivall'd queen,
 In whom, what charms her subjects own,
 Combin'd, improved are seen.





THE DECEIVED EAGLE.



N Eagle soaring aloft, saw be-
 neath him what he fancied to
 be a fine fat Hare, sleeping on
 a bank in the Sun; and being
 rather sharp set in his appetite,
 he descended rapidly from his towering height,
 and without performing the ceremony of making
 a minute examination of his intended prey;
 boldly darted on his victim, carrying it away
 triumphantly in his talons: but he had not
 flown to any great height, before he dis-

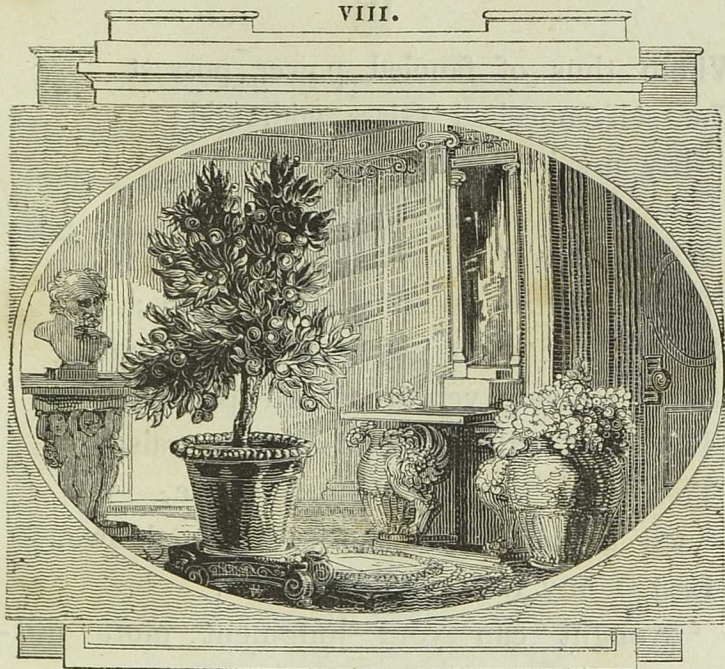
covered the fatal error he had committed, on feeling his throat seized by the deadly gripe, not of a Hare, but of an enraged wild Cat, the mistaken object of his rapacity; and thus he fell to the ground and expired on the spot.

APPLICATION.

There is nothing looks sillier than a crafty knave, outwitted and beaten at his own game, and by his own weapons. Neither is it an object of pity, when we witness the rapacious and blood-thirsty falling into disgrace and ruin, by their own selfish and cruel machinations.

J. N.





THE LOOKING-GLASS AND ORANGE TREE.



IN an apartment where expence
 Appear'd in full magnificence,
 A Looking-glass of neatest taste,
 Within the middle pannel plac'd,
 Gather'd from Phœbus' noon-day

blaze

Th' assemblage of his scatter'd rays;
 And shot (in borrow'd splendour bright)
 Across the room a flood of light.

High on a stand of sattin wood
 An orange-tree obliquely stood,

Whom thus of fancied power possest
The self-conceited Glass address'd :

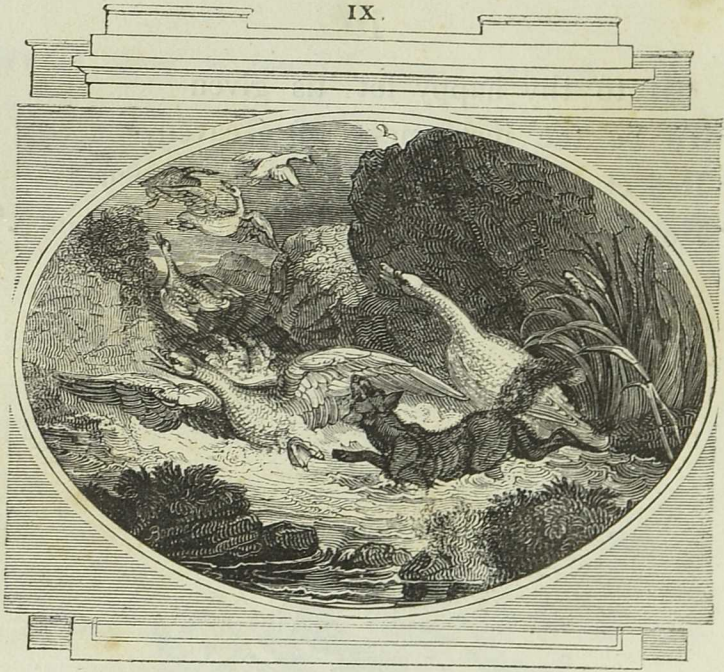
‘ By my kind influence behold
‘ How fair thy tender buds unfold,
‘ Which, but for my all-fostering ray,
‘ Their beauties never would display;
‘ Should not such gay expanded bloom,
‘ Such pleasing verdure, high perfume,
‘ Thy mind with grateful rapture raise
‘ To render some return of praise,
‘ Such as may speak both love and awe,
‘ Lest I my influence withdraw?’

‘ Nought can your judgment more mis-
guide

‘ Than pride,’ the Orange-tree replied :
‘ But for that passion you would know,
‘ I nothing to your influence owe ;
‘ All the perfections which you name,
‘ From yonder glorious orb I claim :
‘ The same whose partial beams I view
‘ Shine with such energy on you,
‘ And, but for whose imparting light
‘ You had remain’d as dark as night ;
‘ Then scorn not the advice I give,
‘ With gratitude those beams receive ;
‘ But think not any merit thine,
‘ Who by reflection only shine.

‘ If to thy happy lot ’tis given
‘ To be the instrument of Heaven,
‘ Reflect that thou can’st ne’er dispense
‘ But that which thou receiv’dst from thence.’





THE WILD AND TAME GEESSE.



Two Geese strayed from a farm-yard, and swam down a stream to a large morass, which afforded them an extensive range and plenty of food. A flock of Wild Geese frequently resorted to the same place; and though at first they were so shy as not to suffer the tame ones to join them, by degrees they became well acquainted, and associated freely together. One evening their cackling reached the ears of a Fox, that was

prowling at no great distance from the morass. The artful plunderer directed his course through a wood on the borders of it, and was within a few yards of his prey, before any of the Geese perceived him. But the alarm was given, just as he was springing upon them; and the whole flock instantly ascended into the air, with loud and dissonant cries. The Wild Geese winged their flight into higher regions, and were seen no more; but the two Tame ones unused to soar, and habituated to receive protection without any exertion of their own powers, soon dropped down, and became successively the victims of the Fox.

APPLICATION.

The faculties of every animal are impaired by disuse, and strengthened by exercise. And in man, the energy and versatility of the mind depend upon action no less than the vigour and agility of the body.





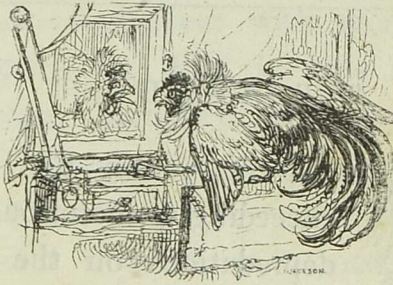
THE PROUD LADY AND CATERPILLAR.



HIS Caterpillar then devours
 ‘The trees, the fruits, the shrubs
 and flowers;
 ‘Begone! nor still infest the
 grove,

‘Sacred to pleasure and to love!’
 Thus CELIA said, with angry frown,
 And shook the reptile from her gown,
 Who calmly said, ‘Insulting dame,
 ‘Thy glorious pride from insects came:

'I'm in my dishabille, 'tis true,
 'But soon shall take a nobler hue.
 'When I commence a Butterfly,
 'My colour'd plumes with thee shall vie :
 'Then cease us insects to perplex,
 'The fearful emblems of your sex ;
 'You're Caterpillars when you rise,
 'Only when drest you're Butterflies.'





THE HUNTED FOX.

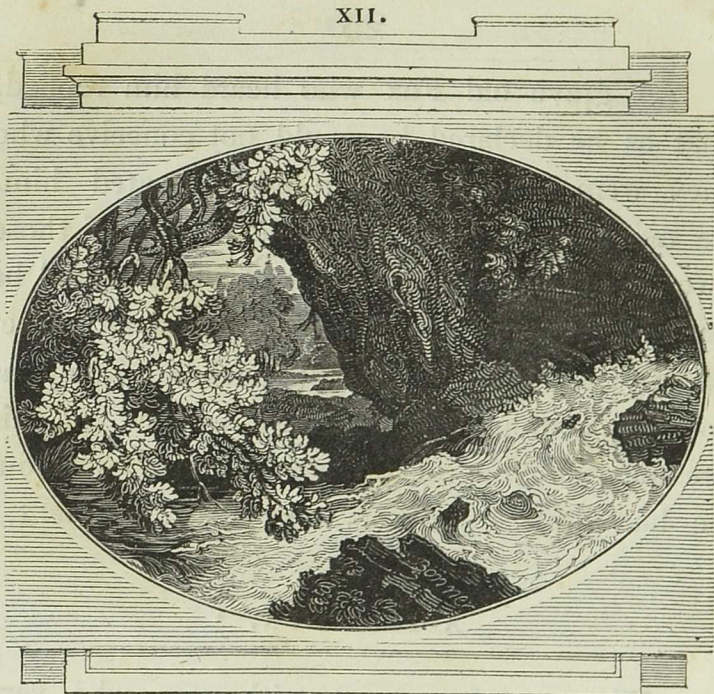


AN active young Fox, who was exceedingly notorious for his depredations on the poultry in his neighbourhood, was once discovered in the fact, and so closely pursued by the enraged peasants, whose property he had invaded, that he did not escape without several severe blows and wounds, of which he made grievous complaint and great outcry when he arrived among his companions, declaring at the same time that he neither knew nor could imagine who they were that had thus cruelly assaulted him.

A grave old Fox who heard him replied, that as he declared he could not conceive who they were who had so roughly treated him, he must of necessity be liable to one of those two odious accusations, either of which would be sufficient to exclude him from being an object of pity: that of having offended so many as to be confounded by the number of his enemies, or that of forgetting those to whom he had done injuries worthy of resentment.

APPLICATION.

We too often meet with men who very much resemble the Fox in this Fable, who from a violent partiality to themselves and their own interests, can with great facility gloss over their meanest actions, which are soon dismissed from their memories, leaving no more impression than if they had been written on the surface of the water; whilst, on the contrary, the slightest injuries done them, fix in their minds like inscriptions written with a pen of iron on a rock. But our actions in our own view are like the last syllables of words, which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit. J. N.



THE OAK AND THE RIVER.



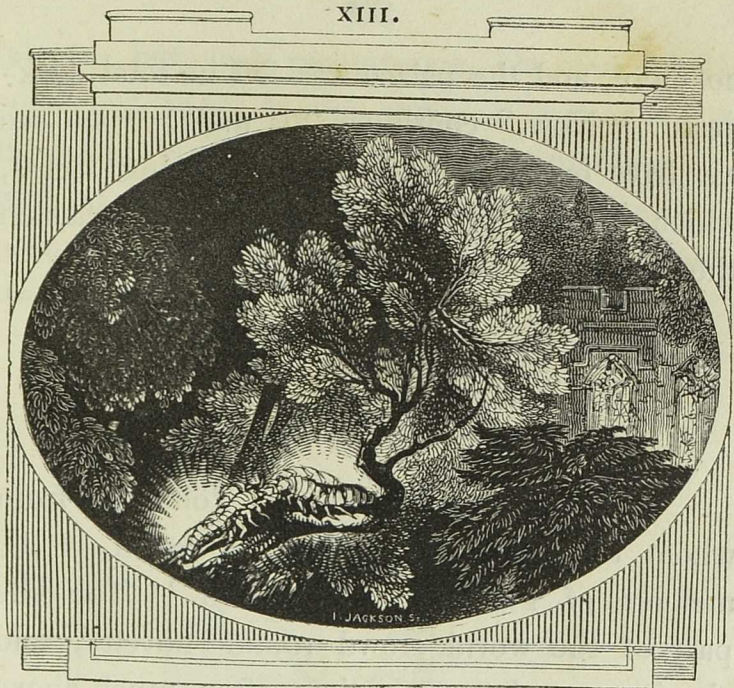
RIVER, which from side to side,
 Rush'd forward an impetuous
 tide,
 Which scarce its verdant banks
 contain'd,
 Amidst hoarse murmurs thus complain'd:
 'Me, wretched! whose hard fates decree
 'Such an unhappy destiny;
 'Forever, as I flow, to find
 'Nature through all her works unkind;

' My banks no varied tints adorn,
 ' But 'midst discolour'd grass and corn
 ' Misshapen trees their aspects rear,
 ' And falling battlements appear;
 ' While yonder brook, those flowers among,
 ' Through smiling valleys winds along,
 ' With lofty elms the border's crown'd,
 ' And verdure flourishes around.'

An Oak, which many a year had stood,
 With branches pendant o'er the flood,
 Concern'd, its leafy honours shook,
 And thus th' impatient stream bespoke:
 ' While you regard, with envious eyes,
 ' Those beauties, and your own despise;
 ' And thus ungratefully disgrace
 ' Us stately trees, of ancient race;
 ' The blame which you have falsely thrown,
 ' With justice rests on you alone,
 ' Whose turbid motion makes appear,
 ' Things the reverse of what they are!
 ' Behold these domes majestic rise,
 ' Whose turrets seem to reach the skies,
 ' Where not the exactest eye can see
 ' Any misshapen imagery.
 ' For verdant grass, and flow'rets fair,
 ' Few banks can with your own compare;
 ' That envy'd brook, which, as it flows,
 ' Each object's just proportion shows:

‘Those flow’ry vales, and smiling skies,
‘All from internal calmness rise;
‘In you such charms can ne’er be seen,
‘Till you become like that, serene.
‘If happiness you wish to find,
‘Let gentleness possess your mind.’





THE ENVIOUS GLOW-WORM.



A humble Glow-Worm lying in a garden was moved with envy on seeing the effect of lights from a brilliant chandelier in a neighbouring palace, and in a melancholy mood complained of the comparative feebleness of his own splendour. When his companion, who was more sagacious than himself, checked his murmurs by saying, "Wait a little, have patience, and observe the event:" when, after a short time, the light was seen

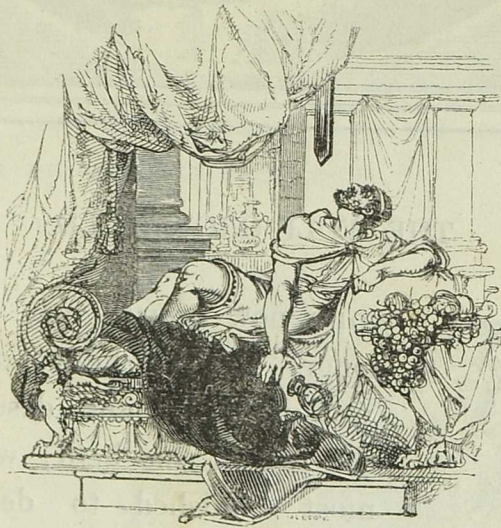
no more, and the palace was left in total darkness. "Now," continued his mate, "you see we have outlasted those many glaring lights, which, though brighter for a time, yet hasten the more quickly to nothing."

APPLICATION.

"I have seen," says Dr. Johnson, from whom the hint of this fable is taken, "the meteors of Fashion rise and fall." The idle part of the world crowd round novelty, and give it a notoriety for a time often much above its deserts, but after being tired, leave it to its fate, neglected and forgotten; while they run with eager scent after new game, which in due time is cast off, like the preceding. Probably, this levity in mankind is ordained for a wise and just purpose, that every new adventurer may have his day; as it would be a hard fate indeed to mean capacities to have no advantages, or even notice; which must inevitably be the case, if one alone engrossed the whole attention of the world, by the sole power of superior abilities; and therefore Nature shews us frequent instances of those to whom she has been niggardly in her gift of

talents; but, as a recompence, has very kindly consigned them to the care and patronage of Fortune. And as it would be an extreme degree of partiality to endow one favourite with both wisdom and fortune; we seldom witness that injustice.

J. N.





THE WOLF GROWN OLD.



WOLF now grown old, and no longer able to hunt for prey, was driven off and deserted by the rest of his herd; when almost famished to death he traversed the forest alone, and by good luck found the carcass of a fawn, which he had caught and killed just before he became so enfeebled; but the smell of this carrion soon drew other wolves about him, who amicably helped him to devour it, saying, "We are all

of us good friends to each other.” When the old Wolf thus replied, “Now indeed you are my good friends, whilst I can give you something to gratify your appetites; but before, you chased me from your herds, nor would own me as either a relation, a friend, or even a companion.”

APPLICATION.

Riches it is which will gain you friends: even those who were your enemies will approach you under the specious garb of friendship, and be willing not only to share, but to add to your stock, when they are convinced there is no need of such help.





THE PERPLEXED WIDOW.



LARISSA, sprightly once and gay,
Now sigh'd the tedious hours
away:

She mourn'd the kindest husband
gone,

The husband much—but more the man.
Dark weeds conceal'd the fair from view,
Yet mightily became her too!
She veil'd her pretty blubber'd face,
And wept her dear with such a grace!

But, lo! young Florimel appears
 To dry the joyless Widow's tears:
 His suit she heard with warm disdain,
 Protested all his hopes were vain;
 Her hands she wrung, her robes she rent,
 And wept, and 'wonder'd what he meant!
 Yet through the drop that drown'd her eye,
 'Tis said, there shone a spark of joy;
 And sage diviners could foretel,
 That Florimel might yet do well.

A scruple now disturb'd her head,
 Whether it were a sin to wed?
 Queries and doubts her brain possest,
 And busy conscience broke her rest.
 So, to resolve this knotty case,
 She seeks the Curate of the place;
 A casuist!—deep: of judgment!—sound:
 Yes, fam'd for parts—the parish round.

Clarissa, with the rising sun,
 Approach'd her friend, and thus begun:

'Full sixty times hath yonder light
 'Arose—as oft hath sunk to night—
 'Since the lamented hour that gave
 'My faithful consort to the grave:
 'And sure no second love shall e'er
 'Efface that image, still so dear:
 'Clarissa, to his memory just,
 'Forever shall revere his dust!

'Yet cruel prudence may require
 'What else were foreign to desire;
 'And, 'midst a weight of cares, you know,
 'What can a helpless woman do?
 'My heedless servants slight my call—
 'My tenants break—my houses fall—
 'And Florimel, with winning air,
 'Tells me they want a husband's care:
 'What does my learned Doctor say?'
 'Why, marry sure, without delay.'
 'But, should the lover prove unkind,
 'A tyrant o'er a tender mind;
 'How hard my lot, condemn'd to mingle
 'Tears with my cup!'—'Why, then live single.'
 'Yet, what if an obdurate fair
 'Should drive a lover to despair?
 'You know the foolish freaks of men;
 'I dread the thought!'—'Nay, take him then.'
 'But should he squander my estate,
 'And pawn my jewels, rings, and plate!
 'And witless I, by folly led,
 'Be turn'd adrift to beg my bread!'

The Doctor, vers'd in woman-kind,
 Perceiv'd the working of her mind:
 'Madam,' he cries, 'when truth we seek,
 'All argument is often weak;
 'When reasons weigh on either part,
 'Opinion vainly tries her art;

'So still descending truth prevails,
 'She sits suspended o'er the scales.
 'A way more speedy shall be tried;
 'A tongue shall speak that never lied:
 'Know, Madam, then, my parish bell
 'Is famous for advising well;
 'Whate'er the point in question be,
 'It hits the matter to a T.
 'Thus as it dictates by its tone,
 'You sure must wed, or lie alone.'

Now tow'rd the church in haste they go,
 The Widow chearful—but so so!—
 Yet vows, whate'er the answer giv'n,
 She 'piously will yield to heav'n.'
 The Doctor too exhorts the fair
 To listen, and decide with care:
 And now the mystery to unfold,
 He turn'd the key, the bell he toll'd.
 The widow mus'd and knit her brow,
 'Well, Madam, pray what think you now?'
 (Here, first she sobb'd, and wip'd her eye,
 Then labour'd out a doleful sigh;)
 'Think, Doctor?—Why, the case is plain:
 'Alas! I find resistance vain!
 'In heav'n, 'tis said, our doom is seal'd:
 'Ah, Florimel!—and must I yield!
 'Yet not by choice—by fate I'm won,
 'The will of heav'n be ever done!

'The bell ordains thee to my bed;
 'For, hark! it loudly bids me *wed*.
 'Dear Doctor then, (I speak with sorrow,)
 'Be sure you be at home to-morrow.'

APPLICATION.

Think you the simple tale too long,
 Then hear the moral of my song:
 The moral to no sex confin'd,
 Regards alike all human kind.
 Sly passion and distemper'd sense
 Usurp the form of evidence:
 And truth or falsehood, good or ill,
 Receive their tincture from the will,
 Man boasts his reas'ning pow'r in vain;
 The pageant drags a hidden chain:
 A varied shape each object wears,
 Just as he wishes, hopes, or fears;
 His deepest thought (his vaunted rule)
 Is passion's slave, or folly's fool.
 'Tis hence we blindly can approve
 The very faults of those we love:
 'Tis hence we blindly can debate
 The noblest deeds of those we hate.
 Abroad thus works perverted will,
 At home our views are darker still;
 And actions, deem'd absurd in thee,—
 Are prudent, wise, and just in me:

By the vain colour of a name,
 We sink at once the guilt and shame,
 The prodigal is generous, free;
 The miser boasts economy:
 Gay, the debauch'd; the proud is great;
 The bold oppressor hates a cheat:
 The fawning slave obliges all:
 And mad revenge is honour's call.
 Thus passion shoots thro' every part;
 The brain is tainted by the heart:
 Weak judgment falls before temptation,
 "And reason is but inclination."





THE GARDENER AND HIS MASTER.



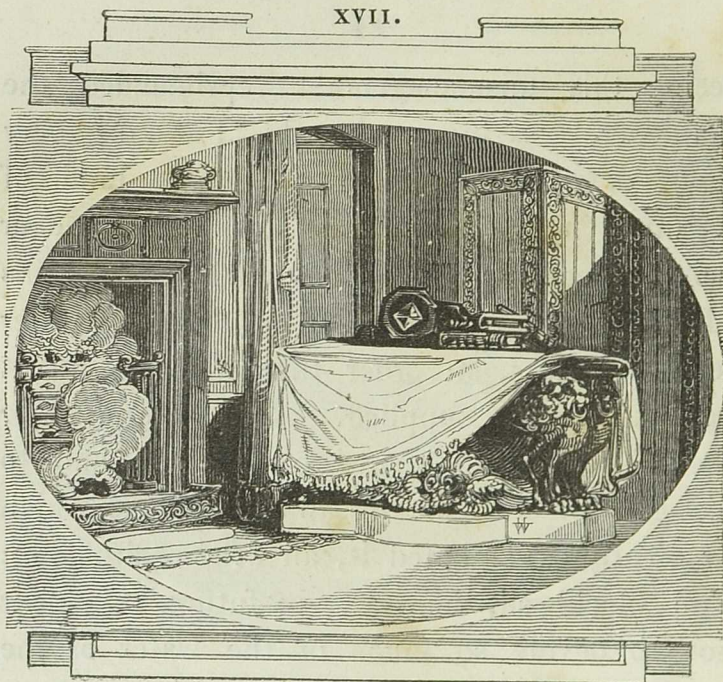
IN the midst of a beautiful flower garden there was a large pond filled with Carp, Tench, Perch, and other fresh water fish, it was also intended to water the garden. The foolish Gardener, being particularly careful in attending to his flowers, so emptied the pond of its water, that there scarcely remained sufficient to preserve the fish in existence. His Master coming down to walk in the garden, and

seeing this mismanagement reprimanded the Gardener, saying, though I am very fond of flowers, I am also very fond of regaling myself with fish. The Gardener being a coarse ignorant peasant obeyed his Master so punctually, that he gave no water to the flowers, in order that the fish might be abundantly supplied. Some time after the Master again visited his garden, and to his great mortification, saw the flowers which so greatly ornamented it, all dead or drooping. You blockhead, he cries, in future remember not to devote so much of the water of the pond to the flowers, as to leave me without fish, nor yet be so liberal to the fish, as to kill my beauteous blossoms.

APPLICATION.

The maxim is trite, but well worth repeating, that whoever wishes to attain excellence must always avoid extremes, and endeavour to unite utility with elegance.





THE COAL AND THE DIAMOND.



COAL was hid beneath the grate,
 'Tis often modest merit's fate,
 'Twas small, and so perhaps
 forgotten;

Whilst in the room, and near
 in size,

In a fine casket lin'd with cotton,

In pomp and state a Diamond lies:

'So, little gentleman in black,'

The brilliant spark in anger cried,

'I hear, in philosophic clack,

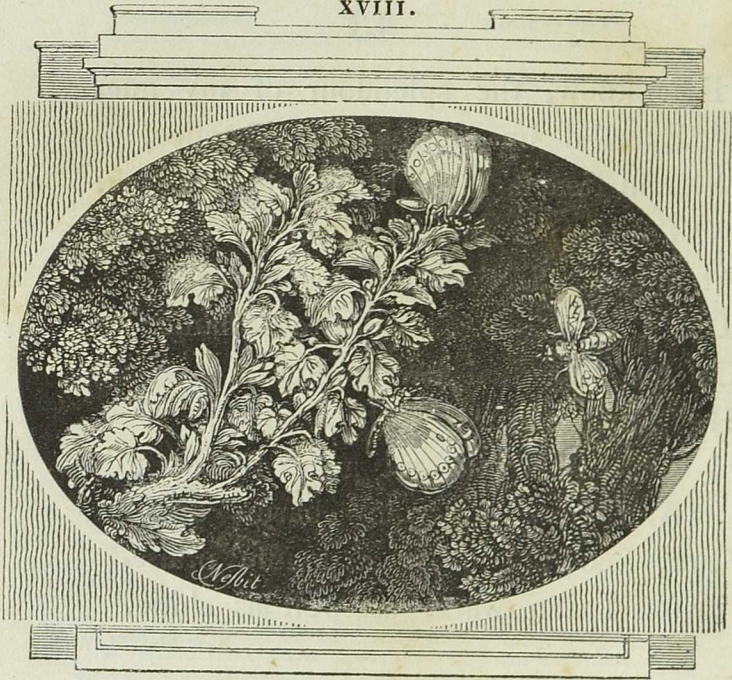
'Our families are close allied;

‘But, know, the splendour of my hue,
 ‘Excell’d by nothing in existence,
 ‘Should teach such little folks as you,
 ‘To keep a more respectful distance.’

At these reflections on his name,
 The Coal soon redden’d to a flame:
 Of his own real use aware,
 He only answer’d with a sneer,
 ‘I scorn your taunts, good Bishop Blaze,
 ‘And envy not your charms divine,
 ‘For, know, I boast a double praise,
 ‘As I can warm as well as shine.’

New Monthly Mag.





THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLIES.



NE fine summer - morning it happened, that a couple of gay Butterflies lighted upon the leaves of a white poplar, one on the under-side of the leaf, and the other on the upper. The Butterfly on the under-side, in making his observations, said, "Surely this is the most singular tree of the forest, for while all others have green foliage, this curious tree has white leaves." "What are you talking about," said his

companion on the upper side, "why truly you must have lost your eye-sight, for I can see distinctly that this tree is covered with leaves of the brightest green, equal to any tree that grows." — "I positively deny it," said the insect below, "and will maintain it, that there are none but white leaves on every branch."

Upon this an industrious and inquisitive Bee who overheard them, perceiving that the disputants began to grow warm, and being desirous of preventing the fatal consequences which might be expected from such fierce champions, thus addressed them—"You should neither of you be so confident, until you have more deeply examined the properties of the subject of your dispute: seeing that it is from ignorance alone your anger proceeds, it is necessary for me to inform you, that the peculiarity of this tree consists in the upper side of the foliage being green, and the under white; therefore as each of you observes a different side, you are both right in your partial views, and both wrong in your general conclusion."

APPLICATION.

This fable gives a lively representation of wrangling disputants in general, where

equal ignorance prevails on both sides, and noise and vehemence become the substitutes for sound argument and reason. Then passion supplies the place of truth, when probably a little knowledge of the subject would quickly have settled the contest, if not have wholly prevented it.

J. N.





THE MASTIFF AND THE GOOSE.



GOOSE once upon a time fed its young by a pond-side; and a Goose in such circumstances is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the Goose flew immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a

wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, chickens: nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A longing Mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian Goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The Mastiff grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil:" so saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the Goose, and followed his Master.

Goldsmith.

APPLICATION.

The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a little insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces? There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then shew your spirit.



THE FLY AND THE TROUT.



s near a stream one summer's day,
 Sooth'd by the murm'ring
 current's play,
 The insects glided on;
 Behold! of largest growth, a Fly
 Adown the stream came glist'ning by,
 The smaller flies among.

In sportive air it spread the sail,
 And o'er the rest, the flying gale
 It caught with seeming pride;

Swiftly it skims the crystal waves,
 Now in the purling eddy laves,
 Now smoothly on would glide.

What joy! it said, or seem'd to say,
 Thus on the sparkling stream to play,
 And quit the fields of air;
 How dull, because on wings they rise,
 Is yonder crowd of vulgar flies,
 To float forever there!

Still let the timid, sordid crew,
 The same old beaten track pursue,
 Nor tempt one new delight;
 I dare to live, to live I know,
 And grasp at ev'ry joy below;
 No fancied ills affright.

While thus he tun'd his idle song,
 Borne by the crystal stream along,
 A Trout descried the prize;
 And upwards darting, swift as thought,
 The vain, the boasting insect caught;
 The boasting insect dies.

APPLICATION.

Mark well this tale, and in thy breast
 Deep be the lesson there imprest,

How health and life to save;
The wretch who quits the path assign'd
To taste forbidden joy, shall find
New ways to reach the grave.





THE LION AND THE COUNCIL OF BEASTS.



CERTAIN Lion who reigned the absolute tyrant of the forest, on a time arbitrarily proposed to exact from his slavish subjects a sufficient part of their daily prey for his own maintenance, that he might not himself toil for his subsistence; and that every beast should contribute according to his means in form of a tax, but how to adjust this impost was the difficulty. The Tiger was the first who gave his opinion

on this knotty point, saying that the properest and justest way would be to lay a tax on vice, and that each Beast should settle the quantity for his neighbour, as by that means it would prevent any selfish partiality. "No, no," said the Elephant, "that will never be just, as it will give power to ill-will and oppression. The best manner, in my judgment, would be to lay the tax on virtues, and leave it to every one to give in a catalogue of his own, and then there is very little doubt but it would prove the means of raising a most ample and rich exchequer."

APPLICATION.

A tax of this sort would be most just and salutary, could it be adapted to human society, as a most equitable fine and punishment on vanity and self-conceit; and would force mankind to a more strict examination of their real pretensions to those virtues, which they commonly bestow so liberally upon themselves, without even a shadow of foundation, as long as no inconvenience accrues to them from the ridiculous and false estimate of their own perfections.



THE FARMER AND THE RAT.



WITHIN a barn, well fill'd with
 grain,
 A Rat enjoy'd delicious reign;
 Each part with various kinds
 was stor'd,
 The choicest of the annual hoard;
 With heart elate, at rosy morn,
 The Farmer view'd his heaps of corn:
 'Why is it thus I feast my eyes?
 'What wealth the heavy crop supplies!

'See, for years past, what stock on hand,
 'The produce of my teeming land,
 'Were it not, that I see with pain,
 'Some cursed Rat destroy the grain,
 'How blest my life! with treasure great,
 'And plenty on a large estate!
 'Zounds! had I but Grimalkin's art,
 'I'd search it well in ev'ry part;
 'My vengeance should be felt with speed,
 'And each rapacious robber bleed!'

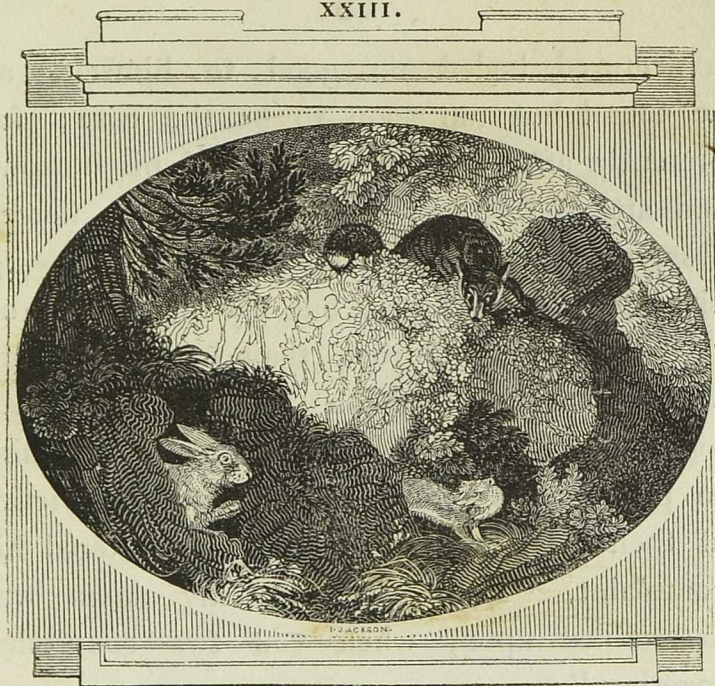
'Spare your reproof!' a Rat replies,
 Whose age and cunning made him wise;
 'Ere you exhaust your sland'rous breath,
 'And doom us to ignoble death;
 'Know, that these heaps which glut your pride,
 'And starve a multitude beside,
 'Are good for nought; laid long in store,
 'And kept from the afflicted poor!
 'Had you, when harvest's yellow charm
 'Spread plenty o'er your fertile farm,
 'Reliev'd the cries that pierc'd the ear,
 'And drew from Pity's fount a tear,
 'Your treasure would have paid your toil,
 'Nor hoarded in this barn to spoil!
 'You then had done a gen'rous deed,
 'But rogues in grain deserve to bleed;
 'In such I never put my trust,
 'For villains always are unjust:

‘Remember, while you live in pride,
‘Your av’rice spreads a famine wide!’

APPLICATION.

Be slow to censure; spare your blame,
Caprice may wound the fairest name:
Too prone is man to acts of spleen,
While in his breast what faults are seen!
Candour will always claim applause,
And judge aright in ev’ry cause!





THE FOX, THE WEASEL, AND THE RABBIT.



LITTLE timorous Rabbit, who had a safe retreat in his burrow under ground, had often perceived an artful Fox lurking near the spot, as if watching for the first opportunity to seize and devour him. However, he lay secure for the present, as the Fox could not enter the small burrow. One day, soon after, the devoted Rabbit saw the Fox in deep confabulation, and seemingly in great amity with the Weasel. This he

conjectured boded no good to himself, as he found but too soon to be the case; for presently after the Weasel entered his burrow, and attacked him with such fury and fierceness, that he had no other chance of saving his life than by flight, but no sooner had he darted from his burrow, than he immediately found himself seized on by the Fox, who, together with the Weasel, began to tear him to pieces, when thus the unfortunate victim of their arts, in his dying agonies, uttered his complaint, "I foresaw that my doom was determined upon, when you two counselled together."

APPLICATION.

Friendships among the wicked are nothing less than conspiracies, by which the defenceless and the innocent are sure to suffer; for it is a moral impossibility that any thing like true friendship can subsist in such society; their combinations can only be for the purpose of increasing their power, to do more harm than either could do alone—their bond of union is interest only:—for rogues themselves hate rogues. As there is no truth among them, or word that can be relied upon, of course there can be no confidence, for each

dreads that his associate will betray him, whenever it is for his advantage to do so. And as sure as we find bad people in intercourse with each other, we may rely upon it, that some mischief is at hand.

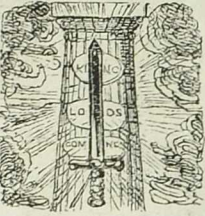
The carefulness of the wicked, says the proverb, causes the godly to look about them.

J. N.





THE CLUB OF BIRDS.



It once happened, that a select party of the feathered tribe determined to be very sociable, and form themselves into a Club, which was to be composed of a Kite, a Parrot, a Magpie, a Jay, a Mockbird, a Peacock, a Dove, and so on. When they were all met on a certain time, the discourse took the following turn. What quality or character was most to be coveted? and each gave his opinion. The Parrot spoke

first, and insisted upon it, that the power of mimicry demonstrated such a degree of nice observation of nature, so perfect a possession of the sense of hearing, so strong and retentive a memory, as evidently to proclaim a superiority of capacity in the possessors of that amusing faculty. He was backed in his arguments by the Jay, the Magpie, and the Mockbird. The Peacock spoke with great contempt of so mean and insignificant a talent, which amounted to nothing more than mere buffoonery, fit only to please the vulgar, and not to be compared by any means with personal beauty, a stately and majestic carriage, and a superb display of incomparably rich plumage, endowments of nature which gained immediate admiration and applause from every beholder, both high and low. The Dove now put forth her humble claim, modestly observing, that purity of manners, and an unostentatious and inoffensive discharge of all the duties of domestic life, with perfect innocence and love, were merits, perhaps, intrinsically of a superior order to those which had been mentioned by other worthy members of the Club. Several others also endeavoured to blazon forth their pretensions, till the Kite feeling in

himself the consciousness of that power which could crush the whole company, and enraged at the paltry and partial claimants who set him at nought, flew upon them like a true despot, declaring that he would prove who amongst them possessed the best right to distinction and homage; and quickly dispersed the whole assembly in the utmost terror, for fear of becoming the prey of an inexorable and cruel tyrant.

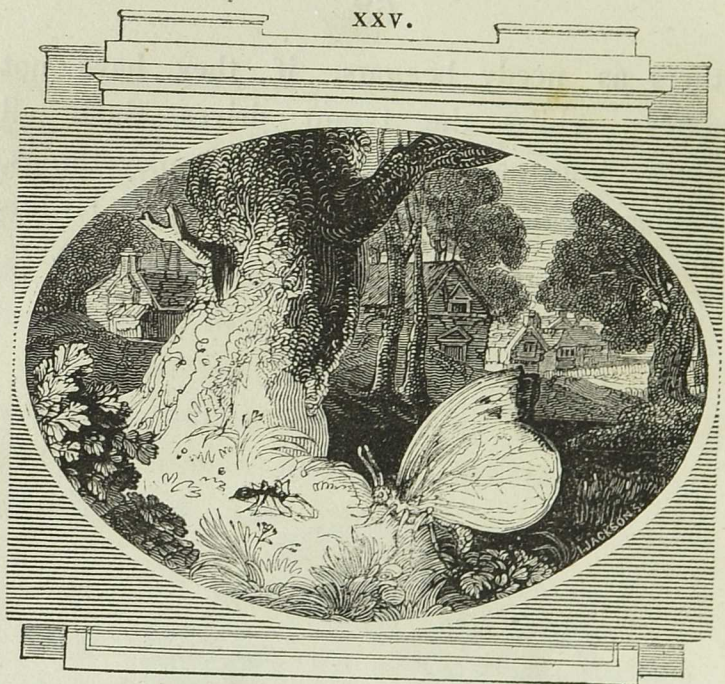
APPLICATION.

This Fable seems to point at that ridiculous partiality, which most men have to their own abilities or acquirements; and which is also to be perceived in whole bodies of men, to their several professions. The scholar thinks that all excellence is centered in a knowledge of the dead languages. The poet esteems nothing of value, that does not exemplify the powers of imagination. The soldier boasts of courage, as the greatest of all human qualities; and beauties consider themselves as the universal objects of adoration. The enthusiast in religion congratulates himself on the possession of more than this world has to bestow. The rich man despises

others as needy beggars, if they have not money; whilst the tyrant drives them all before him, as his tools and play-things, making them wholly subservient to his lawless will.

J. N.





THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ANT.



THE sun shone bright, and all was
gay,

And men and maids were making
hay;

'Twas on the twenty-first of
June,

The time of day exactly noon.

A Butterfly, as gay with pride,

As on from flower to flower he hied,

With painted coat and spotted wing,

The brightest insect of the spring,

Address'd a poor laborious Ant,
 (Providing then for future want,
 By lugging home a grain of wheat,
 Which made the little insect sweat,)
 'Why, how now, nauseous being, say,
 'What makes you toil thus all the day,
 'For that same carcase which I see,
 'Devoid of birth, of pedigree?
 'Is it for that you sweat and moil,
 'And all the genial season spoil?'
 'Yes, true,' the honest Ant replied,
 'I must for wintry days provide;
 'For when 'tis biting frost and snow,
 'I cannot travel far you know.'
 'Oh stupid! stupid!' she rejoin'd;
 'Oh what a grov'ling narrow mind!'

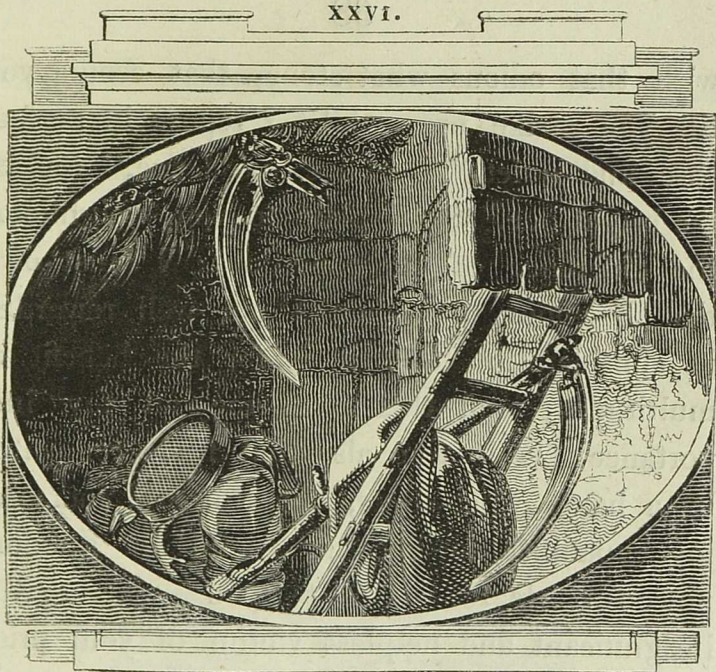
Then off, with proud disdain, she flew,
 To sip from flowers the balmy dew.
 Ere long, our Ant return'd again,
 To fetch another golden grain;
 And saw this very Butterfly
 Beneath some mouldering rubbish lie :
 And started back with much surprise;
 And hardly could believe his eyes.
 'And, ah!' said he, 'my painted friend,
 'You little thought of such an end,
 'Of such an end, I do suppose,
 'When basking on the fragrant rose ;

'But insects all, however gay,
 'Must surely have a dying day:
 'Yet mortals in their pride forget,
 'They have to pay this solemn debt.'

APPLICATION.

The sweetest flow'rs that scent the sky,
 Are only born to blush and die!
 And ev'ry blooming youth and maid
 Shall shortly in the dust be laid.
 Then let us now, in early youth,
 With ardour climb the ascent of truth;
 By treading which alone we rise,
 And gain admittance to the skies.





THE TWO SCYTHES.



It so happened that a couple of mower's Scythes were placed together in the same Barn: one of them was without its proper handle, and therefore remained useless and rusty, the other was complete, bright, and in good order, and was frequently made use of, in the hands of the mowers. "My good neighbour," said the rusty one, "I much pity you, who labour so much for the good of others, and withal so constantly are fretted

with that odious whet-stone, that scours you till you strike fire, whilst I repose in perfect ease and quiet." — "Give me leave," replied the bright one, "to explain to you, neighbour, the difference of our conditions; I must own that I labour, but then I am well rewarded in consideration that it is for the benefit of multitudes; and this gives me all my importance: it is true also that I am renovated by a harsh whet-stone, but this still increases my capability to become useful in a more powerful degree — whilst you remain the insignificant and helpless victim of your pride and idleness, and in the end fall a prey to a devouring rust, useless, unpitied and unknown.

APPLICATION.

Idleness in every station in life is attended by a portion of misery. By it the health is impaired, the intellects benumbed, all importance or value in society is forfeited, and as we contribute nothing towards the profit or pleasure of mankind, we become little better than outcasts or burdens on the earth. In the rich, idleness produces a mental misery, and they become the prey of melancholy: and in the inferior orders, its fruits are poverty,

vice, and disease. And if the industrious do meet with rubs in the world, still like the whet-stone to the Scythe, it sharpens their wits, and prepares them by an acquisition of knowledge and experience to overcome difficulties with more facility. J. N.





THE PAPER-KITE.



ONCE on a time, a Paper-Kite,
 Was mounted to a wond'rous
 height;
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration:
 'See how yon crowds of gazing people
 'Admire my flight above the steeple;
 'How would they wonder, if they knew
 'All that a Kite, like me, could do?
 'Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
 'And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;

'But, ah! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 'My string confines me near the ground;
 'I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 'Might I but fly without a string;
 It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string—at last it broke!
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain it tried to soar away:
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It flutter'd downward through the air;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Oh! foolish Kite, thou had'st no wing,
 How could'st thou fly without a string?
 My heart replied, 'O Lord, I see
 'How much the Kite resembles me!
 'Forgetful that by thee I stand,
 'Impatient of thy ruling hand;
 'How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
 'Thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
 'How oft indulged a vain desire
 'For something more, or something higher?
 'And but for grace and love divine,
 'A fall thus dreadful had been mine.'





THE MASTIFF AND THE CURS.



IT happened one day, as a stout and honest Mastiff, that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking with one of his puppies by his side; all the little dogs in the street gathered about him, and barked at him. The puppy was so enraged at this affront done to his sire, that he asked him, why he did not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? to which the sire answered,

with great composure of mind, "If there were no Curs, I should be no Mastiff!"

Tatler.

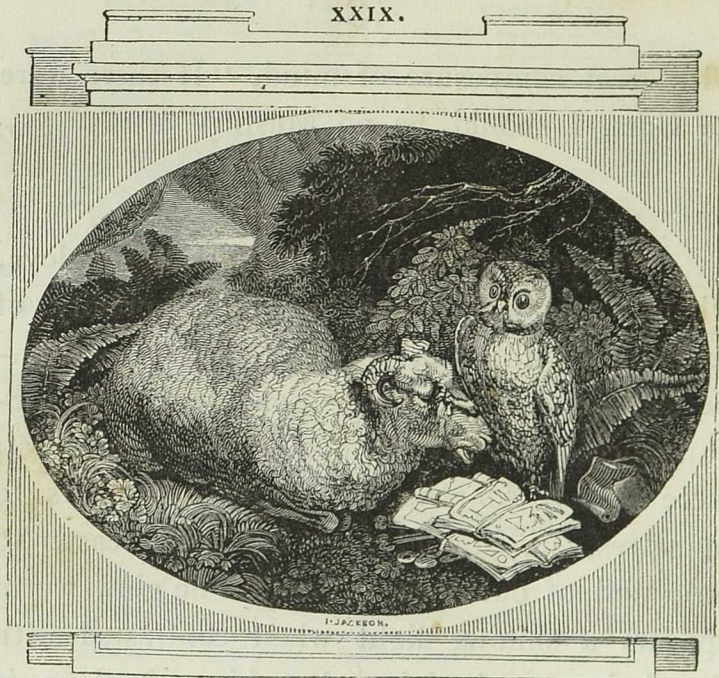
APPLICATION.

We are frequently indulging our self-love, when we condemn the general depravity of mankind, without a thought of our own imperfections, or a recollection that all pre-eminence is but comparative; and that, were it not for the inferiority of others to ourselves, we should have but little reason to be proud of our own virtues. The glow-worm appears a shining light when contrasted with the darkness of night; but his splendour is totally annihilated when compared to the light of the sun. However, when censure is unjustly bestowed, we may rest consoled under the abuse we receive, as it more commonly proceeds from the envy of the base, than from the honest indignation of offended virtue.

There is a natural dignity in great minds, which makes them pass by, with a total disregard, the snarl of envy, or the clamours of malice.

J. N.





THE BLIND SHEEP.



CERTAIN poor Sheep was so unfortunate, as some years before his death to become blind, when the Owl who had assumed to himself the profession of Oculist to his Majesty the Eagle, undertook to cure him. On the morning when the operation was to have been performed, the Sheep placed himself in the seat, and asked the Oculist if all things were ready for cure? The Oculist answered "Yes, his instruments and plaisters

were all prepared and nothing wanting.”—“Ay,” says the Sheep, “the things you have mentioned are of the least importance towards giving me that satisfaction I desire, by the recovery of my sight:—Tell me how goes the world?”—“Why even just as it did,” says the Owl, “when you fell blind.”—“Sayest thou so, Friend,” replied the Sheep, “then prithee hold thy hand, and proceed no further, for I would not give a blade of grass to recover my sight, if I must again be punished in beholding enormities so odious in the eyes of all innocent creatures on earth.”

APPLICATION.

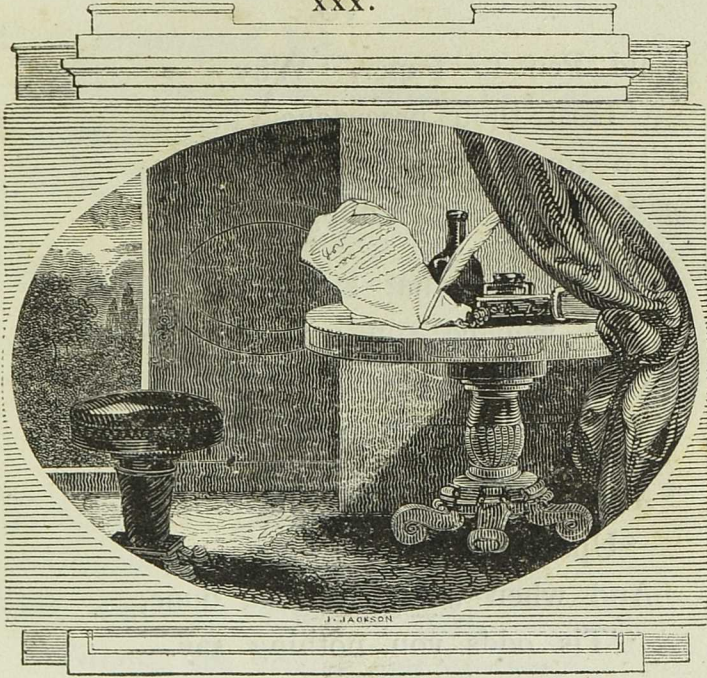
Sarah Dutchess of Marlborough used to say, that she hoped in the next world, she should not be sensible of what was passing in this, as it would effectually destroy all possibility of her being happy; and most certainly to a feeling mind, it is a melancholy view to witness the frequent ill-use made of power in this lower world, the insolence of pride, the oppressions heaped on unresisting innocence, the pernicious arts of knavery, the conceit of ignorance, the affectations of folly, the prosperity of impudence, the success of

quackery, the suffering victims of idleness, the ruin which attends on vice, and the dreadful termination of the wicked.

All these are disgusting sights, not to mention those of terror, which are found to be necessary in order to curb depravity, and though often repeated yet with little effect, such as dungeons, halters, axes, gibbets, burning pitch barrels and faggots, or the degrading punishments by pillories, ducking-stools, branding irons, &c. &c.

J. N.





PEN, INK, AND PAPER.



PAPER yclad in white,
 And Pen with hat and feather,
 With Ink well-bottled tight,
 Once took a walk together.

The moon conspicuous shew'd
 The coat which Paper wore,
 And so he led the road,
 And always kept before.

Said Pen to Paper, 'Why
 'Dost thou precedence take?
 'To trace thy progeny,
 'Thou'rt but a dunghill-rake.'

'Let me be what I will,
 'Or whence you will descended;
 'What were thy goose-cap quill,
 'Unless by me befriended?

'A wild-goose chase you run,
 'Upon my milky way;
 'And when all's said and done,
 'Tis odds you nothing say.

'How oft have I been torn,
 'Or put to vilest use?
 'The meanest critic's scorn,
 'Thy errors *my* abuse.

'Talk'st thou to me of birth?
 'Look back upon thy own:
 'The silliest thing on earth
 'Boasts thee to be her son.'

'From me,' says Pen, 'you draw
 'The worth which you inherit;
 'In poetry or law,
 'Tis I that stamp your merit.'

Here interrupted Ink,

‘Why, how now, whence this quarrel?

‘Could either of you think,

‘Did I not fill the barrel?

‘Do you not wet your lip,

‘Sir Pen, within my fountain;

‘Both Helicon and Hip-

‘Pocrene in use surmounting.

‘Then let us all unite,

‘Useless without each other;

‘One were not worth a mite,

‘Without his friend and brother.’





THE VAIN GLOW-WORM.



CERTAIN Glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge, where he made a figure; and every night would condescend to illumine them with the splendour of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing "that

his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions!"—"No, no," replied the groveling-spirited Glow-worm, "that is not to my taste; for between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance. Whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm."

APPLICATION.

There are certain dispositions of the mind, that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate, and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained, where flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals; and preferred before the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their

errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance, nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed, and from that mean motive shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.

J. N.





THE LION AND THE SNAKE.



LORDLY Lion, who was seeking for his prey, by chance saw a Snake basking in the sun, when being rather sharp-set by hunger, and disappointed in his object, he, with a haughty air, spurned the groveling reptile with his paw, as not being agreeable to his stomach. But the enraged Snake turned on him, and, giving him a mortal sting, thus addressed the expiring hero of the forest. “Die, imperious tyrant, and let

thy example show that no strength or power is sufficient at all times to screen a despot from destruction; but that even reptiles, when provoked, may be the cause of their annihilation."

APPLICATION.

It is very impolitic, as well as inhuman, to insult any person, be he ever so much beneath us; and whoever is so unguarded as to take such liberties, must not think it strange if he meets with reprisals. And no men are more unwilling to bear with jests, than those who are the most forward in forcing them on others. In respect to haughty pride, it is not only uneasy, but unsafe also; for it has the powerful justice of heaven, and the watchful envy of men to encounter at the same time. In a word, humility is a virtue that never goes without a blessing.

There is no state of life that has not some mixture of good and evil in it, and the highest pitch of fortune is not exempt from dangers, cares, and fears; so that at last it may be brought to this conclusion, that our safety and our happiness must depend on the

prudence and propriety of our conduct. Despise not an enemy, though ever so weak; but consider that the Lion may perish by the sting of an Asp.

J. N.





THE IMITATING ANIMALS.



WHEN heav'n of old, what time
 this world began,
 Sent forth her last best work,
 her fav'rite man,
 Each brute at once with dread
 and wonder saw
 A being form'd to give creation law.
 The shaggy Lion with regret beheld
 His own rude strength by manly sense excell'd;
 The Fox less strong, tho' infinite in art,
 Thought bulk and vigour man's superior part:

In short, all creatures found in him alone
 Some happier power that still surpass'd their own:
 His form, his mind, as each stood fair to view,
 Now here, now there, the growl of envy drew.
 Disgust so gen'ral diff'rent symptoms show'd,
 In fiercer natures scorn indignant glow'd;
 These to wild woods with sullen rage retir'd,
 Averse to see what seeing they admir'd.
 While part more docile mimic skill address'd,
 To catch the likeness each imagin'd best:
 Some habit one, some airs another got,
 Defect or excellence, no matter what.

The Dog observ'd with what familiar grace,
 The civil purpose mark'd the human face:
 'Twas his the civil purpose to prefer,
 And lo! a flatterer grafted on a cur. [claim'd,

The pow'r of speech the Parrot's wonder
 With rival voice each object round he nam'd:
 Sounds indiscriminate, things right or wrong,
 Forever vibrate on the blockhead's tongue:
 Oh! grand distinction from the vulgar herd,
 See man's worst part re-echoed by a bird!
 The Ape, with whimsical ambition fir'd,
 Man's dext'rous hand and ready wit admir'd;
 So apt a mimic soon display'd his pow'rs,
 And Apish parts were taught to rival ours.

The Cat, from Man, her grave demeanour
 took:

The measur'd stalk, fix'd eye, and solemn look.

Fate saw from these to more the madness
spread,

She saw—And thus with indignation said:

‘Yes, servile throng, your purpose shall succeed,

‘Ye vile apostates from the lot decreed,

‘The ill-judg’d likeness you have sought retain,

‘But ye shall live a mean domestic-train,

‘The thralls of him with whom your folly vied

‘Slaves of his wants, his pleasures, and his pride.’





THE SILK-WORM AND THE SPIDER.



SILK-WORM was one day working at her pod: the Spider, her neighbour, weaving her web with the greatest swiftness, looked down with insolent contempt on the slow although beautiful labours of the Silk-worm. “What do you think of my web, Signora?” she cries, “see how large it is, and I began it only this morning, and here it is half-finished and is very fine and transparent, see and acknowledge that I work

much quicker than you.”—“Yes,” said the Silk-worm, “but your labours which are at first designed only as base traps to insnare the harmless, are destroyed as soon as they are seen, and swept away as dirt and worse than useless, whilst mine are preserved with the greatest care, and in time become ornaments for princes.

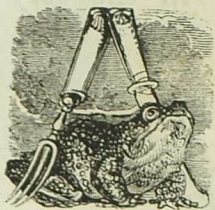
APPLICATION.

The quality only of any work is to be considered and estimated, and not the time it has taken to accomplish it.





THE EAGLE AND THE JACKDAW.



STATELY Eagle, the despotic sovereign of the feathered race, was frequently annoyed by a pert Jackdaw, who endeavoured to ingratiate himself in his opinion by the most absurd and gross flattery. One time in particular, he ran on in his usual fulsome manner, praising the Eagle for every perfection of which he was not possessed, concluding this to be the way to gain his favour, when the royal Bird, whose keen

perception was not thus to be deceived by a fawning sycophant, surveyed him with a mixture of rage and contempt, saying, "Are there no valuable qualities you could find in me to praise with truth, or are you so hard put to it, that you must perforce heap on me all those virtues which you know I am without? Fly from my sight, or I shall instantly be your destruction."

APPLICATION.

There is nothing so disgusting to a man of sense, as a high-flown panegyric; and a fulsome dedication is the most scandalous of all libels. It does not only pronounce a man to be a fool to his face, but publishes him for a coxcomb to the world also, and he signs and seals the certificate in the very sufferance of it.



CARE AND GENEROSITY.



LD Care with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his
part, [store,
He heap'd up such an ample
That av'rice could not sigh for

more;

Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold,
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded gran'ries groan,
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain;

With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.

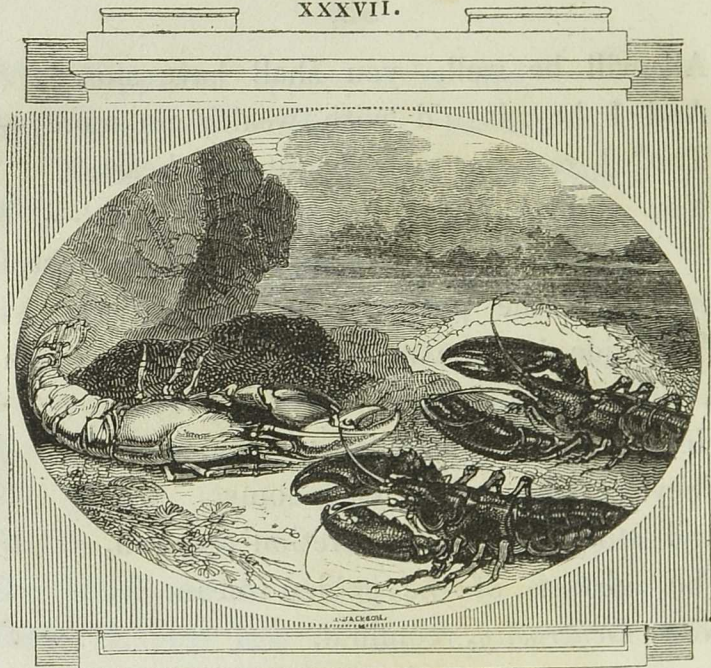
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was *Generosity*.

'Twas her's the largess to bestow,
On rich and poor, on friend and foe;
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide;
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed.—
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand
Diffus'd she blessings round the land;
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng;
At length pale penury seiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled and ruin came:
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
They blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before;
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her, came Care,—
And cry'd, 'My dear, if you will join
'Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,

‘All will be well,—you shall have store,
 ‘And I be plagu’d with wealth no more;—
 ‘Tho’ I restrain your bounteous heart,
 ‘You still shall act the gen’rous part.’—

The bridal came—great was the feast,
 And good the pudding, and the priest:
 The bride in nine months brought him forth
 A little maid, of matchless worth;
 Her face was mix’d of care and glee,
 They christen’d her Oeconomy,
 And stil’d her fair discretion’s queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now *Generosity*, confin’d,
 Is perfect easy in her mind;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.





THE LOBSTERS.



It chanced on a time, that the shell of a boiled Lobster was thrown on the sea-shore, where it was quickly espied by one of the same tribe, who, young, ignorant, and vain, viewed it with admiration and delight, "See," said she, addressing her mother who was at her side, "behold the beauty and splendour of hue in one of our family, thus decked out in noble scarlet, so rich in colour that no coral can surpass it

in brilliancy. I shall have no rest till I am become possest of an appearance equally magnificent; nor can I bear to see myself the dingy object I am at present, and obliged to mingle undistinguished with our swarthy race." — "Proud and heedless idiot," replied the mother, "know that this same tawdry finery which you so earnestly covet, once belonged to some unfortunate wretch and was acquired by her destruction: hence learn from this terrible example, to be humble and content, obscure and safe."

APPLICATION.

Vanity, or the silly ambition to vie with our superiors in regard to outward show rather than inward accomplishments, is often the cause of our utter ruin, and has proved the destruction of thousands; for the suggestions of vanity are as delusive as those of superstition, nor are we sufficiently apprehensive that were our ill-judged prayers to be always granted, how many would be victims to their own request.

It is never safe to trust to outward appearances, as the object of our pride is often the source of our misfortune; the young

and artless should make caution supply the place of years and experience, as schemes of ambition without proper talents always terminate in disgrace. In this point of view the superior safety of an obscure and humble station is a balance for the honours of high and envied life, and an immoderate pursuit of pleasure is generally fatal to its object.





THE OWLS, THE BATS, AND THE SUN.



THE Owls, Bats, and several other birds of night were on a certain day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: "Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you

know, could in an instant scorch you up, and consume every mother's son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is to 'shine on.'"

APPLICATION.

The powerful, the virtuous, and the wise may serenely overlook or despise the attacks made upon them by the envious, the malignant, or the weak. It would be a waste of their time, and unbecoming their high characters, to honour with their notice undeserved abuse. Whoever makes a return to it, does in some measure lower himself to a level with his base accuser; those who are innocent, should disregard the malice of their enemies, they have only to follow the bright example of the Sun, that is, to "shine on."





THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GLOW-WORM.



HE toilsome hours of day were
 spent, [content;
 The world seem'd wrapt in calm
 Each anxious care forsook the
 breast,

Sleep gently clos'd each eye to rest:
 Cynthia her brightest aspect wore,
 And heav'ns expanse was studded o'er.
 A Sage, by meditation drawn,
 Forsook his cot, and sought the lawn;
 In contemplation deep he stray'd,
 And nature's dozing charms survey'd;

On either hand new beauties view'd,
 As he his tranquil path pursu'd.
 By chance a Glow-worm in his way
 Shot forth his little glitt'ring ray;
 Proudly unfolding ev'ry grace,
 As trailing round from place to place,
 Illumining the moss-fring'd plain,
 On other worms he looked disdain:
 The Sage, with philosophic eye,
 Survey'd the wand'rer crawling by;
 Then stooping low with gentle hand,
 High lifts him from the dew-fraught land.

The grub, (tho' not dismay'd thro' fear,)
 Conscious he was not in his sphere,
 Withdrew his beam of light away,
 To hear what man, vain man! would say.
 The learn'd Philosopher, amaz'd,
 Paus'd for some time and anxious gaz'd;
 Astonish'd that the worm shou'd die
 So soon, then careless threw it by:
 But first, this application made;

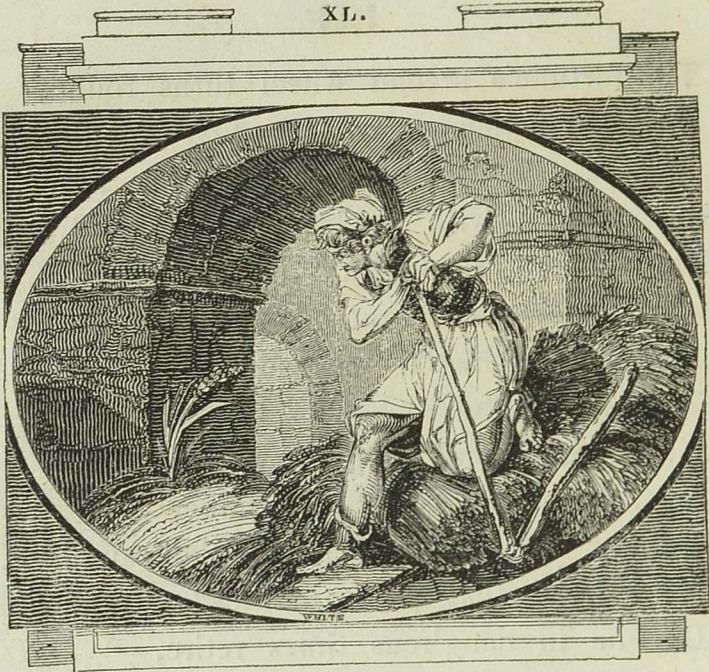
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'This creeping reptile, lo! is dead,
 'And with his life his glory's fled.
 'So is't with all ambition's race,
 'Who fill up each exalted place;
 'Brilliant they shine with borrow'd ray,
 'And wanton in the blaze of day,

‘Till fortune’s second wheel turns round,
 ‘And leaves them, where they first were found.’

The Glow-worm with attention heard,
 And weigh’d with prudence ev’ry word,
 Trimm’d bright his little lamp again,
 And shone more beauteous o’er the plain.
 Then thus address’d the wond’ring Sage,
 The known Philosopher of the age:
 ‘Know thou, the happy pow’r to shine
 ‘Is truly man’s as well as mine,
 ‘I know my sphere: did he the same,
 ‘He’d tread that path that leads to fame.
 ‘Did he in dang’rous times retire,
 ‘And check with care *ambition’s* fire;
 ‘Like me, he might new lustre spread,
 ‘And deck with laurels fresh his head:
 ‘But, coxcomb-like, he’s led astray
 ‘To shine, and shines but for a day.’





THE THRESHER AND THE EAR OF CORN.



Then once happened, says the fable, that an Ear of Corn, which lay under the heavy blows of a Thresher's flail, thus expressed his sense of the unaccountable hard treatment: "How have I deserved this severe persecution? Do I not appear before you in the simple covering with which nature has endowed me; and although mankind freely acknowledge me as their greatest blessing, you treat me as if I had been their curse."

“Fool that thou art,” replied the Peasant, when he heard the complaint, “know that by this very treatment your value and your power of blessing is infinitely increased, and that by it you are divested and freed of a worthless excrescence, and are made more pure.”

APPLICATION.

Punishments inflicted with discretion, and by the hands of wisdom and justice, become wholesome correction. It is only wanton acts of useless cruelty that stamp the tyrant. But as mere cruelty is of all human crimes the most detestable, so a just coercion is of eminent utility; and some of the hardships of which we complain are not so much the effect of tyranny in others as of our own deserts; and many stubborn spirits are obliged to be driven by severity to their duty, not having virtue enough to perform it of their own free will. Whoever would judge aright of the harsh treatment which some appear to suffer, must not only regard the temper of those who inflict the punishment, but also the qualities of those who complain of it.

The idle we know are always punished naturally by poverty or disease, and we know also that nothing but force will make them active and industrious.

The Scripture says, "He who spares the rod spoils the child." J. N.



THE SNOW-DROP AND THE PRIMROSE.



Primrose ever sweet to view,
Beside a lovely Snow-drop grew;
They were the boasted pride of
spring, [wing;
Fann'd by the Zephyr's balmy
Each thought itself the choicest flow'r
That ever drank the spangled show'r;
And vied for beauty, sought for praise,
Beneath the sun's resplendent rays.
At length the Snow-drop, fraught with ire,
Began to vent its jealous fire.

'You, Primrose! are not blest as I,
 'Who can delight each gazing eye;
 'Superior beauties I may claim,
 'But you were born to meet disdain;
 'That yellow tinge which courts the air,
 'Is nothing but the type of care!
 'Review my innocence and worth,
 'Know that I sprung from purer earth;
 'While you from coarser mould arose—
 'The truth your sallow visage shows;
 'A grov'ling paltry flow'r, and pale,
 'The jest of ev'ry nipping gale,
 'I am the youthful poet's theme,
 'Of me the bard delights to dream;
 'In lofty verse he sings my praise,
 'And paints me in his choicest lays;
 'But you the early bud of care,
 'Are never seen to flourish there!'

The Primrose heard with modest ear,
 And 'Flow'r,' it said, 'tho' sprung so near,
 'I still co-eval praise may claim,
 'Nor was I born to meet disdain?
 'Know that we both, tho' now so gay,
 'Shall soon be lost and fade away;
 'And if for beauty's meed you vie,
 'What boots it? since next eve you die.
 'The Rose is lovely to behold,
 'The Cowslip, too, which boasts of gold,

‘The Tulip and the Lily fair,
‘All yield their fragrance to the air,
‘But soon their beauty fades away,
‘And then proud Snow-drop, what are they?’

APPLICATION.

Celia, be wise, from pride refrain,
Nor of your matchless face be vain!
Beauty is short, and soon you’ll find,
The greatest centers in the mind.
Let virtue be your sov’reign guide,
Make her your friend, your boast, and pride,
Then will the brightest deed be done,
And all the beauties shine in one.





THE EAGLE, THE JACKDAW, AND THE
MAGPIE.



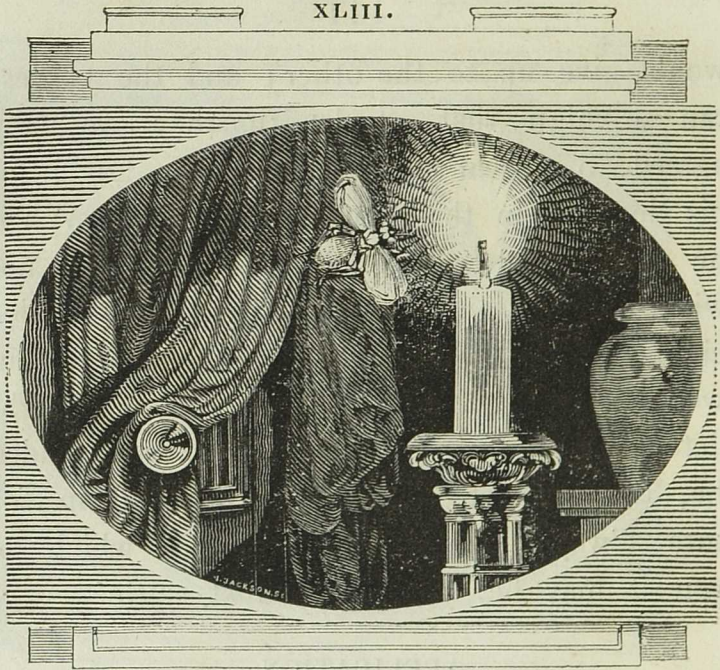
THE kingly Eagle kept his court with all the formalities of sovereign state, which was duly attended by all his plumed subjects in their highest feather. But these solemn assemblies were frequently disturbed by the impertinent conduct of two, who assumed the importance of high-flyers, and those were no other than the Jackdaw and the Magpie, who were forever contending for precedence, which neither of them

would give up to the other; and the contest ran so high that at length they mutually agreed to appeal to the sovereign Eagle for his decision in this momentous affair. When he very gravely answered, that he did not wish to make any invidious distinction by deciding to the advantage of either party, but would give them a rule by which they might determine it between themselves, for, added he, the greatest fool of the two shall in future always take precedence, but which of you it may be, yourselves must settle.

APPLICATION.

In this Fable is shewn the extreme folly of coveting with such avidity those trifling claims of superiority (which wit or whim can by a breath invalidate or turn into ridicule,) in preference to those truly noble qualities of the mind, knowledge and virtue, which may bid defiance to wit, argument, or power itself, to destroy or render them ridiculous. Every person has just as much pride as he wants sense. J. N.





THE FLY AND THE TAPER.



RITHEE, little buzzing fly,
 Eddying round the Taper, why
 Is it that its quiv'ring light,
 Dazzling, captivates your sight?
 Bright the taper is, 'tis true,
 Trust me 'tis too bright for you;
 'Tis a flame, fond thing! beware,
 'Tis a flame you cannot bear;
 Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
 Take good counsel 'ere too late.
 Buzz no longer round and round,
 Settle on the wall or ground;

Sleep till morning ; with the day
 Rise and use your wings you may.
 Know the source of all thy joy
 Shines, alas ! but to destroy.
 Prithee my advice pursue ;
 Trust me thou wilt find it true.
 Lo ! good counsel nought avails,
 Round and round and round it sails ;
 Sails with idle unconcern.
 Prithee, trifler, can'st thou burn ?
 Madly heedless as thou art,
 Know thy danger and depart.
 Why persist ? advice is vain ;
 Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

APPLICATION.

Learn from this, ye giddy train ;
 Learn that pleasure leads to pain.
 Timely, then, temptation shun,
 Or, like the Fly, you'll be undone.
 Is not this, deny who can,
 Is not this a draught of man ?
 Like the fly, he rashly tries
 Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
 Vain the friendly caution, still
 He rebels ; alas ! and will.
 What is said let pride apply ;
 Flies are weak, and man's a fly.



THE TROOPER.



As a Trooper was dressing his horse, he noticed that one of the shoe-nails had dropt out, yet he postponed for the present striking in another nail. Soon after he was summoned by sound of trumpet to join his corps, who were commanded to advance rapidly and charge the enemy. In the heat of the action, the loose shoe fell off, his horse became lame, stumbled, and threw his rider to the ground; who was immediately slain by the enemy.

APPLICATION.

A well-known proverb warns us, never to leave that to be done to-morrow which may be done to-day: but the foregoing apologue shews, that even an hour's delay of a business seemingly trivial occasioned death.

J. N.





THE SPANISH CAVALIER.



ONE day a quarrel happened about a lady, between a Spanish Cavalier and a Dutchman. Satisfaction was the word, and they met to decide the dispute: the contest was fierce and bloody, for they closed at the first encounter, and the Don being mortally wounded, fell down; and cried out to an intimate of his who was running to his assistance, but too late: "My dear friend! for the love of heaven, be so good as to

bury me, before any body strips me." Having said this, so great a quantity of blood flowed from his wound, that he died immediately.

Now this odd request of the Spaniard to his friend raised every body's curiosity (as it generally happens in things prohibited) to see him naked, especially since it was the dying request and intreaty of a worthy hero of that wise nation, who never speak at random, nor drop a word that is not full of mysteries, and each mystery full of sense; so that every one had a great desire to know the meaning of it, and in spite of all his friend could do to prevent it, he was stript immediately, and upon search, this spruce blade who was completely drest *a la Cavalier*, and with a curious ruff about his neck worth more than all the rest of his finery, was found—to have never a shirt to his back—at which the spectators could not help smiling, although the event was so pitiable.

APPLICATION.

This Spaniard gives a strong example of the vast desire in some men to preserve their reputation unsullied, so as even in the

pangs of death to prefer the care of it above all other regards, and close their eyes full of zeal for it; the certain mark of a soul superlatively great, and although at the first view it appears ridiculous, yet we see in this instance that two contraries can be found in the same person, great vanity, yet solidity, mighty show and real substance, and the Spaniard displayed in his utmost calamity a greater zeal for his reputation than for the care of his wounds, and preferred his honour to his life.

J. N.





MINERVA AND THE OWL.



Y most solemn and wise Bird, said Minerva one day to her Owl, having hitherto admired you for your profound taciturnity, I have now a mind for variety, to hear you display your parts in discourse; for silence is only admirable in one who can, when he pleases, triumph by his eloquence, and charm with graceful conversation. The Owl replied by solemn grimace, and made dumb signs. Minerva bid

him lay aside that affectation, and begin : but he only shook his wise head, and remained silent. Whereupon Minerva, provoked with this mimicry of wisdom, commanded him to speak immediately on pain of her displeasure. When the Owl seeing no remedy, draws up close to Minerva, and whispers her very softly in the ear this sage remark : That since the world was grown so depraved, they ought to be esteemed most wise who had eyes to see, and wit to hold their tongues.

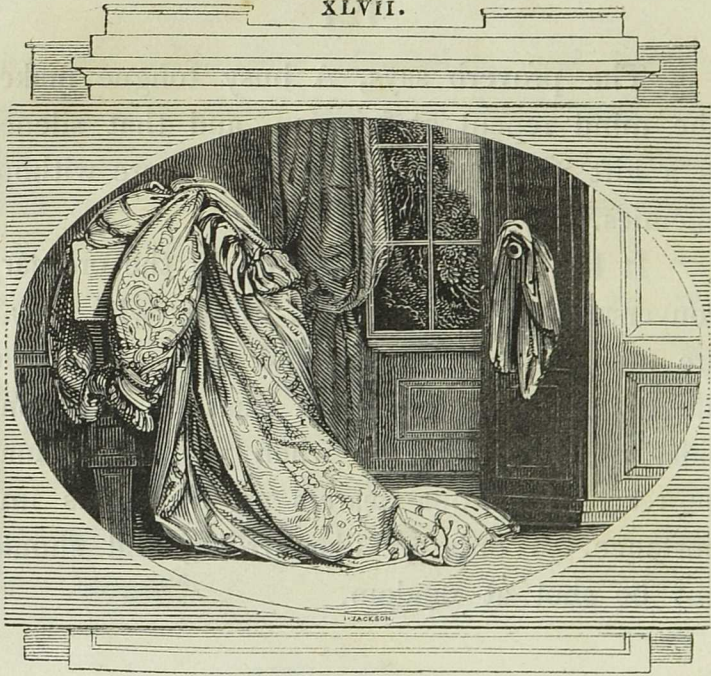
APPLICATION.

That the Owl speaks like a politician cannot be denied ; for those who too publicly criticise the conduct of their neighbours will be sure to get their hatred. All men revenge themselves of an evil-speaker by speaking against him ; and as those are rather numerous of whom he will find occasion to speak ill, he will be soon overwhelmed by the numbers who assail him. Detractors are universally hated, and if sometimes great men converse with them, it is more out of pleasure to hear their satire, than for any esteem they have of them.

The proverb says, A busy tongue makes the mind repent at leisure; and that silence is a gift without peril, and a treasure without enemies.

It has been observed, that in the ordinary conversation of the world, those who speak are not serious enough, and those that hear are too serious. Therefore what we may consider as only idle talk when we speak, may be received by our hearers as of serious importance. Words are like arrows, and should not be shot at random.





THE BROCADED GOWN AND LINEN RAG.



FROM a fine Lady to her maid,
 A Gown descended of brocade;
 French?—Yes, from Paris—
 that's enough,
 That would give dignity to stuff.
 By accident, or by design,
 Or from some cause I can't divine,
 A linen Rag (sad source of wrangling)
 On a contiguous peg was dangling,
 Vilely besmear'd—for late it's master
 It serv'd in quality of plaister.

The Gown, contemptuous beholder,
 Gave a *French* shrug from either shoulder,
 And rustling with emotion furious,
 Bespoke the Rag in terms injurious:
 'Unfit for tinder, lint, or fodder,
 'Thou thing of filth, with nauseous odour;
 'Discarded thus, art not afraid?
 'But dar'st approach a rich brocade?
 'Instant away—or in this place
 'I'll spurn you from me with disgrace.'
 To this replied the honest Rag,
 Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag;
 'Tho' thy glib tongue without an halt run,
 'Thou shabby, second-hand subaltern,
 'At once so ancient and so easy,
 'At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
 'I value not your gasconading,
 'Nor all your insolent parading.
 'But to abstain from words imperious,
 'And to be sober, grave, and serious;
 'When me you lessen, friend, you dream
 'For know I am not what I seem;
 'Soon by the mill's refining motion,
 'The sweetest daughter of the ocean,
 'Fair Medway shall with snowy hue
 'My virgin purity renew;
 'And give me reinform'd existence,
 'A good retention and subsistence.

'Then shall the sons of genius join
 'To make my second life divine;
 'Oh! Milton, let me then dispense
 'Some portion of thy eloquence;
 'For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine,
 'United and improved in thine.
 'Immortal poets then may deign
 'To stamp me deathless with their pen,
 'While flows approved by all the Nine,
 'The immortal soul of every line!
 '—— Such glories my mean lot betide;
 'Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride—
 'Thou after scouring, dying, turning,
 '(If haply you escape a burning,)
 'From Gown to petticoat descending,
 'And in a beggar's mantle ending,
 'Shalt in a dunghill or a sty,
 'Midst filth and vermin rot and die.





THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.



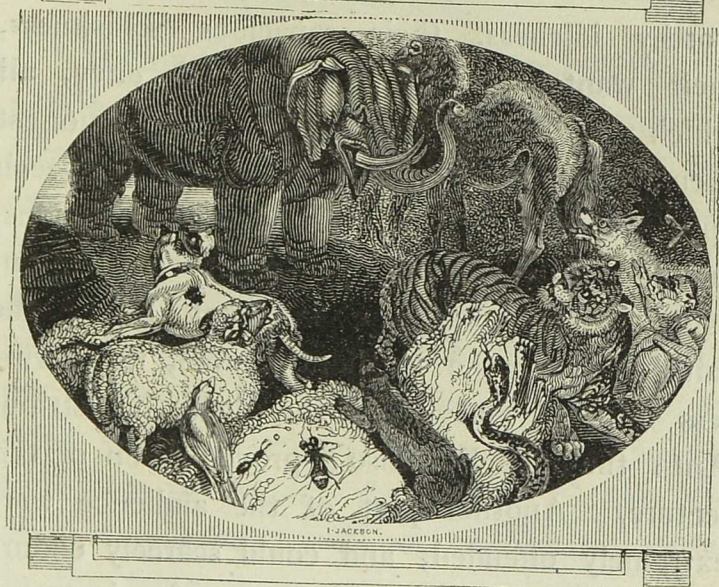
N aged Man saw with surprise the appearance of Death before him, and was seized with terror, when summoned to follow him immediately. “Pray grant me a little time, said the old man, at least till I have made my will and testament.”—“I cannot (replied Death) longer delay, as I have so often given you warning to prepare yourself for my final call, which I perceive has had no effect upon you, nor have you paid

the least regard or attention to it.”—“Surely you mistake,” said the old man, “you never came to me before this moment, nor have you ever admonished me to prepare to follow you.”—“How,” said Death, “have I not given you frequent and awful warnings sufficient to awake your conscience, when I have one by one taken away your youthful companions as they stood around you, and your children in their infancy, all which you have disregarded, as if you thought yourself exempt from my power, and now complain that you are not prepared. But prepared or not your hour is now come, and you must obey the summons.”

APPLICATION.

This Fable forcibly impresses on our minds the necessity of being always prepared for death, as we know not the hour, the day, nor year of the awful visitation.





THE ELEPHANT AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.



HE wise Elephant, whose endeavours were always directed towards the benefit of his society, saw with much concern the many abuses amongst the beasts, which called loudly for reform: he therefore assembled them, and with all due respect and humility began a long harangue, and enlarged for more than a quarter of an hour, remarking all their vices, also a thousand

ridiculous habits, particularly their unworthy idleness, their rapacious selfishness, their wanton cruelty and spiteful envy, all which so conspicuously appeared amongst them. To many of his auditors this speech appeared extremely delightful and judicious, and they listened with open-mouthed attention, especially such as the innocent Dove, the faithful Dog, the obedient Camel, the harmless Sheep, and even the little industrious Ant: the busy Bee also approved much of this lecture. Another part of the audience were extremely offended, and could scarcely endure so long an oration; the Tyger, for instance, and the rapacious Wolf were exceedingly tired, the Serpent hissed with all his might, whilst a murmur of disapprobation burst from the Wasp and Drone, the Hornet and the Fly. The Grasshopper hopped disdainfully away from the assembly, the Sloth was indignant, and the insolent Ape mimicked the orator in contempt.

The Elephant seeing the tumult, concluded his discourse in these terms. "My advice is addressed equally to all, but remember that those who feel hurt by any remarks of mine, acknowledge their guilt. The innocent are unmoved."

APPLICATION.

It must be remembered, that fables are addressed to all nations, and not alone to this country, or to this present time: they are intended to bring to notice the faults in conduct which have disfigured the world at all periods, as well as those of the present time, and are not levelled at any one in particular. He who is made angry, must seek for redress from his own bosom; and may be certain that it is himself that is in the wrong, and not the representation in the fable.





THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.



s an Ant of his talents superiorly
 vain,
 Was trotting with consequence
 over the plain;
 A Worm, in his progress
 remarkably slow, [go!
 Cry'd 'Bless your good worship, wherever you
 'I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
 'I pay my respects from an hearty good will.'
 With a look of contempt and ineffable pride,
 'Begone! you vile reptile, his Antship replied;

‘Go, go and lament your contemptible state,
 ‘But first—look at me—see—my limbs, how
 complete!

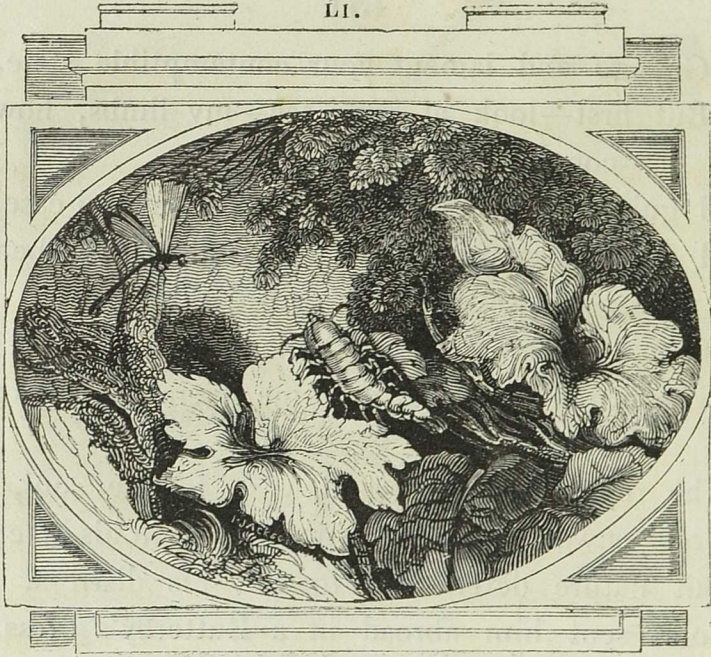
‘I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
 ‘I run backward and forward, and turn when
 I please;

‘Of nature (grown weary,) thou shocking essay!
 ‘I spurn you thus from me;—crawl out of
 my way.’

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
 Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
 But nature determin’d to end his distress,
 Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly’s dress.
 Ere long, the proud Ant was repassing the road,
 (Fatigu’d from the harvest, and tugging his load,)
 The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
 Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch’s excell’d;
 His plumage expanded!—’twas rare to behold,
 So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
 The Ant, quite amaz’d at a figure so gay,
 Bow’d low with respect, and was trudging away:
 ‘Stop, friend,’ says the Butterfly, ‘don’t be
 surpris’d,

‘I once was the reptile you spurn’d and despis’d;
 ‘But now I can mount,—in the sun-beams I
 play, [way.’

‘While you must forever drudge on in your



THE GLOW-WORM.



GLOW-WORM well knowing that he was admired for his extraordinary splendour, whenever he made his appearance on a dark evening, grew exceedingly proud and conceited upon the notice that was taken of him; and could not rest contented in his humble retreat, in a hedge among the insects his neighbours, but burnt with inward fire to come forward and display himself in bright day-light, to a gazing crowd of admirers more discerning and more

numerous than in the gloom of night; and accordingly having placed himself in a most conspicuous situation, he had the mortification of being informed, that his beauties were not of so sterling a quality as to bear a close inspection, for thus exposed in sunshine he appeared to be a mere grub.

APPLICATION.

There are too many like the Glow-worm in the fable, who appear very excellent when in a humble station of life, but are found very ill qualified to move in a sphere more lofty and splendid. As we become more exalted in our stations, we become more the immediate objects of criticism, and subject to the shafts of envy; as our power is increased and our field of action is enlarged, our task becomes doubly difficult to escape doing wrong, and those follies which would pass unnoticed in an obscure station, when practised by the great, are exposed to all eyes, and meet with universal condemnation.

J. N.





THE FAVORITE HORSE.



THE Horse of a Turkish Emperor had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams; at the same time he provided for him a

seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that seemed likely to contribute to the ease and happiness of his life, who had preserved the Emperor's. But, after all, the horse was totally insensible to all this magnificence, and was only able to enjoy that small portion of good which administered pleasure to his natural appetites and an alleviation of his natural wants: all else was wholly thrown away upon him and lost; nay worse, as by it he became indolent, and of consequence diseased, and instead of being an increase of his happiness, it became the cause of his misery.

APPLICATION.

In the foregoing instance is shown the folly of endeavouring to bestow happiness beyond the limits which nature has prescribed.

It is precisely the same thing with all those splendid superfluities which surround human greatness, and which we survey at a

distance frequently with envy, and lament our privation of them; while to the great who possess them, they are in a manner lost, becoming stale and insipid, and recognized only by the trouble that is attached to them. Our natural wants are few, and by means of industry may always be supplied; all else are artificial wants, generated by idleness, pride, or folly, and commonly attended by more cost than profit, more trouble than pleasure.

Nothing is more dangerous to our true happiness and tranquillity, than to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the power of fortune. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up to with admiration, the learned and the wise know to be only so many snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing farther to be sought for with earnestness than what will clothe and feed us. If we pamper ourselves in our diet, or give a loose to our imaginations and desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. We are to remember that every thing else is despicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great to a great mind. Those who form their

thoughts in this manner, and abstract themselves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. To be perfectly free from the insults of fortune, we should learn that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune can give us is not ours; and whatever she gives she can take away.

Tatler.





THE TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE OF
OPPORTUNITY.

A Dialogue.

Traveller.



AY, Image, by what Sculptor's
hand,

'In breathing marble here you
stand?'

Opp. 'By his, whose art,

to thousands known,

'Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone;

'But seldom seen by mortal eyes,

'I claim the kindred of the skies;

'By few I'm found, tho' great my fame,

'And Opportunity's my name.'

Tr. 'Say, if the cause you may reveal,
'Why thus supported on a wheel?'

Opp. 'The wheel my rapid course implies,
'Like that with constant speed it flies.'

Tr. 'Wings on your feet?'—*Opp.* 'I'm
prone to soar;

'Neglected, I return no more.'

Tr. 'But why behind depriv'd of hair?'

Opp. 'Escap'd, that none may seize me
there.' [eyes?]

Tr. 'Your locks unbound conceal your

Opp. 'Because I chiefly court disguise.'

Tr. 'Why coupled with that solemn fair,
'Of down-cast mien and mournful air?'

Opp. 'Repentance, she' (the stone replies)

'My substitute, behind me flies:

'Observe, and her you'll ever see

'Pursue the wretch depriv'd of me;

'By her corrected, mortals mourn

'For what they've done and what foreborne:

'Ask me no more; for while you stay,

'I vanish unperceiv'd away.'





THE RIVULET AND THE DRAIN.



CLEAR crystal spring which issued from a rock, became a blessing to all the neighbourhood from its coolness and purity, was visited from every quarter of the country by old and young, and so celebrated and venerated for a variety of virtues, that almost miracles were ascribed to its powers; however, having once left its source, it was now to take its chance and run its natural course

on the surface of the wide world, far distant from its uncontaminated origin, and be exposed to those annoyances to which every moving object is liable. For long it passed over rough and over smooth and still was clear, and was admired wherever it visited, till at length it chanced to enter within the precincts of a great city, where meeting by accident with another stream, they soon joined company, and this before a due examination of each other had taken place; for it is the nature of innocence and purity to conclude that all others are like themselves: therefore the Rivulet immediately mixed with this new-found acquaintance in the strictest friendship, and on they ran together; but the unfortunate subject of our tale soon found a different life, from that which it had ever before been accustomed to, its progress was no longer through rich meadows adorned with gay flowers, whilst itself reflected from its crystal surface the various beauties of the bright sky. Now it was hid from the sight of man, scorned and condemned to find its dreary way through gloomy caverns under the earth, and when it chanced to appear above-ground, instead of blessings bestowed on it as it passed, curses supplied their place. This fatal change, so

strange and new, forced a murmuring lamentation from our pitiable Rivulet; "Alas! how I am fallen, what have I done to be thus cursed and shunned?" Which was thus answered by its wretched and base companion: "Don't regard this vulgar abuse, you will become familiarized to it soon, as I have long been: it is solely on account of your friendship with me, whom mankind hate, but I have been so long their scorn that I now disregard it; for I must inform you that I am what they call a Foul Drain, and as all hope of your separation from me is now impossible, being so entirely intermixed, we must quietly be reconciled to our fate and run on together."

APPLICATION.

The fatal effects of keeping bad company are incalculable, for were it possible to keep free from catching their base habits, yet the loss of character by the connection is certain, the bulk of the world are much readier to receive a bad report than a good one, and if the best men cannot escape free from censure, what must those expect who give cause?" When character is gone, all sense of shame soon follows, and the door is left open

to the free entrance of every vice : indeed vice seems to be the only refuge which the wicked have left them, for being driven off with violence by all who wish or hope to have a claim on good, their only source of support must be from the association of abandoned wretches who live by guilt and infamy. J. N.





THE OWL'S ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.



N Owl assuming airs of quality,
 would needs have a splendid
 rout, to which all the beauties
 of feather were invited, whom
 she received in the most polite
 and affable manner, with cordial expres-
 sions of friendship and pleasure; but last
 of all the company in came the Dove,
 who declared herself to be in such haste
 as only just able to appear and pay her
 compliments of ceremony, being obliged

to attend on her young brood; however, she could not but observe, that as each of the visitors departed, the Owl did not fail to make her remarks on their characters. After the Magpie was gone, "There," said the Owl, "goes the most selfish thief that ever lived, she cannot be trusted in any house but will silyly steal whatever she can lay her beak on, and hide it in holes and corners like a miser, even things that are of no kind of use to her, merely from covetousness." Next went away the Parrot:—"A good rid-dance," said the Owl, "from that prating fool, who is continually babbling without knowing the least particle of the subject she is talking about, then she swears like a trooper, and tells lies like a varlet." Then the Peacock took his leave:—"Did you observe," said the Owl, "the airs of that vain idiot, filled with pride, affectation, and conceit of his beauty—I wish he would but look at his legs and be humble." Next the Goose withdrew—"What a mass of awkwardness, stupidity, and vulgarity," cried the Owl, "I wonder such creatures are not ashamed to appear in polite company; but such characters have no feeling for themselves or any one

else.” Next the Kite disappeared—“There goes a precious piece of goods,” said she ‘one that would eat her own mother alive: rather than deprive herself of a meal.”

In this manner the Owl ran on till the whole company were departed except the Dove, who remained alone with her. “How is this,” said the Owl, “did not you say and declare when you first came in, that you were in such haste that you could not tarry a moment, and now forsooth you have seen all the company out, this is very strange indeed!”—“Why, to tell you the plain truth,” replied the Dove, “when I heard you give such satirical descriptions of each of your visitors after they had left the company, I found it absolutely requisite, as the only means of protecting my own character, to remain till there was no one left to hear it: and I will give you this advice, which you will find by experience to be good, that if you go on at this rate, you will be shunned by every Bird that has but feathers enough in its wings to fly from you. And when you do venture abroad it must only be in the night, otherwise you will be followed and hooted at as a common detractor and a pest to society.”

APPLICATION.

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way to prejudice their honour or fortune; but indeed where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less; as it has been observed by a great author on the government of the tongue, where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, "a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrages the offender, and precipitates him into farther degrees of ill." Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints, which the wisdom of heaven has put upon mankind; and he that stumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances further, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked; and he who before was but a clandestine disciple, becomes a doctor of impiety.

This sort of reasoning most certainly induced our wise legislators to repeal that law,

which put the stamp of infamy on the face of felons; thus putting them beyond the power of retrieving their character, or indeed of thinking it possible.

The great mischief of slander is, that one knows neither how to ward off the stroke, nor to cure the wound it gives. J. N.





THE TWO CLOUDS.



Cloud, in Iris' beams array'd,
Each sister Cloud with scorn
survey'd. [cries,

'Hence fly,' the painted vapour
'Ye tribe, whom gods and men

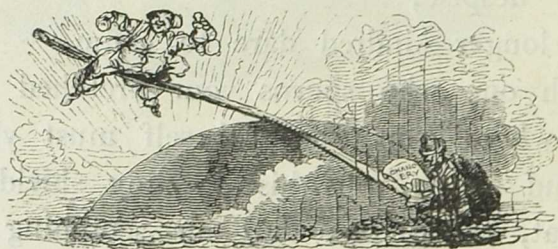
despise,

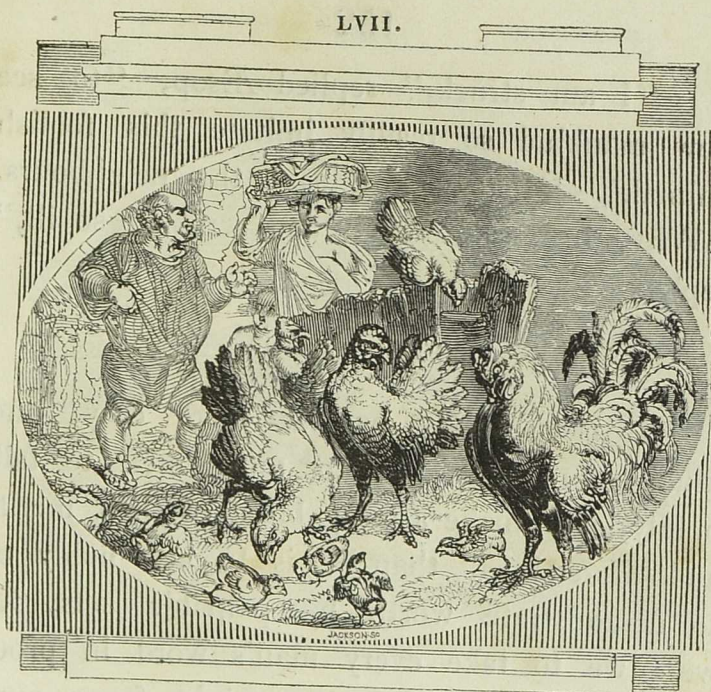
'No longer kindred dare to claim
'With one who spurns your wretched name;
'To whom e'en Phœbus' self must yield,
'Proud as he rolls his dazzling shield.
'What, though he dart his scorching rays?
''Tis but an undistinguish'd blaze.

'No eye e'er saw his orb disclose
 'The crimson tincture of the rose;
 'The violet's dejected blue,
 'Or polyanthus' mingled hue.
 'While the proud monarch of the skies,
 'In one broad glare must ever rise,
 'Each tint adorns my spangled bow,
 'Which heaven, earth, air, or seas can show.'

'What insolence!' a Cloud exclaims,
 'Vile upstart, deck'd with borrow'd beams!
 'A watery cloud just now you hung,
 'Dark and unnotic'd in the throng;
 'Till Phœbus' self, whom you abuse,
 'Illum'd you with his mingled hues;
 'And when he shall withdraw his rays,
 'Your colours fade, your form decays.
 'Hence, empty being of an hour!
 'Nor dare to scorn thy Maker's power.'

She spoke, and sail'd along the sky,
 'Twixt Phœbus and the rainbow's dye:
 And now the vapour's tints adorn
 The Cloud that lately was her scorn.





ÆSOP AND THE POULTRY.



THE populace of the neighbourhood in which Æsop was a slave, one day observed him attentively overlooking some Poultry in an enclosed fence that was near the road-side; and those speculative wits who spend more time in prying into other people's concerns to no purpose than in adjusting their own, were moved by curiosity to know why this philosopher should bestow his attention on those animals.

“I am struck,” replied Æsop, “to see how mankind so readily imitate this foolish animal.”—“In what?” said the neighbours. “Why, in crowing well and scraping so ill,” replied Æsop.

APPLICATION.

It is certainly by far more easy, and much more agreeable to most men to talk boldly, and make a noisy boast of their merits and professions, than it is to act nobly or to demonstrate worth by palpable acts, for were we to take every man’s word in proof of his own excellence, we might fancy ourselves in a blessed society, nor wish for any other paradise; but a man who knows the world does not so much regard what another may say, but directs his attention to what he is doing.

It is very bad policy to boast before we act, because it is apt to make us despair of being equal to our promise, and this damps ardour of action. Fame and an illustrious name ought to be the followers and consequence of great and extraordinary acts, and we should not by false pretences or boastings endeavour to raise a name to which we have no just right, and cannot sustain or make good by our actions.

J. N.



THE RATS AND THE CHEESE.



F Bees a government maintain,
Why may not Rats of stronger
brain [thought
And greater pow'r, as well be
By *Machiavelian* axioms taught ;

And so they are, for thus of late
It happened in the Rats' free state.

Their prince (his subjects more to please)
 Had got a mighty Cheshire Cheese,
 In which his ministers of state
 Might live in plenty and grow great.

A powerful party straight combin'd,
 And their united forces join'd
 To bring their measures into play,
 For none so loyal were as they;
 And none such patriots to support,
 As well the country as the court.
 No sooner were those Dons admitted,
 But (all those wond'rous virtues quitted)
 They all the speediest means devise
 To raise themselves and families.

Another party well observing
 These pamper'd were, while they were starving,
 Their ministry brought in disgrace,
 Expell'd them, and supplied their place;
 These on just principles were known
 The true supporters of the throne,
 And for the subject's liberty,
 They'd (marry would they) freely die;
 But being well fix'd in their station,
 Regardless of their prince and nation,
 Just like the others, all their skill
 Was how they might their paunches fill.

On this a Rat not quite so blind
 In state intrigues as human kind,
 But of more honour, thus replied,
 'Confound ye all on either side;
 'All your contentions are but these,
 'Whose arts shall best secure the Cheese.'



THE LION AND THE APE.



N old Lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to outdo his companions in servility. When a pert malicious Ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully

mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competitors for court-favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the Lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the Lion had taken to be his best friends—saying, the Fox had accused him of tyranny—the Horse had complained he was blood-thirsty—the Bull that he was selfish and cruel—and the Stag that he knew not what mercy was. At length the Lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied: “Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me; and that thou canst escape my vengeance, by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others, by the terror of thy example.” So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces.

APPLICATION.

There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their in-

timates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain which they deserve to incur; but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt, for their visits are soon found to forebode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face.

J. N.





THE NURSERY-MAN AND THE PLANTATION.



CAREFUL Nursery-man observing the fences round a young Plantation to be much out of repair, proposed to the Trees in it, that a quantity of their branches should be assigned to him, in order to put the fence in such a condition as should secure them from the inroads of some cattle, who were coming that way and would injure or destroy them. This scheme seemed to meet with general approbation, when a

large white Thorn, who appeared a very sharp plant, addressed them thus: "Friends and fellow-Trees, what are you about to do? What? would you consent to give up your precious limbs to this tyrant, in order that he may circumscribe and enclose you like prisoners? No! let the world be open to us, and let us be open to the world. What is life without liberty and free air?" This advice was unanimously approved and adopted, when the cattle quickly arrived, and as there was no obstruction to their progress, the defenceless Plantation became a miserable spectacle, exhibiting nothing but headless trunks and leafless branches.

APPLICATION.

This Fable is designed to show the extreme folly of those persons who, obstinately depending on their own self-sufficiency, will not give up an iota of their importance, however precarious may be their situation; but proudly reject the wisest advice, conceiving themselves humbled by the offer: thus running headlong after their puerile imaginations into calamities which they might easily have avoided by timely prudence, or by making a small

sacrifice on an emergency, have secured to themselves a lasting good.

This Fable also may afford a vindication of some of those unpopular measures, which governments are obliged to have recourse to in time of civil commotion. For when doctrines subversive of all order, and whose inevitable consequences or at least direct tendency appear to be an overthrow of the constitution and laws of the country, are attempted to be spread abroad, the only question at issue between the parties seems to be this: Is the danger arising from the means to be pursued by governments to suppress these doctrines, greater than the permitting their unrestrained progress? It cannot be denied, that it becomes a choice between two evils, each teeming with calamity. Contests between a government and its subjects destroy the operation of the laws, and must be determined by force, so that whichever party becomes the victor, it must have been by the sword, and what has been gained by the sword, by the sword must be maintained. The victor of course becomes possessed of despotic power, and as conquerors are lawless, they generally are tyrants.

J. N.



THE IDLER CAUGHT NAPPING.



AN Idle Fellow chanced on a hot summer's day to seat himself on the tempting smooth surface of a resting-place that was near at hand, which happened to be a half-barrel of pitch, and finding his seat easy and yielding like a cushion, he gave himself no trouble in thinking of consequences, but soon fell fast asleep, when the pitch, by the natural heat of his body, gently yielded to the pressure, and he presently sunk into

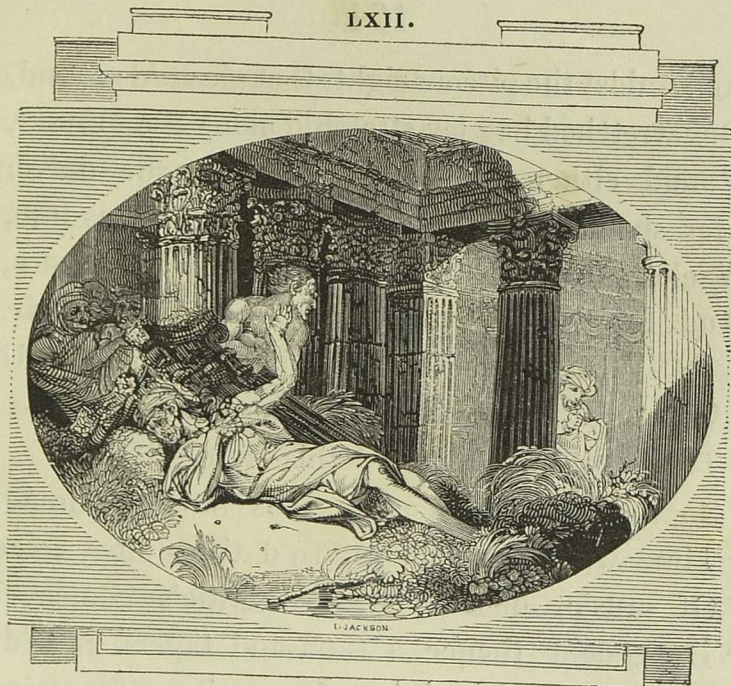
it so deep that it flowed around him. When he awoke from his nap, he found himself thus so closely encircled and embraced by the mass of pitch, that he was totally unable to extricate himself, and must have perished, had not his friends helped to dig him out of his imprisonment.

APPLICATION.

The example this Fable offers is particularly addressed to the young and thoughtless, and seems to be a good representation of the many alluring snares to which such characters are more especially exposed, for as the old Proverb says, "all is not gold that glitters;" and those customs which at first may appear both pleasant and harmless, yet by indolent indulgence being confirmed into habits of excess become vices, get the mastery over us, and turn out at last to be our tyrants and destroyers.

J. N.





LUXURY AND WANT.



LOFT on proud Corinthian columns
rear'd,

A sumptuous dome in ruin'd
pomp appear'd;

A baseless pillar here, with moss
o'ergrown,

[stone :

Press'd earth's green bosom with a length of
There a tall portal, sculptur'd once so gay,
Records no story but its own decay.

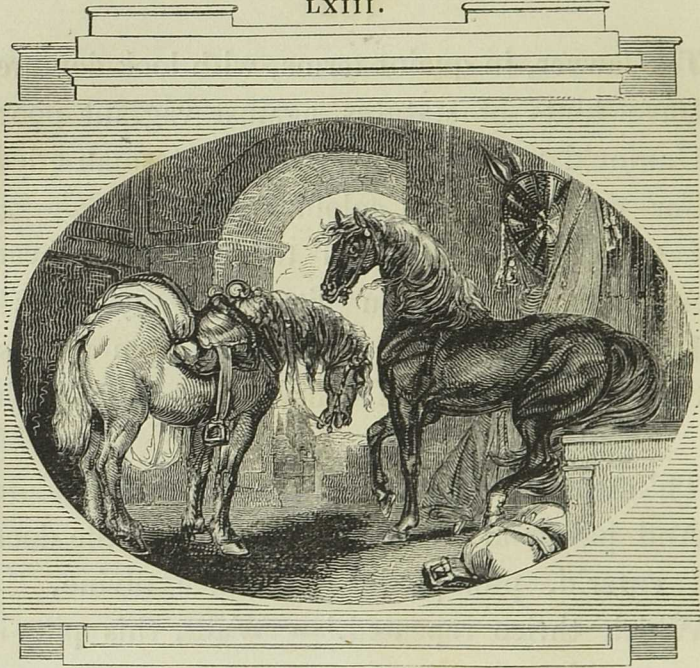
Here enter'd crowds, who blush'd to be descried,
With famish'd looks, thro' mould'ring arches
glide ;

And 'midst the piteous sights that gleam'd around,
 One wretched hag lay stretch'd along the ground,
 Round either arm a tatter'd rug she drew;
 Her shame conceal'd with rags of various hue,
 A cloth her forehead bound, her legs were bare,
 And foul and clotted was her grizzled hair.

‘What! none to pity, is all help denied?
 ‘Want is my name!’ in agony she cried,
 ‘The work of Luxury, this lofty dome,
 ‘So righteous Jove ordains, is now my home.
 ‘Time was, this roof return'd the dulcet voice
 ‘Of music, blended with a critic's choice:
 ‘Dependent thence a thousand tapers glow'd,
 ‘The vine's rich juice from silver fountains
 flow'd,
 ‘An hundred dainties o'er the board were spread,
 ‘And all Arabia spicy fragrance shed.
 ‘The velvet couches and the cushion'd chair
 ‘Swell'd high with down, as soft as summer's air;
 ‘And female beauty, smiling o'er the scene,
 ‘Spread joy around, of ev'ry joy the queen!
 ‘Then at the doors, by hunger and by
 grief

‘Oppress'd, with suppliant voice I sought relief;
 ‘Relief I sought, alas! but sought in vain,
 ‘With poignant taunt rebuk'd, and sour disdain.
 ‘The batt'ning priest, with supercilious face,
 ‘Infer'd from indigence the want of grace;

'The lawyer, in quaint terms, with look demure,
 'Gave hints of statutes against vagrant poor:
 'Unmov'd and cool the garter'd statesman cried,
 'For me fit refuge colonies supplied.
 'I sigh'd in secret, and to heav'n my heart
 'Ascending, heav'n in pity took my part;
 'Loud thunder roll'd—the fabric from its base
 'Shook; and proud Luxury vanish'd from the
 place:
 'Th' astonish'd crowd their patron's fall deplore,
 'And pale and trembling issue from the door.
 'I enter'd, prompted by a voice divine,
 'Which thrice repeated.'—'Want, this pile is
 thine;
 'For know, by Jove and fate it stands decreed,
 'Where Lux'ry riots thou shall still succeed.
 'Here unmolested from that hour I reign,
 'And all the court of Lux'ry forms my train;
 'Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n,
 'By keen necessity the scourge of heav'n:
 'Such are the wretches which around me throng,
 'Vot'ries to Luxury to me belong.
 'If Luxury's wiles thy frailty can persuade,
 'Know want will follow and thy steps invade.'
 She ceas'd, her words such strong emotions bred,
 They wak'd me trembling, and the vision fled;
 Save me from Lux'ry, gracious heav'n! I pray'd,
 That Want's dire haunts my steps may ne'er
 invade.



THE SOLDIER AND HIS HORSES.

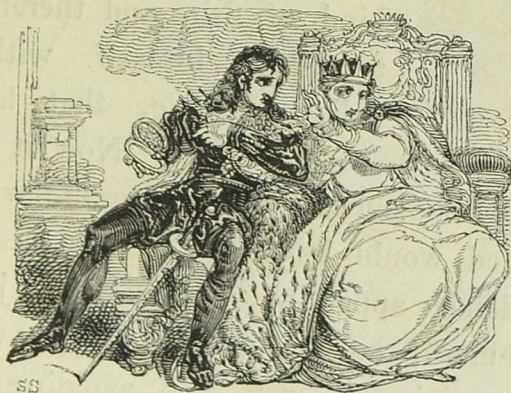


AN Officer of Cavalry was possessed of an excellent Horse: however it was his whim to purchase another that was not so good as the first, but which he attended with the utmost care, providing for him always the best of every thing he might want. "What can be the reason," said the second Horse to the first, "that our master is more kind and indulgent to me than to you, who are more beautiful,

fleet, and stronger than I am?" When the other made him this answer: "It is the usage of mankind, who are always more fond of any object of novelty to them, than of such things as are of much more value, but are become familiar in their sight; and you yourself must expect to give place in time to a newer object of attention."

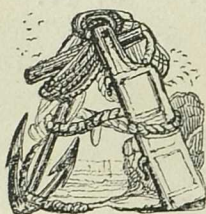
APPLICATION.

This Fable points out the instability of mankind, who most frequently attach more value and importance to a mere novelty, although it may be much inferior in every quality to that which they before possessed, and which had no other fault than that of having long enjoyed their favour. J. N.





THE ANGLER AND THE SALMON.



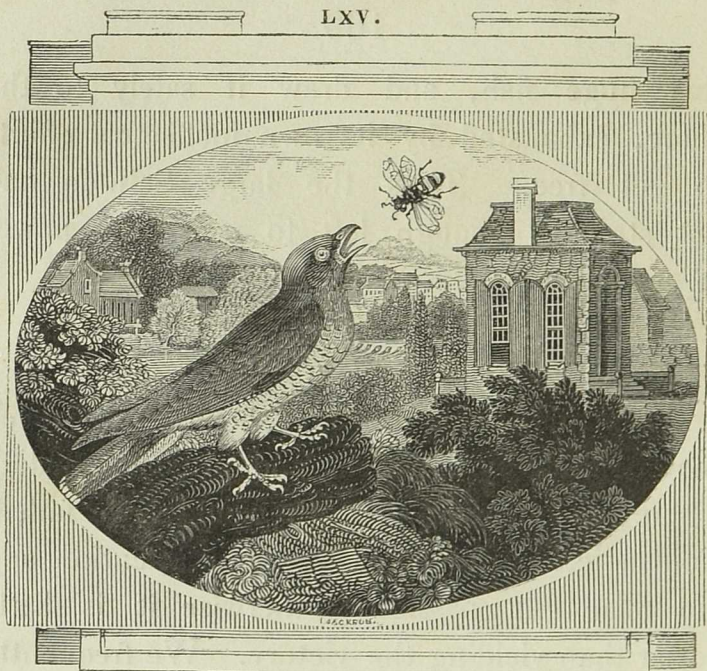
N Angler on the margin of a river was fishing for the smaller kind of fish, and therefore had furnished himself with such delicate tackle, that his hook was fixed to one single hair. Now it chanced that he hooked a large Salmon, which he concluded would have proved the destruction of his slender apparatus: however, by a judicious management, he so gently played with his prey in giving it way, and avoiding any act of violence, that at last he fairly conquered

this huge fish, and drew it safely to the shore, exhausted by its own ineffectual efforts to get free. Thus the large Salmon had not strength enough left to resist the power of a single hair.

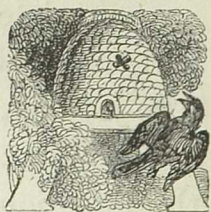
APPLICATION.

In this Fable we are shown how much may be done by a patient and prudent conduct where violence or strength would have failed. Contradiction should awaken our attention and not raise our passion; otherwise it is little better than yielding the victory. We frequently find in the intercourse of society and in conversation, that 'tis reason yields first; the wisest man is generally unwilling to enter into contest with the more foolish and fantastical; we ought to study their weak side, to accommodate ourselves to their humour and caprices, and take care not to thwart them in any thing, and by such means we shall gain their hearts. Our success consists in foreseeing the intention of our antagonist, and the blow foreseen is easily avoided. There are not so many things impossible in their own nature as we think there are: we want not the means to conquer difficulties, so much as resolution and prudence in the application of them.

J. N.



THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.



BEE, flying out of his hive, said to a Cuckoo who was chaunting on a bush hard by, "Peace, why do you not leave off your harsh monotonous pipe? There never was a bird who had such a tiresome unvaried song as you have, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, and cuckoo again and again." —"Oh," cries the Cuckoo, "I wonder you find fault with my note, which is at least as much varied as your labours, for if you

had a hundred hives to fill, you would make them all exactly alike; if I invent nothing new, surely every thing you do is as old as the creation of the world."

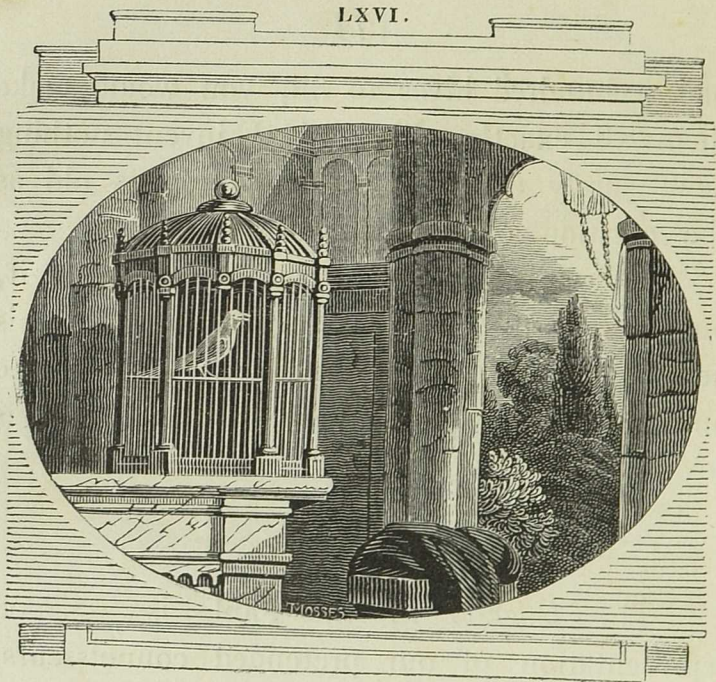
To which the Bee replied, "I allow it, but in useful arts the want of variety is never an objection. But in works of taste and amusement, monotony is of all things to be avoided."

APPLICATION.

The Cuckoo in the Fable is a good representation of our pretended connoisseurs, who not having the capacity to judge of works of art or taste, expose themselves to ridicule when they assume the critic, and appear equally impertinent both in their censure and their praise.

From the Spanish.





THE NIGHTINGALE.



How few, with patience can endure
The evils they themselves procure!

A Nightingale with snares beset,
At last was taken in a net:

When first she found her wings confin'd,
She beat and flutter'd in the wind,
Still thinking she could fly away,
Still hoping to regain the spray;
But finding there was no retreat,
Her little heart with anger beat;

Nor did it aught abate her rage,
 To be transmitted to a cage;
 The wire apartments, tho' commodious,
 To her appear'd excessive odious;
 And tho' it furnish'd drink and meat,
 She car'd not, for she could not eat.
 'Twas not supplying her with food—
 She lik'd it better in the wood:
 And water, clear, her thirst to slake,
 She chose to sip it from the lake:
 And, when she sung herself to rest,
 'Twas in that grove she lik'd the best.
 And thus, because she was not free,
 Hating the chain of slavery,
 She rather added link to link:
 Just so men reach misfortune's brink.

At length revolving on her state,
 She cries, 'I might have met worse fate,
 'Been seiz'd by Kites, or prowling Cat,
 'Or stifled in a school-boy's hat;
 'Or been the first unlucky mark,
 'Sure hit by some fantastic spark.'

Then conscience told her, want of care
 Had made her fall into a snare;
 That men were free their nets to throw;
 And birds were free to come and go:
 And all the evils she lamented,
 By caution might have been prevented.

So on her perch more pleased she stood,
And peck'd the kindly offer'd food;
Resolv'd, with patience, to endure
Ills she had brought, but could not cure.





THE TRAVELLER.



MAN travelling on foot chanced to see lying in the road before him, several Adders who were basking in the sun; he started back, having nearly trod on them, and with much respect and compassion walked out of the path to avoid hurting them.

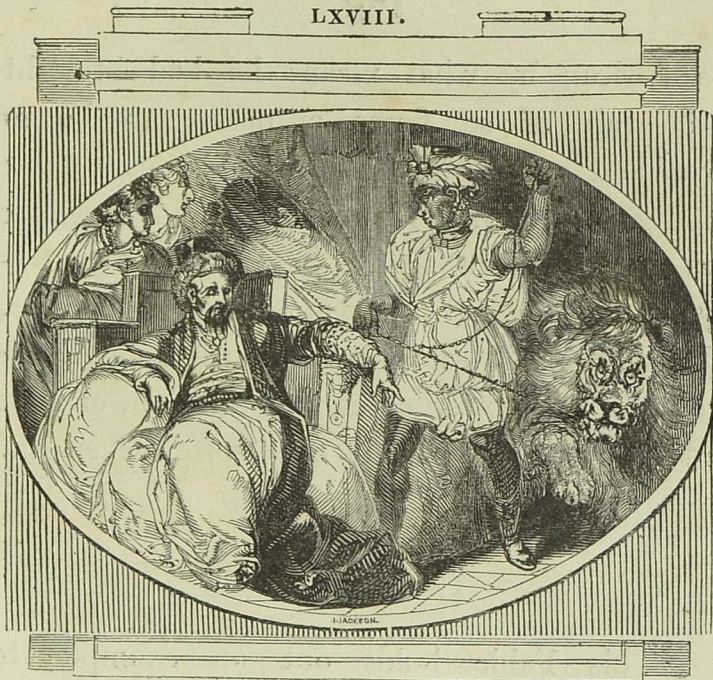
Continuing his journey, it was not long before he came to some earth-worms, who had issued out of the ground after a shower,

and unluckily for themselves were in the midst of the road, for the Traveller paying no attention to them, carelessly crushed them to death under his feet.

APPLICATION.

We may perceive in the above example how little mankind are inclined to pay homage, respect, or even the common rights of humanity, to those who are without the power to inspire them with either hope or fear: but it may be observed on the contrary, with what humility and caution we approach and condescend even to flatter those we perhaps in our hearts despise, if they are but in exalted stations or potent by their wealth, while the weak or the inoffensive are so very little the objects of our attention or regard, that we are liable to insult or injure them, often more from want of thought than from any premeditated design. And we find also, that we are able to controul our passions most amazingly when in the presence of our superiors, or when it is for our interest so to do,—those passions which seem to be above our management or subjection when we are with those who are beneath us, and unable to resent our affronts.

J. N.



THE EASTERN PRINCE AND THE AFRICAN.



CERTAIN Eastern Prince one day giving audience to foreign Ambassadors, was surprised to see entering the hall of audience, an African leading by a little chain a majestic Lion, so tame and gentle that he fawned on his master like a Spaniel. This African, addressing himself to the Eastern Monarch, made him a present of the beast in the name of his own Prince. His Majesty was pleased with it, and asked

the African by what means he had brought a creature of so fierce a nature to be so tame and gentle? He answered, by constantly feeding him with his own hand, and breeding him up from a little whelp. Upon this reply, the Prince turning to his attendants, "Hence learn," said he, "from this admirable example, the power of early education, civility, and good usage, which can soften even the most savage beasts."

APPLICATION.

This Fable holds out an example, to show how much may be expected from the effects of an early good education, and points out to parents the necessity of care and attention in their instructions to children, as so eminently does their future welfare depend upon it, that the very worst dispositions may no doubt be regulated into good habits, if not entirely eradicated.

J. N.





THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SPARROW.



THE Nightingale one day was listening to a Shepherd's skilful notes on his flageolet, and following them with his voice; the Sparrow who had been watching them for some time, at last broke out, saying, "How provoked I am to see a bird so learned as you are take lessons as if you were a novice, when you must know that the song of the Nightingale was heard with pleasure and admiration long before any

instrument of music had existence, and that it is yourself who are the teacher!"—"However that may be," said the Nightingale, "if this Shepherd has learnt from me, I may now learn from him—he tries to imitate the capricious variations of my voice, and I may gain much if I can copy his scientific manner of arranging them; and I hope you know that even the voice of a Nightingale might be improved by rule."

APPLICATION.

When the man of genius disdains to study, let him remember with the Nightingale in the Fable, that the greatest talents are those most capable of being improved by studious application.





AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.



HE muslin torn, from tears of
grief

In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she pass'd
the day,

The tatter'd frock neglected lay:
While busied at the weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid,
And kindly stopping in a trice,
Thus offer'd (gratis) her advice:—

‘Turn, little Girl! behold in me
‘A stimulus to industry;

' Compare your woes, my dear, with mine,
 ' Then tell me who should most repine:
 ' This morning, ere you'd left your room,
 ' The Chambermaid's remorseless broom
 ' In one sad moment that destroy'd,
 ' To build which thousands were employ'd!
 ' The shock was great; but as my life
 ' I sav'd in the relentless strife,
 ' I knew lamenting was in vain,
 ' So patient went to work again.
 ' By constant work, a day or more,
 ' My little mansion did restore:
 ' And if each tear which you have shed
 ' Had been a needle-full of thread;
 ' If every sigh of sad despair
 ' Had been a stitch of proper care;
 ' Clos'd would have been the luckless rent,
 ' Nor thus the day have been mispent.'





THE SORREL MARE AND HER MASTER.



AMONGST the stud of a famous Fox-hunter, a beautiful Sorrel Mare was his greatest favourite. She carried him over hedge and ditch, and never failed to bring him in at the death. At length worn out more by hard work than by years, the Sorrel Mare was dismissed from the immediate service of her master, to become the hack of the servants. In this situation she was brought so low in the course of a few years, that

the servants would not condescend to ride her any longer, and poor Sorrel was sold, by her master in person, to a Horse-dealer, notwithstanding a supplicating look (for she was too mild to remonstrate) to be indulged in the run of his park, during the remainder of her days.

Some months after, this squire was summoned post-haste to London, and it happened that in one of the stages, his postchaise was overturned by the falling of the shaft-horse. Our squire was taken out of the carriage most severely bruised by the accident, and bitterly cursing the wretched horse which was the cause of it. The expiring animal just raised her head, and looking in his face, with a plaintive tone, meekly said, "Had I been allowed the run of thy park, this unfortunate accident perhaps had never befallen thee;" and to his great confusion the Fox-hunter then saw that it was really poor sorrel, who had been sold for a post-horse and thus harassed to death.

APPLICATION.

There is nothing which betrays a morose temper and depraved mind more than cruelty to animals, and plainly shows what such

hearts are capable of if they had but the power. Surely it is the vilest and most cowardly species of ingratitude, as it is inflicted on those from whom we can fear no resentment in return for our barbarity, and who are without a friend to espouse their cause.

This kind of ingratitude has been feelingly noticed by Phædrus to his friend Philetus, the poet having been repaid with neglect, or worse usage, for services done in his youth, by those who were afterwards able to afford him a better recompence.

Wrongs and ingratitude are not only against the voice of nature itself, but oftentimes carry their punishment along with them, and by an unforeseen and hidden train of events, are retorted on the head of the guilty; and if by no other means, conscience and deep remorse often avenge the crime upon the delinquent by his own hands. The Egyptians of all vices, most abhorred ingratitude, in which (as Tully saith) all wickedness is contained.

There is not any thing where there is less danger of excess than in the indulgence of gratitude.



THE VILLAGE QUACK.



WAGGISH idle fellow in a country town, being desirous of playing a trick on the simplicity of his neighbours, and at the same time to put a little money in his pocket at their cost, advertised that he would on a certain day show a wheel-carriage that should be so contrived as to go without horses.

By silly curiosity the rustics were taken in, and each succeeding group who came

out from the show, were ashamed to confess to their neighbours that they had seen nothing but a wheel-barrow.

APPLICATION.

It is mortifying to see by what artful knavery one half of the world impose on the folly of the other, as we may perceive in those splendid advertisements of Quacks in every department, who pretend to possess all knowledge, and to perform miracles; that by their false pretences gain the property, or destroy the health of those simple readers who are deluded by their specious cant, and who find out when it is too late, that the wretch in whom they trusted, knew no more than themselves, and that instead of being endowed with superior knowledge, was only their superior in knavish art. J. N.





THE ROSE AND THE SNAIL



SNAIL thus once addressed the
 Rose, [flow'r,
 'O fairest, thou, and sweetest
 'Which Flora bids her charms
 disclose,
 'And shed her brightness through the
 bow'r!

'Pardon, I pray, your humble slave,'
 (Pursu'd the Snail with great respect,)

‘One only little fault you have,
 ‘Which you might easily correct.

‘I mean those sharp and ugly thorns,
 ‘Which wound who e’er approaches near,
 ‘Mar ev’ry beauty that adorns,
 ‘And each admirer fill with fear.

‘Zephyr himself, your faithful lover—
 ‘How new, how cruel is his case!—
 ‘Dares only round your beauties hover,
 ‘And fears to meet your fond embrace.’

The poison caught:—the Rose consented,
 And stripp’d herself of every thorn;
 But, O! how soon must be repented
 The error of that cruel morn!

The guardian thorn no sooner gone,
 The Snail became, from humble, free;
 Easy and impudent came on,
 And mounted the defenceless tree.

Then quickly cankering every leaf,
 Each flow’r and opening bud he ate;
 And now the Rose perceiv’d with grief,
 Her error—but perceiv’d too late!

Her fragrance gone, her beauty blasted,
And fled her young and virgin pride—
Her life was bitter while it lasted,
But soon she faded, droop'd—and died!

APPLICATION.

Ye Fair, whom snail-like flatt'ers sue,
Mark what the awful moral shows!
Virtue is beauty's thorn in you—
But, O! be wiser than the Rose.





THE TWO THIEVES AND THE BEAR.



COUPLE of Thieves knowing of a Calf, that was kept in an Ox's stall, had determined to steal it away in the dark, and accordingly appointed the hour of midnight, for meeting at the place to accomplish their evil design,—one of them was to keep watch on the outside, whilst the other was to go into the stall, and lift the Calf out of the window.

On the night proposed, they accordingly

went to the place, and one of them entered the window of the Ox's stall, whilst he that remained on watch, not without much fear of detection, desired his companion to make as much haste as possible: but he that was within answered, that the animal was so heavy and unmanageable, that he could not lift him from the ground, much less to the window; the other's impatience now increasing by the delay, he began to swear at him for his clumsy awkwardness, and at last told him to give the business up, if he could not accomplish it quickly, and make the best of his way out of the stall, for, if they remained in this manner till day-light, they should certainly be discovered. The other with many oaths replied, that he believed it was the devil himself he had to deal with, for, said he, "I cannot now even get out myself, he has got such fast hold of me."—The companion no longer being able to stay with safety, ran off and left him to his fate.

The fact was this, the Calf had been removed from the stall, soon after the Thieves had seen it there, to make room for a Bear that had been brought into the town as a show, and it was this great beast, that the Thief had the misfortune to encounter, and

who kept hugging him till the morning, when he was discovered by the master of the Bear, and taken to prison.

APPLICATION.

The innumerable dangers which attend the wicked, are such as make an honest man shudder at the thought. There are not only those from the law and the enmity of mankind towards them, but dangers surround them on every side, from the perilous situations in which they are perpetually placed.

Strange! that men should give up safety, tranquillity, and a good name, for danger, trouble, and infamy; preferring idleness and dissipation for a short period, accompanied with shame and disease—to that wholesome labour which brings with it opulence, health, and most commonly long life. A knave may gain more than an honest man for a day, but the honest man will gain more than the knave in a year. J. N.





THE UNLUCKY DOG.



POOR starveling dog wandered by ill chance into the habitation of a pretender to great sanctity, and seeing a piece of meat within his reach, took immediate possession of it. The pious hypocrite, seeing the dog skulking away with the meat in his mouth: said, "Well, well, I will not kill thee myself, I will not foul my hands in such an act of cruelty, I will only give thee a bad name," and immediately

shouted out to his neighbours, *a mad dog, a mad dog*, when instantly the unfortunate starving animal was pursued by the multitude with all the fury that can be prompted by ignorance, fear, revenge and rage, and was soon overtaken and killed.

APPLICATION.

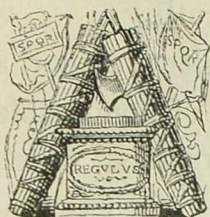
Very many amongst the human race fatally deceive themselves by giving way to their vanity, and blinded by partiality, can view even their very vices as virtues. For when we are absorbed by self-love, we are in danger of running into the worst of errors; and at the time we are flattering ourselves on being mild, merciful, compassionate, and free from envy, make no scruple to propagate scandalous and malicious reports, many of which are doubtful, and many false, deceiving ourselves by thinking that it proceeds from our hatred to vice, when in fact it is only feeding our pride, by exulting in our supposed superior excellence, and with affected pity endeavouring to impress a notion of our clemency, at the moment we are inflicting on our neighbour a much greater calamity than even death

itself, by the ruin of his character, silencing our conscience mean while by supposing that at worst we have only been guilty of indiscreet or idle talk, whilst doing the most deadly injuries; and enjoying in secret triumph, the mischief we have done, with the hope of wholly escaping shame, by making the world the executioners of our malice. J. N.





THE GOAT AND THE FOX.



CERTAIN venerable Goat was one day deeply engaged in a serious dispute with a crafty Fox, and the argument became very warm on both sides; when the Goat in order to give the greater weight to his sentiments on the matter, rather rashly and inconsiderately laid the wager of his beard against the Fox, so certain was he of being on the right side of the question; but unfortunately it was at last clearly proved that the poor

Goat had lost his wager, and although the Fox had neither law nor power on his part to enforce the payment, yet the honest dignity of the Goat would not suffer him to take any unfair advantage, and he immediately submitted to the lesser disgrace, the loss of his beard, to preserve his honour pure and unsullied, and patiently let his chin be shaved clean by a dextrous Monkey, who was at hand, and presented the shaggy trophy to the unrelenting victor.

APPLICATION.

By this Fable we are taught the danger of an undue degree of warmth in dispute, and the folly of peremptorily asserting any thing we are unable to prove, although we may ourselves be persuaded of its truth.

And on the other hand, it presents a beautiful view of that high degree of honourable principle, inherent in some characters, which can submit to the privation of external show, to preserve their honour sacred and unimpeached. It sets also a most useful example to those men, who are so entirely swayed by their interest, that no form of oath can be found so binding, or promise so sacred, which they will not evade, and even some-

times openly break. But all such should be taught that to keep their word, with the strictest fidelity in all their transactions, although prejudicial to their immediate interest, gains them a reputation, which will abundantly compensate in the end for any loss they may sustain at the moment. J. N.





THE PHILOSOPHER AND SHEET OF PAPER.



SAGE Philosopher being one day in a gentleman's library, saw lying on the table a sheet of paper, which had once been white, but was now blotted and scrawled all over with nonsense and ill-drawn figures. "Ah!" said the sage, "had this sometime spotless paper been committed to the trust and care of proper hands, it might at this time have contained an excellent poem or an accomplished drawing,

lessons of morality or doctrines of science, instead of being thus defaced, and rendered worse than useless, by the display of blots and scratches, dirt and folly, fit only at present to singe a roasting pullet or to kindle the fire, and the sooner it is destroyed the better.

APPLICATION.

The infant mind is pure and unsullied, like the fairest white paper, without a stain, and the first impressions it receives, we all know by experience, are the deepest and most difficult to be erased; therefore it becomes more particularly our duty, as we value the future welfare of the child, to be careful of the first instructions and notions which are given to it. Praise children for being pretty, and they will endeavour to set themselves off. Praise them for being good, and they will endeavour to be virtuous.

J. N.





EPICTETUS IN THE FUR SHOP.



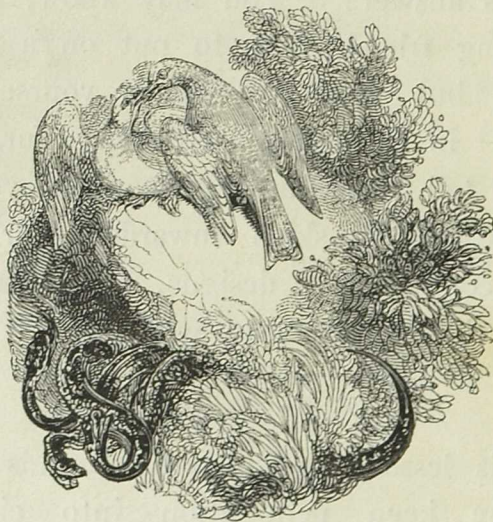
EPICTETUS the Philosopher coming one day into a warehouse in which a great variety of things were sold, bid the young man of the shop show him some furred garments. They immediately brought him a variety of choice martins, ermins, sables, and others of great value; which not pleasing the philosopher, he told a sage-looking person who superintended the sale of the goods, that these furs were too rich, and

not fit for his purpose; but he desired such a one as those for persons who wish to appear like honest men. This man of the world, when he knew the mind of Epictetus, took him by the hand, and led him aside into an inner room, and soon brought him out again, wrapt in a gown made of the skins of lynxes, and lined with lamb-skins. Now Epictetus had turned the lynxes' skins, that were of great value, next to his body, and the lamb-skins outside: which the young man of the shop observing, ran after him, and told him he had put his garment on wrong; but was much out of countenance when the sage philosopher, after he had sufficiently laughed at his simplicity, gave him this answer: "You may know, perhaps, my young friend, how to put on a pair of buskins, but you have shewn yourself very ignorant in meddling with my fur. This gown I tell you must be worn as you see, with the lynxes' skins inwards: nor should I ever compass my designs, if but a single hair of them were seen without."

APPLICATION.

This lesson of Epictetus sounds harsh; that the keen penetration into characters

which is implied by the lynxes' skin, should be entirely concealed, and that the world should notice the appearance of the innocent lamb alone, and yet the excellence of this lesson cannot be disputed. For it is very certain, that however far our sagacity may enable us to dive into the characters of men, and know their inmost thoughts and intentions, it will not tend to increase their love towards us, though it may their reverence and their fear. The best policy, in respect to our own good, is to be able to see all things and say nothing. Therefore it will do us most service if we show the lamb outside, and keep the lynx hid from sight, and for our own advantage alone. J. N.





THE THREE VASES.



COVETOUS old man had by his love of gold amassed, during a long life, a very large quantity of it, which in order to preserve with the greater security, he had deposited in three Vases, and buried them with much secrecy deep in the earth; when at length being on his death-bed, he called his three sons to him, and informed them of the treasure he had left them, and of the spot in which it lay hid

in three separate Vases, one for each of them : he could not finish all he had to say, a fainting fit seized him, and he expired.

Now as the young men had never seen these Vases, they concluded that in all probability they would differ in size and value, and as their father expired before he could assign to each his particular vase, that business must be settled by themselves. Thus on the division of their wealth they entered into warm disputes, each laying claim to the largest Vase, one because he was the eldest, the second son because he had no property in lands to support him, and the youngest because he was always the favourite of his father, and therefore was sure the largest share would have been bequeathed to him, had his dying parent been but able to finish his last speech. Words at length ran very high, and quickly came to blows, from which none of them escaped unhurt, when after all this wrangle, ill-blood, and mischief done, it was discovered on digging up the three Vases that they were exactly equal in size and value.

APPLICATION.

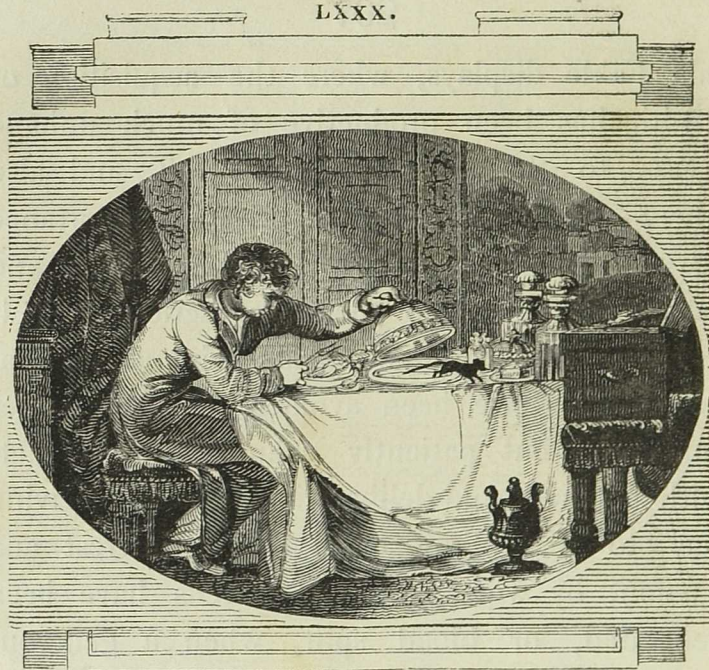
How often do we witness instances similar in their consequences to those which

this Fable displays, where the acquisition of wealth has been productive of much unhappiness to those on whom it fell, and also where questions of little or no importance have been the cause of fatal quarrels, and have given birth to the most serious evils !

How many tedious and ruinous suits at law might have been avoided, had the parties concerned but patiently examined into facts with coolness and deliberation, instead of giving way to the blind selfishness of interest and passion, by which mortal hatreds have been generated, or blood spilt, when a generous search after truth would have prevented all the evil !

J. N.





THE COMPLAINER.



LAZY Fellow that loved idleness much better than work, was always complaining and grumbling at the hardness of his lot, in being obliged to get his daily bread by labour and the sweat of his brow, accusing father Adam as the cause of this heavy curse upon mankind, merely from a weak and pernicious curiosity to taste the forbidden fruit, and that too, at a time when he was surrounded by every gratification which

the most inordinate imagination could desire or appetite could enjoy. One day as he was making his usual discontented murmur in the fields, when he ought to have been at work, by accident he was overheard by the Lord of the Manor, who came unawares to the place, and being a man of good understanding and wit, spoke to him mildly, saying, "He should no longer have any cause to curse Adam as his punisher by daily toil, hence forward," said he, "you shall live wholly at your ease, as every necessary you can desire shall be amply provided for your use, nor shall any labour be required from you." The Peasant was overjoyed at this munificent offer, and accordingly orders were given that there should be provided for him every day, a great variety of dishes to humour his palate, and for a time he thus passed his life to his heart's content. But every day amongst the rest of the dishes brought to his table, there was one small covered dish, which he was commanded by his patron not only never to presume to taste, but never even so much as to lift up the cover to see what was under it, on pain of being sent back with shame to his former state of life. He most religiously complied with this injunction for

some time; but at last his curiosity became so importunate, that he could resist it no longer, thinking that no possible harm could accrue merely from taking a sly peep at the contents of this mysterious dish, which he could easily do, as nobody attended him at his meals, and therefore he was in no danger of being betrayed by a witness. Thus tempted, he resolved to unriddle the cause of this foolish prohibition, as he thought it, when very gently lifting up the cover, in a moment out leapt a little mouse, which had been purposely placed there, in order to betray him, if he should ever attempt to break his engagement. As the mouse made his immediate escape, he had no possible means of preventing a discovery. The servants soon after entered to clear the table, and on examination of the covered dish by the Lord of the Manor, it was found that he had broke his engagement, and forfeited his right to an idle life. He was accordingly forthwith dismissed to his original state, with this admonition. "Conceited and ungrateful man, hence forward no more curse Adam, but know it is your own act that has doomed you to labour, and as you have brought it upon yourself, never in future impatiently and harshly

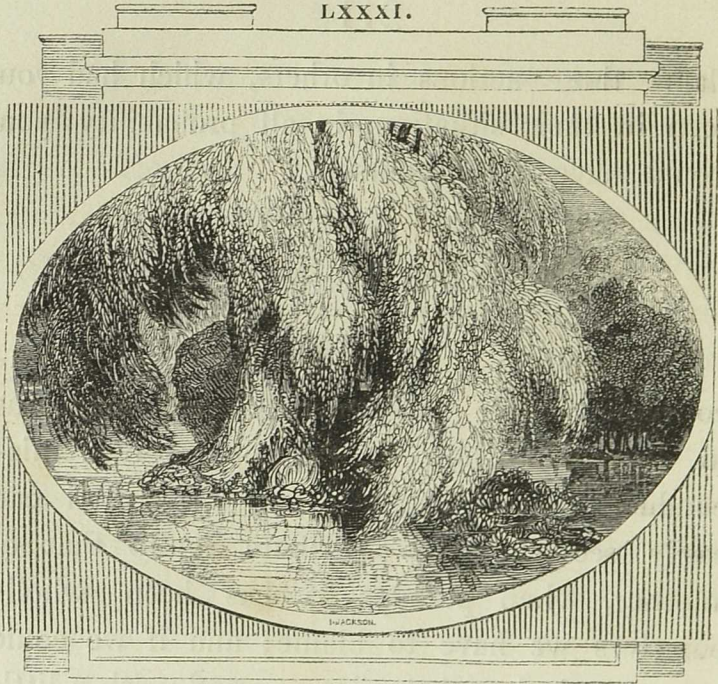
blame those actions in others, which had you been in their situation, in all probability you would have done yourself.

APPLICATION.

When we suffer under any kind of inconvenience, we are generally very ingenious in discovering how it was not our own misconduct that brought it upon us, and can easily see cause to attribute it to that of another, when perhaps it has been wholly ourselves we have to blame; and if we could have searched a little deeper, and with a little less partiality, it would have appeared evidently so to our senses. We can clearly enough perceive the misconduct in others, and trace the consequent ill effects of it; but in our own case, every calamity that attends us seems to be fated by our unlucky stars, and as if nothing we could have done would have prevented the evil.

So thought the Grumbler in the Fable, until by the cunning device of his sagacious Lord, it was proved to be his own fault alone from which he suffered.

J. N.



THE WILLOW AND THE LAKE.



WILLOW that grew on the border of a beautiful Lake, once on a serene summer's morning, thus addressed his fickle neighbour. "My good friend," said he, "how fair and placid you look to day; there is not a wrinkle on your face! Why should you who possess such high and polished transparency, who with such exactness of discrimination can represent the greatest beauties, as well as distinguish the

defects of every object that presents itself to your view, even from the starry firmament to the meanest crawling earth-worm.—Why, I repeat, should you be so hastily disturbed by every passing gale, and suffer your calm bosom to be at times so agitated and overcome by rage, as totally to lose all your beauty, and with it all your powers of reflection, stirring up every foul particle within you, and thus exposing yourself a spectacle of pity, and becoming an instrument of wild mischief and destruction, insulting and bespattering your nearest friends and neighbours?”

APPLICATION.

Nothing should be curbed with more care than unruly passion, as nothing more exposes a man's weak side, and throws him into the way of every danger: during the time it lasts he becomes the slave of every evil, and however amiable before, he then is odious. It behoves us, as reasonable creatures, to conduct ourselves discreetly, and to do as few things as possible of which we may have occasion to repent.

No man can guess in cold blood, what he may do in a passion. And while the

heart is ruffled by the remains of a former passion, it is more susceptible of a new one than if it was entirely settled.

There is in all passions a kind of intoxication or madness, which makes them very dangerous to be followed, and we ought not to trust them, even when they appear most fair and reasonable to ourselves. J. N.





THE JUDICIOUS ELEPHANT.



Wolf and a Leopard joined company on a hunting party, and mutually agreed that, at the end of their rapacious chase, they would divide the spoil equally between them. They soon made prize of a Lamb, which they agreed to deliver into the possession of the Horse, who it happened was under covert hard by. At this moment they were joined by the Fox, who thinking there was something to be got, accompanied them

in his familiar way, as if he had been one of the hunting party; and officiously assisted in delivering the Lamb to the Horse, who was desired to keep it for them until they should return from the chace, and demand it of him again.

Soon after the cunning Fox, slyly quitting his companions, returned alone to the Horse, telling him that his companions were so much fatigued by their unsuccessful chase, that they had sent him for the Lamb, which they intended to make their repast upon, in order to refresh themselves the better to pursue their prey. The honest Horse made no scruple of delivering up to the Fox the Lamb which had been given into his charge: when crafty Reynard with great alacrity carried it off on his back, for his own sole use, and of course like a true rogue, returned no more to his former companions.

At the termination of their day's sport, came the Leopard and the Wolf, having had but little luck in their chase, and demanded from the innocent Horse the property which they had left in his charge. It was in vain that the Horse told them his tale, and that he had honestly and honourably delivered the property to their companion, who together

with them had left it in his charge, — this tale they would not listen to, but said the Fox was a thief and a traitor, and had no right whatever to their goods—that if the Horse was such a fool as to be deluded by his false tale, that was not their business, but his—that they would have justice, and have their own property which they had left with him. The poor affrighted Horse who knew not what to say for himself in so intricate a case, agreed to go with them to have the cause tried before, and adjudged by, the sagacious Elephant.

When they came into court before the judge, each party told his tale—when the poor Horse trembled with fear; for even himself could scarcely see a reason why judgment by law should not be given against him.

The wise Elephant gravely heard their several accounts, and thus replied:—"I find that each of you have told me the truth, because your statements perfectly agree as to facts, and thus I decide your different rights, and pronounce judgment in the cause. You three, Leopard, Wolf, and Fox, in company, deposited in keeping of the Horse the said property, the Lamb, as your prey—and which the Horse has honestly confessed to

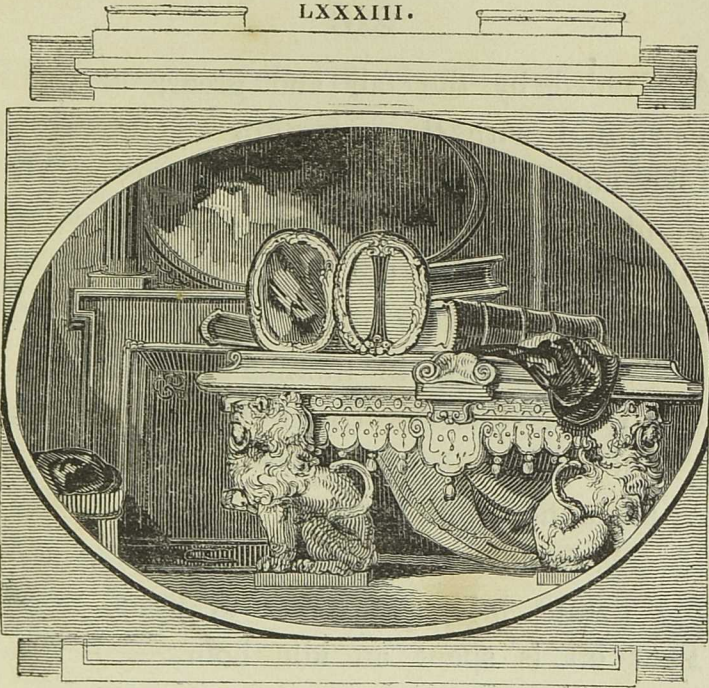
be a true statement of the case—you therefore cannot object to my determination: thus, “That as you three in company delivered to his keeping your joint property, of course whenever you three personally return again, and demand it, he must deliver it up at his peril.”

This wise judgment cleared the Horse entirely, as there was but little danger that the roguish Fox would ever be found again in that company.

APPLICATION.

In the determination of doubtful and intricate cases, the nicest discrimination and solidity of judgment are required. This example demonstrates how brittle are the bonds that connect the society of rogues and plunderers, and how precarious the dependance they can place on each other. It also affords a lesson of instruction, cautiously to avoid the slightest intercourse with persons of bad or suspicious character, by which those of the most upright intentions may sometimes be involved in the greatest difficulty and danger.

J. N.



THE LOADSTONE AND THE MIRROR.



LOADSTONE of peculiar grace,
 The inmate of a tweezer case,
 (This case the present of an Earl,
 Blaz'd bright with jewels, foil,
 and pearl,)

Exulting in his splendid station,
 Broke forth into a grand oration:

‘Merit like mine is sure to find
 ‘The admiration of mankind;
 ‘My palace shines with gems and gold,
 ‘Like Persian palaces of old;

'Applauded by the fair and great,
 'Environ'd with the pomp of state;
 'Like any prince I pass my days,
 'Fum'd with the flattery of praise.
 'My Lady comes; the bell she rings,
 'Le Blois the silver platter brings,
 'Needles of steel, in number plenty,
 'Are strung thereon (from ten to twenty)
 'I make them caper, dance the hays,
 'A thousand diff'rent freakish ways;
 'If one is lost from mortal sight,
 'My genius brings it quick to light;
 'Thus oft is spent an idle hour,
 'In showing my attractive pow'r.
 'The greatest beauties in the land
 'Have held me in their snowy hand;
 'To all the earth my merit's known,
 'From the bold sailor to the throne.'

A mirror plac'd upon the lid,
 His empty vauntings quickly chid:
 'Virtue there's none in idle weeds,
 'Nor shown by words, but prov'd by deeds;
 'If 'mid the leaves no fruit I see,
 '(However great your parts may be,)

'If still you prove an idle tool,
 'You only are the greater fool.
 'Go, please the young, make needles dance,
 'And sink in insignificance.'

This speech awoke the Loadstone's pride,
 And thus indignantly he cried;
 'Who does not know the magnet's force?
 'It guides the seaman's dang'rous course.
 'When ocean wide he dares explore,
 'It steers him to the wish'd-for shore;
 'Ausonia, Tagus, or the Nile,
 'To India's realms, Batavia's Isle;
 'Or torn by storms, by tempest hurl'd,
 'Directs him to the western world;
 'Where'er he go, or near, or far,
 'The Magnet is his leading star;
 'To frozen climes, or realms of day,
 'The faithful magnet points his way.
 'Then think not, wretch! reproach like thine,
 'Can injure merit great as mine.'
 'It grieves me much,' the Mirror cried,
 'To see such talents misapplied.
 'Such powers as yours I ne'er shall share,
 'Yet what I have I use with care;
 'Each form presented to my view,
 'I strait reflect in colours true;
 'Show sin her stain, and power his rod,
 'And war the thunderbolt of God.
 'The lineaments of truth I show,
 'And Charity's benignant glow;
 'Give Fraud his features of disgrace,
 'And mark the grin on Folly's face:

'Show Wit his plume, and Vice her scar,
 'In short, reflect them as they are;
 'While you, with parts intrinsic blest,
 'Lie idly on the lap of rest.
 'The time's at hand when you will rue
 'The good you now neglect to do;
 'For all the pow'rs to thee assign'd,
 'Were meant as blessings to mankind.'

Thus men of genius, parts, and sense,
 Wrapt in the cloak of indolence,
 By sloth enslav'd, to duty blind,
 Obscure the pleasure of the mind.
 But know, O Man, it is decreed,
 That he who sow'd shall reap the seed:
 If great your boasted talents be,
 Great your responsibility:
 For genius is the gift of heaven,
 And much requir'd, where much is given.





THE CONGREGATION OF PIOUS ANIMALS.



ONCE upon a time it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation, to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter, for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy talents and dispositions with which

they vainly thought they were blessed. The Peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the Hog for his love of cleanliness—the Viper for his harmless disposition—the Cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes, and the Goose for the gracefulness of her carriage, and so on.

Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very particular as to specify those endowments was quite unnecessary, as the particular gifts which each of them had to boast of were best known to himself, who gave them.

APPLICATION.

It frequently happens that nature, in her freaks, makes men so perverse as to pride themselves highly in thinking they possess those talents which every one else can see they are deficient. Even in our acts of piety, we ought to be well aware of vanity and self-opinion, and not arrogantly imagine that we have greater claims to heaven's promised favour, than many of our neighbours, notwithstanding the appearance of things to our own partial and flattering perception. J. N.



THE PLACEMAN AND THE HUSBANDMAN.



WELL-FED Placeman of the meanest extraction, had raised himself to nobility, not by merit, but by the basest acts of flattery and slavery; and was now in the highest circles of society. One day chancing to take a solitary walk, at some distance from his palace in the country, he accidentally met with an honest laborious Peasant, and being very forcibly struck by the vast difference in their situations, could not help exclaiming to the

humble Husbandman in these words: "Wherefore, my honest friend, do you not learn to flatter and please as I do? you would then no longer be obliged to labour like a slave, to get a livelihood by your hands, and the sweat of your brow."

"And why," answered the other, "do you not learn to work as I do? you would then no longer be a real slave, for your state is the meanest of all slavery, that of the mind. 'I prize only those honours, which man can neither give nor take away.'"

APPLICATION.

Many men are but too apt to set up a court of honour within themselves, wishing to elude the only source of real honour, and thus pronounce every thing commendable that serves their purpose, and laugh at those who may think otherwise.

The honour which we worship, is often an imaginary deity, that robs us of real honour. But those whose vices have raised them from the dust, commonly possess such a portion of assurance, as renders them ashamed of nothing but their own father.

Gents. Mag.





THE FOWLER AND THE WOLF.

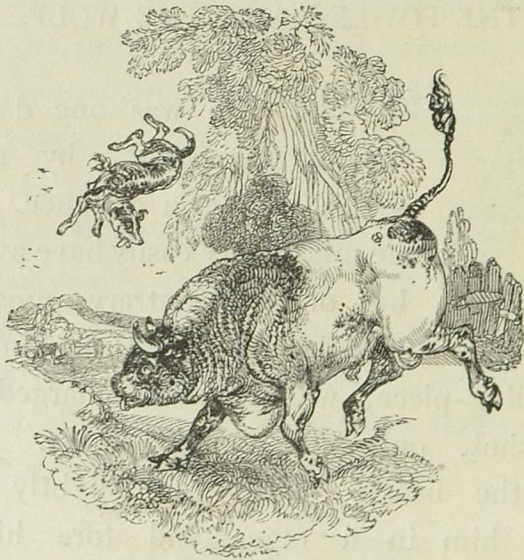


FOWLER who was one day following his sport, by chance saw a wolf at a distance, which he might very easily have avoided, but on the contrary, most imprudently and fool-hardily, fired at him with his fowling-piece, when it was charged with small shot, only fit to kill birds. Upon which the beast, being but slightly hurt, flew at him in a rage, and tore him to pieces.

APPLICATION.

No one can excuse the folly, or scarcely even compassionate the misfortunes of those silly persons, who, without any consideration or foresight of their danger, presumptuously draw upon themselves the vengeance of powerful and wicked men. How much wiser would it be to endeavour to steer clear of them, or even to suffer small injuries from them, than to make a feeble attack, where defeat must be attended with inevitable ruin!

J. N.





THE LION AND THE ECHO.



LION, bravest of the wood,
 Whose title undisputed stood,
 As o'er the wide domains he
 prowl'd,
 And in pursuit of booty growl'd,
 An Echo from a distant cave
 Re-growl'd, articulately grave:
 His majesty, surpriz'd, began
 To think at first it was a man;
 But on reflection sage, he found
 It was too like a lion's sound.
 'Whose voice is that which growls at mine?'

(His highness ask'd.) Says Echo, 'Mine!
 'Thine:' (says the Lion,) 'Who art thou?'
 Echo as stern cried, 'Who art thou?'
 'Know I'm a Lion, hear and tremble!'
 (Replied the king :) cried Echo, 'Tremble!'
 'Come forth,' (says Lion,) 'shew thyself;'
 Laconic Echo answered, 'Elf:'
 'Elf durst thou call me, vile pretender!'
 Echo as loud replied, 'pretender!'
 At this, as jealous of his reign,
 He growl'd in rage—she growl'd again—
 Incens'd the more, he chaf'd and foam'd,
 And round the spacious forest roam'd
 To find the rival of his throne,
 Who durst with him dispute the crown.

A Fox who listen'd all the while,
 Address'd the monarch with a smile:
 'My liege, most humbly I make bold,
 'Tho' truth may not be always told,
 'That this same phantom which you hear,
 'That so alarms your royal ear,
 'Is not a rival of your throne,
 'The voice and fears are all your own.'
 Imaginary terrors scare
 A tim'rous soul with real fear;
 Nay, ev'n the wise and brave are cow'd
 By apprehensions from the crowd;
 A frog a lion may disarm,
 And yet how causeless the alarm.



THE ANGLER.



N Angler at his pastime, had
 the pleasure to perceive a
 fish nibbling at his bait,
 when with joy, too hastily
 catching up his rod and line
 in order to hook his prey with the more
 security, he missed the fish; but by the
 sudden pull of the hook through the water,
 it was his chance to fix it in the gills
 of another fish that happened to be in its

way, and drew it safely out of the river. "Ah," said the Angler, "that which I thought was my own I have lost; and that which I could not hope for is fallen into my hands."

APPLICATION.

It often happens in the occurrences of human life, that those things on which we had fixed our hope, and concluded to have been decidedly our own, as much as if we had them in possession, have, to our amazement and mortification, dropped from our grasp and been lost, while in their place we have gained those things which we thought we had not the most distant chance of acquiring.

The enthusiastic Alchemist, who being led by false hopes, has believed the discovery of the philosopher's stone so nearly his own, that it seemed to him the same as if he actually had possessed it, yet has found himself deluded in the search: but in its place has brought secrets in chemistry to light of much more utility to mankind than could have been hoped for by producing gold. We have often found that a mistaken ardour has hurried

a man forward; and although he may have missed his aim, he has, nevertheless, obtained some collateral good, and performed something useful to mankind and honorable to himself.

J. N.





THE EAGLE AND THE SYCOPHANT-BIRD.



HE powerful Eagle, although he kept up his dignity, would sometimes relax into familiar converse with his humble inferiors; and, on a time, chose to have a concert performed by his most favoured birds. When several of them had strained their throats for his amusement, it put him in such high glee and good humour that he must needs attempt a song himself; and he began his horrid screams, at which

his auditors clapt their wings in applause. When the noise had ceased, a sycophant-bird, well known as a profound flatterer, and a mimicking satirist, came forward, and bluntly said: "I have heard worse singers than your excellency." At this the Eagle looked grave, and all the feathered company turned up their eyes with astonishment. "Yes," continued the artful flatterer: "I have heard the Nightingale." This premeditated subtle speech of sycophancy highly delighted the deceived Eagle, and abashed the dull assembly by his art.

APPLICATION.

The highest degree of flattery consists in a certain artful way of conveying praise in an indirect manner. Sir Francis Bacon gives one instance in his "Advancement of Learning," of a high compliment made to Tiberius, as follows: In a full debate upon public affairs in the senate, one of the assembly rose up, and with a very grave air, said he thought for the honour and dignity of the Commonwealth, that Tiberius should be declared a God, and have divine worship paid him. The Emperor was surprized at the proposal, and demanded of him to declare

whether he (Tiberius) had ever made any application to incline him to that overture? The Senator answered, with a bold and haughty tone: "Sir, in matters that concern the Commonwealth, I will be governed by no man."

Thus the person flattered receives you into his confidence at once; and the sudden change in his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wisher, to find you his friend, makes you in full favour in a moment. The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you, are as suddenly turned in your favour.

But here we may see the odious appearance and pernicious effects which may be produced, when wit or superior abilities are applied to a vicious purpose; for at the same time that we admire the ingenuity, we despise and hate the intention and the practice.

J. N.





PLUTUS.



NE complained to Plutus, that he seldom came among men of probity. “I am blind,” replied Plutus, “and as among men there is a great majority of rogues, it is no wonder that I should miss the smaller number.”

APPLICATION.

It is but too well known, that those who take the most trouble to cultivate their

minds, or to practice the higher virtues, are not those best calculated to get money, nor are they the great majority of mankind. Such may have the reward of passing through life with safety, tranquillity, and competence, but riches will seldom be their lot. And whenever wealth has been in the possession of such characters, it will commonly be found to have devolved to them from others.

Therefore as men of probity are confessedly the most rare, Plutus was certainly right in saying they are the most difficult to be found, among the multitude who press hard upon him and are clamorous for his favours.

J. N.





THE MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.



CERTAIN Charlatan, who gained his livelihood by travelling about the country, and exhibiting the tricks of a little Dog which he had trained up to his purpose, was one day showing this curious little animal in the public market-place of the city, to a delighted and wondering populace. He made his Dog who was perfectly well taught, display a thousand tricks; all which he performed with such ready understanding and attention

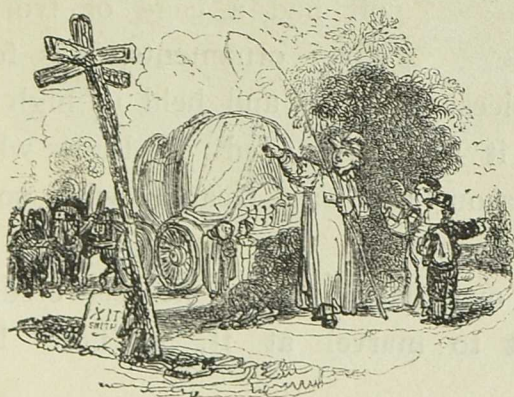
to his master, that he seemed endowed with human intellect. Epictetus the philosopher was amongst the spectators, and seemed particularly delighted with the amusement. This raised the wonder of those present who knew the dignity of his character; but their wonder ceased, when Epictetus, whose peculiar method was to draw excellent morals from the meanest things and most trifling circumstances, exclaimed: "Oh! the glory of knowledge! Oh! the great felicity of the most serene virtues! The only rich patrimony of mankind! Rejoice with me, my good friends, at this instructive sight, which shows the excellence of learning; since you see there, that the little knowledge which a man has been able to beat into a Dog, is sufficient not only plentifully to maintain his Master, but to furnish to him the noblest enjoyment which a great soul is capable of, by enabling him to travel through all nations, and see the wonders of Nature!"

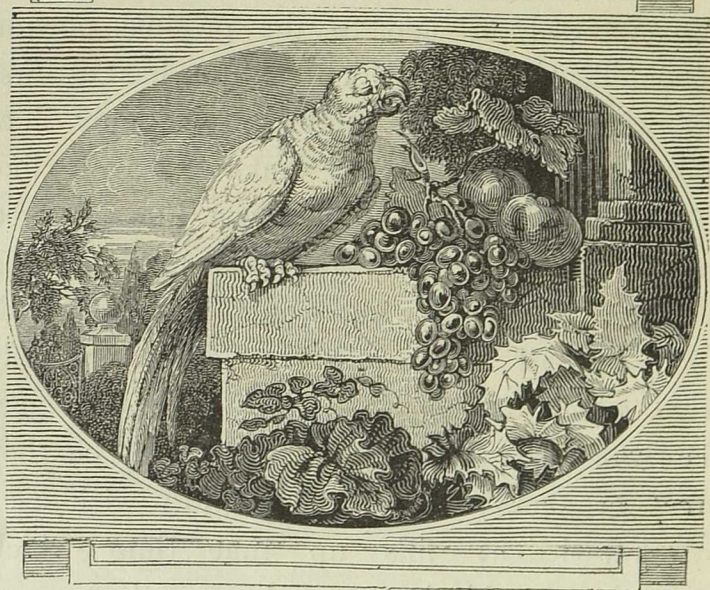
APPLICATION.

We may perceive by this Fable, the infinite importance of a good education, which had been the means of raising a poor little brute to become the admiration of mankind.

For notwithstanding that education may not be supposed to add to the original portion of intellect, with which nature has at first endowed us, yet it may and certainly does concentrate those powers that we have; like as the lens collects to a focus the scattered rays of light, and brings them to a burning point, which otherwise would be dissipated, and lose all their power. This is chiefly what education can do, it draws to one object the wandering energies of the mind, be they great or small; stores the memory with useful knowledge; fills up that time which otherwise would be wasted in idleness, or what is worse, employed in mischief; directs us to a nice discrimination of right from wrong, fits us for the most enlightened society, and enables us to pass through this difficult life with comfort and reputation.

J. N.





THE PARROT.



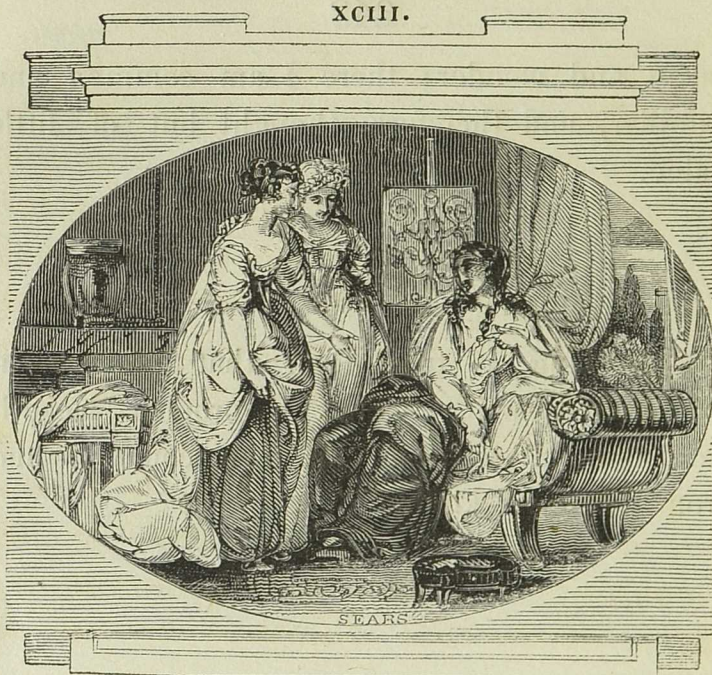
PARROT brought from the Indies, the native country of those birds, was made a great favorite of, had a cage of ivory, with silver ornaments, was fed with the choicest dainties, and held in high esteem. When it was demanded of him, what was the reason he was treated with so much more respect in this country, than he was in his own native place: he answered, "You are not to marvel at it, as here I am a

rarity and wonder; there I am common and familiar, and therefore thought but of little value.

APPLICATION.

Nothing is truer than that proverb in the sacred writ, "That a prophet lacketh not honour, save in his own country, and from his own kindred."





HONOUR, PRUDENCE, AND PLEASURE.



HONOUR, Prudence, and Pleasure undertook to keep house together; Honour was to govern the family, Prudence to provide for it, and Pleasure to conduct its arrangements. For some time they went on exceedingly well, and with great propriety: but after a while, Pleasure getting the upper hand, began to carry mirth to extravagance, and filled the house with gay, idle, riotous company, and the consequent expences threatened

the ruin of the establishment; so that Honour and Prudence, finding it absolutely necessary to break up the partnership, determined to quit the house, and leave Pleasure to go on her own way, which did not continue long, as she soon brought herself to poverty, and came a begging to her former companions, Honour and Prudence, who had now settled together in another habitation. However they would never afterwards admit Pleasure to be a partner in their household, but sent for her occasionally, on holidays, to make them merry, and in return they maintained her out of their alms.

APPLICATION.

The wants of nature are few: it is the office of reason to regulate both the taste and the appetite; and those who are governed by her laws, will be enabled to leave their wealth, their health, and their example, rich endowments to their heirs.

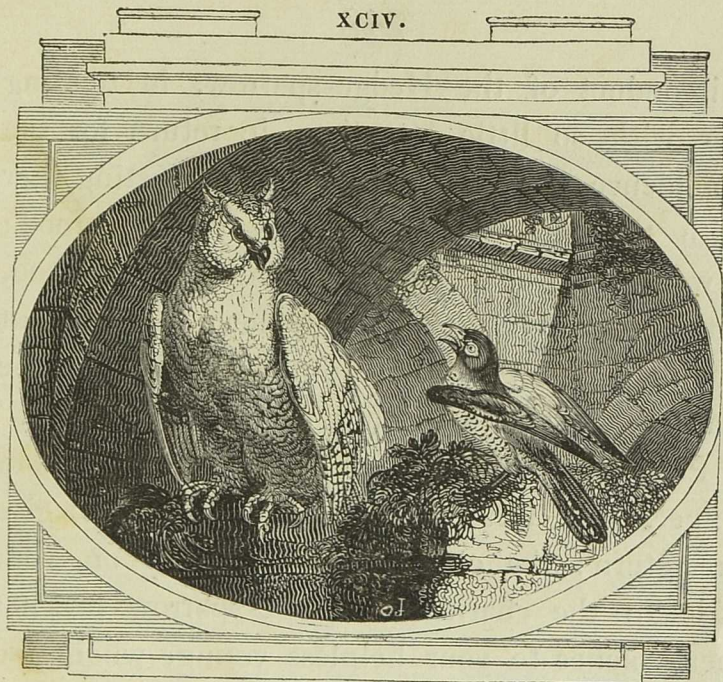
All beyond enough is too much, all beyond nourishment is luxury, all beyond decency is extravagance. Intemperance has a smiling and alluring aspect, but a dreadful retinue; consisting of the whole assemblage

of diseases, for death has been their cook, and has infused a slow poison into every sauce.

Luxury is to property, what a plague is to health; it is equally contagious, and equally destructive; it is the disease of which not only individuals, but the noblest monarchies, and most flourishing states have died, in consequence of which even the richest cities may be reduced to misery, and the posterity of its citizens become as poor as their earliest ancestors were; but without their continence, industry, or virtue.

Italian.





THE CUCKOO, THE HEDGE-SPARROW, AND
THE OWL.



LAZY Cuckoo, too idle to make a comfortable home for herself and offspring, laid her eggs in the nest built by the Hedge-sparrow, who taking the charge wholly on herself, hatched them and bred up the young with maternal attention, till such time as they were enabled to provide for themselves; when they took wing and fled.

Upon this the worthless Cuckoo came gossiping to the Owl, complaining of the

misconduct of the Hedge-sparrow, in treating her with so little attention, in return for the confidence she had shewn by entrusting her with the care of her precious young brood: "would you believe it," continued the Cuckoo, "the ungrateful birds have flown off without paying me any of those duties, which are the natural right of a mother from her offspring." "Peace, peace," replied the sage owl, "nor expect that from others which you cannot give in return: the obligation lies wholly on your side to the charitable Hedge-sparrow for her benevolence to your helpless young, whom you had abandoned; and remember this, that before you teach gratitude to others, you should yourself learn to be grateful."

APPLICATION.

Ingratitude is of all crimes that which we account the most venial in ourselves, and the most unpardonable in others.

Nothing in the world is so common as complaints of the want of gratitude, too often arising from our overrating the value of the obligations we may have bestowed on others; the account we keep of the matter is generally made out much in our own favour, and the articles commonly rated too high;

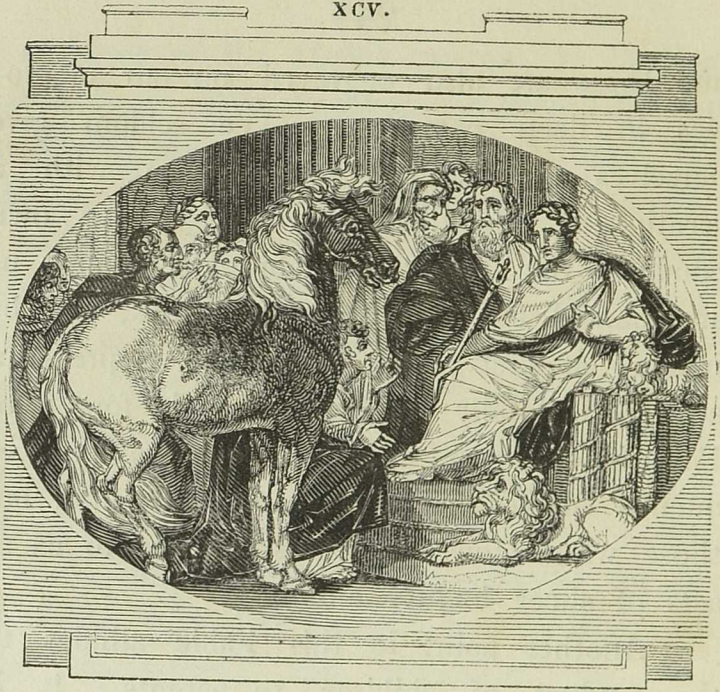
and these are also engraved on our memories in deep characters. We seldom give ourselves the trouble to examine with a scrutinizing and impartial eye into our own conduct, the items to be brought against us are marked but faintly in our minds, and by making at first but a very slight impression, are soon totally obliterated and forgotten. Favours done to ourselves our vanity frequently makes us receive as our due, but those we bestow on others, appear to us as acts of sheer bounty alone.

Another point in this Fable alludes to the conduct of children to parents. It is natural to suppose, that where little attention has been bestowed by parents, little return of duty will be given by children.

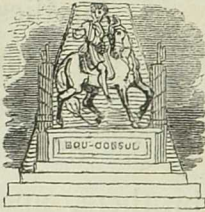
It has been well observed of families reared in indigence, that they are often rich in reciprocal affection: the reason is, that affluence gives to hirelings those tender offices which endear parents, children, brothers, and sisters to each other.

J. N.





THE HONEST HORSE.



STORY goes that Caligula, Emperor of Rome, being one day on the back of a favourite Horse, with his whole court about him, these obsequious Gentlemen perceiving how awkwardly he managed the reins, took occasion from thence to flatter him upon being a most excellent Horseman; when the Horse immediately threw him—the Emperor perceiving that the Horse was the only one of his court that had any

truth in him, took a resolution to raise him to those high honours to which he afterwards arrived.

APPLICATION.

Flatterers should be told, that to offer false praise to a wise man, shews a want of wisdom in the attempt.

If they attribute to him more than his due, they are either designing or mistaken: he that flatters without designing to make advantage of it, is a fool.

It is a common thing to imagine we love a man of great interest and fortune, with a very sincere passion; but this is what we cannot be sure of till he be stripped of all the advantages of power and greatness: then one quickly discerns what has been the cause of our affection: if interest was at the bottom, honour may keep it up for some time, but it will grow weary, and the lover will fall to the ground.

The honest man, provided his talents are not deficient, always carries the preference in our esteem before any other, whatever situation in life he may happen to occupy.

I should think it very natural in princes to be much attached to animals, as those are the only beings in whom they can discover, with certainty, the marks of sincerity, fidelity, and disinterested attachment.

This instance of Caligula, given in the Fable, I cannot but consider as both dignified and moral. It was a mild and playful way of reproving his weak flatterers, and although mortifying to them, yet it could not provoke their malice or hatred towards himself. By it he lost nothing of his dignity, showed his sagacity, and plainly proved that he considered their fulsome compliment as nothing short of an insult to his understanding—but from his superior capacity, willingly pardoned their folly. For truth alone, when once admitted, will always be the introducer of wisdom and virtue in her train. J. N.





THE SNAIL AND THE BUTTERFLY.



GAY Butterfly, whose spangled wings displayed all the varied colours of the rainbow, chanced in his airy voyage to light on a violet, where he was quickly espied by the protruding eyes of a crawling Snail, one filled with all the pride of independence; who, like Diogenes of old, carried his house upon his back, scorning to be helped by any. This cynic of dingy hue, approaching in a slow and solemn march,

thus accosted the full-dressed little beau: "Thou tawdry, insignificant, painted, insect, hast thou no better employment than to flutter about in sunshine all the live-long day, only to show to vain mortals like thyself, thy gaudy embroidery? Let me tell thee, between ourselves, that I hold in much more esteem the solemn dignity of the dingy brown in which I am myself attired, than all the frivolous variety by which thou art characterized."—"Conceited, short-sighted, pretending philosopher," retorted the Butterfly, "know that you have been despising in me those qualities with which great nature has endowed me, and such as were not in my own power to bestow upon myself. Therefore I cannot but be thankful for them, and value myself the more, as one of Nature's favourites in being thus adorned. Do we not evidently perceive the bent of Providence, shown through all its works, in that ample display of rich and varied colouring? How are all the feathered kind to be admired for their rich plumage, from the spangled Peacock to the gilded Humming Bird! See, how the innumerable insect tribe are all bedecked! The fruits of the earth also have all their varieties of bloom! The vegetable creation is as splen-

did as it is unbounded, clearly to be seen by every eye that has ever beheld a flower-garden in all its beauty! Indeed, all the elements conspire to deck with gaiety of hues the splendid mass, each contributing its ample portion. The sea teems with its pearls, and mother-of-pearls, whilst the inhabitants of the watery deep play around in scaly vestments of silver and of gold.

“The earth from its bowels delivers up its dazzling gems, and shining ores. And the air and fire which compose the heavens, display the vivid rainbow, and the glory of the rising and the setting sun. And permit me in return to whisper a secret in your ear:—it is such as yourself that serve as a foil to that splendour, which is Nature’s favourite garb.”

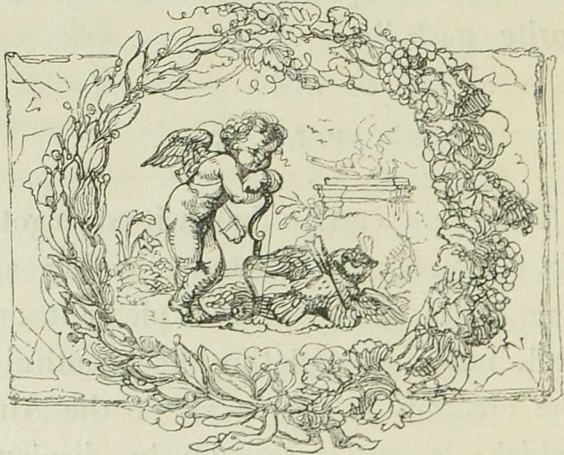
APPLICATION.

There are certain half-witted bigots, who think they please God by rejecting and despising every thing that is pleasant or ornamental, not contemplating the beautiful variety of the creation as the work of the Almighty, in which is so conspicuously displayed his wisdom and his power, to which these zea-

lots shut their eyes and turn their backs, to follow some idle whims, which conceit or caprice has put into their heads: thus quitting the study of nature, and the true knowledge of God, to contrive (with a stubborn perverseness,) how to make their dress plain, yet costly, that it may not be mistaken for the effects of poverty. Thus rank pride assumes the garb of humility.

But such should be told that this is not religion; but the sole produce of pride, stubbornness and ignorance, which tends to check honest industry, every kind of ingenuity, and the encrease of all useful knowledge in the world.

J. N.





THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PARROT.



N honest plain-dealing sage, but
 whose mind was stored with
 true philosophy, was one day
 walking in the street, when he
 saw a beautiful Parrot in a
 shop where birds were sold; and being much
 taken by her prating, enquired the price: and
 they answered, one hundred and fifty crowns.
 The poor philosopher, to his great mortifica-
 tion, found his pockets would not afford such
 a sum; however, says he, because I fancy

the bird, I don't care if I truck with you for it; that is, I'll give you my bed, chairs, and all the other moveables of my lodgings at your own price for it. The shop-keeper agreed, and the bargain was concluded, but yet was much surprised, and could not refrain from pitying and asking the philosopher if he had lost his senses, that he who wanted clothes to his back, should be so extravagant as to chaffer the furniture of his house, nay, even his bed from under him, the sole repose of his wearied body and over-laboured mind, and all to purchase a tawdry Parrot? "Ah!" replied the Philosopher, "to me it will prove an inestimable treasure, and I would have reduced myself to nakedness, rather than have gone without her, for my misfortune is to have a free tongue, and a plain and open heart;—great virtues these in former ages; now, unpardonable faults, as I have found to my cost: but I hope to put an end to all this, by keeping this wonderful bird, who will teach me what I know nothing of, though so much in fashion: that is, the art of concealing the true thoughts of our own soul, and tickling people's ears with words only from the tongue, and speeches learned by rote."

APPLICATION.

It is but a melancholy reflection, when we consider, that by a purity and freedom of speech, such as proceeds from an open honest heart, a man may do himself more injury in his worldly interest, than by the most deceitful hypocrisy and fawning flattery; and that to make your fortune in this world, you must stifle the real thoughts of your heart, and give instead of them, deceit, flattery, and falsehood; for, unfortunately, the pleasure of adulation, however false, goes so far, that the greatest of our enemies makes himself agreeable, when he imposes upon us with it; and the best of our friends seldom undeceives us, but we are offended at it, for few men are so wise as to prefer useful reproofs to treacherous praise. But flattery will never be out of credit, so long as there are knaves to give it, and fools to take it. There is nothing, says Juvenal, that a man will not believe in his own favour.

Italian.



THE APE AND THE BEE.



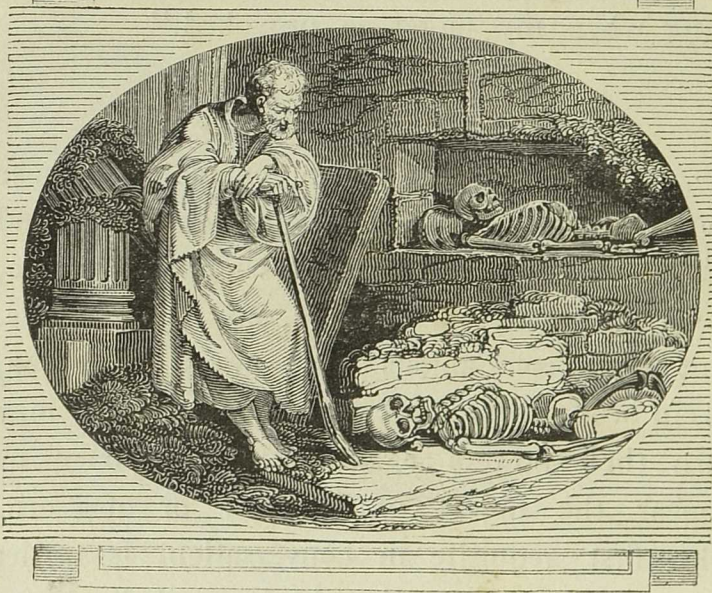
AN Ape, who had a great desire to partake of the honey which was deposited in a rich Beehive, was yet intimidated from meddling with it by having felt the smart of the sting, made the following reflection: "How strange, that a Bee, while producing a delicacy so passing sweet and tempting, should also carry with him a sting so dreadfully bitter."—"Yes," answered the Bee, "equal to the degree of sweetness

in my better work, is the bitterness of my sting when my anger is provoked."

APPLICATION.

We often meet with characters whose powers of amusement are most excellent, and whose company of all things most desirable, from their wit, their gaiety, and their genius. But such companions are always dangerous, as in a moment of caprice, their satire may turn their powers against us, and make us appear the object of laughter or of scorn. The first requisite in conversation, is truth; the second, sense; the third, good humour; and the fourth, wit.





THE PHILOSOPHER AMONG THE TOMBS.



SAGE Philosopher who was well versed in all knowledge natural as well as moral, was one day found in a cemetery, deeply absorbed in contemplating two human skeletons which lay before him—the one that of a Duke, the other of a common beggar. When after some time, he made this exclamation: “If skilful anatomists have made it appear, that the bones, nerves, muscles and entrails of all men are made after the

same manner and form, surely this is a most convincing proof, that true nobility is situated in the mind, and not in the blood."

APPLICATION.

This Fable is copied from an Italian author, and bears its moral in itself; therefore little remains to be said, except a confirmation of it in holy writ; where it is said: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and a loving favour rather than silver and gold.^a" And again: "He that followeth after righteousness, findeth righteousness and honor.^b"—"All go into one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."^c—"The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all."^d

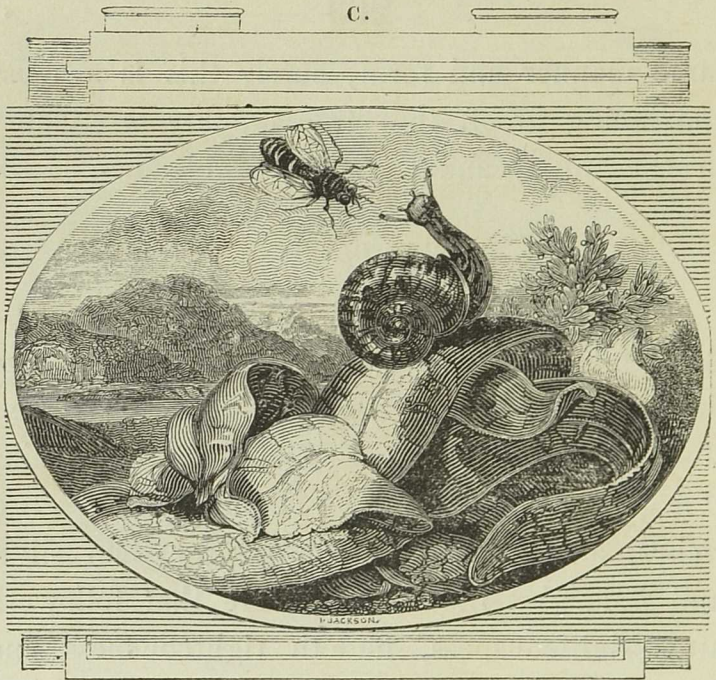
^a Prov. chap. xxii. verse 1.

^b Prov. chap. xxi. verse 21.

^c Eccles. chap. iii. verse 20.

^d Prov. chap. xxii. verse 2.





THE SNAIL AND THE DRONE.



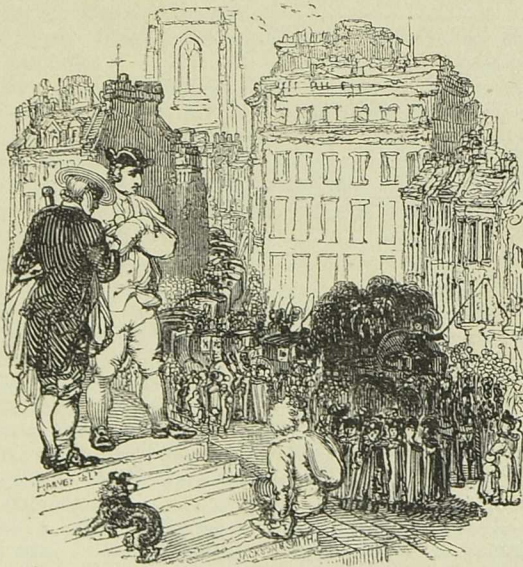
It chanced that a drone observed a snail labouring his tedious journey with tardy pace: "I marvel," said the drone, "how you have patience to drag on at that slow rate, whilst I can pass swiftly through the air, and go miles to your inches."

"It is very true," answered the snail, "you certainly do make a thousand times the speed that I can; but remember, that

your swift journey leaves no mark or memorial behind, to show that you ever had existence; while I, though slow, leave behind me a shining record of my path."

APPLICATION.

Few take care to live well, but many to live long; though it is in every body's power to do the former, but in no man's command to do the latter. J. N.



INDEX TO THE ENGRAVINGS.

Table.	Engraved by
Vignette on Title-page.....	J. JACKSON.
1. Fowler and Birds.....	R. BRANSTON.
Letter A.....	JACKSON.
2. Fashion and Night.....	C. NESBIT.
Letter F. Mutability. Camelion.—Moonlight.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Do. Proteus and Venus.....	—
3. Self Important.....	NESBIT.
Letter A. Pyramid.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. The Vain-glorious. "He is so plaguey proud, "that the death tokens of it cry, <i>no recovery.</i> " <i>Shaks.</i>	—
4. Reason taken Captive.....	H. WHITE.
Letter F. Cupid triumphant.....	JACKSON.
5. Two Rats.....	—
Letter A. Cat's Paw.....	—
Tail Piece. Cassio and Iago on the watch. <i>Othello</i> , Act ii. Sc. 3.....	—
6. Gardener and Rose.....	—
Letter O. "The centre of the glittering ring".....	—
Tail Piece. Venus and Graces.....	—
7. Deceived Eagle.....	WHITE.
Letter A. Boy and Thistle.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Fluellen forcing Pistol to eat the Leek. <i>Hen. V.</i> Act v. Sc. 1.....	—
8. Looking Glass and Orange Tree.....	WHITE.
Letter I. "I am Sir Oracle." (<i>wig block</i>).....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Ass and Lion's skin.....	—
9. Wild and Tame Geese.....	G. W. BONNER.
Letter T. Fitness. <i>City light</i> infantry.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Giant and Dwarf. <i>Vicar of Wakefield</i>	—
10. Proud Lady and Caterpillar.....	R. BRANSTON.
Letter T. Balance of trifles.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece.....	—
11. Hunted Fox.....	NESBIT.
Letter A. Cupid stung by a bee. <i>Anacreon</i>	JACKSON.
12. Oak and River.....	BONNER.
Letter A. May-pole. (Peace.).....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Desolation. (War).....	—
13. Envious Glow-worm.....	—
Letter A. Fatal competition. <i>Frog and Ox</i>	—
Tail Piece. Ambition. <i>Damocles</i>	—
14. Wolf grown old.....	R. BRANSTON.
Letter A. <i>Timon of Athens</i> . Act iv. Sc. 1.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Wounded Stag. <i>As you like it</i> . Act ii. Sc. 1..	—
15. Perplexed Widow.....	WHITE.
Letter C. Emblem of Change. (From a sketch by Mr. Northcote).....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Perplexing case. Sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, &c. &c.....	—
16. Gardener and his Master.....	BONNER.
Letter I. A fountain.....	JACKSON.

Fable.

Engraved by

- Tail-Piece. Children at Play. (Leading and driving)..... JACKSON.
17. Coal and Diamond..... WHITE.
 Letter A. Beauty.—Poppy and Heart's-ease, (sweet and
 bitter.)..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Apollo..... —
18. Bee and Butterflies..... NESBIT.
 Letter O. Fable of the Camelion..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Two knights and party-coloured shield..... —
19. Mastiff and Goose..... R. BRANSTON.
 Letter A. Impotent malice.—(Viper and File)..... JACKSON.
20. Fly and Trout..... BONNER.
 Letter A. "So pleasure lures the full grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild," &c.
Giour..... JACKSON.
- Tail Piece. Atheist, from *Cowper*.—"At once the shock
 unseated him."..... —
21. Lion and Council of Beasts..... —
 Letter A..... —
22. Farmer and Rat..... WHITE.
 Letter W. The Miser..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Dog in Manger..... —
23. Fox, Weasel, and Rabbit..... —
 Letter A..... —
 Tail Piece. Triumvirate..... —
24. Club of Birds..... BONNER.
 Letter I. Martial Law..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Cromwell dissolving the Parliament..... —
25. Butterfly and Ant..... —
 Letter T. Jane Shore..... —
 Tail Piece. Fable of wanton calf..... —
26. Two Scythes..... WHITE.
 Letter I. Wages of idleness..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Joys of industry..... —
27. Paper Kite..... D. DODD.
 Letter O. Prodigal son..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Penalty of Conceit.—Boy and corks..... —
28. Mastiff and Curs..... F. W. BRANSTON.
 Letter I. "And threats his followers with retorted eye."
Illiad, book xi..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Envy—Swan and Geese..... —
29. Blind Sheep..... —
 Letter A. Eve..... —
 Tail Piece. "When ignorance is bliss, &c."..... A. J. MASON.
30. Pen, Ink, and Paper..... JACKSON.
 Letter P. Do..... —
 Tail Piece. Do..... F. W. BRANSTON.
31. Vain Glow-worm..... T. MOSSES.
 Letter A. "Worshipful society."..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Lion and his Cub.—*Gay*.
 "With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president."..... —
32. Lion and Snake..... D. DODD.
 Letter A. Fable.—Bear and bees..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Wanton cruelty revenged..... S. SLADER.
33. Imitating Animals..... BONNER.

Fable.

Engraved by

- Letter W. Retaliation..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Corps de Ballet..... MASON.
34. Silk-worm and Spider..... JACKSON.
 Letter A. Zeuxis reproving Agatharcus. *Plutarch*..... —
 Tail Piece. Fable.—Lioness and Fox..... —
35. Eagle and Jackdaw..... WHITE.
 Letter A. Toad-eating..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Canute reproving his Courtiers..... SLADER.
36. Care and Generosity..... R. BRANSTON.
 Letter O. January and May..... J. SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Blind Man and Lame..... JACKSON.
37. Lobsters..... —
 Letter I. Eneas and Turnus..... —
 Tail Piece. A copyist. Eagle and crow.—*Fable*..... —
38. Owls, Bats, and Sun..... T. WILLIAMS.
 Letter I. “Minions of the moon.”..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. An upright judge..... —
39. Philosopher and Glow-worm..... MOSSES.
 Letter T. Contemplation..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Do..... MASON.
40. Thresher and Ear of Corn..... WHITE.
 Letter I. *Horsing*..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Penance..... SLADER.
41. Snow-drop and Primrose..... D. DODD.
 Letter A. Discord..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Venus reproving Psyche.—*Corneille*..... —
42. Eagle, Jackdaw, and Magpie..... WHITE.
 Letter T..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Brunetta and Phillis.—*Spectator*, No. 81..... —
43. Fly and Taper..... JACKSON.
 Letter P. Fascination..... —
44. Trooper..... MOSSES.
 Letter A..... JACKSON.
 Tail Piece. Procrastination, from *Miss Edgeworth's* “*To-morrow*.”..... SLADER.
45. Spanish Cavalier..... R. BRANSTON.
 Letter O. Sir Philip Sydney..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Death of Chevalier Bayard..... JACKSON.
46. Minerva and Owl..... BONNER.
 Letter M..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Ulysses chastising Thersites.—*Illiad*, B. II. T. WILLIAMS.
47. Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag..... JACKSON.
 Letter F..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Veteran and Volunteer..... —
48. Old Man and Death..... NESBIT.
 Letter A..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Fishermen on the look out..... JACKSON.
49. Elephant and Assembly of Animals..... —
 Letter T. *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2..... SLADER.
 Tail Piece. Gay's Fable of Dog and Goose..... J. DODD.
50. Ant and Caterpillar..... JACKSON.
 Letter A..... —
51. Glow-worm..... —
 Letter A. Stilts..... SMITH.
 Tail Piece. Fable of the Harper..... —

Fable.	Engraved by
52. Favorite Horse.....	M. U. SEARS.
Letter T. Cock and Jewel.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Sancho leaving his government of Barataria....	MASON.
53. Traveller and Statue of Opportunity.....	JACKSON.
Letter S. Flying fish and dolphin.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. Orlando lashed by Repentance, pursuing the fairy Morgana, whom he had neglected to seize by the forelock.—Bayardo.....	MASON.
54. Rivulet and Drain.....	F. W. BRANSTON.
Letter A.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Evil company.—Fable, Husbandman and Stork.....	SLADER.
55. Owl's Assembly of Birds.....	JACKSON.
Letter A. Lady ——'s rout.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. <i>School for Scandal</i> , Act. . Sc.	JACKSON.
56. Two Clouds.....	—
Letter A.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. Human Life.....	J. WRIGHT.
57. Æsop and Poultry.....	JACKSON.
Letter T. Parroles adventure of the drum.....	—
58. Rats and Cheese.....	H. WHITE, Jun.
Letter I.....	JACKSON.
59. Lion and Ape.....	MOSES.
Letter A. Iago torturing Othello.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. Sir Fretful Plagiary— <i>Critic</i>	SLADER.
60. Nurseryman and Plantation.....	BONNER.
Letter A.....	JACKSON.
61. Idler caught napping.....	WHITE.
Letter A. Satyr's binding Silenus.— <i>Eclogue 6, Virgil</i>	JACKSON.
Tail Piece, from Witch of Fife.. <i>Queen's Wake</i>	—
62. Luxury and Want.....	—
Letter A. Do. Father Paul.— <i>Duenna</i>	—
63. Soldier and Horses.....	F. W. BRANSTON.
Letter A. "New brooms," &c.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. <i>Hamlet</i> .—"Look upon this picture, & on this."..	SLADER.
64. Angler and Salmon.....	R. BRANSTON.
Letter A. Mechanical powers.....	SMITH.
65. Bee and Cuckoo.....	JACKSON.
Letter A.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. Criticism.—"'Tis a melancholy daub, my Lord, not one principle of the pyramid in any one group." <i>Sterne</i>	JACKSON.
66. Nightingale.....	MOSES.
Letter H. Hudibras and Ralpho.....	JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Content.— <i>Goldsmith's disabled soldier</i>	SLADER.
67. Traveller.....	BONNER.
Letter A. Declension of Pride.....	JACKSON.
68. Eastern Prince and African.....	—
Letter A. Socrates.....	—
Tail Piece. Hawking.....	—
69. Nightingale and Sparrow.....	BONNER.
Letter T. Study.....	SMITH.
Tail Piece. Do. exemplified in Demosthenes.....	JACKSON.
70. Aurelia and Spider.....	—
Letter T. Hercules and Carter.....	SMITH.

- Tail Piece. Varro receiving the thanks of the Senate, after his defeat at Cannæ, "because he had not despaired of his country."..... JACKSON.
71. Sorrel Mare and her Master..... —
Letter A. The "dead Ass."—*Sterne*..... —
72. Village Quack..... —
Letter A. Emblems..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. Abel Drugger.—*Alchymist*..... SLADER.
73. Rose and Snail..... JACKSON.
Letter A. Elopement..... —
Tail Piece. Olivia meeting her father.—*Vicar of Wakefield*..... —
74. Thieves and Bear..... WHITE.
Letter A. "Thou shalt not steal."..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Falstaff at Gadshill..... ELIZA THOMPSON.
75. Unlucky Dog..... SEARS.
Letter A. "Look like the innocent flow'r, &c."—*Macbeth*. JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Ahab reproved by Elijah in the garden of Naboth..... WRIGHT.
76. Goat and Fox..... BONNER.
Letter A. Constancy.—*Regulus*..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. Do.—*Jephtha*..... SLADER.
77. Philosopher and Sheet of Paper..... BONNER.
Letter A. Bring up a child, &c. SLADER.
Tail Piece. Do.—Boy and his mother..... SMITH.
78. Epictetus and Fur-shop..... MOSSES.
Letter E..... SLADER.
Tail Piece. "Be ye wise as serpents," &c.—*Matthew*..... —
79. Three Vases..... NESBIT.
Letter A..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Bone of contention..... —
80. Complainer..... R. BRANSTON.
Letter A. Fable.—Gardener and Hog—*Gay*.
"Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot."..... JACKSON.
81. Willow and Lake..... —
Letter A. Cain and Abel..... SLADER.
Tail Piece. Alexander killing Clytus..... JACKSON.
82. Judicious Elephant..... NESBIT.
Letter A..... JACKSON.
83. Loadstone and Mirror..... WHITE, JUN.
Letter A..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Ulysses at the tent of Achilles.—*Troilus and Cressida*. Act iii. Sc. 3..... SMITH.
84. Congregation of Pious Animals..... BONNER.
Letter O..... JACKSON.
85. Placeman and Husbandman..... SLADER.
Letter A..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. The spaniel..... SMITH.
86. Fowler and Wolf..... JACKSON.
Letter A. An imprudent adventure..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. Fable.—Bull and dog..... JACKSON.
87. Lion and Echo..... —
Letter A. Narcissus and Echo—*Ovid*..... —
88. Angler..... J. DODD.
Letter A..... SMITH.

Fable.

Engraved by

- Tail Piece. Sylvan scene..... SLADER.
89. Plutus..... R. BRANSTON.
Letter O. Student of *Cocker*..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Do.—Delphin..... SLADER.
90. Mountebank and Dog..... JACKSON.
Letter A..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. The use of “*a little learning*.”..... —
91. Eagle and Sycophant-bird..... R. BRANSTON.
Letter T. “*Sure thou wert born to please me*.”..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Fadladeen.—*Lalla Rookh*..... SLADER.
92. Parrot..... BONNER.
Letter A..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. “*A prophet lacketh not honour save in his own country, and from his own kindred*.”..... —
93. Honour, Prudence, and Pleasure..... SEARS.
Letter H..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. Progress of luxury..... JACKSON.
94. Cuckoo, Hedge-sparrow, and Owl..... —
Letter A. Careful mother..... —
Tail Piece. Careless do..... SMITH.
95. Honest Horse..... MASON.
Letter A..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. Helvellyn.—*Sir Walter Scott*..... JACKSON.
96. Snail and Butterfly..... WHITE.
Letter A. Puritan..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece..... —
97. Philosopher and Parrot..... MOSSES.
Letter A..... SMITH.
Tail Piece. *Coriolanus*, Act iii. Sc 1..... SLADER.
98. Ape and Bees..... JACKSON.
Letter A..... SMITH.
Tail Piece..... JACKSON.
99. Philosopher among the Tombs..... MOSSES.
Letter A. Reaper..... JACKSON.
Tail Piece. Forester..... ELIZA THOMPSON.
100. Snail and Drone..... —
Letter I..... —
Tail Piece. The Alderman's Funeral... *Southey*.. JACKSON & SMITH.



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