

THE  
MANUAL OF YOUTH.

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LE MANUEL DE LA JEUNESSE.

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1807.

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1801

S. Gosnell, Printer,  
Little Queen Street.

THE  
MANUAL OF YOUTH.

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CONTAINING,

I. Sixty *Fables*, French and English, ornamented with One Hundred and Twenty *Cuts*, representing the Subjects of the *Fables* in the French Part; and furnishing, in the English Part, a Series of *elementary Lessons*, in the several Styles of Drawing.

II. Remarks on *Rhetoric*, with various Examples on the different *Styles, Figures, and Tropes*.

III. A large Collection of *Extracts*, in *Prose and Verse*, selected from the most approved Authors, English and French.

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By J. OUISEAU, A. M.

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LONDON:

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1807.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE Price of this Volume may, at first sight, appear too high for a School-book; but, if it be considered what expenses must have attended its Publication, and how many other elementary books it precludes the necessity of having, the purchase, it is presumed, will be thought moderate.

THE FIRST PART contains sixty Fables, in French and English: a number quite sufficient for an Introduction to the French Language. The style, it is hoped, will be found correct, easy, and familiar; without being, however, flatly puerile. The aim of the Author has been to render these Fables perfectly intelligible to young Beginners, but not tiresome to be read by persons of riper age.

The Moral of each Fable is expressed in a French *Quatrain*, and rendered carefully in the English part. This we have considered as a pleasing va-

riety, which will insensibly accustom young translators to the use of French verses.

Of these *Quatrains*, some belong entirely to the Editor; and others (with the curtailing and change which appeared suitable), he took out of a French School-book, known for many years, (*La Morale de l'Enfance*), modernized from a Book written in the beginning of the sixteenth Century, by *Guy de Faur, Seigneur de Pibrac*.—Short moral Applications are certainly the best for young People, as more likely to fix their attention, and thus be committed to their memory with less trouble.

Many of the Fables are not known to the generality of English Readers, having been taken from German and Italian Authors: the others are founded on what are commonly called *Æsop's Fables*; but they have been treated in a manner which emboldens the Editor to assert, that he has borrowed scarcely more than their titles.—The first and the fifty-second Fables are original, and entirely belong to the Editor.

As to the ornamental Part, we cherish the hope that it will be generally approved. A considerable expense was incurred to accomplish the Plan, and we had the joint Abilities of *Messrs. Nattes, Chailon, Pyne, and Perry*, besides some excellent



Subjects taken from *Barlow*, and other eminent Artists.

The Cuts, before the French part, are adapted to the different subjects of the Fables; and those before the English part, present a series of elementary Lessons of Drawing, in its various Styles: The whole forming an interesting *ensemble* of 120 Plates.

The Advantages of this Plan, entirely new, must be obvious. Young people are fond of drawing from the Prints they read of: if then Subjects worthy of imitation are presented to them, they imperceptibly bring themselves to be accurate, and soon become methodically proficient in the Art of Drawing, now accounted one of the necessary parts of a regular Education.

ALTHOUGH well provided in other Branches with elementary books, we have nothing on Rhetoric calculated for the use of Schools. All the Treatises on that Science are either too voluminous and critical, or they offer mere Skeletons, without the least animation; and, what is worse, without sufficient and apposite Examples. In the concise Treatise, now presented to the Public, the Definitions are short, but the Examples are numerous, and easy to be understood; as the Author never

permitted himself to forget that he was writing for young Readers. We know, through long experience, that, with them, Definitions and Rules must be few and short; but Examples can hardly be multiplied too much, if they apply well to the Subject.

We intend this Treatise as a necessary Introduction to the third Part: it will accustom the Pupils to understand critically what they read, and thus prepare them to receive lessons in Elocution, with advantage and pleasure.

WE offer in the third Part, a large Selection, in Prose and Verse, extracted from the best English and French Writers. Our chief care has been to choose moral Subjects; but, at the same time, such as might be amusing, and intelligible to young Readers. The general complaint (which appears well founded), is, that the Extracts, in Collections of this kind, are too long, and commonly above the reach of a Schoolboy's understanding. The Masters are puzzled what to choose; and the Pieces made use of, constitute scarcely the twentieth part of the whole Volume.

To avoid the same Defect, the Author of this Selection communicated his Manuscript to several experienced Teachers, at the head of distinguished

Schools, both for young Ladies and Gentlemen; and he readily withdrew every Extract objected to. He did more: he tried them with his own pupils, and did not hesitate to expunge what they appeared not to approve, or did not easily understand.

Most of the Extracts are very short, and the longest can be learned with facility by Boys, ten or twelve years old, of moderate abilities. Some, in the form of Dialogues, are rather longer; but they are intended to be recited by two pupils together. Of these Dialogues, six have been extracted from *Shakespeare's Othello*, and they form a kind of drama, by which several pupils may be exercised at the same time, in a manner at once attractive and improving. The Editor has presented these Scenes in such a point of view, that the passion of Jealousy, unknown to juvenile Readers (in the strict sense of the original play), is hardly perceptible; while the dreadful effects of lying and slandering, with the pernicious consequences of precipitate Resolutions, have become the prominent features of this little Drama.

As to the Morality of the Extracts, we preferred to impress it by Narratives and Facts, rather than by logical Arguments and pointed Sentences.—The undutiful behaviour of *Regan* and *Gonerill*, contrasted with the affecting tenderness and filial

piety of *Cordelia*, will produce a quicker and surer effect on a young Reader, than the best moral Essay on the Duty of Children towards their Parents. They may be ordered to read the latter, but they will return to the former of their own accord. The same thing might be said of any other striking Example, which portrays the beauties of Virtue, or exposes the deformity of Vice. *Segnius irritant animos, &c.* Why not, in forming Youth to the duties of life, “strew with flowers the thorny ways of Truth?”—as Lord Lyttelton, elegantly expresses it.

Education has been defined, and not improperly, by *Mons. Rollin*: “The Cure of Ignorance and Folly.” But, though Severity be sometimes unavoidable with the obstinate and the vicious, the Path to Virtue cannot be pointed out to the docile and unexperienced Youth, with too much tenderness: then every act of prudent policy becomes laudable. For, if an unpleasant Medicine must be given, let us at least be allowed to sweeten the edge of the cup with honey, in the words of *Tasso* after *Lucretius*:

——“ Il vero condito in molli versi,

I più schivi allettando ha persuaso :

Così à l'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi

Di soave licor gli orli del vaso ;

Succhi amari, ingannato, in tanto ei beve,

E da l'inganno suo vita riceve.”

The attainment of religious Principles must surely be the first Care of every Teacher, and the grand Scope of a good Education. But, where is the necessity of making Youth dread what they ought to love, and of presenting Virtue to them, disfigured with Sackcloth, and mangled by Whips, like an Indian Faquir?—Let us rather listen to that learned and pious Moralist, the Archbishop of *Cambrai*, the amiable *Fénélon*: “ Réjouissez-vous, Télémaque, réjouissez-vous. La Sagesse n’a rien d’austère, ni d’affecté: c’est elle qui donne les vrais plaisirs; elle seule les sait assaisonner pour les rendre purs et durables; elle sait mêler les jeux et les ris avec les occupations graves et sérieuses; elle prépare le plaisir par le travail, et elle délasse du travail par le plaisir. La Sagesse n’a point de honte de paroître enjouée quand il le faut.”

*Durham House, Chelsea,*

2d January 1807.

Published by the same Author, and sold for Mr.  
J. MAWMAN, in the Poultry :

A

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FIRST PART.

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FABLES CHOISIES,

*En François et en Anglois.*

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SELECT FABLES,

*French and English.*

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Tout parle en mon ouvrage, et même les poissons :  
Ce qu'ils disent s'adresse à tous tant que nous sommes,  
Je me sers d'animaux pour instruire les hommes.

*La Fontaine,*

## OBSERVATION.

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THE English translation of the following Fables is *close* and *literal*, without being *servile*. As to the *Moral*, which is contained in four French verses, no attempt has been made to *rhime*, or to *strict* measure in English. That would have brought on inversions, very puzzling to young translators, for whom *chiefly* the First Part of the present work is intended.



## FABLE I.—LES DEUX ROSIERS.



UN Fleuriste des plus curieux s'étoit procuré avec beaucoup de peine, deux jeunes Rosiers de la plus belle espèce ; il comptoit en faire la gloire et l'ornement de son jardin. " Thomas," dit-il à son jardinier, " plantez ces Rosiers avec soin, et n'épargnez rien pour leur culture." Le bon Thomas, fidèle aux ordres de son maître, mit ces jeunes plantes dans la meilleure exposition, et les entoura d'un terreau fin qu'il s'étoit donné la peine de cribler soigneusement ; ensuite il tira son couteau pour élaguer les branches qui se croisoient.

Le premier dont Thomas s'approcha, se laissa toucher avec docilité, et souffrit sans murmurer, les coupures et les incisions profondes que le jardinier jugea à propos de faire. " J'avoue," disoit le jeune Rosier, " que cet homme me cause des douleurs cuisantes ; mais il me regarde avec bonté ! il m'a planté avec la plus grande attention ! il a choisi pour mon frère et pour moi, le

plus bel endroit du parterre ! il nous aime sans doute, et tout ce qu'il fait n'est certainement que pour notre bien." Thomas, qui continuoit toujours de travailler pendant les réflexions de ce bon petit Rosier, finit enfin son ouvrage. " A merveille," dit-il, " je suis content de moi ; si je réussis aussi bien avec son frère, j'aurai sûrement les deux plus beaux rosiers de la province."

" Avec son frère !" repliqua l'autre d'une voix hargneuse : " approche, si tu l'oses, et je te ferai sentir que mes épines valent bien ton couteau." Thomas lui répondit, en éclatant de rire, " Holà ! grand Alexandre ; vous voulez donc combattre ? Allons, bataille, puisqu'il le faut ;" et il se prépara en même tems à le tailler. Aussitôt cet opiniâtre commença à agiter toutes ses branches, avec tant de violence que le jardinier ne pouvoit les saisir. Forcé de se garantir des épines, il fit un pas en arrière. " Insensé ! il me seroit facile de te garotter et de te tailler malgré toi, mais tu n'en vaux pas la peine ; je te répondrai au printemps."

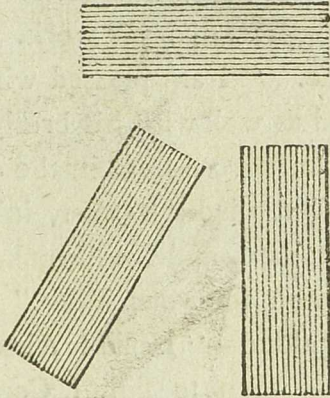
La saison des fleurs arriva : l'obéissant petit Rosier étoit tout couvert de boutons et des plus jolies roses ; tout le village venoit l'admirer et le caresser. Que faisoit alors son malheureux frère ? Jaune, desséché, mourant de honte et de misère, on fut obligé de l'arracher et de le jeter sur le fumier.

*Par l'Editeur.*

#### MORALE.

L'enfant le plus à plaindre est un enfant gâté,  
 Dont on n'ose punir la funeste indolence ;  
 Desirez, croyez-moi, notre sévérité,  
 Vous nous reprocheriez un jour notre indulgence.

## FABLE I.—The Two ROSE TREES.



A FLORIST, one of the most curious in his choice of flowers, had, with much trouble, obtained two young Rose Trees of the most beautiful kind; he expected to render them the glory and ornament of his garden. “Thomas,” said he to his gardener, “plant these Rose Trees carefully, and spare nothing in their culture.”

The good Thomas, faithful to the orders of his master, set the young plants in the best exposure, and surrounded them with fine mould, which he had taken the trouble to sift carefully; he then drew out his knife in order to clear away the branches which crossed one another.

The first which Thomas approached, permitted itself with great docility to be handled; and suffered, without murmuring, the pruning and deep incisions which the gardener thought fit to make. “I confess,” said the young Rose Tree, “that this man causes me sharp pains; but he looks at me with kindness! he planted me with the greatest attention! he has chosen

for my brother and myself the finest spot in the flower-garden. He undoubtedly loves us, and certainly all that he does is only for our good." Thomas, who continued his labour during the reflections of this good little Rose Tree, at length ended his work. "Wonderfully well!" said he. "I am pleased with what I have done; if I succeed as well with his brother, I shall certainly have the two finest rose trees in the county."

"With his brother!" replied the other, in a peevish tone; "approach if you dare, and I will make you feel that my thorns are a match for your knife." Thomas answered him, laughing aloud—"Holla! Alexander the Great, you have a mind then to fight? Come; let's have a battle, if it must be so;" and at the same time he prepared to prune it. Immediately this stubborn plant began to agitate all its branches with such violence, that the gardener could not touch them. Compelled to secure himself from its thorns, he stepped back. "Fool!" said he, "I might easily bind and cut you in spite of yourself, but you are not worth the trouble; I will give you an answer in the spring."

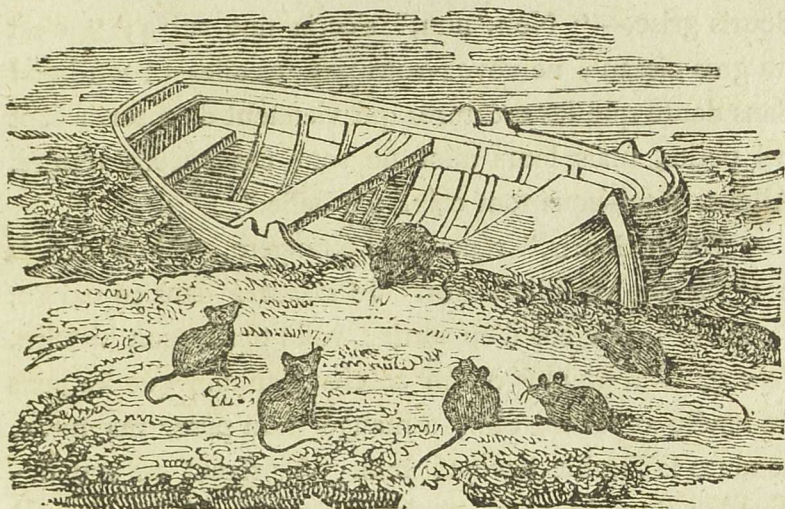
The season of flowers arrived: the obedient little Rose Tree was quite covered with buds and the most beautiful roses; all the village came to admire and caress it. What then became of its wretched brother? Yellow, withered, dying with shame and misery, they were obliged to pluck it up and throw it on a dunghill.

*By the Editor.*

#### APPLICATION.

Most to be pitied is the humour'd child,  
Whose fatal indolence we dare not check;  
Believe me, you should rather wish us strict,  
You some day would condemn our lenity.

## FABLE II.—La SOURIS et le NAVIRE.



UN navire, forcé par la tempête, échoua près d'une île déserte, et s'entr'ouvrit sur le rivage. Les matelots s'empressèrent de descendre à terre, et une jeune Souris qui étoit dans le vaisseau, s'échappa par un trou. Elle se mit aussitôt à trotter à droite et à gauche, sans savoir où elle alloit. Une Souris de l'île l'aperçut, et courant à elle :—“ Ma sœur, dans quelle partie de notre pays demeurez-vous ? Je ne me rappelle pas vous avoir jamais vue.”

Comme toutes les Souris parlent la même langue, elles s'entendirent parfaitement bien. “ Ma chère, je ne suis pas de ce pays-ci ; je sors du navire que vous voyez là-bas.”—“ Navire ! je ne vous comprends pas.”—A cet instant plusieurs autres Souris accoururent, et elles commencèrent toutes à faire mille questions à l'étrangère. “ D'où venez-vous ? Où allez-vous ? Comment vous

appelez-vous ?”—“ Je sors de ce navire.”—“ Navire ! Voulez-vous dire ce grand animal qui vient d’arriver sur nos côtes ? c’est sans doute une baleine,” dit une petite Souris grise.—“ Non, non,” s’écria une autre ; “ c’est un gros oiseau ; ne voyez-vous pas ses aîles et son bec ? Sans doute que les créatures qui viennent d’en sortir sont ses petits, mais leurs aîles ne sont pas encore venues. Allons, dites-nous tout cela, ma belle.”

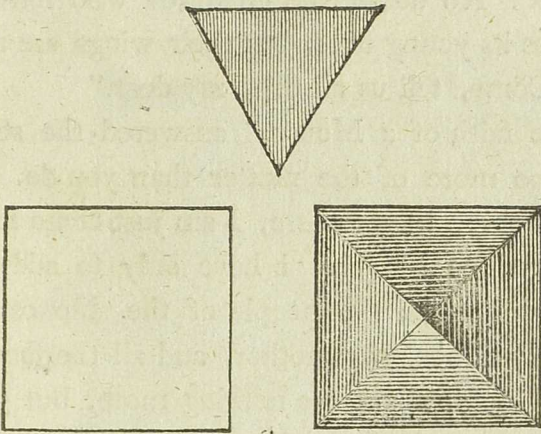
“ Foi de Souris,” répondit l’étrangère, “ je n’en sais pas plus que vous là-dessus. Je suis née dans ce navire, j’y ai vécu, je viens d’en sortir ; voilà toute mon histoire. Je vous dirai de plus qu’un méchant animal que les gens du navire appellent *chat*, a mangé mon père, ma mère, et toute la famille excepté moi. A présent ne me demandez rien de plus, et donnez-moi quelque chose à manger, car je meurs de faim.”

“ Pauvre petite !” dit une vieille Souris en toussant, “ que de tems vous avez perdu ! Venez, ma mie ; venez dans nos bois ; nous y travaillerons ensemble, vous deviendrez utile à vos semblables, et vous apprendrez de cette manière à jouir véritablement de la vie.”

#### MORALE.

Un homme sans courage et sans activité,  
 Enervé chaque jour par sa lâche paresse,  
 Sans vertus, sans talens, éprouve que sans cesse,  
 Les mépris et l’ennui suivent l’oisiveté,

## FABLE II.—The MOUSE and the SHIP.



A SHIP driven by a tempest was wrecked near a desert island, and it split asunder on the coast. The sailors hastened to land, and a young Mouse who was in the ship escaped through a hole. She immediately began to trot on the right and on the left, without knowing whither she was going. A Mouse of the island perceived her, and running to her—"Sister," said she, "in what part of this country do you live? I do not remember ever to have seen you."

As all Mice speak the same language, they understood one another perfectly well. "My dear, I am not of this country; I came from the ship you see yonder."—"Ship! I do not understand you." At this instant several other Mice ran thither, and began to put a thousand questions to the stranger. "Whence do you come? Where are you going? What is your name?"—"I came from that ship."—"Ship! do you mean that great animal which is just arrived on our coast? It is undoubtedly a

whale ;” said a little grey Mouse.—“ No, no ;” cried another, “ it is a large bird : do not you see its wings and its beak ? No doubt the creatures who have come out of it are its young ones, but their wings are not yet formed. Come, tell us all this, my dear.”

“ On the faith of a Mouse,” answered the stranger, “ I know no more of the matter than you do. I was born in that ship, I lived there, I am just come from it ; this is my whole history. I have only to add, that a wicked animal which the people of the ship call a *cat*, has eaten my father, my mother, and all the family except myself. Now ask me nothing more, but give me something to eat, for I am almost starved.”

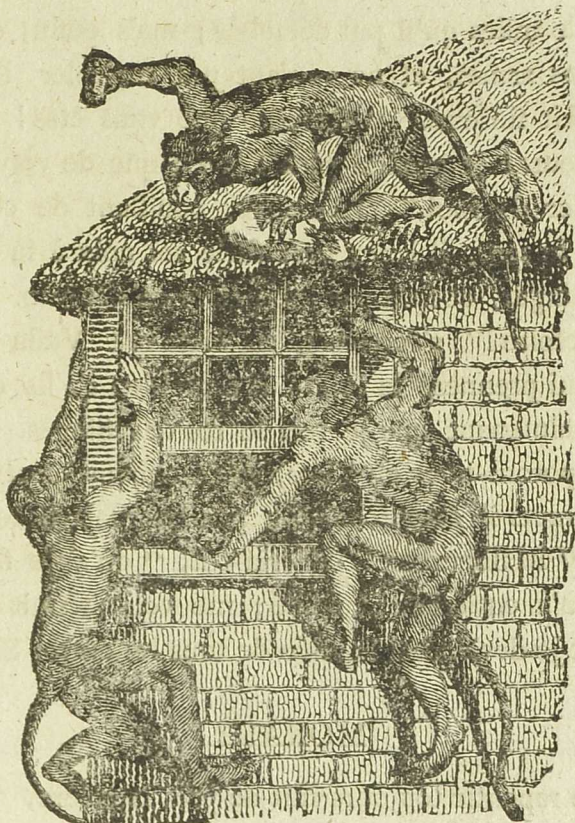
“ Poor little thing,” said an old Mouse, coughing ; “ how much time you have lost ! Come, my love ; come to our woods : we will there work together ; you will become useful to your fellow-creatures, and in this manner you will learn truly to enjoy life.”

#### APPLICATION.

A man void of courage and strength of mind,  
Enervated each day by vilest sloth,  
Without talents or virtue, ever finds  
That scorn and sorrow dwell with indolence.



## FABLE III.—Le SINGE VINDICATIF.



UN Singe avoit volé un panier de noix, et ne sachant où les manger à son aise, il s'avisa de grimper sur un toit. Quelques autres Singes l'ayant apperçu, résolurent de lui enlever son trésor. “ Allons, camarades,” dit un fin matois de la troupe ; “ suivez-moi ; il faut que nous ayons part au gâteau. Souffrirons-nous bassement que ce maraud mange ses noix tout seul ? il faut le punir de sa gourmandise et de son incivilité.”—“ Très bien,” dit un autre drôle ; “ Fagotin a raison ; suivons-le.”

Dès que le Singe au panier les apperçut, il fut d'abord

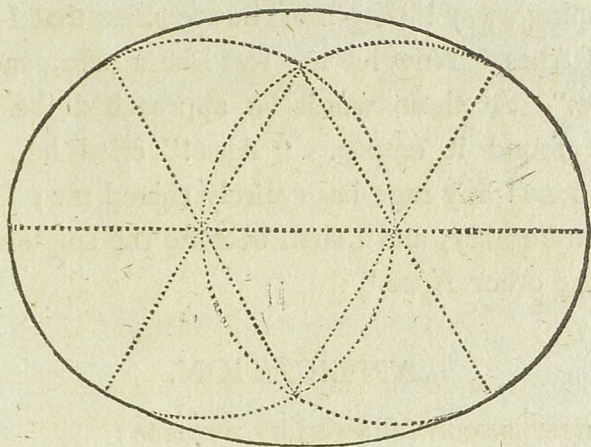
effrayé, et craignit de perdre ses noix ; cependant, comme il étoit naturellement brave, il songea à se défendre. Il lança sur la troupe tous les morceaux de mortier et de tuiles qu'il put détacher ; mais enfin, se trouvant sans armes, et ne voulant pas capituler, il devint tout-à-fait furieux. “ Canaille que vous êtes ! détestables voleurs ! je perdrai plutôt la vie que de vous laisser approcher de moi.” Là-dessus, bouillant de colère et perdant le sens, il lança avec furie ses noix à la tête des autres Singes, et finit par les mettre en déroute.

“ Victoire ! ” s'écria-t-il, “ Victoire ! Voilà ces coquins qui prennent la fuite ! il faut bien qu'ils conviennent maintenant que je suis le roi des Singes. A présent, reposons-nous en héros, et mangeons à notre aise.” A ces mots il s'approche du panier, mais il le trouve vide. “ Malheureux ! ” s'écria-t-il, “ qu'ai-je fait ! ma colère m'a entièrement ruiné ; me voici réduit à la misère, et je deviendrai la risée de tous les autres Singes.”

#### MORALE.

Le repentir toujours suit de près la colère,  
Ne vous livrez jamais à sa bouillante ardeur ;  
Le mal que dans l'accès vous aurez osé faire,  
L'instant d'après viendra déchirer votre cœur.

## FABLE III.—The REVENGEFUL APE.



AN Ape had stolen a basket of nuts, and not knowing where to eat them at his ease, he thought of climbing upon a high roof. Some other Apes having observed him, resolved to rob him of his treasure. “Come, my friends,” said a cunning rogue of an Ape, “follow me; we must share in the booty. Shall we suffer this rascal to eat his nuts alone? He must be punished for his gluttony and incivility.”—“Well said,” cried another fellow; “Pug is in the right; let us follow him.”

As soon as the Ape with the basket perceived them, he was at first afraid of losing his nuts; however, as he was naturally brave, he resolved to defend himself. He flung upon the troop all the bits of mortar and tiles he could detach; but at length, finding himself without arms, and unwilling to capitulate, he became quite furious. “Ye rabble!” cried he, “detestable thieves! I will sooner lose my life than suffer ye to approach me.” Upon which, boiling with rage and losing his senses, he

furiously threw his nuts at the heads of the other Apes, and finished by putting them to flight.

“ Victory ! Victory ! ” cried he ; “ see, the rascals are running away ! they must now confess that I am the king of Apes. Now let me rest like a hero, and eat at my ease.” At these words he approached the basket, but he found it empty. “ Alas ! ” cried he, “ what have I done ! my rage has entirely ruined me ; I am reduced to beggary, and I shall become the laughing-stock of all the other Apes.”

#### APPLICATION.

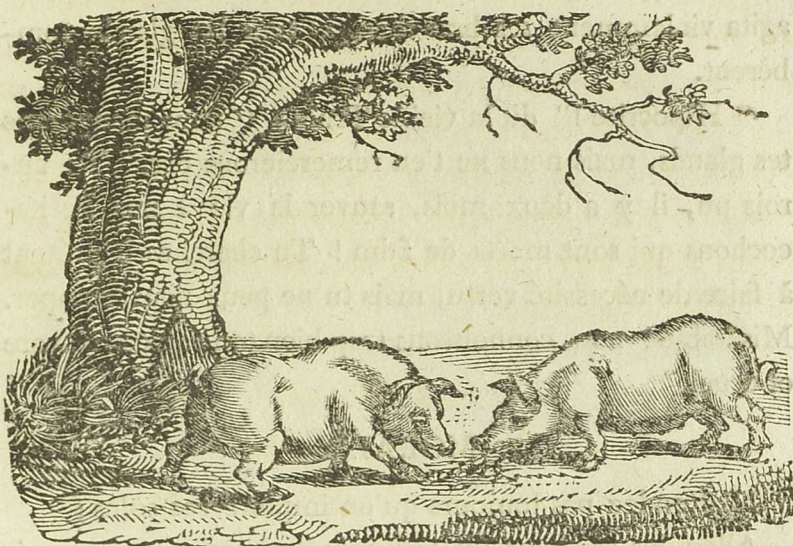
Anger is soon followed by remorse :

Then never give the rein to senseless rage ;

The evil you commit in passion's heat,

Will the next instant come and rend your heart.

## FABLE IV.—Le CHÊNE et les COCHONS.



UN gros Chêne de la Westphalie étoit si chargé de glands que ses branches en plioient sous le poids. Des Cochons qui vivoient près de là, et qui manquoient de nourriture, s'approchèrent de lui avec soumission, et le prièrent de vouloir bien leur laisser tomber quelques glands. “ Bel arbre ! ” dit une vieille Truie ; “ ne vous refusez pas à notre demande ; nous en serons à jamais reconnoissans. ” Le Chêne, sans leur répondre, les regarda d'un air dédaigneux ; et les malheureux Cochons se retirèrent en silence, pleins de cette haine déterminée que le riche impitoyable inspire au pauvre.

Le tems s'écoule, l'automne arrive, et avec elle la saison des vents et des frimas. Le Chêne perd ses feuilles, et il commence à sentir qu'il ne peut plus retenir ses fruits. “ Cochons, Cochons ! ” s'écria-t-il à haute voix ; “ approchez, mes bons amis, je vais vous donner tous

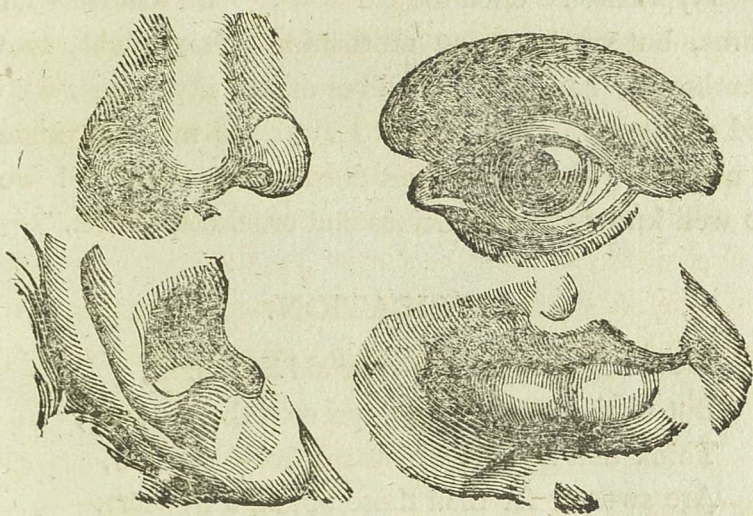
mes glands, je les ai gardés pour vous jusqu'à leur maturité ; mangez-les, mes amis, et remerciez-m'en." Pendant qu'il parloit ainsi, un coup de vent furieux agita violemment ses branches, et tous les glands tombèrent.

"Hypocrite !" dit la vieille Truie ; " nous mangerons tes glands, mais nous ne t'en remercierons pas. Tu aurois pu, il y a deux mois, sauver la vie à nos Petits-cochons qui sont morts de faim ! Tu cherches à présent à faire de nécessité vertu, mais tu ne peux nous tromper. Misérable ! nous connoissons trop bien ton caractère avare et cruel."

#### MORALE.

N'attendez pas toujours qu'on implore vos soins ;  
Allez des malheureux prévenir les besoins ;  
Et songez qu'un bienfait reçu sans qu'on l'attende,  
Est mille fois plus doux que celui qu'on demande.

## FABLE IV.—The OAK and the PIGS.



A LARGE Oak of Westphalia was so loaded with acorns that his branches bent under the weight. Some Pigs who lived near the place, and were in want of food, approached the Oak submissively, and besought him to have the kindness to throw down some acorns. “Beautiful tree!” said an old Sow, “do not refuse our request; we will remain for ever grateful to you.” The Oak, without answering, looked at them with a disdainful air; and the poor Pigs retired in silence, filled with that deep hatred with which an unpitying rich man inspires the poor.

The time glides on, autumn arrives, and with it the season of winds and frost. The Oak losing his leaves, began to feel that he could no longer retain his fruit. “Pigs, Pigs,” cried he, with a loud voice; “draw near, my good friends; I am going to give you all my acorns; I have kept them for you until they were ripe; eat them, my friends; and be thankful to me.” While

he thus spoke, a furious blast of wind shook his branches, and all the acorns fell down.

“Hypocrite!” cried the old Sow; “we will eat your acorns, but we owe you no thanks. You might, two months ago, have saved the lives of our little ones, who died of hunger. You endeavour now to make a virtue of necessity, but you cannot deceive us. Wretch! we too well know your avaricious and cruel disposition.”

#### APPLICATION.

Wait not always until your aid be sought,  
 But to the wretched go, prevent their wants;  
 Think that favours which are freely granted,  
 Are sweeter far than those obtain'd by tears.



## FABLE V.—Le Coq et la Pierre précieuse.



DEUX Coqs fatigués de se battre, et pressés par la faim, grattoient ensemble sur un fumier. A force de tourner et de retourner la terre, ils découvrirent plusieurs recoins où les vers s'étoient retirés. Tout-à-coup l'un des Coqs, appercevant quelque chose de brillant, s'en saisit d'un coup de bec, et prit aussitôt la fuite. L'autre qui trouvoit un mets à son appétit, ne lui fit aucune question, et le laissa partir.

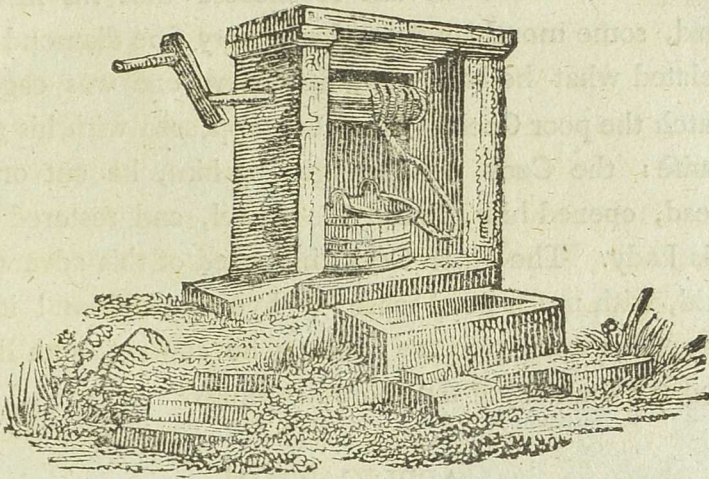
“ Imbécille ! ” disoit le Coq, en s'enfuyant, “ ignorant imbécille ! mange ton orge, ton avoine et tes vers, contente-toi d'un repas vulgaire ! Il n'appartient qu'à un Coq de mérite comme moi de vivre d'une manière distinguée. ” Tout en raisonnant de la sorte il arrive dans un recoin, et il s'y prépare à un repas magnifique ; il essaye d'ouvrir la pierre, mais il s'y seroit plutôt cassé le bec.

Nous avons oublié d'observer que ces Coqs vivoient dans la maison d'un grand seigneur : un domestique qui traversoit la cour, vit le Coq et apperçut quelque chose de brillant : il approche, et le Coq effrayé avala tout-à-coup la Pierre précieuse. Ce domestique se rappella que sa maîtresse avoit, quelques mois auparavant, perdu un très beau diamant ; il rapporta ce qu'il avoit vu, et chacun s'empessa d'attraper le pauvre Coq. Le cuisinier étoit là avec son grand couteau : on lui apporte le Coq ; il lui coupe la tête, lui ouvre le corps, trouve la Pierre précieuse, et la remet à la Dame. L'autre Coq, informé de cette aventure, dit avec beaucoup de bon sens : " Fi de l'ambition, elle n'est bonne à rien ; contentons-nous de peu, et nous en vivrons plus à l'aise."

#### MORALE.

A d'inutiles vœux cessez de vous livrer :  
 Celui qui s'accoutume à toujours desirer,  
 A peine satisfait, de nouveau se tourmente.  
 Des biens dont il jouit, heureux qui se contente !

## FABLE V.—The Cock and the JEWEL.



Two Cocks tired of fighting, and pressed by hunger, were scratching together on a dunghill. By dint of turning and re-turning the ground, they discovered several holes where the worms had retired. On a sudden one of the Cocks perceiving something glitter, seized it with his beak, and immediately ran off. The other, who found a dish to his taste, asked him no question, but let him depart.

“Fool!” cried the Cock, as he fled away; “ignorant fool! eat your barley, your oats, and your worms! satisfy yourself with a vulgar meal! it belongs only to a Cock of merit like myself to live in a superior style.” While he reasoned thus, he came to a corner, and there prepared himself for a sumptuous repast; he tried to open the stone, but he would sooner have broken his beak.

We forgot to observe, that these Cocks lived in the house of a great lord: a servant crossing the yard, saw

the Cock, and perceived something glittering: he approached, and the Cock, affrighted, instantly swallowed the Jewel. The servant recollected that his mistress had, some months before, lost a very fine diamond; he related what he had seen, and every one was eager to catch the poor Cock. The cook appeared with his great knife: the Cock was brought to him, he cut off his head, opened him, found the Jewel, and restored it to his Lady. The other Cock, informed of this adventure, said, with much good sense: " Fye on ambition! it answers no good purpose: let us be content with little, and we shall enjoy the more happiness."

#### APPLICATION.

Give not yourselves a prey to vain desires:  
 The man who is for ever coveting,  
 Scarce gets one wish but he wishes farther;  
 Happy are those contented with their lot!

## FABLE VI.—Le LOUP et l'AGNEAU.



UN joli petit Agneau, fatigué de jouer avec ses camarades, courut à une fontaine voisine pour s'y désaltérer. A peine avoit-il commencé à boire qu'il entendit la voix d'un Loup que la soif avoit attiré au même lieu.

“ Insolent Porte-laine ! ” lui dit le Loup, “ d'où te vient la hardiesse de troubler mon breuvage ? Ne sais-tu pas qui je suis ? ” — “ Seigneur, ” reprit l'Agneau tout tremblant ; “ je serois désolé de vous manquer de respect, et par cette raison je me suis placé plus de vingt pas au-dessous de vous, pour ne pas troubler le courant. ” — “ Tu le troubles, ” reprit l'animal cruel ; “ je te connois pour un de mes ennemis, et je sais que tu parlas très-mal de moi, il y a environ un an. ” — “ Hélas ! mon bon seigneur, ce n'est certainement pas moi, je vous assure ; je n'ai pas encore quatre mois et demi ; ma mère pourroit vous le certifier, je suis à la mamelle. ”

—“ A la mamelle, ou pas à la mamelle, cela m'est égal ; si ce n'est pas toi, c'est ton frère.” —“ Je vous jure, monsieur le Loup, que je n'ai point de frère ; ma mère est une jeune brebis qui n'a jamais eu d'autre Agneau.”

“ Tu mens, coquin ; tu mens ;” reprit le Loup ; “ tu as des frères, et des sœurs aussi ; d'ailleurs vous me laissez tous, vous, vos bergers, et vos chiens. Te voilà fort à propos, petit raisonneur, tu payeras pour les autres ; je vais faire un bon repas.” Là-dessus la bête sanguinaire fond sur l'Agneau, l'emporte, et le dévore au fond des forêts.

#### MORALE.

Bien malheureux celui qui toujours querelleur,  
 Attaque à tout propos, et dispute sans cesse ;  
 Ce fâcheux caractère annonce un mauvais cœur ;  
 On le craint, et chacun le fuit et le délaisse.

## FABLE VI.—The WOLF and the LAMB.



A PRETTY little Lamb, tired of playing with his comrades, ran to a neighbouring fountain to quench his thirst. Scarce had he begun to drink when he heard the voice of a Wolf, whom thirst had drawn to the same place.

“Insolent woolpack!” said the Wolf to him; “how have you the impudence to disturb my drink? Know you not who I am?”—“My lord,” answered the Lamb, trembling, “I should be extremely sorry to be wanting in my respect to you, and for that reason I have placed myself more than twenty paces below you, that I might not trouble the stream.”—“You do trouble it,” replied the cruel beast; “I know you for mine enemy, and I was informed that you spoke very ill of me about a year ago.”—“Alas! my good lord, it certainly was not I, I assure you; I am not yet four months and a half old; my mother can bear witness to it; I am still at the teat.”

—“ At the teat or not at the teat, it is the same to me ; if it was not you, it was your brother.”—“ I swear, sir Wolf, that I have no brother ; my mother is a young ewe, who never had any other Lamb but me.”

“ You lie, rascal ; you lie ;” rejoined the Wolf : “ you have brothers and sisters too ; besides, you all hate me ; you, your shepherds, and your dogs. You came here very seasonably, young reasoner ; you shall pay for the others ; I will make a good meal on you.” Upon which the sanguinary brute flew upon the Lamb, carried him off, and devoured him in the remotest part of the wood.

#### APPLICATION.

Wretched is he who, ever quarrelsome,  
Attacks and still disputes at ev'ry turn :  
This odious conduct speaks a heart depraved,  
Each one in fear flies and abandons him.



## FABLE VII.—Le GEAI paré des PLUMES du PAON.



UN Geai s'entretenant un jour avec un Merle, lui dit :  
 “ Je suis fatigué de ma famille et de ma race, on nous prend pour des pies, on nous méprise ; je voudrois bien m'élever au-dessus de mon rang, mais je ne sais comment m'y prendre.”

Le Merle qui étoit un peu railleur de son naturel, ne put résister au plaisir de s'amuser d'un sot. “ Mon voisin,” lui dit-il, “ j'admire votre ambition ; vous êtes un Geai de génie, et vous ferez très bien de vous avancer ; vous pourrez peut-être devenir Aigle, et j'ose espérer qu'alors vous n'oublierez pas l'humble ami qui vous parle. En attendant, si vous voulez bien me le permettre, j'ai un conseil à vous offrir : allez pas à pas dans la carrière des grandeurs. Je vais vous ouvrir un avis important : en volant ce matin au-dessus de la basse-cour, j'ai aperçu beaucoup de plumes de Paons ; vous pourriez vous

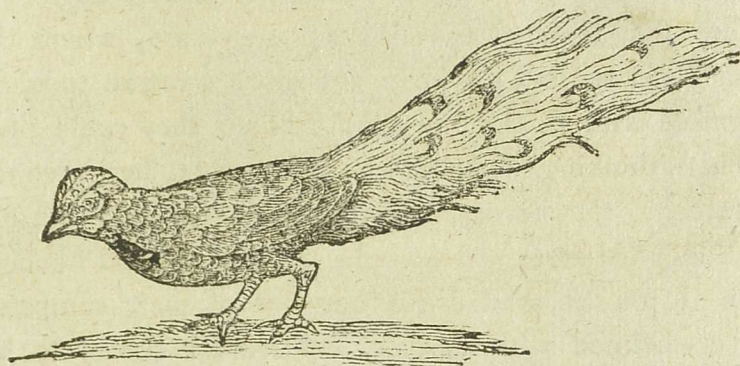
les attacher, je vous aiderai : vous commencerez par être Paon, et ensuite il vous sera facile de devenir Aigle."

" Mon bon ami ! mon cher ami !" s'écria l'imbécille Geai, " que je vous ai d'obligations ! je vous jure, foi d'oiseau, que je vous ferai mon premier ministre, dès que je serai Aigle." Ils volèrent ensemble vers la basse-cour, et le Merle aida ce petit ambitieux à s'orner de toutes les plumes de Paons qu'ils trouvèrent. Aussitôt se croyant un très grand personnage, il se mêla parmi les Paons ; ceux-ci le reconnurent : il fut berné, sifflé, moqué, et joué de la bonne sorte ; ils le dépouillèrent de ses plumes postiches, et le chassèrent de leur compagnie. Outré de désespoir, il se refugia vers ses pareils, mais ils le mirent à la porte. Il alla trouver son bon ami le Merle, qui lui dit d'un ton grave : " Monseigneur, ne m'interrompez pas, je vous prie ; je suis très occupé à étudier la politique et la finance, en attendant que vous me fassiez premier ministre, quand vous serez Aigle."

#### MORALE.

Ne nous livrez jamais au goût de la parure :  
 Qu'importe un vêtement d'une ou d'autre façon ?  
 L'homme trop occupé du soin de sa figure,  
 Devient très méprisable aux yeux de la raison.

FABLE VII.—The JACKDAW with PEACOCK'S  
FEATHERS.



A JACKDAW conversing one day with a Blackbird, said to him: "I am tired of my family and race; we are taken for magpies; we are despised: I eagerly wish to rise above my condition, but I know not how to set about it."

The Blackbird, who was something of a wag, could not resist the pleasure of making game of a fool. "Neighbour," said he, "I admire your ambition; you are a Jackdaw of genius, and you will do well to push your fortune; you may perhaps become an Eagle, and I hope that you will not then forget the humble friend who now speaks to you. In the mean time, if you will permit me, I have a piece of advice to offer you: advance by degrees in the path of greatness; I am going to lay before you an important counsel. As I was flying this morning over the poultry-yard, I perceived there several Peacocks' feathers; these you may fasten upon yourself,

I will assist you; you will first be a Peacock, after which it will be easy for you to become an Eagle."

"My good friend, my dear friend," cried the foolish Jackdaw, "how much am I obliged to you! I swear to you on the faith of a bird, that I will make you my prime minister as soon as I shall become an Eagle."—They flew together toward the poultry-yard, where the Blackbird assisted the little ambitious creature to adorn himself with all the Peacocks' feathers they could find. When, thinking himself a great personage, he joined the Peacocks, they recognised him: he was hooted, hissed, and laughed at, as he deserved; they stripped off his borrowed plumes, and drove him out of their company. Overwhelmed with despair, he fled for refuge to his comrades, but they sent him off. He then went to find his good friend the Blackbird, who said to him in a grave tone: "Do not interrupt me, my lord, I pray you; I am very busy studying politics and finance, in expectation of being made your prime minister when you have become an Eagle."

#### APPLICATION.

Never resign yourself to love of dress;  
What does import the fashion of garments?  
A man whose person all his cares employs,  
In reason's eye is contemptible indeed.

## FABLE VIII.—Le CHIEN et son OMBRE.



UN Chien, passant auprès d'une boucherie, aperçut un morceau de viande, sur un banc un peu éloigné de la boutique, et il forma le dessein de s'en emparer. Là-dessus il se promène, en regardant de côté, et examine les gens afin de saisir l'instant le plus favorable. C'étoit un Samedi, de sorte que beaucoup de personnes entroient dans la boutique pour s'y approvisionner.

“Voilà qui va bien,” dit César, “je crois que je réussirai.” En effet, le boucher se trouva si occupé que César eut le tems de saisir le morceau de viande, et de s'enfuir. Cependant, dans la crainte où il étoit, il crut à propos de traverser la rivière qui coupoit la ville, et d'aller faire son repas de l'autre côté.

Il se jette dans l'eau sans hésiter, et nage de toutes ses forces pour gagner l'autre bord. Pendant qu'il faisoit les plus grands efforts pour atteindre le rivage, il aperçut

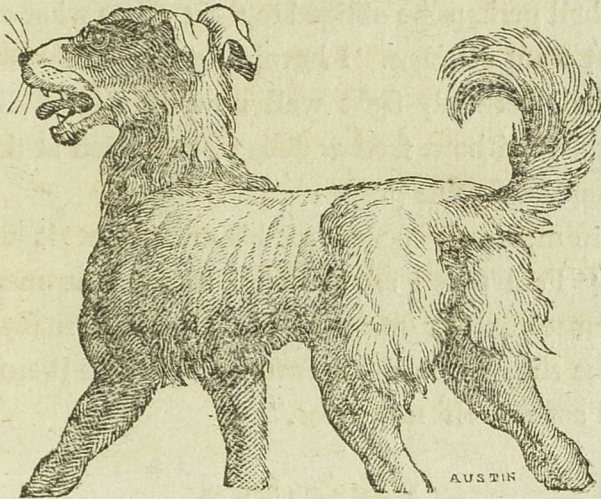
son Ombre, et crut que c'étoit un autre chien qui portoit une autre proie. “ Oh ! Oh ! ” dit-il en lui-même, trompé par l'agitation des vagues, “ ce morceau là est plus gros que le mien, il faut absolument que je l'aie. Il faudra peut-être que je me batte ; mais, peu m'importe. Je ne manque pas de courage, je me suis souvent battu pour rien, et je me battrai certainement bien à présent pour un bon diner.” Là-dessus, sans balancer davantage, il se jette sur l'Ombre, et laisse tomber sa proie.

Il s'aperçut aussitôt de son erreur, mais il étoit trop tard. “ Insensé ! je savois bien que les hommes qui se disent nos maîtres, courent après l'ombre et laissent la réalité : je me suis souvent moqué d'eux ; mais, hélas ! je ne suis pas plus sage.”

#### MORALE.

Au bonheur du prochain ne portez point envie ;  
 Pour lui, pour ses succès, faites plutôt des vœux,  
 Et chassant loin de vous la basse jalousie,  
 Tâchez de mériter comme lui d'être heureux.

## FABLE VIII.—The DOG and his SHADOW.



A DOG passing near a butcher's shop, perceived a piece of meat upon a bench, at a little distance from the shop, and he formed the design of taking possession of it. Full of his scheme, he walked about, looking aside, and watching the people in order to seize the favourable moment. It was a Saturday, so that many persons entered the shop in order to provide themselves.

“This goes well,” said Cesar, “I think I shall succeed;” and really the butcher was so occupied that Cesar had time to seize the piece of meat and run away. However, for fear of some accident, he thought it best to cross the river which divided the town, and to make his repast on the other side.

He without hesitation threw himself into the water, and swam with all his might to gain the other shore. Whilst he was using his utmost efforts to reach the land,

he perceived his Shadow, and believed it was another Dog carrying another prey, “ Oh! oh!” said he to himself, deceived by the agitation of the waves, “ that piece of meat is larger than mine, I must absolutely have it. I shall perhaps be obliged to fight; but what of that? I do not want courage. I have often fought for nothing, and I shall certainly fight well now for a good dinner.” Upon this, without farther debate, he leaped at the Shadow, and let fall his prey.

He immediately perceived his error, but it was too late. “ Fool that I am! I well knew that men who call themselves our masters, run after the shadow and leave the substance; I have often laughed at them; but, alas! I am myself not wiser.”

#### APPLICATION.

Harbour no envy at your neighbour's good,  
 But rather pray for his felicity;  
 And driving from your breast mean jealousy,  
 Strive to deserve an equal share of bliss.



FABLE IX.—Le LION en Société avec d'autres ANIMAUX.



UN Lion s'apercevant qu'il avoit beaucoup de peine à chasser seul, forma le dessein de s'associer avec quelques autres animaux, afin de diminuer sa fatigue. Là-dessus il fit une visite de civilité à ses voisins, et leur proposa une partie de chasse pour le lendemain.

Comment refuser un Lion qui demande une faveur ? La chose n'est pas facile ; c'est une circonstance délicate où la crainte a toujours plus de part que la bonne volonté. Tel est le sort des petits ; il n'y a point de remède à cela.

La Genisse, la Chèvre, et la Brebis promirent de se trouver de bonne heure au rendez-vous. La Chèvre passa toute la nuit à préparer ses lacs, et elle les plaça si bien qu'un Cerf s'y trouva pris. Aussitôt elle en envoya donner avis à ses associés, qui ne manquèrent pas de

venir, et le Lion s'y trouva des premiers. “ Je vous félicite,” dit-il, “ Madame la Chèvre ; ma foi, vous avez fait merveilles, voilà réellement un très beau Cerf. Voyons, combien sommes-nous ? Un, deux, trois, quatre. Brebis, ne sommes-nous pas *quatre* ? ” — “ Je crois qu’oui, monseigneur,” dit la timide créature ; “ ou bien, *trois*, s’il vous plait de ne me pas compter.” — “ Ne pas vous compter ! pourquoi cela ? Nous sommes associés, et je suis Lion d’honneur : oui, *quatre*, le compte est fort juste, *quatre*.”

Là-dessus il depeça le Cerf en quatre parties, et dit : “ Je prends la première en qualité de sire, par ce que je m’appelle *Lion* : la seconde me revient de droit ; et ce droit, vous le savez, c’est le droit du plus fort : Vous conviendrez aisément que la troisième est due à ma valeur : quant à la quatrième, la voilà ; voyons, qui de vous osera y toucher ? ” Chacun se retira en silence, et le Lion emporta la proie.

#### MORALE.

Ne voyez que des gens et sûrs et vertueux,  
 Dont la conduite soit un bon exemple à suivre ;  
 Il faut examiner ceux à qui l’on se livre,  
 Et bien faire son choix, si l’on veut vivre heureux.

## FABLE IX.—The LION with other ANIMALS.



A LION perceiving that he had much trouble in hunting alone, formed the design of associating with some other animals, in order to ease his labour. Thereupon he made a civil visit to his neighbours, and proposed to them a hunting party for the next day.

How could they refuse a favour asked by a Lion? It is not an easy matter; it is a delicate point, in which fear has always a greater share than good will. Such is the lot of the poor; there is no remedy for that.

The Heifer, the She-goat, and the Ewe, promised to be early at the *rendez-vous*. The She-goat passed all the night in preparing her snares; and placed them so well that a Stag was caught in them. She immediately sent to give notice of it to her associates, who did not fail to come, and the Lion was one of the first. "I congra-

tulate you," said he, " Mrs. Goat; faith, you have done wonders; this is indeed a very fine Stag. Let us see, how many are we? One, two, three, four. Mrs. Ewe, are we not *four*?"—" I think we are, my lord," said the timid creature; " or else *three*, if you are pleased not to count me."—" Not count you! Why so? We are partners, and I am a Lion of honour; yes, *four*; the reckoning is very right, *four*."

Upon this he divided the stag into four parts, and said, " I take the first in quality of sire, because my name is *Lion*: the second comes to me by right; and this right, you know, is that of the stronger: you will easily agree that the third is due to my valour; as to the fourth, here it is, let us see which of you will dare to touch it." Every one retired in silence, and the Lion bore off the prey.

#### APPLICATION.

Associate only with the wise and good,  
 Whose conduct may a bright example give;  
 Examine those to whom you trust yourself,  
 And choose with care if you will live happy.

## FABLE X.—Le LOUP et la CICOGNE.



LES Loups eurent un jour leur assemblée nationale pour y délibérer sur les affaires publiques. Tout le monde sait que dans de pareilles circonstances, un bon dîner est un objet essentiel parmi les hommes, et Pilpay nous assure que les Loups sont à la mode sur ce point. Après avoir tout examiné et pris les mesures nécessaires pour le bien général, on se mit à dépecer taureaux, cerfs, brebis, et tout ce que les intendans chargés de ce soin, avoient préparé. On y mangea à la manière des Loups, c'est-à-dire très goulument.

Un Loup des plus gourmands, qui étoit alors le premier seigneur de la forêt, non seulement mangea avec les autres, mais il emporta même un quartier de mouton en se retirant. Chemin faisant, il réfléchit que sa charge le fatigueroit moins dans son estomac qu'entre ses dents, et il se mit à la dévorer. Un os lui entra si avant dans la gorge qu'il étoit près d'étouffer, et il étoit hors d'état de crier à l'aide. De bonheur pour lui une Cicogne vint à passer par là. Il lui fait entendre qu'il

la récompensera : elle accourt, et se met aussitôt en besogne. Elle enfonce son long cou dans le gosier du glouton, retire l'os et le félicite de le voir hors de danger. Puis elle ajouta humblement : “ Vous savez que je suis pauvre, ma famille est nombreuse et ma mère est malade, ainsi j'ose espérer que vous voudrez bien me récompenser du petit service que j'ai eu le bonheur de vous rendre.”

“ Vous récompenser ! En vérité je crois que vous voulez rire, ma bonne commère. Quoi ! n'est-ce pas une grande récompense de vous avoir permis de retirer votre cou sain et sauf de mon gosier ? Allez, monstre d'ingratitude, retirez-vous, et prenez bien garde de jamais tomber sous ma patte.”

#### MORALE.

Réfléchissez long-tems avant que de promettre,  
 Mais si vous promettez, songez qu'il faut tenir ;  
 Et que dans aucun cas on ne doit se permettre  
 D'oublier sa promesse, ou d'y contrevenir.

## FABLE X.—The WOLF and the CRANE.



ON a certain day the Wolves held their national assembly, in order to deliberate upon public affairs. Every body knows that in the like circumstances a good dinner is an essential object among men; and Pilpay assures us, that Wolves follow the fashion in this point. After having examined every thing, and taken the necessary measures for the general good, they began to tear in pieces bulls, stags, sheep, and all that had been provided by the stewards, to whom that office belonged. They ate like Wolves, that is to say, very greedily.

A Wolf, one of the most ravenous, who was at that time the first lord of the forest, not only ate with the rest, but even carried off with him a quarter of mutton, when he retired. By the way, he reflected that his load would fatigue him less in his stomach than between his teeth, and he set about devouring it. A bone en-

tered so far into his throat that he was almost choked ; and he had no power to cry for help. Happily for him a Crane just then passed that way. He made her understand that he would reward her ; she ran, and immediately set to work. She thrust her long neck down the throat of the glutton, drew out the bone, and congratulated him upon seeing him out of danger. She then humbly added, “ You know that I am poor, I have a numerous family, and my mother is sick ; therefore I hope you will have the goodness to reward me for the little service I have had the good fortune to render you.”

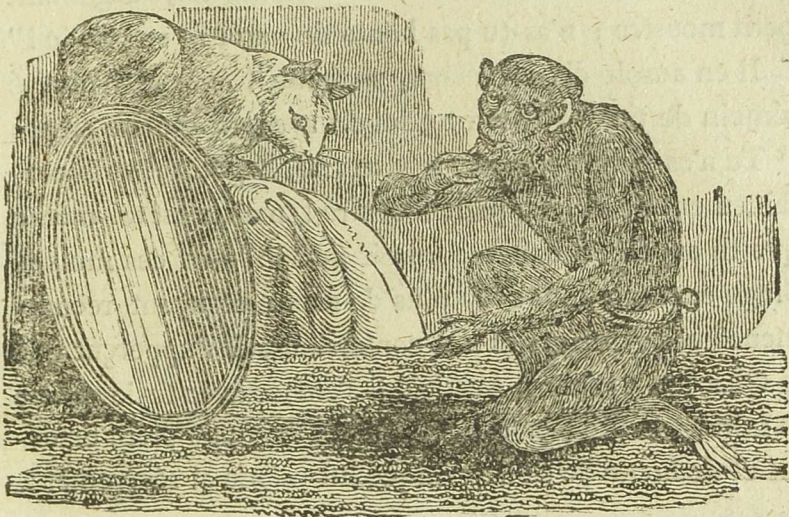
“ Reward you ! truly I believe you are in jest, my good Dame. What ! is it not a very great reward to have permitted you to draw your neck safe and sound out of my throat ? Go, ungrateful monster ! begone ! and take great care never to come within my clutches.”

#### APPLICATION.

Long time reflect before you pledge your word,  
 But this once done, be sure you keep it true ;  
 Never allow yourself in any case  
 Your promise to forget, or swerve from it.



## FABLE XI.—Le SINGE et le CHAT.



UN matelot apporta en Europe, un Singe qu'on avoit pris si jeune dans les forêts du Nord de l'Amérique, qu'il n'avoit aucune idée de la figure de ses semblables. Ce matelot en fit présent à une dame qui le mit dans une chambre où elle le visitoit quelquefois, mais d'où il ne sortoit jamais. Il étoit déjà fort grand, lorsqu'un jour il trouva moyen de s'échapper. Si ce fut par la porte, par la cheminée, ou par la fenêtre, c'est ce que je ne sais pas bien ; mais peu importe—le fait est qu'il s'échappa.

Dès que Fagotin se vit en liberté, il courut à travers la maison, et entra dans une grande chambre où il y avoit un miroir : objet entièrement nouveau pour lui. Il apperçoit sa figure, il la considère ; il s'arrête, il tourne, il retourne, il fait quelques grimaces de Singe : la figure lui rend grimace pour grimace. Il allonge la patte, elle

allonge la patte ; il approche, elle s'approche. “ Quel vilain animal ! ” s'écria-t-il ; “ quelle odieuse figure ! quelles contorsions détestables ! Retire-toi, dégoûtant petit monstre ; n'as-tu pas honte de paroître en public ? ”

Il en auroit dit davantage, mais un Chat qui avoit été témoin de toute l'aventure, lui dit avec un sourire amer : “ Tu n'as jamais dit rien de plus vrai, Fagotin ; voilà certainement un odieux petit monstre ! mais c'est toi-même que tu apperçois dans ce miroir fidèle ! ” — A ces mots le Singe examina tout avec plus de soin ; et ayant recommencé ses grimaces et ses contorsions, il s'aperçut que le Chat avoit raison. Aussitôt il s'élança avec furie contre le miroir, le brise en morceaux, et s'échappe plein de dépit et de honte de s'être critiqué lui-même si sévèrement.

#### MORALE.

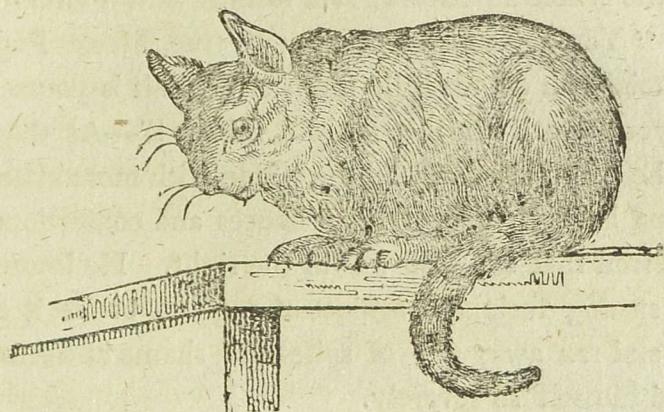
Il faut se surveiller avec un soin extrême ;

Personne n'est exempt de fautes ou d'erreur :

Ce que vous reprochez par fois avec aigreur,

Est souvent un défaut que vous avez vous-même.

## FABLE XI.—The MONKEY and the CAT.



A SAILOR brought to Europe a Monkey which he had caught so young in the forests of North America, that he was utterly unacquainted with the form of his species. The sailor made a present of it to a lady, who put it in a room where she sometimes visited it, but from which it never went out. Being already grown very big, he one day found means to escape: whether through the door, the chimney, or the window, it is what I do not well know; but this signifies little—the fact is, that he escaped.

As soon as Pug saw himself at liberty, he ran about the house, and entered a large room, in which was a looking-glass, an object entirely new to him. He perceived his figure, he considered it, he stopped, he turned, returned, made some monkey-faces. The figure returned grimace for grimace. He stretched out his paw, the figure did the same; he approached, that approached also. “What an ugly beast!” cried he; “what an odious figure! what shocking contortions! Begone,

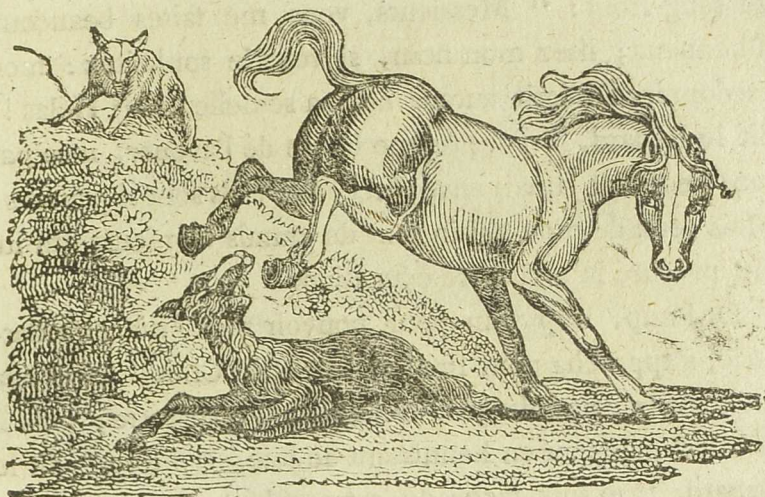
hateful little monster! Are you not ashamed to appear in public?"

He would have said more; but a Cat who had witnessed the whole adventure, said to him with a sarcastic smile: "You never said a thing more true, Master Pug; it is certainly an odious little monster! but it is yourself whom you perceive in that faithful mirror!"—At these words the Monkey examined the whole with more attention; and having repeated his grimaces and contortions, he perceived that the Cat was in the right. He immediately sprung furiously against the glass, broke it to pieces, and ran away full of spite and shame at having criticised himself so severely.

#### APPLICATION.

Watch over your own heart with care extreme:  
From faults and errors no one is exempt;  
And that which you with greatest rigour blame,  
Is oft a flaw in your own character.

## FABLE XII.—Le CHEVAL, le RENARD, et le LOUP,



UN Renard fort jeune, mais qui avoit déjà cet esprit de ruse naturel à sa race, aperçut pour la première fois de sa vie, un Cheval qui paissoit dans un pré. “ La belle créature ! ” s’écria-t-il, “ je voudrois bien savoir comme on la nomme. ” Il courut aussitôt chez le Loup. “ Voisin, dépêchez-vous, venez voir le plus bel animal du monde, grand, bien-fait, agile, l’air noble, la démarche légère et aisée. ” — “ Tout cela est à merveille, mais vous oubliez le point principal : est-il plus fort que nous ? ” — “ Je crois qu’oui, mais venez ; que sait-on ? C’est peut-être une proie que la fortune nous présente. ”

Ils partent, et arrivent dans la prairie où l’on avoit mis le Cheval à l’herbe. Celui-ci ne fut pas très content de leur visite, et il eut d’abord envie de s’enfuir ; mais le point d’honneur le retint, et il se détermina à se défendre de son mieux.

“ Seigneur, ” lui dit le Renard, “ vos très humbles

serviteurs sont frappés de votre beauté, et ils seroient charmés de savoir comment on vous appelle.” Le Cheval qui s’aperçut de leur hipocrisie, répondit avec beaucoup de sang-froid : “ Messieurs, vous me faites beaucoup d’honneur ; lisez mon nom, si vous le souhaitez : mon cordonnier l’a écrit autour de ma semelle.” — “ Hélas ! ” dit le Renard, “ j’ai presque honte de l’avouer, mes parens ne m’ont jamais envoyé à l’école ; ils sont si pauvres ! Mais ceux de mon voisin sont de grands seigneurs qui lui ont procuré la meilleure éducation.”

Le Loup, trop vain pour pouvoir résister à cette flatterie, s’approcha pour lire le nom, et le Cheval lui donna un furieux coup de pied qui l’étendit par terre ; puis il se mit à galopper en hennissant de joie. “ Frère,” dit le Renard, “ je suis fâché de cet accident, mais n’oubliez jamais ce que le Cheval vient de graver sur votre mâchoire : ‘ Le sage se méfie de tout inconnu.’ ”

#### MORALE.

Ne vous livrez jamais trop vite à l'apparence,  
 Elle trompe souvent, on doit s'en méfier ;  
 Pour ne s'y pas méprendre il faut l'étudier :  
 La sûreté toujours naquit de la prudence.

FABLE XII.—The HORSE, the FOX, and the WOLF.



A VERY young Fox, but one who already possessed the spirit of cunning natural to his race, perceived for the first time in his life, a Horse who was feeding in a meadow. "What a fine creature!" cried he; "I should be glad to know his name." He immediately ran to the Wolf. "Make haste, neighbour; come and see the most beautiful animal in the world; large, well made, swift, with a noble air, a light and easy gait."—"All that is wonderfully well; but you forget the principal point: is he stronger than we are."—"I think he is: but come; who knows? It is perhaps a booty presented to us by fortune."

They set off, and arrived in the meadow where the Horse was put to graze. He was not much pleased with

their visit, and he had at first a mind to run away, but was withheld by a point of honour, and he determined to defend himself in the best manner he was able.

“ My lord,” said the Fox to him, “ your very humble servants are struck with your beauty, and would be delighted to know what your name is.” The Horse, who perceived their hypocrisy, answered with much coolness, “ Gentlemen, you do me great honour; you may, if you desire it, read my name; my shoemaker has written it on the sole of my shoe.”—“ Alas!” said the Fox, “ I am almost ashamed to own it, my parents never sent me to school; they are so poor! But those of my neighbour are great lords, who have given him the best education.”

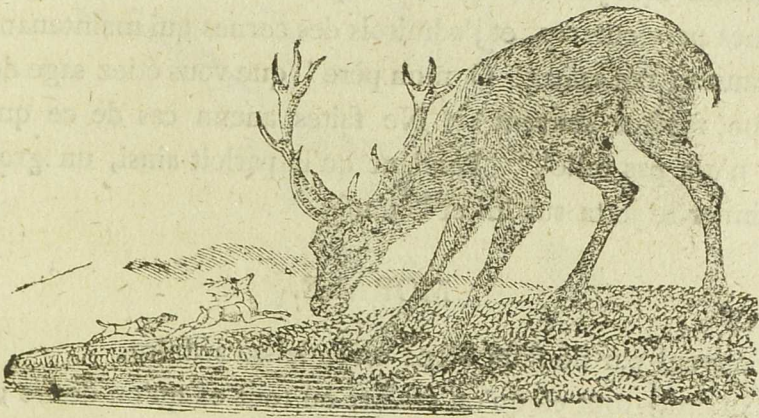
The Wolf, too vain to withstand this flattery, approached in order to read the name, when the Horse gave him such a violent kick as stretched him on the ground; he then galloped off, neighing for joy. “ Brother,” said the Fox, “ I am sorry for this accident; but never forget what the Horse has just engraven on your jaw—‘ He that is wise mistrusts strangers.’”

#### APPLICATION.

Confide not rashly in appearances,  
 They oft deceive, and we should mistrust them;  
 No way is left but to study them well:  
 Security from prudence ever springs.



## FABLE XIII.—Le CERF qui se voit dans l'EAU.



UN Cerf s'amusoit un jour à se mirer dans les eaux d'une fontaine. "En verité," disoit-il, "je serois très fâché d'avoir de la vanité, mais je ne puis m'empêcher d'admirer la majesté de ma tête. Quel bois superbe ! A t'on jamais vu rien de plus symétrique ! C'est vraiment la couronne des forêts ! la nature semble dire à tous les animaux : 'Voilà votre roi !' Ah ! si mes jambes répondoient à tant de beautés ! mais, hélas ! ce sont de vrais fuseaux ; elles me deshonnorent entièrement, je ne sais où les cacher."

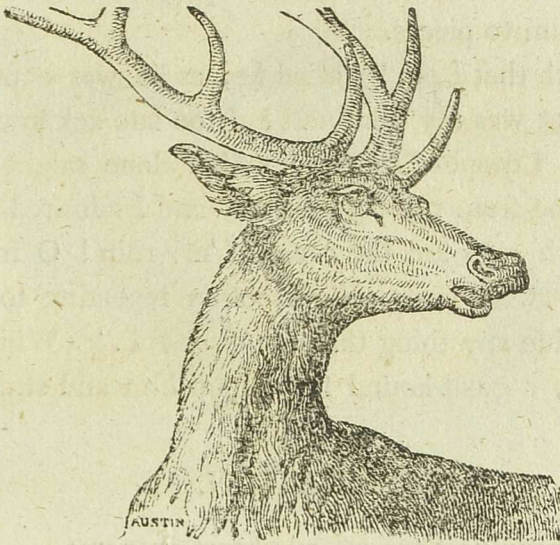
Pendant qu'il se parloit ainsi à lui-même, il entendit un cor de chasse, et le bruit d'une meute de chiens qui venoient de son côté. "Voilà l'ennemi !" dit-il, "fuyons, dépêchons nous ;" et il se mit à courir de toutes ses forces pour gagner la forêt voisine. Tant qu'il fut en rase campagne il dévança aisément les chiens ; mais, en entrant dans la forêt, ses cornes s'embarassèrent tellement dans un hallier qu'il ne put se dégager ; et il y demeura en prise à ses ennemis qui le mirent en pièces.

“ Infortuné ! ” s’écria-t-il, près de mourir ; “ aveugle que j’étois ! je reconnois trop tard mon erreur. Je méprisois mes jambes qui seules pouvoient me délivrer de mes persécuteurs, et j’admirois des cornes qui maintenant causent ma ruine ! O mon père ! que vous étiez sage de me répéter souvent : ‘ Ne faites aucun cas de ce qui n’est pas utile.’ ” Pendant qu’il parloit ainsi, un gros limier se jetta sur lui et l’étouffa.

### MORALE.

Souvent par de faux biens on se laisse séduire,  
On croit tout ce qu’on craint, ou tout ce qu’on desire ;  
On court aveuglément au-devant du malheur,  
Et c’est toujours trop tard qu’on connoît son erreur.

## FABLE XIII.—The STAG and the FOUNTAIN.



A STAG was one day amusing himself in viewing his figure in the waters of a Fountain. “In truth,” said he, “I should be very sorry to be vain, but I cannot help admiring the majesty of my head. What superb horns! Was ever any thing formed with more perfect symmetry? It is indeed the crown of the forests! Nature seems to say to every animal: ‘Behold your king!’ Ah! if my legs were but answerable to so many beauties! but, alas! they are mere spindles; they quite dishonour me; I know not where to hide them.”

Whilst he thus spoke to himself, he heard the sound of a hunting-horn, and the cry of a pack of hounds that came near him. “Here is the enemy,” said he, “I must fly, and quickly too;” and he began to run with all his might, in order to gain the neighbouring forest. As long as he was in the open country, he easily out-

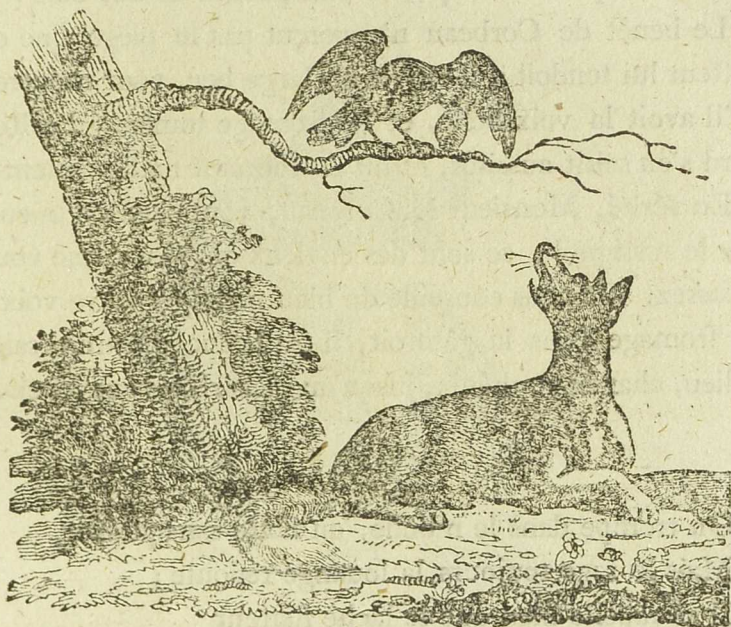
stripped the dogs ; but on entering the wood, his horns got so entangled in a thicket, that he could not disengage himself, and he remained there a prey to his enemies, who tore him to pieces.

“ Wretch that I am ! ” cried he, as he was expiring ; “ how great was my blindness ! I too late acknowledge my error. I despised my legs which alone might have delivered me from my persecutors, and I admired those horns which now are the cause of my ruin ! O my father ! how wise were you in often repeating to me : ‘ Never value any thing that is not useful . ’ ” Whilst he thus spoke, a great hound flew upon him and strangled him.

#### APPLICATION.

False happiness too oft our heart ensnares ;  
Whate'er we fear or hope we soon believe ;  
And thus upon misfortunes blindly cast,  
We see our faults when they can't be repair'd.

## FABLE XIV.—Le RENARD et le CORBEAU.



UN Corbeau venoit de se percher sur un arbre pour y manger un excellent petit fromage qu'il avoit enlevé d'une laiterie. "Que n'ai-je des aîles !" dit un Renard qui l'apperçut, "j'aurois bientôt le Corbeau et son fromage. Mais tous ces souhaits sont inutiles ; il faut les laisser aux indolens qui ne savent s'aider en rien. Voyons dans mon sac aux ruses, voyons si je n'y trouverai pas quelque chose qui vaille des aîles."

Tout en raisonnant de la sorte, il s'approcha de l'arbre, et dit d'un ton doux et poli : "Bonjour, Monsieur le Corbeau, j'ai l'honneur de vous offrir mes plus humbles respects ; je me trouve trop heureux aujourd'hui de jouir du plaisir de vous admirer. Que d'élégance ! quelle belle tête ! quel magnifique plumage ! la seule injustice

que la Nature vous ait faite, est, dit-on, que vous n'avez pas de voix ! c'est bien dommage ; sans cela vous seriez l'oiseau le plus accompli, le vrai phénix de nos bois !”

Le benêt de Corbeau n'aperçut pas le piège que ce flatteur lui tendoit ; il ouvrit un large bec, pour montrer qu'il avoit la voix belle, et le fromage tomba. Le Renard s'en saisit aussitôt, et dit en souriant malignement : “ En vérité, Monsieur le Corbeau, vous chantez mieux que le rossignol ; ce sont des envieux qui disent que vous croassez. Je vous conseille de bien ménager votre voix ; ce fromage vous la gâteroit, il est beaucoup trop salé. Adieu, charmant phénix, jusqu'au plaisir de vous revoir.”

#### MORALE.

On trompe dans le monde, ou flatte sans pudeur,  
 Mais le sage toujours la louange redoute ;  
 Il se rapelle bien que le lâche flatteur  
 Vit sans cesse aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute.

## FABLE XIV.—The Fox and the Crow.



A CROW had just perched upon a tree, for the purpose of eating a nice little cheese which he had carried off from a dairy. "Why have I not wings?" said a Fox who perceived him; "I would soon have both the Crow and his cheese. But all these wishes are useless; they must be left to those indolent creatures who cannot help themselves. Let's see in my bag of tricks; let me see if I cannot there find something which will answer the purpose of wings."

As he was reasoning in this manner, he approached the tree, and said in a soft and polite tone: "Good morning, Mr. Crow; I have the honour to offer you my most humble respects; I am too happy this day in having the pleasure of admiring you. What elegance! what a fine head! what magnificent plumage! the only

injustice which Nature has done you is, as they say, that you have no voice ! It is a great pity ! otherwise you would be the most accomplished of birds, the true phœnix of our woods."

The booby of a Crow perceived not the snare laid for him by this flatterer ; he opened his large beak, to shew that he had a fine voice, and down fell the cheese. The Fox immediately seized it, saying with a malicious smile, " In truth, Mr. Crow, you sing better than the nightingale ; they are envious creatures who say that you croak. I advise you to take great care of your voice ; this cheese would spoil it, it is much too salt. Farewell, charming phœnix, until I have the pleasure of seeing you again."

#### APPLICATION.

Men cheat and flatter without fear or shame,  
 But he who's wise mistrusts the voice of praise ;  
 Well knowing that the servile flatterer  
 On ev'ry silly gull both lives and thrives.



## FABLE XV.—LA GRENOUILLE et le BŒUF.



UNE bande de petites Grenouilles s'amusoient à sautiller sur les bords d'un marais ; une d'entre elles s'approcha de sa vieille tante, et lui dit : “ Quel est cette énorme créature qui broute là-bas auprès des saules ? ” — “ C'est un Bœuf,” répondit-elle, “ n'en avez-vous jamais vu auparavant ? ” — “ Non, jamais,” dit la petite ; “ c'est vraiment un très-bel animal. Que je serois charmée d'être bœuf ! nous sommes de si petites créatures ! j'ai toujours peur qu'on ne me foule aux pieds ; une chèvre, l'autre jour, tua deux de mes sœurs. Dites-moi, ma tante, ne serez-vous jamais plus grosse que vous l'êtes à présent ! ” — “ Plus grosse, petite impertinente ; est-ce que vous ne me trouvez pas d'une belle taille ? ” — “ Oh ! je ne cherche point à vous fâcher ; vous êtes une très belle Grenouille, mais assurément vous n'êtes pas aussi grosse que ce Bœuf.”

La vieille envieuse, piquée de ces remarques naïves,

s'étend, s'enfle, et se travaille pour égaler le Bœuf en grosseur. “ Et bien, mes enfans,” dit-elle, “ regardez ; suis-je aussi grosse que le Bœuf ? ” — “ Non. ” — “ Qu'en dites-vous à présent ? ” — “ Vous n'en approchez pas. ” — “ M'y voici donc ? ” — “ Point du tout. ” — “ M'y voilà ? ” — “ Non, en vérité. ” La chétive bête s'enfla tant qu'elle creva.

Sommes-nous plus sages que la Grenouille ? Combien de gens se ruinent tous les jours pour égaler le luxe et la dépense de leurs supérieurs en rang et en fortune ? “ Tout bourgeois,” dit la Fontaine, “ veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs. ”

#### MORALE.

Il faut, quand on est bien, savoir s'en contenter ;  
Un cœur insatiable et qui toujours desire,  
A son bonheur présent ne pouvant s'arrêter,  
Souvent, en cherchant mieux, finit par trouver pire.

## FABLE XV.—The FROG and the Ox.



A BAND of little Frogs were amusing themselves in leaping on the edge of a swamp ; one among them approached her old aunt, and said to her : “ What is that enormous creature feeding yonder near the willows ? ” — “ It is an Ox,” answered she ; “ have you never seen one before ? ” — “ No, never ; ” said the little one : “ it is really a very fine animal. How happy should I be were I an Ox ! We are such little creatures ! I am always afraid of being trodden under foot ; a goat the other day killed two of my sisters. Tell me, aunt ; shall you never be larger than you are now ? ” — “ Larger, little impertinent ! do not you think I am of a very good size ? ” — “ Oh ! I do not want to make you angry ; you are a very fine Frog, but certainly you are not so large as that Ox.”

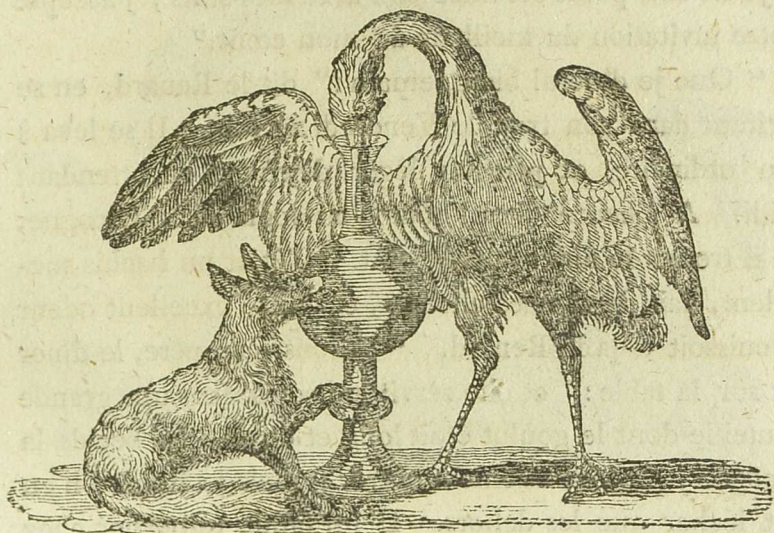
The old envious thing, nettled at these innocent remarks, stretched herself, swelled, and strove to equal the Ox in size. "Well, my children," said she, "look; am I as big as the Ox?"—"No."—"Now what do you say?"—"You are not near so big."—"Look here then."—"Not at all."—"Now I have hit it."—"No, indeed." The silly animal swelled and swelled till at length she burst.

Do we show more wisdom than the Frog? How many people ruin themselves every day in order to equal their superiors in rank and fortune? "Every citizen," says la Fontaine, "tries to build as great lords do."

#### APPLICATION.

Contented use the blessings you possess ;  
 A man insatiable in his wishes,  
 Unable to enjoy his present state,  
 Oft makes that worse which he attempts to mend.

## FABLE XVI.—Le RENARD et la CICOGNE.



“ ET bien, voisine la Cicogne,” dit un Renard, “ quand voulez-vous donc venir me voir ? Vous vivez en hermite : trop est trop, ma bonne, il faut visiter ses amis ; c’est un des plus grands plaisirs de la société. Allons, promettez-moi de venir dîner Mardi prochain.” — “ Très volontiers, voisin ; votre connoissance me fait plaisir et honneur.”

Au jour marqué la Cicogne arrangea ses plumes de son mieux, et se rendit chez le Renard. Les voilà à table : le drôle ne servit qu’un bouillon fort clair dans une assiette plate. L’oiseau au long bec n’en put goûter, et le coquin lapa le tout en un moment. “ Qu’en dites-vous ? voisine,” dit-il en se léchant les lèvres ; “ cette soupe n’est-elle pas excellente ? C’est du jus tout pur ; je n’aime pas les brouets d’infirmérie, moi : je traite

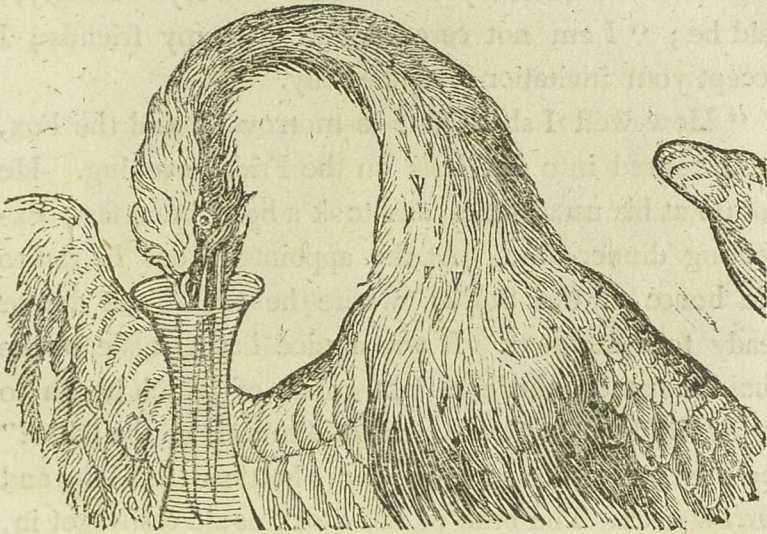
toujours mes amis du mieux qu'il m'est possible." La Cicogne dissimula l'affront, et invita le Renard à dîner chez elle le Samedi suivant. "Très volontiers," dit-il ; "je ne suis point cérémonieux avec mes amis ; j'accepte votre invitation du meilleur de mon cœur."

"Que je dînerai bien demain !" dit le Renard, en se retirant dans son trou le Vendredi au soir. Il se leva à son ordinaire, et prit un léger déjeuner en attendant midi. A l'heure dite il courut au logis de la Cicogne, où il trouva le dîner cuit à point. C'étoit un hachis succulent, fait de viandes choisies, et dont l'excellent odeur réjouissoit déjà le Renard. "Allons, compère, le dîner est sur la table : " et elle servit le hachis dans une grande bouteille dont le goulot étoit long et étroit. Le bec de la Cicogne y pouvoit aisément entrer ; mais le Renard n'en put lécher que les dehors. Il lui fallut retourner chez lui à jeun, serrant tristement la queue, et portant bas l'oreille.

#### MORALE.

Personne, mes amis, n'aime qu'on le plaisante,  
C'est un talent cruel que celui de railler ;  
Et quiconque à ce prix s'efforce de briller,  
Trouve qui le punit d'une idée offensante.

## FABLE XVI.—The Fox and the Stork.



“WELL, neighbour Stork,” said a Fox, “when will you come and see me? You live like a hermit: you overdo it, good dame; one must visit one’s friends; it is one of the greatest pleasures of society. Come, promise to dine with me on Tuesday next.”—“With all my heart, neighbour; your acquaintance is a pleasure and an honour to me.”

On the day appointed the Stork smoothed her plumes in the best manner she was able, and repaired to the abode of the Fox. They set themselves at table, and the rogue served up nothing but some very thin broth in a flat dish. The bird with the long beak could not taste it, and the knave lapped up the whole in a moment. “What do you say to it, neighbour?” said he, licking his lips; “is not this soup excellent? It is pure gravy; I do not like your hospital broths, for my part; I al-

ways treat my friends with the best I can." The Stork dissembled her resentment, and invited the Fox to dine with her the Saturday following. "Very willingly," said he; "I am not ceremonious with my friends; I accept your invitation very heartily."

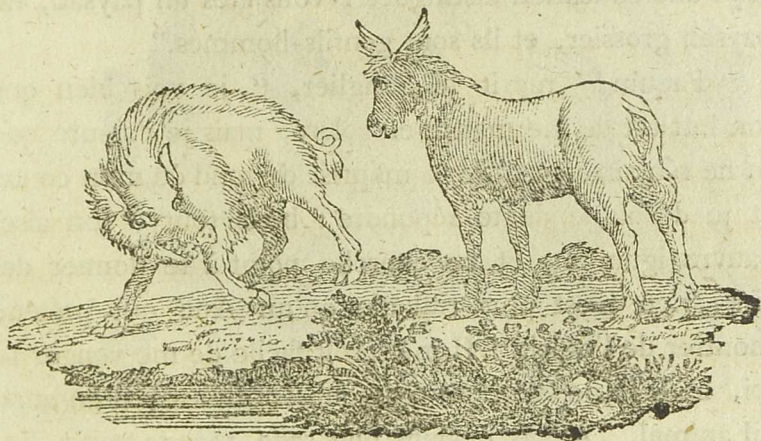
"How well I shall dine to-morrow!" said the Fox, as he retired into his hole on the Friday evening. He got up at his usual time, and took a light breakfast, expecting dinner-time. At the appointed hour he ran to the house of the Stork, where he found the dinner ready to a moment. It was a nice hash, made of the choicest meats, the excellent smell of which began to regale the Fox. "Come, friend, dinner is on the table:" she then served the hash in a large bottle with a long and narrow neck. The beak of the Stork could easily get in, but the Fox could only lick the outside. He was obliged to return home fasting, mournfully drawing in his tail, and hanging down his ears.

#### APPLICATION.

None love to be the but of ridicule:  
 The art of scoffing is a cruel gift;  
 And he who in this way attempts to shine,  
 Shall feel the sting of his injurious sport.



## FABLE XVII.—L'ÂNE et le SANGLIER.



UN Âne ayant rencontré un Sanglier, lui cria d'un ton familier : “ Bonjour, Monsieur le Sanglier, je suis bien-aise de vous voir. Comment se porte votre épouse ? Comment se portent vos dix-neuf frères et sœurs ? ” — “ Je n'ai ni frères ni sœurs. ” — “ Non ! en a-t-on fait des boudins noirs ? je sais cependant que votre mère eut vingt marcassins de la portée dont vous fûtes. Peut-être qu'elle en a mangé dix-neuf ; car, dans votre famille, on a fort bon appétit, et les mères y mangent leurs enfans sans sauce. Dans la mienne le cas est différent : une mère n'a qu'un petit à la fois, et elle prend la peine de l'allaiter avec soin. ”

“ Je n'entends rien à votre impertinence ; vous me prenez sans doute pour un Cochon, et je suis Sanglier. ” — “ Sanglier ! très assurément, vous êtes Sanglier, je ne l'ignore pas ; mais vous n'en êtes pas moins de la famille des Cochons. Un Sanglier est un Cochon sauvage, et

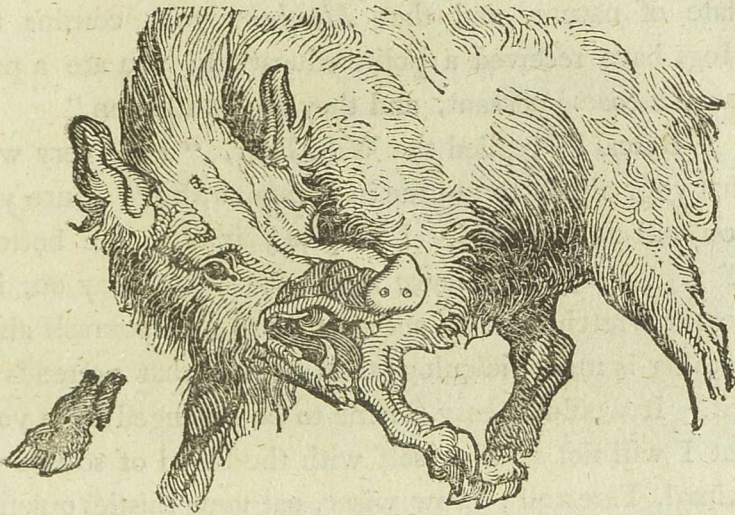
un Cochon est un Sanglier apprivoisé ; de sorte que la différence entre vous, est que vous vivez dans l'état de nature, et que messieurs vos cousins les Cochons ont reçu une éducation distinguée : vous êtes un paysan, un paysan grossier, et ils sont gentils-hommes."

" Faquin !" reprit le Sanglier, " je vois bien que ton but est de me mettre en colère, mais je t'assure que tu ne réussiras pas. Je te méprise du fond de mon cœur, et je dédaigne de te répondre : brais tout à ton aise, pauvre ignorant, et ne cherche point à te donner des airs : rien n'est plus ridicule qu'un Ane qui prétend montrer de l'esprit. Il me seroit facile de me venger de toi, mais je ne veux pas me souiller du sang d'un aussi vil animal. Adieu, deviens plus sage, mange tranquillement tes chardons, porte tes paniers, et n'insulte personne."

#### MORALE.

Si quelqu'un envers vous a commis une offense,  
N'allez pas sur-le-champ contre lui vous fâcher ;  
C'est de lui pardonner qu'il faut vous dépêcher :  
On ne sauroit jamais avoir trop d'indulgence.

## FABLE XVII.—The Ass and the WILD BOAR.



AN Ass meeting a Wild Boar, accosted him in a familiar tone : “ Good morning, Mr. Boar ; I am glad to see you ; how is your spouse ? How are your nineteen brothers and sisters ? ” — “ I have neither brothers nor sisters. ” — “ No ! have they been made into black puddings ? I know, however, that your mother had twenty young ones at the time you came into the world. Perhaps she has eaten nineteen of them ; for in your family they have a very good appetite, and the mothers eat their children without sauce. In mine the case is different ; a mother has but one young one at a time, and she takes the trouble to suckle it with great care. ”

“ I do not understand your impertinence ; you undoubtedly take me for a Hog, and I am a Wild Boar. ” — “ A Wild Boar ! certainly, you are a Wild Boar ; I am not ignorant of it : but for all that, you are not

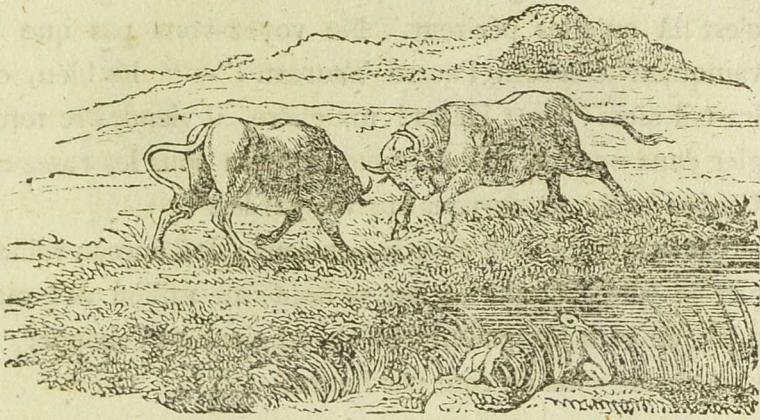
the less of the family of the Hogs. A Wild Boar is a Hog in a wild state, and a Hog is a Wild Boar tamed; so that the difference between you is, that you live in a state of nature, and that *Messieurs* your cousins the Hogs have received a polite education: you are a peasant, a coarse peasant, and they are gentlemen."

"Rascal!" replied the Wild Boar, "I see very well that your aim is to put me in a passion, but I assure you you will not succeed. I despise you from the bottom of my heart, and I scorn to answer you: bray on, ignorant wretch, and do not attempt to give yourself airs; nothing is more ridiculous than an Ass that pretends to wit. It would be easy for me to be revenged upon you, but I will not stain myself with the blood of so vile an animal. Farewell; grow wiser, eat your thistles quietly, carry your panniers, and insult nobody."

#### APPLICATION.

Has any one wrong'd or offended you,  
 Let not blind rage prompt you to take revenge;  
 But rather hasten to forgive his fault:  
 We cannot act with too much clemency.

FABLE XVIII.—LES DEUX TAUREAUX et la  
GRENOUILLE.



DEUX Taureaux se battoient pour déterminer qui d'eux posséderoit l'empire des prairies. Une vieille Grenouille qui les aperçut du fond de son marais, s'écria d'une voix lamentable : “ Hélas ! qu'allons-nous devenir ? Pauvres Grenouilles, que nous sommes à plaindre ! ” — “ De quoi s'agit-il donc, je vous prie ? ” lui demanda une jeune Grenouille. “ Comment, ma chère, est-ce que vous ne voyez pas ces Taureaux qui se battent ! Ne concevez-vous pas toute l'étendue du danger qui nous menace ? ” — “ Moi ! non, en vérité ; qu'ils se battent tant qu'il leur plaira, cela doit nous être égal. Je vous assure que je n'ai pas la moindre envie d'aller les séparer ; les Taureaux, les Genisses, et les Bœufs, ne sont pas de notre famille : qu'avons-nous donc à regretter ou à craindre ? ”

“ Vous raisonnez ainsi faute d'expérience, ” répondit la vieille Grenouille, “ et vous ne savez pas encore que les petits pâtissent toujours des sottises des grands. Notre nation eut beaucoup à souffrir d'un combat de cette espèce,

il y a deux ans ; plus de dix mille Grenouilles y périrent.”—“ Pourquoi s’avançoient-elles si loin ? elles auroient dû rester dans le marais.”—“ Voilà comme on raisonne à votre âge ! elles y restèrent, ma mignone, et c’est là qu’elles périrent. Ne voyez-vous pas que le vainqueur chassera l’autre Taureau ?”—“ Et bien, où ira-t-il alors ?”—“ Hélas ! ma chère, il viendra se réfugier dans nos marais, et nous écrasera sous les roseaux. Croyez-moi, tenez-vous sur vos gardes.”

Cette crainte étoit de très-bon sens ; le Taureau vaincu prit la fuite, et alla cacher sa honte au milieu des marais : en vain les pauvrettes cherchoient à s’échapper, il en écrasoit plus de cent par heure.

#### MORALE.

Suivez soigneusement les lois de la prudence,  
 On ne peut employer trop de précautions ;  
 Il est peu de dangers, de maux, d’afflictions,  
 Qu’on ne sache éviter avec la prévoyance.

FABLE XVIII.—The FROG and the FIGHTING BULLS.



Two Bulls were fighting in order to determine which of them should possess the empire of the meadows. An old Frog who perceived them from the midst of her swamp, cried in a mournful tone, “Alas! what will become of us? Poor Frogs, how much we are to be pitied!”—“What is the matter, pray?” asked a young Frog. “How, my dear? do you not see those Bulls who are fighting? Do not you understand the extent of the danger that threatens us?”—“Not I, indeed! let them fight as long as they please, that must be the same thing to us. I assure you I have not the least desire to part them; Bulls, Cows, and Oxen are not of our family: what have we then to regret or to fear?”

“You reason thus for want of experience,” answered the old Frog; “and you know not yet that little folks always suffer through the follies of the great. Our na-

tion was miserably afflicted by a combat of this sort about two years ago ; more than ten thousand Frogs perished through it."—" Why did they advance so far ? they should have remained in the swamp."—" That is the reasoning of your age ! they did remain there, child, and it was there they perished. Do you not perceive that the conqueror will drive away the other Bull ?"—" Well, then, where will he go ?"—" Alas, my dear ! he will come and take refuge in our marshes, and will crush us under the reeds. Believe me, be upon your guard."

This fear was well founded. The vanquished Bull took to flight, and went to conceal his shame in the midst of the swamps. In vain the poor Frogs endeavoured to escape ; he crushed more than a hundred of them every hour.

#### APPLICATION.

The laws of prudence carefully observe,  
Too much caution we can never employ ;  
Few are the ills, the dangers, and the pains  
Which might not through wise foresight be repell'd.



## FABLE XIX.—Le LOUP et le CHIEN.



UN Loup mouroit de faim dans une forêt, tant les Chiens faisoient bonne garde. Le malheureux n'ayant plus que la peau et les os, fut forcé de sortir pendant la nuit, pour tâcher de trouver quelque nourriture. Il rencontra sur sa route un gros Chien bien nourri, qui se promenoit à l'aise. “ L'excellent morceau ! ” dit-il ; “ mais ce Mâtin est de taille à se défendre, il vaut mieux user de ruse. ” Il l'aborda donc avec beaucoup de politesse, et le complimenta sur son embonpoint. “ Il ne tiendra qu'à vous, mon cher, ” dit le Chien ; “ d'être aussi heureux que moi, si vous le desirez ; quittez les bois, vous y menez une vie misérable. Si vous voulez me suivre, vous n'aurez plus à vivre d'industrie ; je vous promets que vous ne manquerez de rien. ”

“ Je ne demande pas mieux, ” reprit le Loup ; “ mais, que me faudra-t-il faire ? ” — “ Presque rien : prendre garde aux voleurs, caresser votre maître, et flatter les gens du logis ; moyennant cela, votre salaire est assuré. Vous n'aurez plus à vous nourrir de viande coriace et dégoûtante, tous vos mets seront délicats : os de poulets,

os de pigeons, et mille autres morceaux délicieux que l'on vous donnera en vous caressant. Venez, vous dis-je, vous vivrez comme un prince."

Le Loup tressaille de joie, et se forge une félicité qui le fait pleurer de tendresse. Chemin faisant, il s'aperçut que le cou du Chien étoit pelé. "Qu'est-ce que cela?" lui dit-il. "Rien."—"Quoi, rien!"—"Peu de chose."—"Mais encore, qu'est-ce?"—"Cela vient peut-être du collier dont je suis attaché pendant le jour."—"Attaché! vous ne courez donc pas où vous voulez?"—"Pas toujours, mais qu'importe?"—"Il importe si bien que je n'envie plus votre bonheur: je ne donnerois pas ma liberté pour tous les pigeons, tous les poulets, tous les agneaux, et tous les moutons du royaume. Adieu! vive l'industrie! Fi de l'esclavage!"

#### MORALE.

Ne négligez jamais d'avoir de l'industrie,  
Et sachez vous passer de mille petits soins;  
On en est bien plus libre, et rien ne contrarie  
L'homme sage qui sait limiter ses besoins.

## FABLE XIX.—The WOLF and the DOG.



A WOLF was perishing with hunger in a forest, for the Dogs kept a sharp look-out. The poor creature being nothing but skin and bone, was obliged to go out in the night to try to find some food. In going along he met a great dog well fed, that was walking at his ease. "What a dainty bit!" said he; "but this Mastiff is of a size to defend himself, I had better have recourse to stratagem." He then accosted him with great civility, and complimented him on his plumpness. "It is in your power, my friend, to be as happy as I am, if you wish it; quit the woods, you lead there a wretched life. If you will follow me, you will have no longer to live by your wits; I promise you shall want for nothing."

"I ask no better," replied the Wolf; "but what must I do?"—"Almost nothing: guard the house from thieves, caress our master, and be kind to the people of the house; by these means your salary is certain. You

will have no longer to feed on tough, disgusting meat ; all your food will be delicious : bones of chickens, bones of pigeons, and a thousand other delicate bits will be given to you with carresses ; come, I say, you shall live like a prince."

The Wolf leaped for joy, and pictured to himself such felicity as made him shed tears of tenderness. As they were going along, he perceived that the Dog's neck was bare of hair. "What is that ?" said he. "Nothing."—"How, nothing!"—"A trifling matter."—"But tell me, what is it?"—"Perhaps it is owing to the collar with which I am fastened in the day-time."—"Fastened ! you do not then run wherever you please ?"—"Not always ; but what does that signify ?"—"It signifies so much, that I no longer envy your happiness : I would not give my liberty for all the pigeons, all the chickens, all the lambs, and all the sheep in the kingdom. Farewell ; industry for ever ! down with slavery !"

#### APPLICATION.

Never neglect to practise industry ;  
 Learn to dispense with thousand little cares ;  
 We thus enjoy freedom : nothing can thwart  
 The man who wisely limits his own wants.

## FABLE XX.—Les ARBRES et le BUISSON.



CERTAINS Arbres discouroient ensemble, et le Chêne dit à l'Ormeau : “ Je ne sais pourquoi nous n'avons pas de roi, comme les autres nations ? Les quadrupèdes ont le Lion ; les oiseaux ont l'Aigle ; et la Baleine, dit-on, est la reine des mers : nous devrions les imiter.” Leur conversation passa de branche en branche, toute la forêt se mit à raisonner, et on en vint aux voix : le Roseau servit de trompette, et proclama une assemblée générale.

Au jour marqué le Frêne parla le premier, et après avoir discoursu sur les devoirs et les avantages réciproques des rois et de leurs sujets, il dit : “ Qui est-ce qui se présente pour régner sur nous ? ” Personne ne répondoit : enfin, après un long silence, une voix grêle se fit entendre ; c'étoit un Buisson formé d'épines et de ronces. “ Je consens à être votre roi,” dit-il effrontément ; “ donnez-moi la couronne.”—“ Toi ! ” s'écrièrent les Arbres ; “ toi régner sur nous ! tu n'es propre qu'à déchirer ; et nous

cherchons un protecteur et un père. Choisissons l'Olivier."

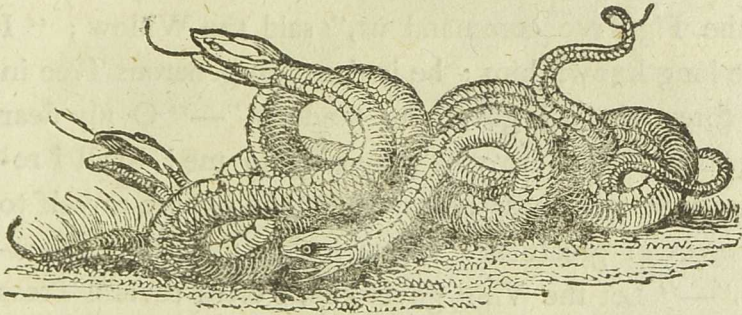
" Pourquoi voudriez-vous troubler mon repos ? " répondit l'Olivier, d'une voix douce et modeste. " Puis-je consentir à abandonner mes chères Olives pour me soumettre à vos caprices ? Non, jamais ; laissez-moi vivre tranquille. " — " Et bien, que le Figuier nous commande, " dit le Saule ; " je le connois depuis long-tems ; c'est l'Arbre le plus généreux de la forêt, il nous gouvernera tendrement. " — " O mon cher voisin ; que me proposez-vous là ? Renoncerois-je à la douceur de mes Figues pour m'exposer aux sollicitudes de la grandeur ! laissez-moi dans mon heureuse obscurité. " — " Que la Vigne nous gouverne, " s'écrièrent plusieurs Arbres à la fois. " Moi ! " dit la Vigne ; " vous n'y pensez pas, mes amis. Ne voyez-vous pas que j'ai besoin moi-même d'un appui ? Continuez de m'aimer et de me soutenir, mes bons voisins ; le nectar de mes grappes sera toujours à votre service. "

Tous les Arbres fruitiers parlèrent de même, et aucun ne voulut accepter la couronne.

#### MORALE.

L'homme riche et puissant est souvent misérable,  
 Il a mille tourmens pour de foibles plaisirs ;  
 Celui qui sobrement modère ses desirs,  
 Est, soyez-en bien sûrs, le riche véritable.

## FABLE XX.—The TREES and the BRAMBLE.



SOME Trees were one day discoursing together, when the Oak said to the Elm : “ I know not why we have not a king, like other nations ; the quadrupeds have the Lion ; the birds the Eagle ; and the Whale, they say, is the queen of the seas ; we ought to imitate them.” Their conversation passed from branch to branch ; all the forest began to reason upon it ; at length it was put to the vote : the Reed served as a trumpeter, and proclaimed a general assembly.

On the day appointed the Ash spoke first ; and after having discoursed upon the duties and reciprocal advantages of kings and their subjects, he said, “ Who presents himself to reign over us ? ” No one answered.—At length, after a long silence, a shrill voice was heard ; it was a Bramble formed of thorns and briers. “ I consent to be your king,” said he, boldly ; “ give me the crown.”—“ You ! ” cried the Trees ; “ You reign over us ! you are fit only to tear and destroy, and we want a protector and a father. Let us choose the Olive Tree.”

“ Why would you disturb my repose ?” answered the Olive Tree, in a mild and modest tone : “ Can I consent to abandon my dear Olives to submit to your caprices ? No, never ; suffer me to live quiet.”—“ Well, let the Fig Tree command us,” said the Willow ; “ I have long known him ; he is the most generous Tree in the forest, he will govern us tenderly.”—“ O my dear neighbour, what are you proposing to me ? Shall I renounce the sweetness of my Figs, and expose myself to the cares of greatness ? Leave me in my happy obscurity.”—“ Let the Vine govern us,” cried several Trees at once. “ I !” said the Vine ; “ you do not think of such a thing, my friends ! see you not that I myself have need of a support ? Continue to love me, and to uphold me, my good neighbours, and the nectar of my clusters shall be always at your service.”

All the Fruit Trees spoke in the same manner, and no one would accept the crown.

#### APPLICATION.

The rich and powerful are wretched oft ;  
 A thousand torments balance their false joys ;  
 But they whose wishes temperance restrains,  
 Are, be assured, the only truly rich.



## FABLE XXI.—Le RENARD et l'HIRONDELLE.



UN fin Renard, fameux mangeur de poulets, et grand preneur de lapins, se hazarda trop un jour, et reçut un coup de fusil. Profondément blessé, il prit la fuite afin de regagner son trou. Le bruit d'une meute qu'il entendit dans le lointain, le contraignit à changer de route, et il s'engagea dans un marais gras et fangeux. Il fit tous ses efforts pour s'en tirer ; mais la grande foiblesse où il étoit, le força de se jeter par terre, accablé de fatigue et mourant de peur. Une foule de grosses mouches et de moucherons, le voyant en cet état, se jettèrent sur lui, et lui suçoient tout le sang. En vain le malheureux animal tâchoit de les chasser avec sa queue ; ces insectes ailés revenoient par milliers, et lui couvroient les yeux et la tête. "Souffrons," dit-il, "puisque'il le faut ; je vois bien que la résistance est inutile ici."

Une Hironnelle qui voltigeoit alors près de là, fut touché de pitié et lui offrit ses services. "Ne vous dé-

«espérez pas,» lui dit-elle, «mon pauvre Renard ; je vais dans un instant vous délivrer des importunités de cette canaille. De mes aîles et de mon bec je suis sûre de pouvoir les détruire par centaines, et vous vous rendrez ensuite chez vous du mieux que vous pourrez.»

«Je vous remercie de votre compassion, bonne Hirondelle ; et, si j'échappe à mon malheur présent, je n'oublierai jamais cette offre de service ; mais, aimable oiseau, gardez vous bien de faire ce que vous dites : ne touchez pas à ces moucheron, laissez les achever leur repas. Ils sont déjà presque rassasiés ; si vous les chassez, une troupe nouvelle viendra fondre sur moi, et il ne me restera bientôt plus une goutte de sang.»

#### MORALE.

La patience en tout soulage le malheur ;  
 S'irriter de ses maux, c'est doubler sa souffrance :  
 Celui qui ne sait pas supporter la douleur,  
 En augmente le poids par son impatience.

## FABLE XXI.—The Fox and the SWALLOW.



A CUNNING Fox, a famous eater of chickens and catcher of rabbits, was one day too venturesome, and received a shot. Being deeply wounded, he fled away in order to regain his hole. The noise of a pack of hounds which he heard at a distance, obliged him to change his road, and he entered in a swamp very thick and miry. He used all his efforts to extricate himself; but the weak state in which he was, compelled him to fall on the ground, overcome with fatigue, and expiring with fear. A swarm of large flies and gnats seeing him in that condition, fell upon him, and sucked his blood. In vain the wretched animal endeavoured to drive them off with his tail; these winged insects returned by thousands, and covered his eyes and head. "Let me bear it," said he, "since it must be so; I see very well that resistance is vain."

A Swallow who flitted near the place, was moved with

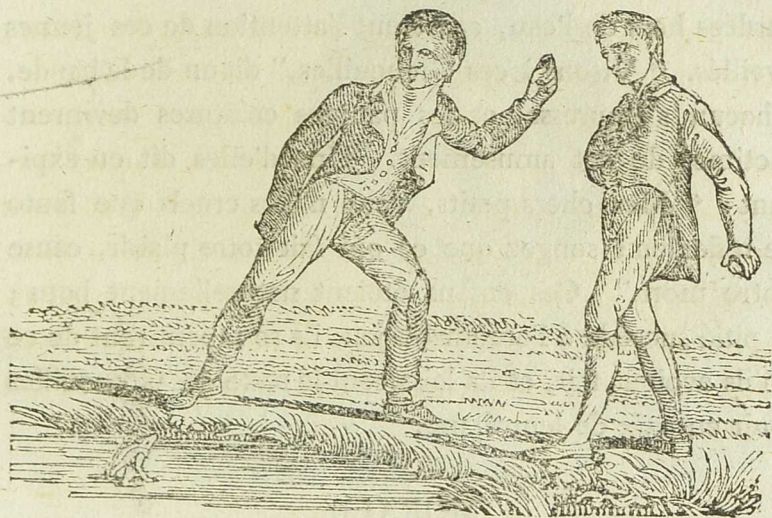
pity, and offered her services. "Do not despair," said she, "my poor Fox; I will in an instant deliver you from the importunities of this rabble. With my wings and my beak I am sure to destroy them by hundreds; and you may afterwards return home the best you can."

"I thank you for your compassion, good Swallow; and, if I survive my present misfortune, I will never forget this offer of service; but, charming bird, take great care not to do what you say: do not touch these flies; let them finish their meal. They are almost glutted already; if you drive them away, a new swarm will fall upon me, and I shall soon not have a drop of blood left in my veins."

#### APPLICATION.

Patience can soften ev'ry human ill,  
 Repining doubles all our sufferings:  
 He who wants fortitude to bear his pains,  
 Augments their weight through his hasty temper.

## FABLE XXII.—Les ECOLIERS et les GRENOUILLES.



UNE troupe de jeunes Ecoliers s'amusoient pendant les vacances, à courir au milieu des champs. On sautoit, on jouoit, on gambadoit ; rien ne les arrêtoit dans leur route : à cet âge aimable et léger, tout devient aisément plaisir ; mais il faut de la variété aux jeunes têtes. " Allons," dit Charles, " c'est assez sauter, nous ferions bien à présent d'aller faire des ricochets auprès de la maison du fermier Grégoire ; l'étang de son grand pré est très commode pour cela, et d'ailleurs il est rempli de Grenouilles : " Nous nous amuserons à les attrapper." Aussitôt dit aussitôt fait ; les voilà partis. Chemin faisant, chacun ramasse les pierres les plus propres à faire des ricochets ; et nos espiègles se promettent bien du plaisir.

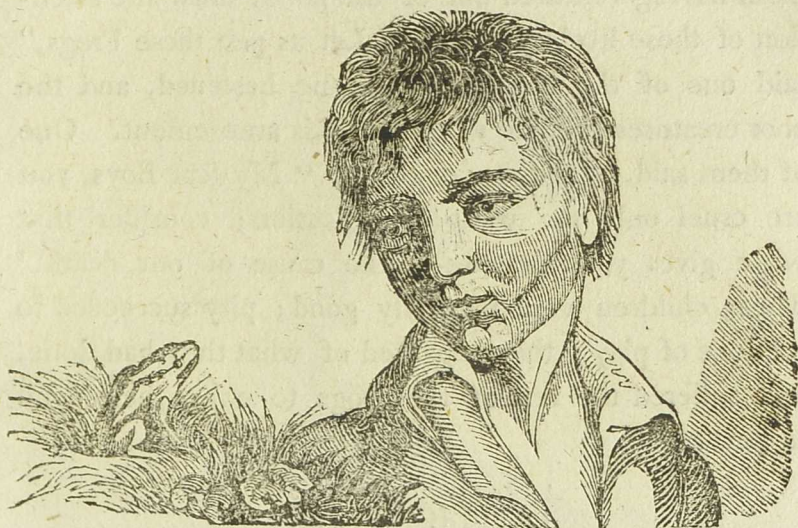
Dès qu'ils furent arrivés au bord de l'étang, chacun s'empressa de montrer son adresse ; et le voltigement des pierres plaisoit beaucoup à la bande joyeuse. Il n'en

étoit pas ainsi des pauvres Grenouilles qui, effrayées du bruit, et craignant les coups de pierre, se tenoient en silence au fond des eaux. Quelques-unes s'étant hasardées hors de l'eau, attirèrent l'attention de ces jeunes éveillés. "Visons à ces Grenouilles," dit un de la bande. Chacun s'empresse, et les pauvres créatures devinrent victimes de cet amusement. Une d'elles dit en expirant : "Mes chers petits, vous n'êtes cruels que faute de réflexion ; songez que ce qui fait votre plaisir, cause notre mort." Ces enfans étoient naturellement bons ; la pitié succéda à l'amour du jeu, ils se repentirent de ce qu'ils avoient fait, et ils laissèrent le reste des Grenouilles jouir en paix de leur étang.

#### MORALE.

Tel qui croit n'avoir fait qu'un simple badinage,  
 Dans le cœur de quelqu'un a porté la douleur :  
 Pour peu que l'on plaisante, à coup sûr on outrage ;  
 C'est montrer son esprit aux dépens de son cœur.

## FABLE XXII.—The Boys and the Frogs.



A TROOP of Boys were amusing themselves during holiday time in running through the fields. They leaped, they played, they gambolled; nothing stopped their way: at that volatile and amiable age every thing easily becomes pleasure; but young minds must have variety. "Come," said Charles, "we have jumped enough; we had better now go and make ducks and drakes near farmer Gregory's house; the pond in his large meadow is very convenient for that, and besides, it is full of Frogs; we will amuse ourselves with catching them." No sooner said than done; they set off. As they were going along every one picked up the pebbles most fit for the purpose; and our wags promised themselves much pleasure.

As soon as they arrived at the edge of the pond, each one was eager to shew his dexterity; and the bounding of the pebbles very much pleased the merry band. It was not so with the poor Frogs, who, affrighted at the

noise, and dreading to be struck with the stones, remained in silence at the bottom of the water. Some of them having ventured out of the pond, drew the attention of those lively youths. "Let us pelt these Frogs," said one of the band. Every one hastened, and the poor creatures became victims of this amusement. One of them said, as she was expiring, "My dear Boys, you are cruel only for want of reflection; consider that what gives you pleasure is the cause of our death." These children were naturally good; pity succeeded to the love of play; they repented of what they had done, and suffered the rest of the Frogs to enjoy their pond in peace.

#### APPLICATION.

Oft when we think to sport a simple jest,  
Within a neighbour's breast we fix a sting;  
And he whose raill'ry wounds another's mind,  
May show his wit, but he betrays his heart.



## FABLE XXIII.—JUNON et le PAON.



LE Paon se plaignoit tristement à Junon : “ Déesse,” lui disoit-il, “ vous ne m’accuserez certainement pas de me plaindre à tort ; plus j’examine les autres oiseaux, plus je m’apperçois que j’ai raison d’être mécontent de mon sort. Le Rossignol ; oui, le Rossignol même, cette chétive créature, l’emporte de beaucoup sur moi. Je vois tous les jours que l’on me délaisse pour aller écouter ce petit musicien, ‘ Quelle mélodie ! ’ s’écrie-t-on ; ‘ quels roulemens délicieux ! quels sons doux et éclatans ! ‘ Ce charmant oiseau fait lui seul tout l’honneur du ‘ printems ! ’ Et moi, dès que je cherche à me faire entendre, on m’évite, on se bouche les oreilles, et chacun me poursuit pour me faire taire. Je ne puis plus résister à ces affronts : donnez-moi la voix du Rossignol,

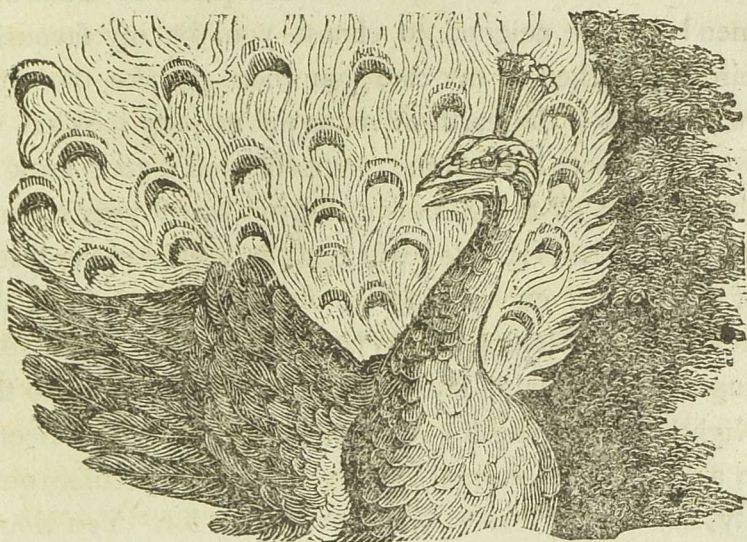
grande Déesse, ou bien vous me verrez mourir de douleur.”

“ Oiseau jaloux, ” lui répondit Junon en colère, “ vous convient-il d’envier la voix du Rossignol ? Moi sœur ! moi épouse de Jupiter ! moi la reine des dieux et des hommes ! j’ai daigné vous choisir pour mon oiseau favori ! Attelé à mon char, vous y partagez les adorations que la terre offre à ma majesté ! Que demandez-vous de plus ? examinez-vous bien : votre cou est nuancé de toutes les couleurs de l’arc-en-ciel ; votre superbe queue paroît toute parsemée de pierreries, elle efface l’éclat des diamans : on croit, en la regardant, découvrir les richesses d’un lapidaire. Eh ! vous vous plaignez, ingrat ! les Dieux ont donné la voix au Rossignol, la force à l’Aigle, la légèreté au Faucon ; en un mot, chaque animal a reçu quelque qualité particulière, et ils sont tous contents de leur sort. Vous seul, oiseau envieux, vous seul me tourmentez sans cesse par vos murmures injustes. Taisez-vous ; ou bien, pour vous punir, je vous ôterai votre plumage.”

#### MORALE.

Etre content de tout, même dans le malheur,  
 Ne se plaindre jamais, maîtriser son humeur,  
 Du vrai sage ici bas tel est le caractère :  
 Si vous ne l’avez pas, tâchez de vous le faire.

## FABLE XXIII.—JUNO and the PEACOCK.



THE Peacock made grievous complaints to Juno: “Goddess,” said he, “you certainly will not accuse me of complaining wrongfully; the more I examine other birds, the more I perceive that I have reason to be discontented with my lot. The Nightingale; yes, even the Nightingale, that pitiful creature, has great advantage over me. I see every day that people abandon me to listen to that little musician. ‘What melody!’ cry they; ‘What delightful warblings! What soft and striking notes! That charming bird alone forms the ‘glory of the spring.’ And I, as soon as I attempt to be heard, am shunned; people stop their ears, and every one pursues me to obtain silence. I can no longer endure these affronts: give me the voice of the Nightingale, great Goddess, or you will see me die of grief.”

“ Jealous bird !” answered Juno angrily, “ does it become you to envy the voice of the Nightingale ? I the sister ! I the wife of Jupiter ! I the queen of Gods and men ! I have deigned to choose you for my favourite bird ! Attached to my car, you there partake the adorations which the earth offers to my majesty ! What do you ask more ? Examine yourself well : your neck is shaded with all the colours of the rainbow ; your magnificent tail seems studded with jewels, it effaces the lustre of diamonds ; on viewing it, we think we behold the treasures of a lapidary. What ! do you complain still, ungrateful animal ? The Gods have given a voice to the Nightingale, strength to the Eagle, speed to the Falcon ; in a word, each animal has received some peculiar quality, and they are all satisfied with their lot. You alone, envious bird ; you alone torment me incessantly by your unjust murmurs. Be silent ; or else, to punish you, I will take away your plumage.

#### APPLICATION.

Content in ev'ry state, though ills assail,  
 Unrepining, curbing all his wishes ;  
 Such is the mind of a man truly wise :  
 If yours it be not, strive to make it so.

## FABLE XXIV.—Le CHEVAL et le CERF.



UN Cerf ne trouvant plus que des racines et des feuilles desséchées, dans la forêt où il vivoit, en sortit pour tâcher de trouver un meilleur pâturage. En chemin faisant il aperçut un Cheval qui païssoit seul dans une grande prairie. Comme l'herbe lui en parut belle et abondante, il s'approcha du Cheval et lui dit avec beaucoup de civilité : “ Seigneur coursier, voulez-vous bien me permettre de prendre un repas sur vos domaines ? Je me contenterai des endroits où vous avez déjà passé, car je sais me satisfaire de peu.”

“ Je vis en solitaire,” répondit le Cheval, “ la compagnie me fatigue ; sortez d'ici sur-le-champ.” Le Cerf pressa long tems sa requête avec modestie ; mais le Cheval le regardant avec dédain, finissoit toujours par lui répondre : “ Sortez d'ici sur-le-champ.”

Indigné de ces rebuts cruels, le Cerf lui dit : “ Ecoutez, camarade ; la civilité a des bornes, et d'ailleurs, ‘ ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles :’ si vous ne voulez pas me permettre de paître, je paîtrai malgré vous.” Le Cheval se mit à le poursuivre ; mais le Cerf qui couroit beaucoup mieux que lui, trouvoit toujours le tems de paître.

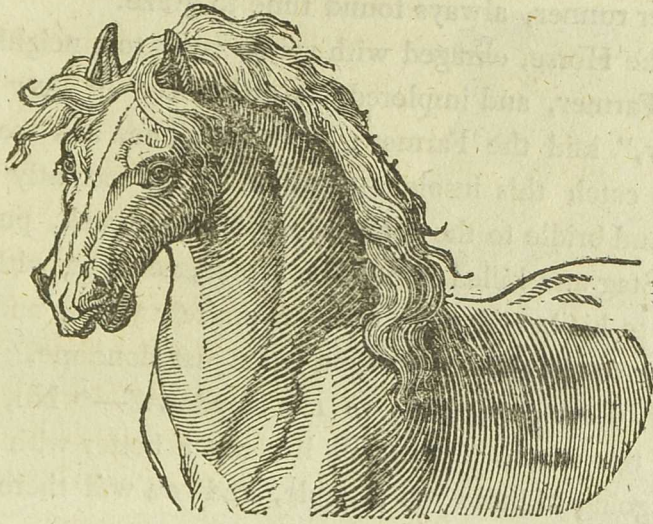
Le Cheval, outré de dépit, alla trouver un Fermier voisin et implora son secours. “ Très volontiers,” dit le Fermier, “ laissez-moi faire, et nous attrapperons bientôt cet insolent.” Aussitôt il lui mit un mors et une bride, lui sauta sur le dos, poursuivit le Cerf et le tua. Le Cheval hennissant de joie, dit à son bienfaiteur : “ Je suis tout à vous, et je n'oublierai jamais le service que vous venez de me rendre. Adieu, je m'en retourne dans ma prairie.” — “ Non, non,” dit l'homme, “ vous vivrez beaucoup mieux chez nous ; je vais vous bâtir une écurie, et vous n'y manquerez de rien.”

Le Cheval s'aperçut trop tard qu'il avoit fait une folie. “ Hélas !” disoit-il, “ pourquoi ai-je refusé de supporter un léger inconvénient ? Mon humeur difficile et jalouse m'a réduit à l'esclavage.”

#### MORALE.

Evitez avec soin d'être trop difficile,  
 De vous piquer d'un rien et de tout vous fâcher ;  
 Au sein des plus grands maux le sage vit tranquille,  
 Il sait supporter ceux qu'il ne peut empêcher.

## FABLE XXIV.—The HORSE and the STAG.



A STAG finding no longer any thing but roots and dry leaves in the forest where he lived, quitted it to endeavour to find a better pasture. In going along he perceived a Horse grazing alone in a large meadow. As the grass seemed very fine and in great plenty, he approached the Horse, and said to him with much civility: "Noble courser, will you permit me to take a meal on your domain? I will be content with the parts where you have already been, for I know how to be satisfied with little."

"I lead a solitary life," answered the Horse; "company fatigues me; begone from hence immediately." The Stag long urged his request with modesty; but the Horse looking at him disdainfully, always ended by answering, "Begone from hence immediately."

Incensed at these cruel repulses, the Stag said to him, "Hark ye, comrade; civility has its bounds, and be-

sides, a hungry belly has no ears: if you will not allow me to feed, I will feed in spite of you." The Horse began to pursue him, but the Stag, who was much the better runner, always found time to graze.

The Horse, enraged with spite, went to a neighbouring Farmer, and implored his assistance. "Very willingly," said the Farmer; "let me alone, and we will soon catch this insolent creature." He instantly put a bit and bridle to the Horse, leaped on his back, pursued the Stag and killed him. The Horse, neighing with joy, said to his benefactor: "I am entirely yours, and will never forget the service you have just done me. Farewell, I am going back to my meadow."—"No, no;" said the man; "you will live much better with us; I am going to build you a stable, and you will there want for nothing."

The Horse perceived too late that he had acted foolishly. "Alas!" said he, "why did I refuse to bear a slight inconvenience? my captious and jealous humour has reduced me to slavery."

#### APPLICATION.

Carefully shun appearing over-nice,  
 Fretting at trifles, cavilling at nought;  
 Plunged in pains the wise man tranquil smiles,  
 The ills he cannot stop he learns to bear.



## FABLE XXV.—L'ALOUETTE et ses PETITS.



UNE Alouette avoit laissé le printems s'écouler sans faire sa ponte ; cependant, vers la fin d'Août, elle se décida à devenir mère. Elle travaille sans relâche, bâtit un nid, pond, couve ; et, à sa grande joie, voilà les petits venus. Cependant elle n'étoit pas sans inquiétude, car déjà les blés d'alentour commençoient à jaunir, et elle craignoit qu'on ne vint les couper avant que sa couvée fût assez forte pour prendre l'essor.

En sortant pour aller chercher la becquée elle ne manquoit jamais de dire à ses petits : “ Si quelqu'un vient ici, écoutez bien ce qu'on dira, et je me réglerai là-dessus.” A peine fut-elle partie que le Maître du champ vint avec son fils : “ Ces blés sont mûrs,” dit-il ; “ allez chez nos amis les prier de venir demain nous aider à faire la moisson.”

Dès que l'Alouette fut de retour, elle trouva toute sa couvée en allarme : “ O ma mère, l'homme au blé viendra demain avec ses amis ; il a envoyé son fils les chercher. ” — “ S'il n'a dit que cela, ” reprit l'Alouette, “ rien ne nous presse de partir ; mais c'est demain qu'il faudra écouter attentivement. Soyez tranquilles, mes petits amis, réjouissez-vous, voilà de quoi manger. ” Chacun eut sa portion, puis tout s'endormit, les petits et la mère.

Le lendemain arrive : point d'amis, et l'Alouette sort à l'ordinaire. Le Maître vint faire sa ronde : “ Ces blés-là, ” dit-il, “ ne devoient pas être debout ; nos amis sont des paresseux, allez prier nos parens de venir. ” L'épouvante devient plus forte que jamais : “ L'homme a dit *ses parens*, ma mère ! il faut partir. ” — “ Non, mes enfans, non ; dormez en paix. ” L'Alouette eut raison, personne ne vint. Le Maître parut pour la troisième fois : “ Notre erreur est extrême, ” dit-il, “ de compter sur autrui ; prenons demain nos faucilles, c'est le plus court, et nous acheverons de notre mieux quand nous pourrons. ” Dès que l'Alouette apprit cela : “ C'est à présent, ” dit-elle, “ mes petits mignons, qu'il nous faut partir, car le maître viendra certainement demain avec sa famille. ” Aussitôt les petits, en voletant et en se culbutant, s'empressèrent de suivre leur mère.

#### MORALE.

Il ne faut jamais rien remettre au lendemain,  
 Ni charger ses amis de ce que l'on peut faire ;  
 Le présent seul est sûr, l'avenir incertain :  
 On risque de tout perdre aussitôt qu'on diffère.

## FABLE XXV.—The LARK and her LITTLE ONES.



A LARK had suffered the spring to pass away without laying her eggs; however, towards the end of August she resolved to become a mother. She labours without ceasing, builds a nest, lays, sits; and to her great joy, behold! the young ones appeared. Nevertheless she was not without anxiety; for the corn around began already to turn yellow, and she feared it would be cut down before her nestlings were strong enough to take flight.

In going out to seek for food she never failed to tell her young ones: "If any one should come hither, listen well to what is said, and I shall regulate myself accordingly." Scarce was she departed when the Master of the field came with his son: "This corn is ripe," said he; "go to our friends, and desire them to come to-morrow, and assist us to get in the harvest."

As soon as the Lark returned she found all her nestlings in alarm: "O mother, the Corn-man will come

to-morrow with his friends; he has sent his son to fetch them.”—“ If that be all,” replied the Lark, “ nothing presses our departure; but it is to-morrow you must listen attentively. Be easy, my little friends, be merry; here is something to eat.” Every one had his share, after which they all fell asleep, the young ones and their mother.

The morrow arrives: no friends appear, and the Lark goes out as usual. The Master comes to take his round: “ This corn,” said he, “ ought not to be standing; our friends are lazy, go and desire our relations to come.” The dread became greater than ever: “ The man said *his relations*, mother; we must go.”—“ No, my children, no; sleep in peace.” The Lark was right; no one came. The Master appeared for the third time: “ Our fault is great,” said he, “ to depend upon others; let us to-morrow take our sickles, it is the shortest way; we will do our best to finish when we can.” As soon as the Lark learnt this: “ Now is the time,” said she, “ my little darlings, that we must depart, for the Master will certainly come to-morrow with his family.” Immediately the young ones, flitting and tumbling, hastened to follow their mother.

#### APPLICATION.

Never vainly till next day leave your work,  
 Nor trust to friends what you can do yourself;  
 The present seize, the future is unsafe;  
 We run the risk to lose what we defer.

## FABLE XXVI.—L'HIRONDELLE et les PETITS OISEAUX.



UNE Hirondelle qui avoit acquis beaucoup d'expérience dans ses voyages, vit un fermier qui ensemençoit son champ. “ Voyez-vous,” dit-elle, aux petits Oiseaux, “ ce que cet homme fait ? Il sème de la graine de chanvre qui deviendra un jour votre ruine, si vous n’y prenez garde, car les filets des oiseleurs sont tous faits de lin ou de chanvre. Croyez-moi, dépêchez-vous de manger cette graine.”—“ Manger du chenevis, quand nous avons tant de mets délicats ! Non, non, belle voyageuse, mangez-le vous-même.” Dès que la chenevière fut verte, l’Hirondelle leur dit : “ Arrachez cette maudite herbe brin à brin ; si vous ne le faites, votre perte est infaillible.”—“ Prophète de malheur ! babillarde ! voyez le bel emploi qu’elle nous donne. Tous les oiseaux du royaume pourroient à peine éplucher ce canton. Amusons-nous, mes amis, et laissons là cette vieille radoteuse.”

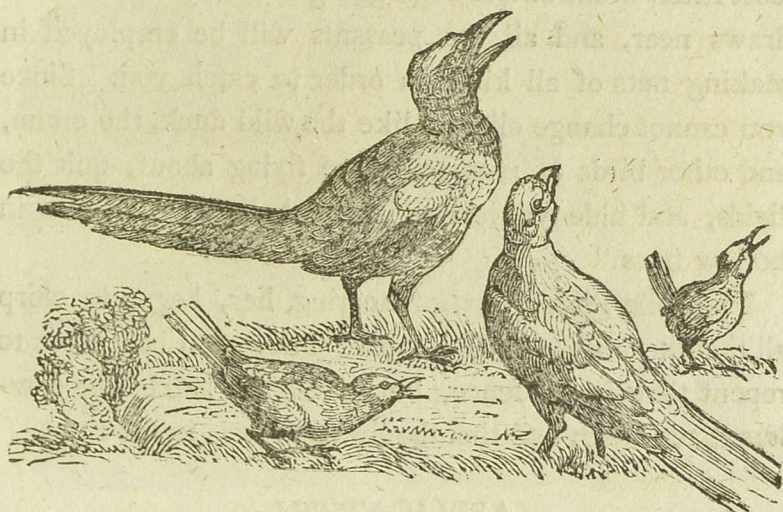
Enfin le chanvre étant tout-à-fait crû, l'Hirondelle alla trouver les Oiseaux pour la dernière fois. " Mes amis," leur dit-elle, " vous n'avez pas voulu me croire jusqu'ici, mais écoutez au moins l'avis que je vais vous donner. L'hiver approche, et tous les paysans vont s'occuper à faire des réseaux de toute espèce pour vous attrapper. Puisque vous ne pouvez changer de climat, et imiter le canard, la grue, et les autres oiseaux de passage, cessez de voler de place en place, fuyez les champs et cachez-vous dans des trous de murs, ou dans le creux des arbres."

Les petits Oiseaux, las de l'entendre, se mirent à gazouiller tous ensemble et à l'insulter. Ils eurent bientôt à se repentir de leur imprudence, mais il étoit trop tard ! Les ciseleurs leur firent sentir que l'Hirondelle avoit eu raison.

#### MORALE.

Vous m'entendez souvent vous dire : " Prenez garde ;"  
 C'est que mon amour veille à chaque instant sur vous ;  
 Je vois qu'à cent dangers votre âge se hasarde,  
 Je veux vous en sauver, c'est mon soin le plus doux.

FABLE XXVI.—The SWALLOW and the LITTLE BIRDS.



A SWALLOW who had gained much experience by travelling, saw a farmer sowing his field. “Do you see,” said she to the little Birds, “what that man is doing? He is sowing hemp-seed, which will some day or other become your ruin, if you do not take care; for the nets of fowlers are all made of flax or hemp. Believe me, make haste to eat this seed.”—“Eat hemp-seed, when we have so many delicious meats! No, no, you fine traveller, eat it yourself.” As soon as the hemp sprung up, the Swallow said to them: “Pluck out this nasty herb slip by slip; if you neglect it, your ruin is inevitable.”—“Ill-boding prophet! babble! what a fine employment she gives us! All the birds in the kingdom would scarce be able to clear up this field. Let us amuse ourselves, my friends, and have nothing to do with that old dotard.”

At length the hemp being quite grown up, the Swallow went to the Birds for the last time. "My friends," said she, "you would not believe me hitherto, but at least listen to the advice I am going to give you. Winter draws near, and all the peasants will be employed in making nets of all kinds in order to catch you. Since you cannot change climate like the wild duck, the crane, and other birds of passage, cease flying about, quit the fields, and hide yourselves in the holes of walls, or in hollow trees."

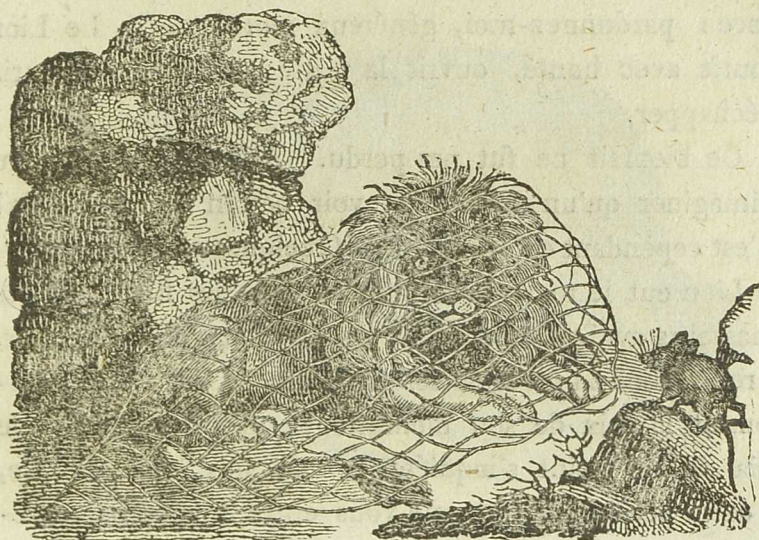
The little Birds, tired of hearing her, began to chirp all together, and to insult her. They soon had cause to repent their imprudence, but it was too late! The fowlers made them feel that the Swallow was in the right.

#### APPLICATION.

You often hear me cry to you, "Take care;"  
It is my love which watches over you;  
Through thousand ills your tender age wanders,  
From which to save you is my sweetest toil.



## FABLE XXVII.—Le LION et la SOURIS.



UNE bande de Souris s'amusoient ensemble dans un champ vers la fin de l'automne. C'étoit, dit-on, en Afrique, pays où les Souris sont beaucoup plus grosses que les nôtres. Quelques auteurs assurent que c'étoit une bande de rats, mais comme Mungo Zara, auteur Africain, dit expressément *Souris*, je m'en tiens à son témoignage.—Revenons donc à nos Souris.—Après avoir fait un bon repas, elles se mirent à courir et à folâtrer, sans s'inquiéter du lendemain. “ Abondance, jeunesse et santé,” dit Mungo Zara, “ permettent rarement d'être sages.” Une des Souris monta par mégarde sur le corps d'un Lion qui dormoit à l'ombre d'un arbre. Il la saisit aussitôt d'un coup de patte, et se mit à la considérer en grondant. “ Seigneur,” dit la pauvre petite, “ ayez pitié de moi, mon intention n'étoit pas de vous offenser ; je jouois avec mes sœurs, et j'ai couru imprudemment

sur votre majesté sans m'en appercevoir. Hélas ! puissant roi des forêts, il vous est très aisé de me détruire, mais j'ose compter sur les nobles dispositions de votre race : pardonnez-moi, généreux monarque." Le Lion sourit avec bonté, ouvrit la patte, et laissa la Souris s'échapper.

Ce bienfait ne fut pas perdu. Auroit-on jamais pu s'imaginer qu'un Lion dût avoir besoin d'une Souris ? C'est cependant ce qui arriva. Quelques semaines après, le Lion eut le malheur de tomber dans des filets que des chasseurs avoient tendus ; et ne pouvant s'en débarrasser, il remplissoit la forêt de ses rugissemens. La Souris reconnut la voix de son bienfaiteur ; elle accourut et le pria de ne point s'inquiéter. " Je suis," lui dit-elle, " cette petite créature que vous eûtes la générosité d'épargner il y a quelque tems, et je m'empresse de vous prouver ma reconnoissance." Sans en dire davantage, elle se mit à ronger les filets, et fit si bien qu'une maille emportée détacha tout le reste de l'ouvrage.

#### MORALE.

Il faut autant qu'on peut obliger tout le monde,

On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi ;

Reçoit-on un bienfait, qu'un bienfait y réponde,

Il se faut entr'aider, c'est la commune loi.

## FABLE XXVI.—The LION and the MOUSE.



A TROOP of Mice were amusing themselves together in a field about the end of autumn. It was, they say, in Africa, a country where the Mice are much larger than ours. Some authors assure us that it was a troop of rats; but as Mungo Zara, an African writer, expressly says *Mice*, I take his word for it.—To return then to our Mice.—After having made a good meal, they began to run and play, without troubling themselves about to-morrow. “Abundance, youth, and health,” says Mungo Zara, “seldom meet with prudence.” One of the Mice mounted through negligence on the body of a Lion who was sleeping under the shade of a tree. He immediately seized it in his paw, and growling, began to examine it. “My lord,” said the poor little creature, “have pity upon me; my intention was not to offend you; I was playing with my sisters, and imprudently ran upon your majesty without

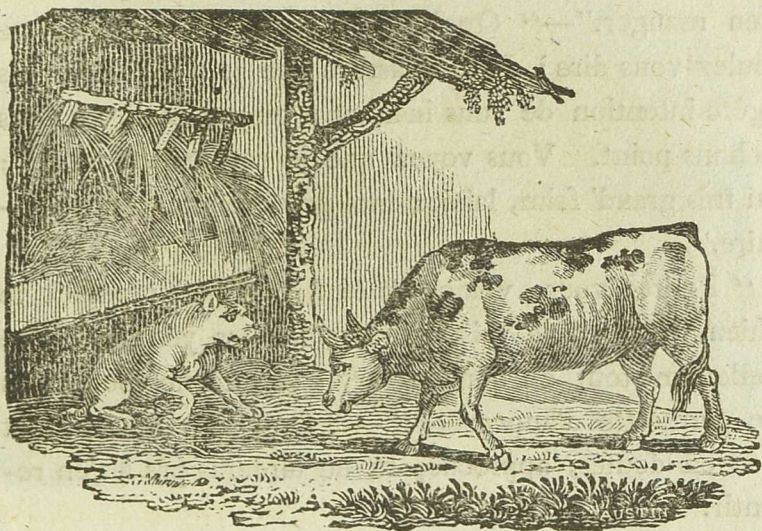
perceiving you. Alas ! powerful king of the forests, it would be very easy for you to destroy me, but I dare rely on the noble dispositions of your race : pardon me, generous monarch." The Lion, graciously smiling, opened his paw, and suffered the Mouse to escape.

This kindness was not lost. Could one have imagined that a Lion might have stood in need of a Mouse ? This however happened. Some weeks after, the Lion had the misfortune to fall into some nets spread by the hunters, and unable to disengage himself, he filled the forest with his roarings. The Mouse knew the voice of her benefactor : she ran and entreated him not to be uneasy. " I am," said she, " that little creature whom you had the generosity to spare some time ago, and I am anxious to prove my gratitude to you." Without saying more, she set about gnawing the nets, and succeeded so well, that one mesh torn away unfastened all the rest of the work.

#### APPLICATION.

Far as we can we must be kind to all,  
 The aid of an inferior oft we need ;  
 A benefit receiv'd demands return,  
 " Assist each other : " this is nature's law.

## FABLE XXVIII.—Le CHIEN HARGNEUX.



UN Bœuf revenoit à l'étable, après avoir tiré la charrue toute la journée. “ Je suis très fatigué,” disoit cet honnête animal, “ mais me voici de retour à la ferme, et je vais me trouver à l'aise. De bon foin, de la litière fraîche : pourquoi me plaindrois-je ? Le repos est si doux après le travail !”

Tout en raisonnant de la sorte il entra dans l'étable, et voulut s'approcher de la mangeoire ; mais un gros Mâtin qui s'y étoit couché, lui montra les dents, et le menaça de se jeter sur lui. Le Bœuf crut d'abord que le Chien vouloit s'amuser, et il lui dit d'un ton d'amitié : “ Hola, César, vous êtes-vous mis au régime, et avez-vous abandonné vos os à moelle pour vous nourrir de foin ? Tant mieux, mon ami ; il y en aura assez pour nous deux, et je serai charmé d'avoir un camarade.”

“ Trêve de vos sottes plaisanteries,” répondit le har-

gneux Mâtin ; “ Le foin ne se fauche que pour des brutes grossières comme vous. Cependant, pour vous punir de votre arrogance, je ne veux pas même vous permettre d'en manger.”—“ Quelle arrogance, mon ami ! que voulez-vous dire ? Je vous assure que je n'ai pas la plus légère intention de vous insulter ; croyez-moi, ne nous fâchons point. Vous voyez que je reviens du travail ; j'ai très grand' faim, laissez-moi prendre mon repas ordinaire.”

“ Retirez-vous, vilaine bête à cornes,” répondit le Chien, “ sinon je vais vous arracher les yeux.—Est-ce réellement tout de bon, César, que vous ne voulez pas me permettre d'approcher ?”—“ Oui, tout de bon ; et si tu en doutes, approche, tu ne tarderas pas à t'en repentir.”

“ Ecoutez, camarade, je hais les querelles, mais je suis déterminé à ne jamais me soumettre aux injures que je ne mérite pas. Sortez sur-le-champ de la mangeoire, ou je vous tue.” Le Chien continuant de faire l'insolent, le Bœuf le pressa de ses cornes avec tant de violence, que l'envieux Mâtin le supplia de l'épargner. “ Très volontiers, camarade ; je vous assure que je ne suis point en colère : vous pouvez sortir en sûreté, ou même rester ici avec moi, si vous voulez être de bonne humeur.”

#### MORALE.

- 1. Soyez doux, complaisant, d'un caractère affable,
- 2. On est toujours aimé quand on est sans humeur ;
- 3. Les dons de l'esprit seul ne peuvent rendre aimable,
- 4. Il faut y joindre aussi les doux charmes du cœur.

## FABLE XXVIII.—The SURLY MASTIFF.



AN Ox was returning to the stable, after having drawn the plough all day long. "I am very tired," said the honest animal, "but I am now returning to the farm, and I shall soon have every comfort. Good hay, fresh litter; why should I complain? rest is so sweet after labour."

As he was reasoning in this manner, he entered the stable, and was going towards the manger; but a large Mastiff that was lying down in it, shewed his teeth, and threatened to fly at him. The Ox at first thought the Dog was in sport, and said to him in a friendly tone: "Holla, Cesar; are you dieting yourself? have you left your marrow-bones to feed on hay? So much the better, my friend; there will be enough for us both, and I shall be charmed to have a messmate."

"Have done with your foolish jokes," answered the surly Mastiff: "hay is cut only for such dull beasts as

you. But, to punish your arrogance, I will not even suffer you to eat of it.”—“What arrogance, my friend! what do you mean? I assure you I had not the slightest intention to insult you; believe me, let us not quarrel. You see I am just returned from work; I am very hungry; let me take my usual meal.”

“Begone, vile horned beast!” answered the Dog, “or else I will tear your eyes out.”—“Is it really in earnest, Cesar, that you will not let me approach?”—“Yes, in earnest; and if you doubt it, come near, you will soon repent it.”

“Hark ye, comrade, I hate quarrels; but I am determined never to put up with affronts which I have not deserved. Get out of the manger directly, or I will kill you.” The Dog continuing his insolence, the Ox pressed him so violently with his horns, that the envious Mastiff entreated him to spare him. “Very willingly, comrade; I assure you I am not angry: you may go in safety, or even remain here with me, if you will be good-humoured.”

#### APPLICATION.

Be mild, be kind, be affable in temper;  
Good humour certainly to friendship leads;  
The gifts of wit cannot alone gain love,  
They must partake of the heart's sweeter charms.



## FABLE XXIX.—L'OURS et les DEUX AMIS.



DEUX jeunes dissipateurs ne savoient plus où trouver de l'argent pour fournir à leurs dépenses. “ Que deviendrons-nous ? ” se disoient-ils, “ serons-nous obligés de nous renfermer dans un grenier ? Aurons-nous le chagrin et la honte de ne pas nous trouver au bal public qui doit se donner dans huit jours ? ” — “ Il me vient une bonne idée, ” dit le plus jeune : “ nous avons nos fusils, de la poudre et du plomb ; allons chez le meilleur fourreur de la ville, et vendons lui la peau d'un grand Ours que nous irons tuer dans la forêt voisine. ” — “ Très bien imaginé, ” dit l'autre, “ voilà de l'argent sûr. ” Ils arrivent chez le fourreur, et lui promettent une peau d'Ours qui garantira des froids les plus cuisans, et ils s'offrent de la lui livrer dans deux jours. Sur la description qu'ils en firent, le fourreur convint du prix, et nos jeunes têtes-folles se rendirent dans la forêt.

Ils y furent à peine entrés qu'ils apperçurent un gros Ours qui s'avançoit vers eux. Les voilà frappés comme d'un coup de foudre ! Adieu l'argent ; adieu le bal ; ils oublient tout, et ils ne songent qu'à se sauver. Le plus jeune grimpa promptement sur un arbre ; et l'autre, à demi-mort de frayeur, se jeta par terre et retint son haleine, ayant ouï dire quelque part que les Ours s'acharnent rarement sur un corps mort.

L'Ours s'approcha de lui, le tourna, le retourna long-tems, et finit par se retirer. Dès que le jeune homme qui étoit sur l'arbre, n'apperçut plus l'Ours, il descendit et s'approcha de son camarade. "Levez-vous," lui dit-il, "il n'y a plus de danger ; reprenons nos fusils, et sortons au plus vite de cette forêt. Mais," ajouta-t-il, en riant, "l'Ours vous a parlé long-tems de fort près ; que vous a-t-il dit à l'oreille ?"—" Il m'a dit qu'il faut toujours tuer l'Ours avant d'en promettre la peau au fourreur."

#### MORALE.

Réfléchissez toujours avant que d'entreprendre,  
 C'est par ce moyen seul qu'un projet réussit :  
 Du bien ou des dangers qui peuvent en dépendre,  
 L'homme sage et prudent avant tout s'éclaircit.

## FABLE XXIX.—The BEAR and the TWO FRIENDS.



Two young prodigals were no longer able to find money to defray their expenses. “What will become of us?” said they to one another; “shall we be obliged to shut ourselves up in a garret? Shall we have the mortification and shame to be unable to go to the public ball that is to be given within a week?”—“A good thought strikes me,” said the younger; “we have our guns, powder and shot; let us go to the best furrier in town, and sell him the skin of a large Bear, which we will go and kill in the neighbouring forest.”—“Very well imagined,” said the other; “this is sure money.” They came to the furrier, and promised him a bear-skin that should keep off the most piercing cold, and they offered to deliver it to him in two days. Upon the description they gave of it, the furrier agreed for the price, and our young wiseacres repaired to the forest.

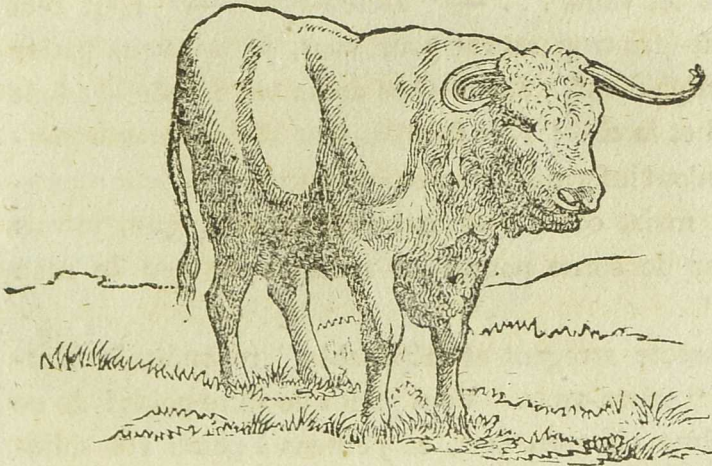
Scarce had they entered it when they perceived a large Bear coming towards them. They were now struck as with a thunderbolt! Farewell money, farewell ball; they forget every thing, and think only of saving themselves. The youngest climbed hastily into a tree, and the other, half dead with fright, threw himself on the ground, and held his breath, having heard somewhere that bears rarely devour dead bodies.

The Bear drew near him, turned and re-turned him a long time, and at length retired. As soon as the young man in the tree no longer perceived the Bear, he came down and went to his companion. "Get up," said he, "there is no more danger; let us take up our guns, and get out of this forest with all speed. But," added he, smiling, "the Bear spoke to you a long time very close, what did he whisper in your ear?"—"He told me that one must always kill the bear before promising the skin to the furrier."

#### APPLICATION.

Wisely reflect before you undertake,  
Success in ev'ry plan on this depends;  
The benefits and risks attach'd to it,  
By prudent men must first of all be weigh'd.

## FABLE XXX.—Le TAUREAU et le MOUCHERON.



UN Moucheron voltigeoit de corne en corne sur la tête d'un Taureau, en s'efforçant de se faire entendre. Enfin, ennuyé du silence de cet animal, il lui vola droit sur le nez, et le Taureau fit un mouvement de tête pour s'en débarasser. “ Bonjour, Monsieur le Taureau,” dit le Moucheron ; “ je me suis échappé à toutes mes connoissances pour avoir le plaisir de passer la journée avec vous. Que de choses je vais vous apprendre !

“ Comme je vole parmi les oiseaux, voulez-vous connoître leur manière de vivre ? Je puis vous faire leur histoire depuis l'aigle jusqu'au moineau. Je vais . . . ” — “ Taisez-vous. ” — “ Ah ! vous n'aimez pas les oiseaux ! parlons d'autre chose. Je vais vous apprendre comment les boutons se forment sur les arbres ; de quelle manière ils s'épanouissent ; quand les jeunes fruits commencent à paroître . . . ” — “ Taisez-vous. ” — “ Et bien, changeons de sujet. Brûlant du desir de m'instruire, je me laissai

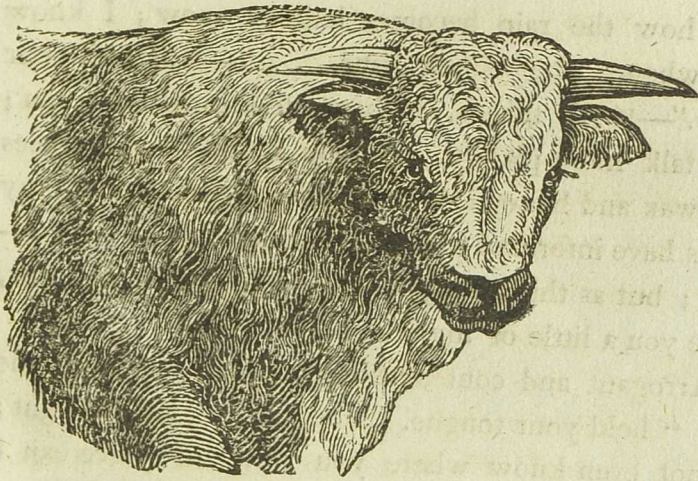
emporter un jour dans un tourbillon ; je me trouvai au milieu des nuages : j'ai vu le tonnerre se former, je sais comment la pluie devient grêle ou neige, je sais d'où partent les vents . . ."—“ Taisez-vous.”—“ Tout ceci est peut-être trop savant pour vous, je vais vous parler plus simplement. Savez-vous comment les abeilles font le miel et la cire ? Nos familles sont alliées, et mes cousines m'ont informé de toutes les coutumes de leur république ; mais, comme cette histoire sera longue, je vais changer de corne pour vous soulager un peu de mon poids.”

“ Insecte arrogant et méprisable,” répondit le Taureau ; “ taisez-vous. Vous parlez de votre poids ! Je ne sais même où vous êtes, et j'entens à peine vos sifflemens aigus. Vous ! de la famille des abeilles ! Vous ! elles travaillent sans cesse, et vous ne savez que fatiguer les gens de votre babil, et sucer le sang d'autrui. Eloignez-vous promptement et me laissez paître ; une toile d'araignée vous fera bientôt sentir votre insuffisance.”

#### MORALE.

On se fait mépriser en parlant trop de soi,  
 En vantant ce qu'on fait, et ce que l'on peut faire ;  
 Ou d'un fat ou d'un sot c'est l'ordinaire emploi :  
 Ne sait-on rien de mieux ? qu'on sache au moins se taire.

## FABLE XXX.—The BULL and the GNAT.



A GNAT was flying from horn to horn upon the head of a Bull, striving to make itself heard. At length, tired with the silence of that animal, it flew right upon his nose; the Bull moved his head in order to rid himself of it. “ Good morning, Mr. Bull,” said the Gnat; “ I have escaped from all my acquaintance in order to have the pleasure of passing the day with you. How many things I have to tell you !

“ As I take my flight among the birds; have you a mind to know their manner of living? I can give you their history from the eagle down to the sparrow. I will . . . .”—“ Hold your tongue.”—“ Ah! you do not like birds; let us talk of something else. I will tell you how the buds are formed upon the trees; in what manner they open; when the young fruits begin to appear . . . .”—“ Hold your tongue.”—“ Well, let us change the subject. Inflamed with

the desire of knowledge, I one day suffered myself to be carried away in a whirlwind ; I was in the midst of the clouds : I beheld the formation of the thunder ; I know how the rain becomes hail or snow ; I know from whence the winds issue . . . .”—“ Hold your tongue.”—“ All this is, perhaps, too learned for you ; I will talk more plainly. Do you know how the bees make wax and honey ? Our families are allied, and my cousins have informed me of all the customs of their republic ; but as this history is long, I will change horns, to ease you a little of my weight.”

“ Arrogant and contemptible insect !” answered the Bull ; “ hold your tongue. You talk of your weight ; I do not even know where you are, and scarce can I hear your shrill hissing. You of the race of bees ! You ! They labour incessantly ; and you can only tire people with your babble, and suck their blood. Get away quickly, and let me graze ; a spider's web will shortly make you feel your insignificance.”

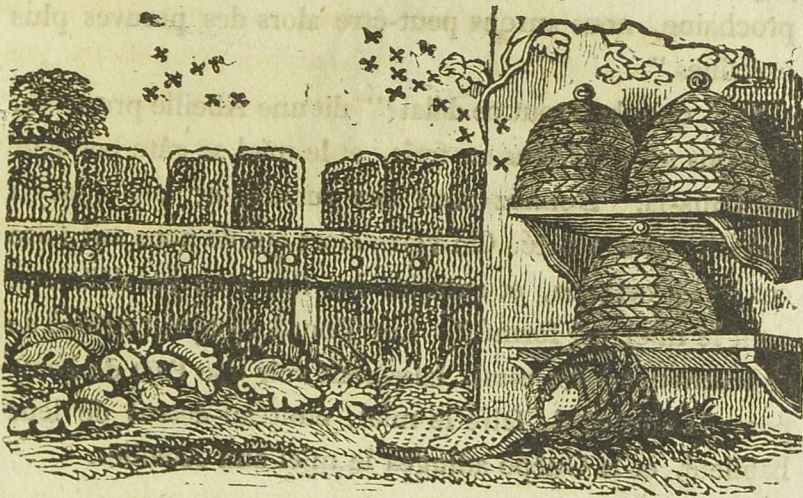
#### APPLICATION.

Those are despis'd who talk much of themselves,  
Boasting of what they do, or might have done ;  
It is the rant of a fop or a fool :

Who nothing knows should at least keep his tongue.



FABLE XXXI.—LES ABEILLES, les BOURDONS,  
et la GUEPE.



QUELQUES rayons de miel se trouvoient sans maître, des Bourdons se présentèrent aussitôt pour les réclamer. Des Abeilles du voisinage s'opposèrent à leur prétension ; elles dirent qu'elles étoient les légitimes héritières de la ruche, et qu'elles pouvoient prouver clairement leur droit de parenté. “ C'est ce qu'il faudra voir,” répondirent les Bourdons, “ montrez vos titres.”—“ Allons trouver la Guêpe notre voisine ; elle entend parfaitement la jurisprudence, elle connoît nos familles, nous nous conformerons à sa décision.”

La Guêpe écouta les raisons des deux parties, mais il étoit très difficile de décider l'affaire. Les témoins déposèrent qu'ils avoient vu autour des ruches des animaux ailés, bourdonnans, un peu longs de corps, et de couleur tannée : mais ces marques convenoient également aux Bourdons et aux Abeilles. La Guêpe ne sachant que

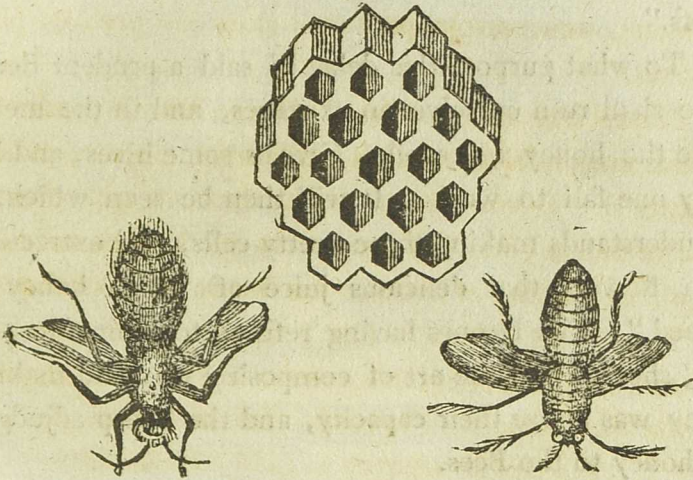
dire, ordonna de faire comparoître d'autres témoins. On entendit une fourmillière du voisinage, mais leur rapport ne put éclaircir davantage cette affaire. "Différons le jugement définitif," dit la Guêpe, "jusqu'à la séance prochaine, nous aurons peut-être alors des preuves plus certaines."

"A quoi bon tout ce délai?" dit une Abeille prudente. "Nous nous ruinons en frais, et le miel se gâte pendant ce tems-là. Donnez-nous des ruches, et que chacun travaille de son côté. On verra alors qui de nous sait faire ces jolies cellules, et extraire des fleurs ce jus délicieux dont le miel est formé." Les Bourdons ayant refusé de se soumettre à cet essai, laissèrent voir que l'art de composer la cire et de faire le miel, étoit au-dessus de leur habileté, et la Guêpe adjugea le miel aux Abeilles.

#### MORALE.

C'est par des actions, et non par des discours,  
 Que nous devons tâcher de nous faire connoître ;  
 L'honnête homme est celui qui veut l'être toujours,  
 Et non le fourbe adroit qui cherche à le paroître.

FABLE XXXI.—The BEES, the DRONES, and the  
WASP.



SOME honey-combs being found without an owner, the Drones immediately put in their claim. The neighbouring Bees opposed their pretensions; declaring themselves the legitimate heirs to the hive, and that they could clearly prove their right of kindred. “That is what we must see,” answered the Drones; “shew your titles.”—“Let us go to our neighbour the Wasp; she perfectly understands the law; she knows our families; we will conform to her decision.”

The Wasp listened to the reasons of both parties; but it was very difficult to decide the affair. The witnesses deposed that they had seen around the hives some winged insects humming, with slender, oblong bodies, and of a tawny colour: but these marks equally suited the Drones and the Bees. The Wasp, not knowing what to say, ordered other witnesses to appear. They heard

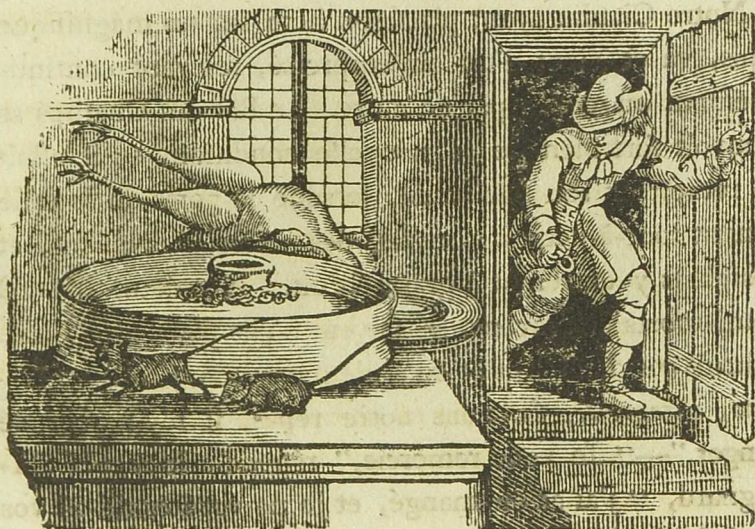
the depositions of a neighbouring ant-hill, but their account threw no farther light on the affair. "Let us defer the final judgment," said the Wasp, "until the next term; we shall then, perhaps, have more certain proofs."

"To what purpose this delay?" said a prudent Bee; "we shall ruin ourselves in expenses, and in the mean while the honey will spoil. Give us some hives, and let every one fall to work. It will then be seen which of us understands making those pretty cells, and extracting from flowers that delicious juice of which honey is formed." The Drones having refused to submit to this trial, shewed that the art of composing wax and making honey was above their capacity, and the Wasp adjudged the honey to the Bees.

#### APPLICATION.

It is by actions, not by words alone,  
That we should try to deserve a good name;  
The honest man is constant in his deeds,  
Not so the knave who plays a lurking part.

## FABLE XXXII.—Le RAT de VILLE et le RAT des CHAMPS.



UN Rat de Campagne reçut la visite d'un Rat de Ville son ancien camarade. Il s'empessa d'apporter des pois et de l'avoine ; il y joignit des raisins secs et quelques morceaux de lard à demi-rongés, en tâchant de vaincre par la variété des services, les dégouts d'un hôte accoutumé à faire une chère trop délicate. Le Rat de Ville, tâtant de chaque mêts d'un air orgueilleux, daignoit à peine y mettre la dent, pendant que le maître du logis, étendu sur de la paille, se contentoit de quelques grains d'ivraie, pour laisser à son ami les morceaux friands.

Le repas fini, le Rat Bourgeois dit au Campagnard : “ Quittez ces demeures sauvages, venez parmi les hommes, vous y vivrez dans l'abondance et dans les plaisirs. Songez que la vie est courte, mon camarade ; à quoi bon tant d'économie ? ” Le bon paysan se laissa persuader, et tous deux se mirent en chemin pour se

rendre à la ville. Ils y arrivèrent sur le minuit, et entrèrent dans un riche hôtel où tout annonçoit l'abondance.

Notre Citadin ayant placé son hôte sur un magnifique tapis, va et vient d'un air empressé, relevant continuellement un service par un autre. Le Rat des Champs se trouvoit fort bien de sa nouvelle condition, et il alloit en remercier son camarade, lorsque la porte de la salle venant tout-à-coup à s'ouvrir, des valets, des chiens, et des chats y entrèrent à grand bruit. Nos deux Rats, à demi-morts de frayeur, se sauvent où ils peuvent. Enfin le bruit cessa, et le Rat de Ville reparut aussitôt. "Al-lons, camarade, finissons notre repas, il n'y a plus de danger."—"Je vous remercie," répondit le sage Campagnard, "j'ai assez mangé, et je ne vous envie ni vos lambris dorés, ni vos mets délicieux. Dans mon petit trou, au milieu des bois, je vis pauvrement, mais rien ne vient m'interrompre. J'aime les plaisirs modérés et sûrs ; ceux du luxe sont faux et dangereux."

#### MORALE.

Le luxe par l'orgueil est toujours inventé ;  
 L'insensé qui s'y livre affecte une recherche  
 Qui l'écarte, à grands frais, de la simplicité :  
 Il ne veut pas jouir ; briller est ce qu'il cherche.

FABLE XXXII.—The COUNTRY RAT and the  
CITY RAT.



A COUNTRY Rat received a visit from a City Rat, his former companion. He was eager to produce some peas and oats, to which he added dried raisins, and half-gnawed bits of bacon, endeavouring, by the variety of his dishes, to conquer the distaste of a guest accustomed to a fare too dainty. The City Rat tasting every mess with a haughty air, scarce deigned to apply his teeth to it, while the master of the house, stretched upon a little straw, contented himself with some grains of darnel, in order to leave the choice bits for his friend.

The repast being ended, the Town Rat said to the Rustic, "Leave these savage abodes; come and dwell amongst men; you will there enjoy plenty and delight. Consider that life is short, my friend; to what purpose all this economy?" The honest Peasant suffered himself to be persuaded, and they both set out for the city. They

arrived there about midnight, and entered a superb hotel, where every thing announced plenty.

Our Citizen having placed his guest on a magnificent carpet, ran about with eagerness, continually replacing one dish by another. The Field Rat found himself very well off in his new condition, and was going to thank his companion, when on a sudden the door of the hall happening to open, footmen, dogs and cats, entered with a great noise. Our two Rats, half dead with fright, saved themselves as they could. At length the noise ceased, and the Town Rat immediately appeared again. "Come, my friend, let us finish our meal, there is no more danger."—"I thank you," answered the wise Rustic, "I have eaten enough, and I do not envy you your gilded walls and dainty dishes. In my little hole, amid the woods, I live sparingly, but nothing comes to disturb me. I love pleasures moderate and secure; those of luxury are false and dangerous."

#### APPLICATION.

From empty pride luxury took its rise;  
The fool who yields to it affects a taste  
Which, at great cost, destroys simplicity:  
Pleasure is not his aim, he wants to shine.



FABLE XXXIII.—La TORTUE et les DEUX  
CANARDS.



DEUX Canards visitèrent une Tortue qui vivoit dans leur voisinage, et qui les reçut fort civilement. Comme ils avoient beaucoup voyagé, ils lui parlèrent des différens pays qu'ils avoient traversés, et des curiosités qu'ils y avoient vues. Elle les écoutoit d'un air pensif et désolé. Un des Canards s'en appercevant, lui dit : “ Qu'avez-vous, ma bonne voisine ? Vous paroissez triste, êtes-vous malade ? ” — “ Non, ” lui répondit-elle, “ je me porte fort bien, mais je me sens accablée de mon ignorance. Vous voyagez à travers les airs ; vous pouvez parler de tous les peuples, de tous les royaumes, de leurs coutumes et des productions de leurs pays, pendant que je suis réduite à me traîner misérablement le long d'un même rivage. O mes amis, que vous êtes heureux, et que je suis à plaindre ! ”

“ Ne vous désolez point, ” lui dirent-ils, “ nous pou-

rons vous satisfaire, et vous procurer le plaisir de voyager. Nous traverserons les mers ensemble, et nous nous arrêterons quelque tems dans les pays les plus renommés, de sorte que vous pourrez à votre tour raconter aux autres Tortues tout ce que vous aurez appris."

"Je ne demande pas mieux," répondit la Tortue ; "mais comment ferez-vous?"—"Voyez-vous ce bâton ? Vous n'avez qu'à le tenir par le milieu, nous en prendrons chacun un bout, et tout ira bien."—"J'y consens, donnez-moi le bâton."—"Le voici, serrez bien, gardez-vous de lâcher prise."—"Je le tiens très serré, partez quand vous voudrez."

Les voilà partis : on s'étonnoit partout de voir au milieu des airs, cet animal lent et sa maison. "Miracle !" s'écrioit-on, "miracle ! Venez tous, accourez, venez voir la reine des Tortues."—"Oui vraiment, la reine !" répliqua la pauvre orgueilleuse. A ces mots elle tomba par terre et fut mise en pièces ; son indiscretion fut la cause de sa ruine.

#### MORALE.

Quand la témérité se joint à la foiblesse,  
 Nous tentons l'impossible, et nous nous égarons ;  
 N'entreprenons jamais que ce que nous pouvons :  
 On ne se repent point d'écouter la sagesse.

FABLE XXXIII.—The TORTOISE and the TWO  
DUCKS.

Two Ducks made a visit to a Tortoise in their neighbourhood, who received them very civilly. As they had travelled a great deal, they talked of the different countries they had passed through, and the curiosities they had seen there. She listened to them with a pensive and sorrowful air. One of the Ducks perceiving it, said to her: “What is the matter with you, my good neighbour? You seem uneasy, are you ill?”—“No,” answered she, “I am very well; but I feel the weight of my own ignorance. You travel through the air; you can talk of every people and of every kingdom, of their customs and the productions of their countries, whilst I am reduced to drag myself wretchedly along the same shore. O my friends, how happy you are, and how to be pitied am I!”

“Do not distress yourself,” said they, “we can sa-

tisfy you, and procure you the pleasure of travelling. We will pass over the seas together, and stop some time in the countries most renowned, so that you will be able in your turn to relate to other Tortoises what you will have learned."

"I ask no better," answered the Tortoise; "but how will you do?"—"Do you see this stick? you have only to hold it by the middle, we will each take one end, and all will go well."—"I consent to it, give me the stick."—"Here it is, hold it fast, take care not to let go."—"I hold it very fast, you may set off when you will."

They are now on their way: people remained every where astonished to behold in the midst of the air that slothful animal and her house. "A miracle!" cried they, "a miracle! come all of you, run; come and see the queen of Tortoises."—"Yes truly, the queen!" replied the proud creature. At these words she fell to the ground and was dashed to pieces; her indiscretion was the cause of her ruin.

#### APPLICATION.

Rashness to weakness join'd induces us

To try beyond our strength, and we lose all;

Let us not undertake beyond our means;

In following reason no man repents.

## FABLE XXXIV.—Le LOUP DÉGUISE.



LES Loups avoient enlevé tant de brebis près d'un certain hameau, que les Bergers devinrent plus soigneux. Ils accoutumèrent leurs chiens à faire meilleure garde, et cela fut cause que les Loups se trouvèrent réduits à se tenir dans leur forêt, où ils mouroient de faim. L'un d'eux, fameux par son courage et plus encore par ses ruses, forma le dessein d'enlever une brebis. “ Quoi ! ” dit-il, “ ces bergers, ou plutôt ces chetifs tyrans, vivront dans l'abondance, et moi Loup, je mourrai de faim ! Non, je le jure par ma race, j'aurai ma part au troupeau. Puisque la force ne peut rien, voyons ce que fera la ruse.”

Pendant qu'il s'occupoit des moyens de tromper les Bergers, il aperçut une vieille cabane où personne n'étoit alors ; il y entra, et il y vit un habit de Berger, une houlette et une cornemuse. “ O Fortune ! ” s'écria-t-il,

“ Fortune, Déesse aimable, que de graces j’ai à vous rendre ! l’affaire est sûre à présent, je n’ai qu’à profiter de cette circonstance heureuse.” Aussitôt il s’habilla en Berger : le voilà, la houlette en main, et la cornemuse suspendue au cou. S’il eût su écrire, il auroit volontiers mis autour de sa houlette : “ C’est moi qui suis Guillot, le plus beau Berger du village.”

Ainsi déguisé, il s’approche doucement, il se glisse en sycophante. Tout paroïsoit en sa faveur : le Berger Guillot, le vrai Guillot, dormoit sur l’herbe, son chien dormoit aussi, et la plupart des brebis dormoient pareillement. Le Loup touche les brebis de sa houlette pour les faire avancer vers la forêt ; elles avancent. L’hipocrite, tressaillant de plaisir, crut devoir aussi contrefaire la voix du Berger : il voulut parler, mais ses hurlemens réveillèrent aussitôt Guillot et ses chiens. Le Loup, embarrassé de son habillement, ne put ni se défendre, ni s’enfuir ; les chiens le déchirèrent.

#### MORALE.

L’Hipocrite est celui qui sait en apparence,  
 En cachant ses défauts, paroître vertueux ;  
 Cet homme a beau tromper, son cœur n’est pas heureux,  
 La crainte et les remords rongent sa conscience.

## FABLE XXXIV.—The WOLF in DISGUISE.



THE Wolves had carried off so many sheep near a certain hamlet, that the Shepherds redoubled their care. They accustomed their dogs to keep better guard; and for this reason the Wolves were obliged to remain in their forest, where they were dying with hunger. One of them, famous for his courage, and still more for his cunning tricks, formed the design of carrying off a sheep. "What!" said he, "shall these Shepherds, or rather these wretched tyrants, live in plenty, and shall I, a Wolf, die of hunger? No; I swear it by my progenitors, I will have my share of the flock. Since force can effect nothing, let us see what cunning will do."

Whilst he was busied about the means of deceiving the Shepherds, he perceived an old hut in which nobody was at that time; he entered it, and saw a Shepherd's coat, a crook, and a scrip. "O Fortune!" cried he,

“ Fortune, lovely Goddess ! what thanks do I owe you ! The point is now safe, I have only to profit by this happy circumstance.” He immediately dressed himself like a Shepherd : behold him, with crook in hand, and scrip hung at his neck. Had he known how to write, he would willingly have inscribed round his crook : “ I am Will, the handsomest Shepherd in the village.”

Thus disguised, he approached softly, and crouched along like a sycophant. Every thing seemed to favour him : the true Shepherd, the true Will, was sleeping on the grass, his dog was also asleep, and the greater part of the sheep slept likewise. The Wolf touched the sheep with his crook to make them advance toward the forest ; they moved on. The hypocrite leaping for joy, thought he must also imitate the Shepherd’s voice : he tried to speak, but his howlings soon awakened Will and his dogs. The Wolf, embarrassed with his dress, could neither defend himself nor run away ; the dogs tore him to pieces.

#### APPLICATION.

The hypocrite is he whose cunning art  
 Conceals his vices under virtue’s garb ;  
 Vain his deceit : his heart enjoys no peace ;  
 Fear and remorse still prey upon his mind.



## FABLE XXXV.—Le Coq et le Renard.



UN Coq adroit et courageux étoit perché en sentinelle sur les branches d'un arbre ; toutes ses poules dormoient tranquillement autour de lui. Un Renard qui les apperçut, s'approcha de l'arbre, et dit en adoucissant sa voix : “ Frère, je suis bien-aise de vous apprendre que nous ne sommes plus en guerre ; les animaux se sont rassemblés, et ils ont signé une paix générale. Plus de querelle, mon cher ami, chacun vivra à sa mode, nous allons faire renaître l'âge d'or ; vous pouvez venir avec vos poules voir les feux de joie que les animaux se préparent à faire. Descendez vite, embrassons-nous en frères.”

Le Coq qui s'apperçut de l'hipocrisie de ce traître, se rappella en même tems ce que son père, le plus brave Coq de la province, lui avoit souvent répété : “ On

ne doit jamais s'exposer au danger sans raison, on doit au contraire le prévoir et le craindre ; mais, quand on y est, il faut le regarder de sang-froid et le mépriser." Il répondit donc au Renard avec beaucoup de tranquillité : " Mon cher ami, que je vous ai d'obligations ! je ne pouvois apprendre une meilleure nouvelle. Attendez un peu, je vois deux levriers qui viennent de ce côté-ci ; ce sont sans doute des couriers que l'on a dépêchés pour cette affaire d'importance. Comme ils vont très vite, ils seront ici dans un moment, et nous pourrons nous donner ensemble le doux baiser d'amour fraternel." — " Je suis fâché," dit le Renard, " de ne pouvoir m'arrêter, mais j'ai plus de vingt lieues à faire ; adieu, nous nous reverrons une autre fois." Aussitôt le drôle prit la fuite, très mécontent de son stratagème.

#### MORALE.

Quand un danger pressant tout-à-coup nous menace,  
 C'est du sang-froid alors que nous avons besoin :  
 Pourrez-vous, si la peur vous aveugle et vous glace,  
 Pour conserver vos jours prendre le moindre soin ?

## FABLE XXXV.—The Cock and the Fox.



A BRAVE and clever Cock was perched as a centinel upon the branch of a tree; all his Hens were sleeping quietly around him. A Fox who perceived them, drew near the tree, and softening his voice, said: "Brother, I am glad to inform you that we are no longer at war; the animals have assembled, and signed a general peace. No more quarrels, my dear friend; every one will live after his own way; we are going to revive the golden age; you may come with your Hens to see the bonfires which the animals are preparing to make. Come down quick, let us embrace like brothers."

The Cock perceiving the hypocrisy of this traitor, at the same time recollected what his father, the bravest Cock in the county, had often repeated to him: "We should never without cause expose ourselves to danger; on the contrary, we should foresee and fear it; but when it is at hand, we must look upon it with coolness."

and contempt." He therefore answered the Fox with great tranquillity : " My dear friend, how much am I obliged to you ! I could never have heard better news. Stay a little, I see two greyhounds coming this way ; without doubt they are messengers dispatched about this important affair. As they run very fast, they will be here in a moment, and we will then give each other the sweet embrace of fraternal love."—" I am sorry," said the Fox, " that I cannot stay ; but I have more than sixty miles to go : farewell, we shall see each other again." The rogue immediately took to flight, very ill pleased with his stratagem.

#### APPLICATION.

When pressing danger suddenly assaults,  
Coolness alone can succour and befriend :  
Blinded by fear and petrified who can  
Take the least care for his preservation ?

## FABLE XXXVI.—L'AIGLE et le CORBEAU.



UN Corbeau qui se prélassoit seul à pas mesurés le long d'une prairie, en croassant à voix basse, vit un Aigle enlever un Agneau. " Oh, oh ! " dit-il, " un Agneau tout entier ! cela en vaut la peine. Voyons, comment doit-on s'y prendre ? La chose me paroît facile : fondre sur l'animal, le saisir par sa toison, et s'envoler ; voilà tout ce que l'Aigle a fait, rien n'est plus aisé. Je vais appeler quelques autres Corbeaux pour qu'ils soient spectateurs de mon adresse ; ils en seront émerveillés." Il s'envole, et trouve une bande de Corbeaux qui mangeoient un cheval mort. " Laissez-là cette charogne," leur cria-t-il de loin, " et venez apprendre à vivre délicatement ; je sais le secret des Aigles, et je puis maintenant emporter un mouton aussi aisément que vous saisiriez un moineau. Venez avec moi, nous partagerons en camarades ; car, si un mouton ne vous suffit pas, j'en

enleverai de suite deux ou trois." Aussitôt toute la bande s'envole, et arrive au lieu où le troupeau paissoit.

"Voyez-vous," dit le Corbeau présomptueux, "voyez vous ce mouton, si gros, si beau, ce mouton de sacrifice ? Il sera à nous dans un moment. Je ne sais qui l'a nourri, mais il me paroît dans un merveilleux état. L'excellent repas que nous allons faire!" A ces mots il s'abat sur l'animal, et s'efforce de l'enlever ; mais ce poids étoit fort au-dessus de ses forces. Ses griffes s'embarassèrent tellement dans la toison qu'il ne put prendre l'essor. Le Berger l'aperçut : " Ah ! ah !" dit-il, " vous voulez donc faire l'Aigle, Monsieur le Corbeau ? Vous irez dans une cage, et vous servirez de jouet à mes enfans ; cela vous guérira de votre présomption."

#### MORALE.

Toujours dans ses desirs il faut qu'on se modère :  
 Quand on ne veut jamais que ce qu'on peut avoir,  
 Quand on sait mesurer ses goûts à son pouvoir,  
 C'est alors que sans crainte on peut se satisfaire.

## FABLE XXXVI.—The EAGLE and the CROW.



A CROW that was stalking alone with stately steps across a meadow, croaking in a low voice, saw an Eagle carry off a lamb. “ Oh, oh !” said he, “ a whole lamb ! that is indeed worth the trouble. Let us see ; how must one set about it ? The thing seems to me easy : to dart upon the animal, seize him by the fleece, and then fly away ; that is all the Eagle has done ; nothing is easier. I will go and call some other Crows, that they may be spectators of my dexterity ; they will be astonished at it.” He flies away, and finds a band of Crows eating a dead horse. “ Leave that carrion,” cried he to them afar off ; “ come and learn how to fare deliciously ; I am acquainted with the secret of the Eagles, and can now carry away a sheep as easily as you

would seize a sparrow. Come with me, we will share together as companions; for if one sheep is not enough, I will in a trice carry off two or three." Immediately the whole band took wing, and arrived at the place where the flock was grazing.

"Do you see," said the presumptuous Crow; "do you see that sheep, so fat, so fine, a sheep fit for sacrifice? It shall be ours in a moment. I know not who has fed him, but he seems to me in excellent condition. What a delightful meal we are going to make!" At these words he flew upon the animal, and strove to carry it away; but the weight was far above his strength. His talons were so entangled in the fleece, that he could not take flight. The Shepherd perceived him: "Ah, ah!" said he, "Master Crow, you have a mind to act the Eagle? you shall go into a cage, you will serve to amuse my children; that will cure you of your presumption."

#### APPLICATION.

With prudence moderate all your desires:  
He who never wishes beyond his means,  
Who calculates his wants by his power,  
Can always easily content his mind.



## FABLE XXXVII.—Le LION et l'ANE.



UN Lion revenant des champs, marchoit à pas fiers et mesurés, en animal qui sent sa force et ne craint rien. Un Ane qui broutoit des chardons près d'une haie voisine, lui dit d'un air effronté : “ Vous marchez bien lentement, Seigneur Lion, est-ce que la sobriété vous affoiblit ? Poserois parier que vous n'avez mangé aujourd'hui que trois ou quatre agneaux avec leurs mères ! vous avez raison de vous modérer ; car, si vous continuez, vous et vos pareils, à dévorer ainsi tout ce que vous rencontrez, vous ne trouverez bientôt plus d'animaux, et vous serez réduits à vous dévorer les uns les autres, ou à vous nourrir de chardons comme moi. Je vous parle hardiment, par ce que je sais que vous n'avez pas faim ; je suis en sûreté, vous en avez jusqu'à la gorge.” — “ Mais j'ai soif,” dit le Lion, “ et ton sang . . . Tu commences à trembler, impudent poltron ! marche devant moi sans répliquer.”

L'insolent Baudet fut obligé d'obéir, et le Lion le fit entrer dans une forêt, où il l'attacha à un gros arbre. Ensuite il se mit à rugir, et rassembla les tigres, les léopards, les loups, et tous les autres animaux carnassiers. “Soyez les bien-venus, mes amis, vous allez entendre un excellent prédicateur. Allons, Monsieur l'Ane, répétez dix fois de suite, toutes les jolies choses que vous m'avez dites, ou je vais vous écorcher vif à l'instant.”

L'Ane voulut s'excuser, et devint aussi bas qu'il avoit été insolent. “Monseigneur . . .” — “Laisse-là ton *Monseigneur* ; tes louanges et tes insultes me sont parfaitement égales ; fais ce que je viens de t'ordonner, ou je t'écorche sur-le-champ.” L'Ane fut obligé d'obéir, et continua de braire pendant tout le tems prescrit ; ensuite le généreux Lion le chassa de la forêt, au milieu des huées de tous les animaux, sans permettre qu'on lui fît aucun mal.

L'Ane devint-il plus sage ? C'est ce qu'Esopé ne dit pas. L'impudence jointe à la sottise est un mal presque incurable.

#### MORALE.

Riez d'un mot plaisant qui pourroit vous piquer ;  
 Au lieu de vous fâcher, tournez-le en badinage :  
 Sur le railleur alors vous aurez l'avantage,  
 Et l'on n'osera plus venir vous attaquer.

## FABLE XXXVII.—The LION and the Ass.



A LION returning from the fields walked with stately and measured steps, like an animal who feels his strength and fears nothing. An Ass that was cropping some thistles near a neighbouring hedge, said to him with an air of effrontery: “ You walk very slow, my lord Lion; is it because you are weakened by abstinence? I could lay a wager that you have not eaten to-day more than three or four lambs with their mothers! You are in the right to restrain yourself; for if you continue, you and those like you, to devour thus every thing you meet, you will soon find no animals, and you will be reduced to devour one another, or to feed upon thistles as I do. I speak to you boldly, because I know you are not hungry; I am safe, you are stuffed to the throat.”—“ But I am thirsty,” said the Lion, “ and your blood . . . You begin to tremble, impudent coward! march on before me without reply.”

The insolent Donkey was obliged to obey, and the Lion made him enter a forest, where he tied him to a large tree. He then began to roar, and assembled the tigers, leopards, wolves, and all the other carnivorous animals. "Welcome, my friends; you are going to hear an excellent preacher. Come, squire Ass, repeat ten times over all those pretty things which you said to me, or I will instantly flay you alive."

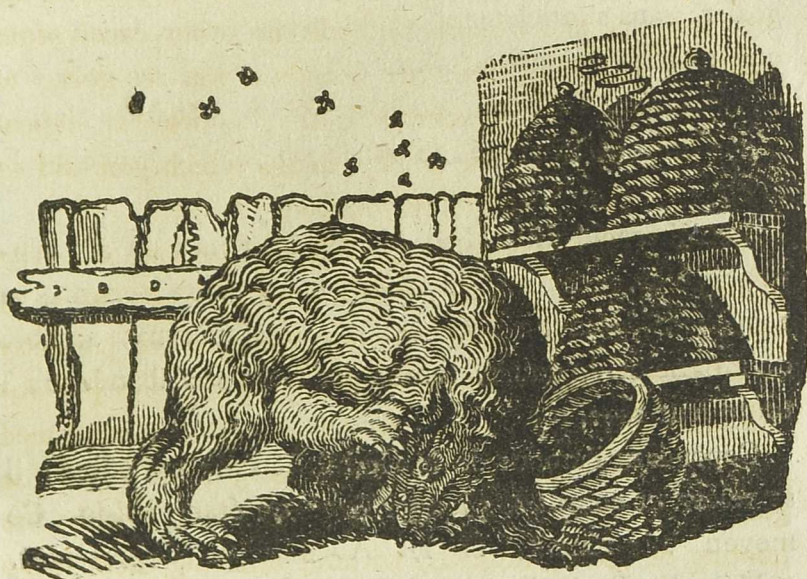
The Ass tried to excuse himself, and became as servile as he had been insolent. "My Lord . . ."—"None of your *my Lord*; your flatteries and insults are perfectly equal to me; do as I ordered you, or I will flay you immediately." The Ass was obliged to obey, and continued to bray during all the time prescribed; after which the generous Lion drove him out of the forest, amidst the hooting of all the animals, without suffering them to do him any harm.

Did the Ass become wiser? that is what Esop did not tell us. Impudence joined to folly is an evil almost incurable.

#### APPLICATION.

Laugh at a joke levell'd to offend you;  
 Far from being angry, make it a sport:  
 On the scoffer thus you gain advantage,  
 And to renew his taunts he will not dare.

## FABLE XXXVIII.—L'OURS et les ABEILLES.



UN Ours s'étant approché d'une ruche pour goûter le miel qu'elle contenoit, fut piqué par une Abeille. Le mal qu'il ressentoit lui fit pousser un cri effroyable, et il se mit à courir à travers les champs comme un forcené. Enfin la douleur commençant à s'appaiser, l'animal irrité s'occupa des moyens de se venger. "Quoi," dit-il, "de vils insectes oseront m'insulter ! moi qui tiens le second rang dans la forêt ! moi qui le cède à peine au lion ! Périssez, chétives créatures. Vous êtes, je l'avoue, presque indignes de ma vengeance, mais au moins délivrerai-je la forêt de votre maudite race."

Sans en dire davantage il court au milieu des ruches, et les renverse toutes pêle-mêle. Les Abeilles en sortant se dispersèrent çà et là, et retombèrent ensuite toutes ensemble sur leur ennemi commun. Les unes lui piquent

le museau, d'autres lui entrent dans les narines et dans les oreilles ; quelques-unes lui enfoncent leurs aiguillons dans les yeux, et d'autres lui pénètrent jusque dans le gosier, sans s'inquiéter de leur propre vie. C'est alors que sa rage monte au plus haut degré ; il écume, son œil étincelle, tout tremble aux environs, et cette alarme générale est l'ouvrage de quelques foibles mouches-à-miel.

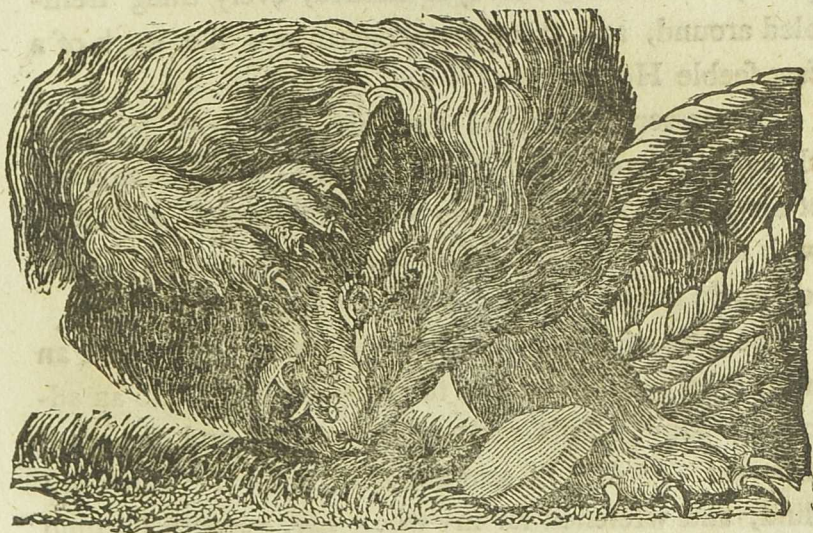
Le misérable animal se déchire les flancs de ses propres griffes, son sang ruissèle, et ses petits ennemis se moquent de sa fureur. Enfin le malheureux, accablé de fatigue et de maux, tomba par terre et s'abandonna à toute leur rage.

Cependant l'amour de la vie lui fit faire un effort ; il se releva et courut se plonger dans un étang voisin. Ce moyen lui réussit, et les Abeilles se dispersèrent. " Hélas !" disoit-il, en se retirant, " me voilà aveugle et malheureux pour toute la vie, par ce que je n'ai pas voulu supporter patiemment une légère piqure."

#### MORALE.

Ce n'est pas, croyez-moi, par des emportemens,  
 Que vous pourrez jamais obtenir l'avantage :  
 Patience, douceur, raison, longueur de tems,  
 Font plus, dans le malheur, que force ni que rage.

## FABLE XXXVIII.—The BEAR and the BEES.



A BEAR having approached a hive in order to taste the honey it contained, was stung by a Bee. The pain he felt made him set up a frightful howl; and he began to run across the fields like a mad creature. At length the anguish beginning to abate, the enraged animal busied himself about the means of revenge. "What!" said he, "such vile insects dare insult me! Me, who hold the second rank in the forest! me, who scarcely yield to the Lion! Perish, wretched creatures! you are, I confess, almost unworthy of my vengeance; but I shall at least rid the forest of your detestable race."

Without saying more he ran in the midst of the hives, and overturned them all in a heap. The Bees, in going out, dispersed themselves here and there, and afterwards fell all together upon their common enemy. Some of them stung his snout, others entered his nostrils and his ears; some darted their stings in his eyes, others pene-

trated even into his throat, without caring for their own lives. It was then his rage mounted to the highest pitch; he foamed, his eyes flashed, every thing trembled around, and this general alarm was the work of a few feeble Honey-bees.

The miserable animal tore his sides with his own claws, his blood streamed, and his little enemies laughed at his rage. At length the wretched animal, overcome with fatigue and pain, fell to the ground, and gave himself up to their fury.

The love of life induced him, however, to make an effort; he got up and ran to plunge himself into an adjoining pond. This method succeeded, and the Bees dispersed. "Alas!" said he, as he retired, "here am I blind, and wretched for my whole life, because I would not endure patiently a slight sting."

#### APPLICATION.

Believe me, it is not by violence  
That you can hope to conquer adverse fate:  
But mildness, patience, reason, length of time  
Do in misfortunes more than force or rage.



## FABLE XXXIX.—Le MEUNIER, son FILS, et leur ANE.



UN Meunier et son Fils devoient aller vendre leur Ane à une certaine foire. “Portons-le,” dit le père, “il se fatiguera moins, et paroîtra plus frais à notre arrivée.” Le premier qui les vit, s’éclata de rire : “Quelle farce ces gens-là vont-ils jouer,” dit-il, “ils ont moins de bon sens que leur Ane.” Le Meunier reconnut sa sottise, détacha l’Ane et mit son fils dessus. Trois fermiers qui passaient près d’eux s’écrièrent : “N’avez-vous point de honte, jeune homme ? descendez ; c’est au vieillard de monter.” Le jeune homme obéit, et son père monta sur l’Ane.

A un mille de là ils rencontrèrent trois jeunes filles. “Quelle honte,” dit l’une, “de laisser ce jeune garçon s’épuiser de fatigue, pendant que ce vieux gremlin se dandine à l’aise sur son Ane !”—“Allons,” dit le bon homme, “ tâchons de faire taire les gens ;” et aussitôt

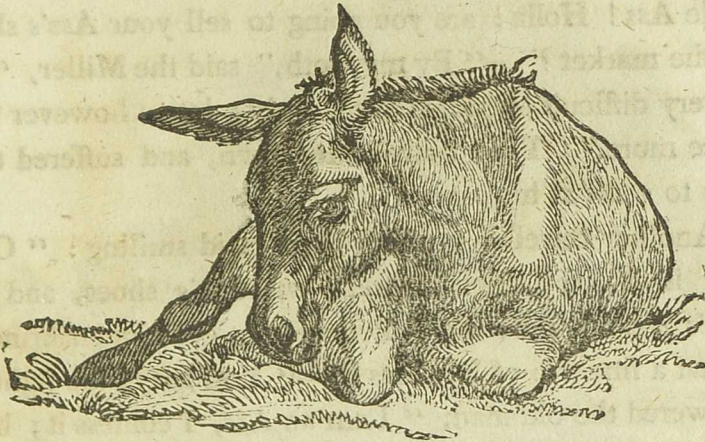
il ordonna à son fils de monter en croupe. Un quart d'heure après ils rencontrèrent des marchands de cochons, et chacun d'eux trouve à gloser : “ Ces gens-là sont-ils fous ? quoi ! deux sur un petit Ane ! Hola, allez-vous vendre la peau de votre Ane au marché ? ” — “ Parbleu, ” dit le Meunier, “ il est bien difficile de contenter tout le monde ! essayons pourtant encore une fois : ” ils descendent tous deux, et laissent marcher l'Ane à son aise.

Un autre voyageur qui les rencontra, dit en souriant : “ Oh, oh ! est-ce la mode d'user ses souliers, et de laisser son Ane se prélasser ? croyez-moi, faites-le enchasser. Le beau trio de Baudets ! ” — “ Vous avez raison, ” répondit le vieillard ; “ je suis un Ane, je l'avoue ; mais je promets bien de ne plus chercher à contenter tout le monde. ” Là-dessus il monta sur sa bête, et dit à son fils de le suivre.

#### MORALE.

Il faut de la constance et de la fermeté,  
 Quand on croit son projet et juste et raisonnable ;  
 A différens conseils être alors attaché,  
 C'est de faire le bien toujours être incapable.

FABLE XXXIX.—The MILLER, his SON, and their Ass.



A MILLER and his Son were going to sell their Ass at a certain fair. “Let us carry him,” said the father, “he will be less fatigued, and will look fresher on our arrival.” The first person who saw them burst out laughing: “What farce are these people going to play?” said he; “they have less sense than their Ass.” The Miller acknowledged his folly, unloosed the Ass, and set his Son upon him. Three farmers who passed near them cried: “Are you not ashamed, young man? come down; it is the old man who ought to ride.” The young man obeyed, and his father got upon the Ass.

About a mile from thence they met three young girls. “What a shame,” said one of them, “to let that young lad exhaust himself with fatigue, whilst the shabby old fellow jogs along at his ease upon the Ass!” —“Come,” said the good man, “let us try to quiet

the people ;" and immediately he ordered his son to get up behind him. A quarter of an hour after they met some hog-drivers, and every one of them began to find fault : " Are those people mad ? What, two upon one little Ass ! Holla ! are you going to sell your Ass's skin at the market ?"—" By my troth," said the Miller, " it is very difficult to please every body : let us however try once more." They both came down, and suffered the Ass to walk at his ease.

Another traveller meeting them, said smiling : " Oh, oh ! is it the fashion to wear out one's shoes, and let one's Ass saunter alone ? Believe me, get him enshrined. What a fine trio of Donkies !"—" You are in the right," answered the old man, " I am an Ass, I confess it ; but I promise faithfully never more to attempt to please every body." Upon which he mounted the beast, and bade his son follow him.

#### APPLICATION.

With firmness and courage present yourself,  
 If you believe your plan be just and wise ;  
 For he who is by various counsels led,  
 Becomes incapable of doing good.

## FABLE XL.—Le RENARD et le HALLIER.



UN Renard, la terreur de toutes les basses-cours, se hazarda à la fin si imprudemment qu'il fut sur le point d'être attrappé. Il essaya toutes ses ruses pour tâcher de mettre les chiens du fermier en défaut, mais ils ne perdoient point la trace, et il alloit infailliblement devenir leur proie. Heureusement pour lui il rencontra un Hallier épais et profond dans lequel il se fourra avec effort.

Voilà les chiens venus : mais ces gros mâtins ne pouvoient qu'aboyer et tourner autour du Hallier, tant il étoit entrelacé d'épines. Les fermiers arrivent ; on examine, on consulte, mais à la fin on conclut qu'il étoit impossible de forcer le Renard. Couper le Hallier ! il étoit de plus de vingt toises, et la nuit approchoit. Ils se décidèrent donc à s'en retourner.

Voilà l'ennemi parti ; mais le malheureux animal étoit si serré au milieu des ronces et des épines qu'il pouvoit à peine se remuer. " Que ferai-je ? " dit-il.

“ Resterai-je ici à périr de faim et de misère ? Allons, de la patience, du courage, de la bonne humeur ; les plaintes et le désespoir ne me tireront pas d’embarras.”

Dans cette résolution il avance doucement la tête, écarte les ronces de son mieux, se glisse pas à pas au milieu des épines, et parvient de cette manière à sortir du Hallier. “ Me voilà déchiré, me voilà tout en sang,” dit-il ; “ mais j’ai évité la dent cruelle des chiens, je vais me reposer à l’aise dans mon trou, je serai bientôt guéri de mes blessures, et dans quelque tems je parlerai avec plaisir des dangers auxquels je viens d’échapper.”

#### MORALE.

Soyez, mes chers amis, toujours de bonne humeur,  
La gaieté fait du bien, et donne du courage ;  
L’enfant doux et joyeux fait aisément l’ouvrage,  
Mais il a plus de mal s’il est triste et boudeur.

## FABLE XL.—The Fox and the BRAMBLE.



A fox, the terror of all the poultry-yards, ventured at length so imprudently that he was on the point of being taken. He tried all his tricks to put the farmer's dogs at fault, but they did not lose his track, and he would infallibly have become their prey. Happily for him he met with a large and deep thicket, into which he crept with great difficulty.

The dogs now arrived; but those large mastiffs could only bark and run round the thicket, so interwoven it was with thorns. The farmers arrive; they examine, they consult, but at length conclude that it was impossible to force out the Fox. To cut down all the Brambles! they were more than twenty fathoms thick, and night was coming on. They resolved then to return home.

The enemy departed; but the wretched animal was so enclosed in the midst of briars and thorns that he could scarcely move. "What shall I do?" said he. "Shall I stay here to perish with hunger and misery?"

Come, I must have patience, courage, and good humour; complaints and despair will not draw me out of trouble."

In this resolution he pushed his head gently forward, put aside the briers in the best manner he could, slipped by degrees through the midst of the thorns, and in this manner succeeded in getting out of the Bramble. "Here I am, torn, covered with blood," said he; "but I have avoided the cruel teeth of the dogs; I will now repose at ease in my hole, I shall soon be cured of my wounds, and some time hence shall talk with pleasure of the dangers I have escaped."

#### APPLICATION.

Ever preserve good humour, my young friends;  
Cheerfulness does much good and courage gives;  
The mild and merry child soon learns his task,  
The sullen and morose doubles his toil.



## FABLE XLI.—La LAITIÈRE et le POT AU LAIT.



NANNETTE, ayant un Pot au Lait sur la tête, se rendoit gaiement au marché ; elle comptoit bien y arriver sans accident. “ Voyons,” dit-elle, “ ce que je ferai de l’argent que ce lait va me produire. J’ai douze poules à la maison, le meilleur parti sera d’acheter des œufs pour les faire couvrir ; et je suis sûre que les poulets viendront à merveille autour de ma cabane. Je les vendrai, et j’achèterai une truie qui me donnera sans doute quinze ou seize cochons ; peut-être même davantage, mais supposons *seize* : alors, au lieu de prendre mon lait chez le gros fermier Guillaume, j’achèterai moi-même une vache qui me donnera un veau, du lait et de la crème.

“ Que je serai riche ! j’aurai les plus belles robes et les plus beaux rubans de toutes les filles du village. Qu’elles seront étonnées ! Comme elles me regarderont ! Comme elles envieront mon sort ! Tous les fils de nos

fermiers viendront me faire la cour ; je ferai la difficile, je me donnerai le tems de choisir.

“ Que sais-je même ! Peut-être que ce beau jeune Monsieur, le fils du seigneur de notre village viendra me demander en mariage. Oh ! quel bonheur ! Je serai Dame de paroisse ! Tout le monde me fera la révérence en passant devant mon banc. Notre voisin Thomas, le galant de Babet, qui fait tant le fier à présent, s'approchera humblement de moi ; mais je hocherà la tête avec dédain . . . .” — La pauvre Nannette hochá réellement la tête en prononçant ces mots ; le Pot au Lait tomba, et sa fortune s'évanouit.

#### MORALE.

Tous les biens d'ici-bas, la santé, la richesse,  
 Dépendent-ils de nous ? on les doit au hasard ;  
 Un instant les détruit, on les perd tôt ou tard :  
 Cherchons le seul vrai bien, celui de la sagesse.

FABLE XLI.—The MILK MAID and the MILK PAIL.



NANNY having a pail of milk on her head, was going merrily to market; she thought certainly to get there without any accident. “Let us see,” said she, “what I shall do with the money this milk will bring me. I have twelve hens at home; the best way will be to buy some eggs for them to hatch; and I am sure the chickens will thrive wonderfully well about my cottage. I will sell them and buy a sow, which will give me undoubtedly fifteen or sixteen pigs; perhaps even more, but let us suppose *sixteen*: then instead of taking my milk of the great farmer William, I will buy myself a cow, which will bring me a calf, milk and cream.

“How rich I shall be! I shall have the finest gowns, and the most beautiful ribands of any girl in the village. How they will be astonished! How they will look at me! How they will envy my lot! All our farmers’ sons

will come courting to me ; I will pretend to be very difficult to please, I will take time to choose.

“ How do I know ! Perhaps even that fine young Gentleman, the son of the lord of our village, will come to ask me in marriage. Oh, what happiness ! I shall be Lady of the manor ! Every body will bow to me as they pass my pew. Our neighbour Thomas, Betty's sweetheart, who now looks so proud, will come to me very humbly ; but I will toss my head with disdain . . . ” — Poor Nanny really tossed her head as she pronounced these words ; the Milk Pail fell down, and her fortune vanished.

#### APPLICATION.

Each blessing of this world, riches or health,  
 Are they our own ? No, from chance they come all ;  
 They soon vanish, or they perish at length :  
 Seek wisdom then, the only lasting good.

## FABLE XLII.—L'ABEILLE et la MOUCHE.



UNE Mouche presque morte de faim, s'approcha d'une ruche pour tâcher d'y trouver quelque nourriture. Une Abeille qui l'aperçut, lui cria d'un ton courroucé : “ Que veut cette mendiante ? Nous n'avons rien à donner aux paresseux. Comment osez-vous vous approcher de nos demeures ? Savez-vous comme nous extraire le miel des fleurs, et composer ces rayons dont les hommes mêmes admirent l'art et l'exactitude ? Non, malheureuse, vous ne savez que mendier de porte en porte et vous nourrir d'ordure. Quant à nous, nous vivons de nectar et d'ambrosie, comme des Déeses, et c'est nous-mêmes qui composons cette nourriture divine. Partez, vous dis-je, méprisable créature, vous ne méritez pas le tems que je perds à vous parler.”

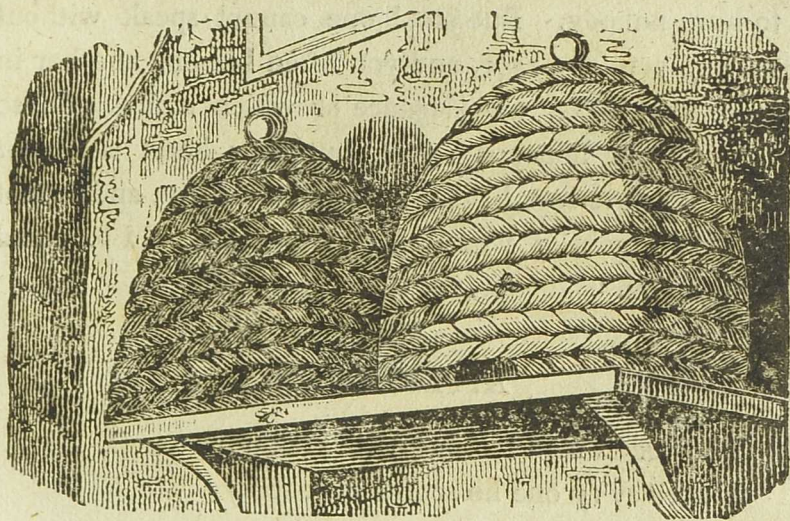
“ J'avoue,” répondit tranquillement la Mouche, “ que vous êtes beaucoup plus ingénieuses que nous ; j'ai souvent admiré vos rayons, et j'ai loué de bonne foi la douceur

de votre miel. Mais toutes ces qualités vous donnent-elles le droit d'insulter les misérables ? Pauvreté n'est pas vice, ma belle Dame ; nous vivons comme nous le pouvons, et nous tâchons de n'affliger personne. Mais vous ! on ne peut vous parler sans vous mettre en colère ; et vous vous entre-tuez souvent vous-mêmes dans ces ruches dont l'élégance vous rend si vaines. Votre miel est doux, mais votre cœur est rempli de fiel. Croyez-moi, ayez un peu plus de charité, et ne vous vantez pas tant, si vous voulez que les autres vous aiment et vous admirent."

### MORALE.

L'Orgueilleux méprisant tout ce qui n'est pas lui,  
 Se fait des ennemis de tous ceux qu'il offense ;  
 Un mérite éminent ne plait que dans celui  
 Qui bon, simple et modeste, y met peu d'importance.

## FABLE XLII.—The BEE and the FLY.



A FLY almost dead with hunger, drew near a hive to try to find some food. A Bee who perceived her, cried with an angry tone: “What does that beggar want? We have nothing to give to the idle. How dare you approach our houses? Do you know how to extract honey from flowers, and to compose those honeycombs, the art and exactness of which even men admire? No, wretch; you only know how to beg from door to door, and to feed on dung. As for ourselves, we live upon nectar and ambrosia, like goddesses, and it is we ourselves who compose this divine food. Begone, I say, despicable creature! you do not deserve the time I lose in speaking to you.”

“I confess,” answered calmly the Fly, “that you are by far more ingenious than we are; I have often admired your honeycombs, and heartily praised the sweetness of your honey. But do all these qualities give you

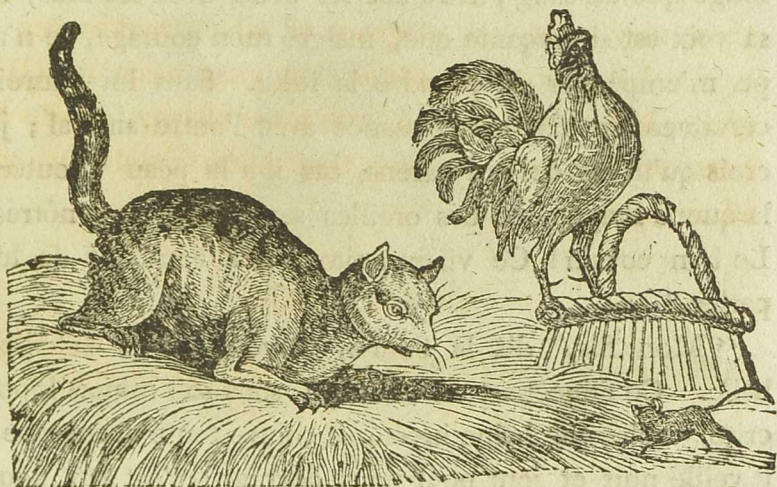
the right of insulting the miserable? Poverty is not a vice, my good lady; we live as we can, and endeavour to hurt nobody. But you! one cannot speak without putting you in a rage, and you often kill one another in those very hives, the elegance of which makes you so vain. Your honey is sweet, but your heart is full of gall. Believe me, have a little more charity, and do not boast so much, if you wish that others should love and admire you."

## APPLICATION.

The proud man looking with contempt on all,  
Makes ev'ry one he scorns his enemy;  
Great talents please us only in the man  
Who, kind and modest, no presumption shows.



## FABLE XLIII.—Le CHAT, le COQ, et la JEUNE SOURIS.



UN Souriceau qui n'avoit jamais vu que les environs du nid où il étoit né, résolut de voyager un peu pour s'instruire. Il partit sans rien dire à personne, et se mit à courir à travers les champs. La moindre taupinière lui paroissoit une montagne, tout l'étonnoit. " Que le monde est grand !" s'écrioit-il ; " voici sans doute les Apennins, et voilà les Alpes dont la vieille Souris notre voisine parle si souvent. Je veux aller plus loin qu'elle, et je deviendrai la plus savante de toutes les Souris."

Pendant qu'il parloit ainsi il apperçut deux animaux qui lui étoient inconnus ; il s'arrêta pour les considérer, mais un cri perçant et rude le saisit de frayeur, et l'obligea à prendre la fuite. Il alla retrouver sa mère qui le reçut avec tendresse ; et voici comme il lui raconta son aventure : " J'avois déjà passé les bornes de notre empire, et j'admirois la vaste étendue du monde, lorsque deux ani-

maux ont fixé mon attention. L'un a l'air doux, bénin et gracieux, mais l'autre est turbulent et farouche ; il a sur la tête et sous la gorge, un morceau de chair aussi rouge que du sang ; il se bat les côtés avec ses bras, et sa voix est si perçante que, malgré mon courage, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de prendre la fuite. Sans lui j'aurois certainement fait connoissance avec l'autre animal ; je crois qu'il est de nos parens, car il a la peau veloutée, la queue longue, et des oreilles semblables aux nôtres. Le bon cousin ! Ce vilain animal m'a empêché de lui parler."

" Mon fils," dit la Souris, " vous l'avez échappé belle. Ce doucet est un Chat qui, sous son minois hypocrite, cache une haine invétérée contre toute notre race ; il veille nuit et jour pour nous dévorer : c'est sur nous et sur les rats qu'il fonde sa cuisine. Quant à l'autre animal, cet air turbulent et ces cris perçans dont vous me parlez, proviennent d'une humeur folâtre et enjouée, naturelle à sa race. Les poules et les poulets sont de sa famille ; les hommes les engraissent pour s'en nourrir, et les restes de leurs tables servent souvent de repas aux rats et aux souris."

#### MORALE.

Tel qui vous paroît juste, honnête et généreux,  
 N'a souvent des vertus que la vaine apparence ;  
 Par la réflexion guidez la confiance :  
 Le fripon hypocrite est le plus dangereux.

FABLE XLIII.—The CAT, the COCK, and the  
YOUNG MOUSE.

A LITTLE Mouse that had never seen farther than the environs of the nest where he was born, resolved to travel in order to gain instruction. He set off without saying a word to any body, and began to run across the fields. The smallest molehill appeared to him a mountain; every thing raised his wonder. “How large the world is!” cried he; “here are undoubtedly the Appenines, and there the Alps of which the old Mouse our neighbour speaks so often. I have a mind to go farther than she did, and I shall become the most learned Mouse in the world.”

While he was talking in this manner, he perceived two animals that were unknown to him; he stopped to look at them, but a harsh and piercing cry affrighted him, and obliged him to run away. He returned to his mother, who received him with tenderness; and

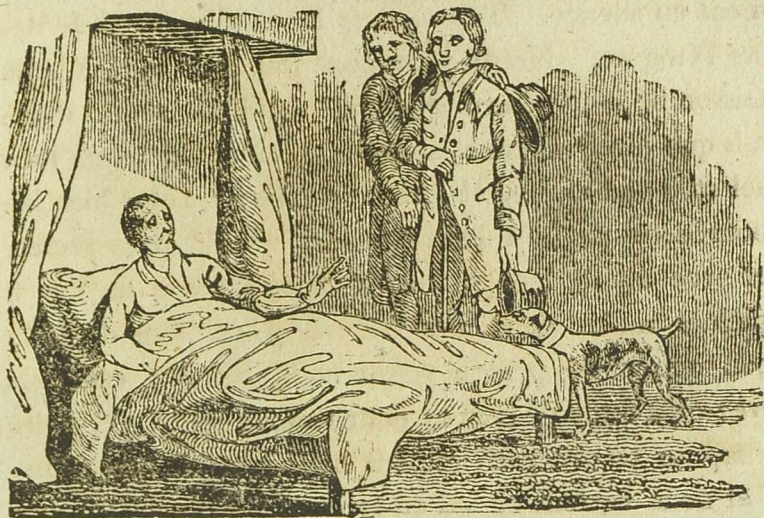
thus he related to her his adventure : “ I had already passed the bounds of our empire, and was admiring the vast extent of the world, when two animals attracted my attention. The one has a mild, benign, and gracious air, but the other is turbulent and savage ; he has upon his head and under his throat a bit of flesh as red as blood : he beats his sides with his arms, and his voice is so piercing, that, in spite of my courage, I could not help running away. Had it not been for him, I should certainly have got acquainted with the other animal ; I believe he is a relation of ours, for he has a skin of fur, a long tail, and ears like ours. What a charming cousin ! that horrid creature hindered me from speaking to him.”

“ My son,” said the Mouse, “ you have had a lucky escape. That meek creature is a Cat, who, under his hypocritical air, conceals an inveterate hatred against all our race ; he watches night and day to devour us : it is upon our bodies and those of rats that he relies for food. As for the other creature, that turbulent air, and those piercing cries of which you speak, proceed from a wild and playful humour natural to his race. Hens and chickens are of his family ; men fatten them in order to eat them, and the remnants of their tables often furnish a meal to rats and mice.”

#### APPLICATION.

He who appears kind, just, and generous,  
Has of those virtues often but the show ;  
Let sage reflection guide your confidence :  
A hypocrite of all cheats is the worst.

## FABLE XLIV.—Le LABOUREUR et ses ENFANS.



UN Laboureur se voyant près de mourir, fit approcher ses Enfans, et leur parla ainsi sans témoins. “ Mes bons amis, je n’ai pas long-tems à vivre, et je ne vous laisse pour fortune que la maison où nous demeurons, et le champ qui l’entoure. Gardez-vous bien de vendre cet héritage, car j’ai caché plusieurs bourses dans différens endroits du champ. La foiblesse où je suis ne me permet pas d’aller vous montrer tous ces lieux secrets ; mais, en fouillant bien, vous ne pouvez manquer de trouver tout cet argent, et je vous conseille de le partager en frères.”

Le vieillard mourut le lendemain ; et quelques jours après les jeunes Laboureurs s’empressèrent de se rendre dans le champ. Ils fouillent, ils creusent, ils béchent, ils ne laissent aucun endroit où la main ne passe et repasse.—Point de bourses, point d’argent.—Ils remuent la terre de nouveau, ils y enfoncent plus profondément les bèches et les hoyaux.—Point de bourses, point d’argent.—

“ Quelqu'un nous a-t-il prévenus ? Notre père nous auroit-il trompés ? ” Accablés de tristesse, ils se regardoient en silence. Tout-à-coup l'aîné s'écria : “ Je devine l'énigme. Notre père avoit toujours la plus belle moisson de la province, quoiqu'il employât moins d'engrais que tous les gros fermiers ; je lui demandai un jour quel étoit son secret, et il me répondit : ‘ Terre bien labourée est plus d'à demi graissée. Voilà mon secret, et avec ma bêche je trouve chaque année de l'or à pleines mains dans mes terres. ’—C'est sans doute la leçon que notre père a voulu nous donner ; car vous voyez qu'à force de creuser pour trouver un trésor, notre champ se trouve parfaitement bien labouré. Semons-le, et nous verrons ce qui en arrivera. ” Il avoit raison : la récolte la plus abondante les récompensa de leur travail ; ils bénirent leur père, et continuèrent à l'imiter.

#### MORALE.

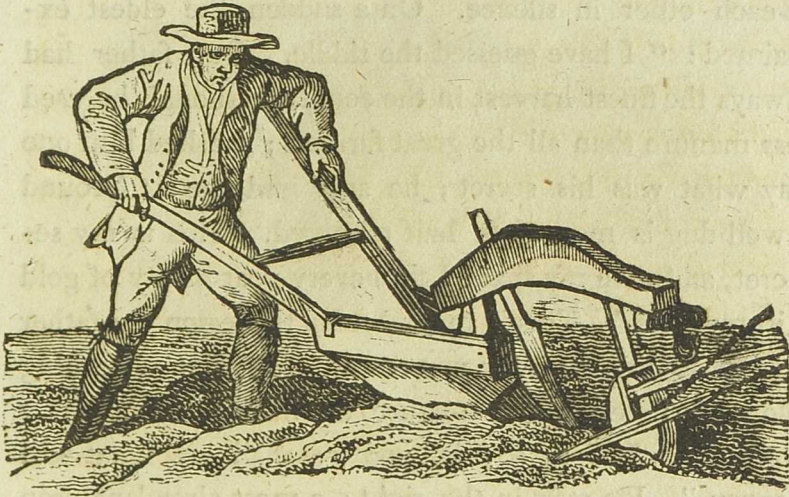
**Le travail ici-bas nous devient nécessaire,**

**C'est le soutien de l'homme et son consolateur ;**

**Il chasse les chagrins et produit le bonheur :**

**Le vrai malheur seroit de n'avoir rien à faire !**

## FABLE XLIV.—The HUSBANDMAN and his SONS.



A HUSBANDMAN feeling his end approach, called his Children to him, and spoke to them thus privately: “My good friends, I have not long to live, and I leave you no other fortune than the house we live in, and the field which surrounds it. Take care you do not sell this inheritance, for I have hid several purses in different parts of the field. The weak state in which I am does not permit me to go and shew you all those secret places; but in searching well you cannot fail to find all this money, and I advise you to share it like brothers.”

The old man died the next morning; and some days afterwards the young Husbandmen hastened to the field. They searched, they dug, they turned the soil, they left no part where their hand did not pass and repass.—No purse, no money.—They turned the soil anew, thrusting their spades and hoes still deeper.—No purse, no money.

“Has any one been here before us? Can our father have deceived us?” Oppressed with sorrow, they looked at each other in silence. On a sudden the eldest exclaimed: “I have guessed the riddle. Our father had always the finest harvest in the county, although he used less manure than all the great farmers; I asked him one day what was his secret; he answered me: ‘Ground well dug is more than half manured. This is my secret, and with my spade I find every year plenty of gold in my field.’—This is undoubtedly the lesson our father wished to give us; for you see that by dint of turning the earth in search of a treasure, our field is now perfectly well dug. Let us sow it, and we shall see what will happen.” He was in the right: a most abundant crop rewarded their labour; they blessed their father, and continued to imitate him.

#### APPLICATION.

Labour to us is needful here below,  
’Tis the support and comforter of man;  
At his sight sorrow flies, and pleasure shines:  
A slothful life is wretchedness itself.



## FABLE XLV.—Le SOLEIL et le VENT.



LE Soleil et le Vent disputoient un jour ensemble sur l'étendue de leur pouvoir ; ils ne pouvoient s'accorder. "A quoi bon tout ceci ?" dit Borée ; "l'expérience vaut mieux que tout un volume d'argumens. Voyez-vous ce voyageur qui s'avance là-bas dans la plaine, si bien muni contre le mauvais tems ? Essayons qui de nous pourra le premier lui faire quitter son manteau." — "Très volontiers," dit le Soleil ; "commencez, Monsieur Borée, je vous promets d'éclipser mes rayons pendant un quart d'heure."

"Un quart d'heure me suffit," répondit le Vent, "j'accepte le défi." Aussitôt il se gorge de vapeurs, s'enfle comme un ballon, et fait un vacarme effroyable ; il siffle, il souffle, il tempête, il brise tout sur son passage. Les arbres tombent avec fracas, les toits sont découverts, les bateaux échouent sur le rivage, ou se bri-

sent contre les rochers ; et le tout, qui le croiroit ? le tout au sujet d'un manteau.

Le voyageur se boutonne avec soin, et se tient enveloppé du mieux qu'il lui est possible. Le Vent redouble ses efforts et tâche de se fourrer entre le collet et les plis, afin de déchirer le manteau. Alors le Voyageur, craignant d'être enlevé dans un tourbillon, se jette par terre, et se tient immobile. Le Vent tenta de nouveaux moyens, mais il perdit son tems ; et d'ailleurs le terme de la gageure étoit passé.

“ A votre tour, Monsieur Phébus, ” dit le Vent ; “ ce maraud ne veut pas marcher, voyons ce que vous pourrez faire. ” Aussitôt le Soleil dissipa les nuages, ajusta doucement ses rayons et les darda si bien sur le Voyageur, qu'il l'obligea en moins de dix minutes à quitter son manteau et à s'asseoir à l'ombre pour se reposer.

#### MORALE.

Le proverbe, “ Mieux fait douceur que violence, ”  
 Est pour tous les états une bonne leçon ;  
 Tel qui contre la force auroit fait résistance,  
 De son plein gré se rend à la douce raison.

## FABLE XLV.—The SUN and the WIND.



THE Sun and the Wind were one day disputing together upon the extent of their power ; they could not agree. “ To what purpose is all this ? ” said Boreas ; “ experience is better than a whole volume of arguments. Do you see that Traveller yonder in the plain, coming this way, so well provided against bad weather ? Let us try which of us can soonest make him quit his cloak. ” — “ Very willingly, ” said the Sun ; “ begin, Mr. Boreas ; I promise to eclipse my beams during a quarter of an hour. ”

“ A quarter of an hour is enough for me, ” answered the Wind ; “ I accept the challenge. ” He immediately crammed himself with vapours, swelled his cheeks like a balloon, and made a frightful uproar. He whistles, he blows, he storms, he breaks down every thing in his passage : trees fall with a great crash, roofs are uncovered ; the boats drive upon the shore, or split against

the rocks ; and all this, who would believe it ? all this on account of a cloak.

The Traveller buttoned his coat carefully, and kept himself wrapped up in the best manner he could. The Wind redoubled his efforts, and endeavoured to find his way between the collar and the folds, in order to tear the cloak. The Traveller then, fearing to be carried away in a whirl, threw himself on the ground, and remained motionless. The Wind tried new methods, but he lost his time ; and besides that, the term of the wager was expired.

“ Now comes your turn, Mr. Phœbus,” said the Wind ; “ this rogue will not walk ; let us see what you can do with him.” The Sun immediately dispelled the clouds, gently set his beams to rights, and darted them so effectually on the Traveller, that he obliged him in less than ten minutes to quit his cloak, and sit down in the shade to rest himself.

#### APPLICATION.

“ Mildness effects what violence cannot ;”

A useful precept this for ev'ry rank :

He who to force refused to submit,

To reason's gentlest sway will yield at once.

FABLE XLVI.—Le PHILOSOPHE, le GLAND, et la  
CITROUILLE.

UN Philosophe se promenant à la campagne, s'occupoit à considérer les diverses productions de la Nature, et il calculoit tout selon l'étendue de son génie ; c'est-à-dire avec beaucoup d'orgueil et peu de savoir. Il aperçut une Citrouille, et en comparant la grosseur de ce fruit avec la petitesse de sa tige, il s'écria : “ Voilà certainement un défaut de proportion ; cette tige ne peut soutenir ce gros fruit, il rampe par terre et se gâte. Pour moi je l'aurois suspendu à l'un de ces grands chênes ; et ces Glands qui ne sont pas plus gros que le bout de mon petit doigt, je les aurois attachés où est cette Citrouille.

“ Dira-t-on à présent que je me plains sans raison ? ‘ Tel arbre, tel fruit : ’ rien de plus juste que ce principe. Voyons, je vais m'asseoir à l'ombre, et calculer mathé-

matiquement les rapports du Gland et de la Citrouille ;  
du Chêne et de la petite Tige :

“ Citrouille est à Chêne comme Gland est à petite Tige :

“ *Ou bien,*

“ Grosse Tige est à petite Tige comme Citrouille est à  
Gland.

“ De ces rapports je conclus qu’en proportion directe  
des tiges et des fruits . . . .”—Le Philosophe s’endormit  
au milieu de ses savans calculs. Le vent venant à souf-  
fler détacha beaucoup de Glands qui tombèrent sur notre  
Philosophe ; un des plus gros lui frappa le nez et le ré-  
veilla. Il y porta aussitôt la main : “ Oh, oh,” dit-il,  
“ je saigne ! et ce Gland en est la cause ! Que seroit-ce  
donc si tous ces Glands eussent été Citrouilles ? Dieu ne  
l’a pas voulu ; j’en vois à présent la raison, et cela me  
rendra plus sage à l’avenir.” Le Philosophe ainsi cor-  
rigé, s’en retourna chez lui, louant Dieu de toute chose.

#### MORALE.

Dieu sait ce qu’il nous faut : prions-le donc sans cesse,  
Mais ne formons jamais de téméraires vœux ;  
Implorant sa bonté, laissons à sa sagesse  
Le soin de tout prévoir, et de nous rendre heureux.

FABLE XLVI.—The PHILOSOPHER, the ACORN,  
and the GOURD.

A PHILOSOPHER, as he was taking a walk in the country, employed himself in contemplating the various productions of Nature, and calculated every thing according to the scope of his genius; that is to say, with great pride and little knowledge. He perceived a Gourd, and comparing the largeness of that fruit with the smallness of its stalk, he exclaimed: “This is certainly a want of proportion; that stalk cannot support such large fruit, it creeps on the ground and gets spoiled. For my part, I would have suspended it on one of those great oaks; and those Acorns which are not bigger than the end of my little finger, I would have fastened them where that Gourd lies.

“Can it be said that I now complain without a cause? ‘Like tree, like fruit;’ nothing is more just than this principle. Let’s see; I will sit down in the shade, and

calculate mathematically the proportions of the Acorn and the Gourd; of the Oak and the slender Stalk :

“ Gourd is to Oak as Acorn is to slender Stalk :

“ *Or thus :*

“ Thick Stalk is to slender Stalk as Gourd is to Acorn.

“ From such premises I conclude, that in proportion direct of stalks and fruits . . . .”—The Philosopher fell asleep in the midst of his learned calculations. The wind beginning to blow, shook off many Acorns, which fell upon our Philosopher ; one the largest struck him on the nose, and awakened him. He instantly put his hand to the place : “ Heyday,” says he, “ I bleed ! and this Acorn is the cause of it ! What would it have been then if all these Acorns had been Gourds ? God has ordained it otherwise ; I now see the reason, and this will make me wiser for the future.” The Philosopher, thus corrected, returned home, praising God for all things.

#### APPLICATION.

God knows our wants, to him let us apply,  
Shunning rash petitions with pious care ;  
Through his mercy, let's to his wisdom leave  
The choice of means to render us happy.



## FABLE XLVII.—Le LION MALADE.



UN Lion accablé d'infirmités fit proclamer qu'on lui envoyât une députation de chaque espèce d'animaux, afin de les consulter sur sa maladie. Tous s'empressèrent de se rendre à sa tanière, mais les Renards se tinrent chez eux. "Où est donc le député des Renards?" dit le vieux Lion. Le Loup fut bien-aise de saisir cette occasion de faire sa cour, et de perdre son ennemi. "Sire, le Renard n'ignore pas votre maladie, et je ne puis cacher à votre Majesté qu'il n'attend que votre mort pour s'emparer de la couronne."—"S'emparer de la couronne! que l'on m'amène ce traître."

Le Renard parut: "Seigneur, vous me semblez courroucé, et je crains beaucoup que mes ennemis n'aient cherché à me nuire dans votre esprit par des rapports peu sincères. Ils imputent peut-être mon absence à l'orgueil et au défaut de respect. Ah! mon bon, mon noble Maître, vous n'avez pas de plus fidèles sujets que

les Renards ! j'étois en pèlerinage pour votre santé ; j'ai consulté pendant mon voyage les plus savans médecins de la province, et j'ai le bonheur de pouvoir vous offrir un remède infailible."

" Approche, mon fils, approche ; quel est ce remède ?"—" Votre Majesté, m'a-t-on dit, ne manque que de chaleur, et la peau d'un Loup écorché vif vous rendra toutes vos forces." Le Lion goûte cet avis : on prend le Loup, on l'écorche, on le démembre. Le Monarque s'enveloppa de cette peau toute chaude, et fit un bon repas du reste.

#### MORALE.

Partout où vous serez, parlez bien des absens ;  
Si l'on en dit du mal, cherchez à les défendre ;  
Faites ce qu'ils feroient s'ils pouvoient tout entendre ;  
Tâchez d'imaginer qu'ils sont alors présens.

## FABLE XLVII.—The sick LION.



A LION borne down by infirmities, ordered it to be proclaimed that a deputation should be sent to him from every species of animals, in order to consult them about his disease. They all eagerly repaired to his den, but the Foxes kept at home. “Where then is the Foxes’ deputy?” said the old Lion. The Wolf was glad to seize this opportunity to make his court, and thus ruin his enemy. “The Fox, Sire, is not ignorant of your malady, and I cannot conceal from your Majesty that he only waits for your death to seize upon the crown.”—“Seize upon the crown! let the traitor be brought before me.”

The Fox appeared: “My Lord, you seem angry, and I much fear that my enemies have endeavoured to injure me in your opinion by accounts which have little truth in them. They perhaps impute my absence to

pride and want of respect. Ah! my good, my noble Master, you have not more faithful subjects than we Foxes are! I was myself on a pilgrimage for the restoration of your health; during my journey I consulted the most learned physicians in the county, and I have the happiness to be able to offer you an infallible remedy."

"Come near, my son, come near; what is this remedy?"—"Your Majesty, they told me, wants nothing but warmth, and the skin of a Wolf flayed alive will entirely restore your strength." The Lion liked this advice; the Wolf was instantly seized, flayed, and dismembered. The Monarch wrapped himself up in the warm skin, and made a good meal of the rest.

#### APPLICATION.

Where'er you are, speak well of absent friends,  
Protect their fame when slander attacks it;  
Act as they would if the censure they heard;  
Kindly believe that you see them at hand,

## FABLE XLVIII.—L'ANE et ses MAÎTRES.



“ JE suis certainement le plus malheureux de tous les animaux,” s’écrioit un pauvre Ane, en se rendant au marché. “ Les autres bêtes de charge travaillent, il est vrai, pendant le jour, mais au moins se reposent-elles pendant la nuit. Mais moi ! ce cruel Jardinier me réveille avant le chant du coq pour aller porter des herbes à la ville, et à peine ai-je le tems de mâcher quelques pauvres chardons. O Jupiter ! prenez pitié d’une misérable créature qui implore votre secours.”

“ Et bien,” lui répondit le Dieu, “ je vais te donner un autre maître ;” et il le fit passer aux mains d’un Corroyeur. Nouvelle plainte : la pesanteur des peaux et leur odeur désagréable dégoutèrent bientôt le pauvre Baudet. “ Hélas !” disoit-il, “ mon sort étoit plus supportable chez le Jardinier ; j’attrapois quelquefois des feuilles de choux et de laitues qui me rafraîchissoient en

route, mais à présent je meurs de fatigue, et je n'ai que des coups."

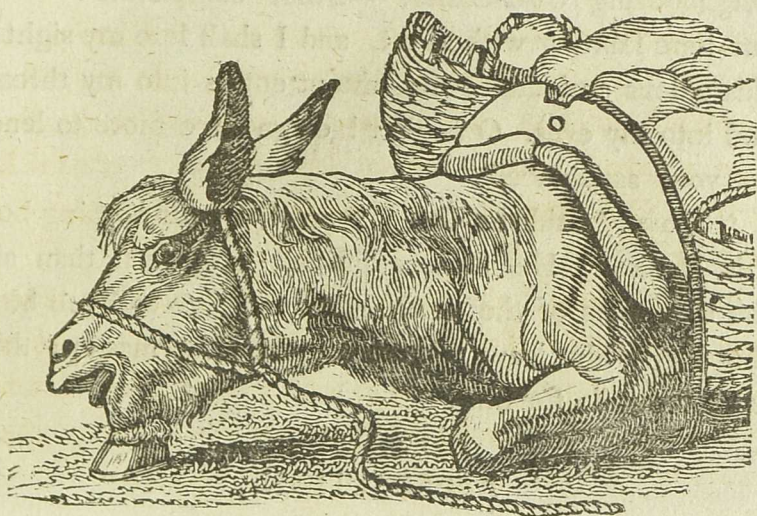
"Voyons," dit Jupiter, s'il est possible de contenter cet impertinent animal ; plaçons-le chez le Charbonnier voisin." Autre plainte : " je meurs ici de soif, et je perdrai bientôt la vue ; cette odieuse poussière de charbon m'entre à chaque instant dans la gorge et dans les yeux. O Jupiter, daigne encore une fois me prêter ton aide."

"Quoi donc," dit le Dieu, " n'entendrais-tu jamais que ce Baudet ? Il me donne plus de peine à gouverner que tous les monarques de la terre. Mercure, allez lui dire que je lui permets de retourner chez son premier maître ; c'est tout ce que je puis faire pour lui."

#### MORALE.

Souvent la fantaisie, un caprice bizarre,  
 Nous entraîne et nous fait changer à chaque instant ;  
 Cette légèreté nous perd, ou nous égare :  
 Le sage doit en tout être ferme et constant.

## FABLE XLVIII.—The Ass and his MASTERS.



“ I AM certainly the most miserable of all animals,” cried a poor Ass, as he was going to market. “ The other beasts of burden labour, it is true, during the day, but at least they rest at night. But poor me ! this cruel Gardener wakes me before the crowing of the cock to make me carry herbs to the town, and I scarce have time to chew some wretched thistles. O Jupiter ! take pity on a miserable creature who implores your aid.”

“ Well,” answered the God, “ I will give you another master ;” and he accordingly made him pass into the hands of a Currier.—Fresh complaints : the weight of the skins, and their disagreeable smell, soon disgusted the poor Donkey.—“ Alas !” cried he, “ my condition was more supportable with the Gardener ; I sometimes caught some leaves of cabbage and lettuce, which refreshed me by the way, but now I am dying with fatigue, and I get nothing but blows.”

“ Let us see,” said Jupiter, “ if it be possible to satisfy this impertinent creature ; let ’s place him with the neighbouring Coal-dealer.”—Other complaints :—“ I am here fainting with thirst, and I shall lose my sight ; this odious coal-dust every instant enters into my throat and into my eyes. O Jupiter ! deign once more to lend me your assistance.”

“ How !” said the God ; “ am I to hear nothing but this Donkey ? He is more difficult to govern than all the monarchs of the earth. Mercury, go and tell him that I give him leave to return to his first master ; this is all I can do for him.”

#### APPLICATION.

Fancy or whim oft hurries us away,  
 And wantonly draws us from plan to plan ;  
 This levity betrays or ruins us :  
 A wise man should be resolute and firm.



## FABLE XLIX.—Les DEUX CHEVAUX.



DEUX Chevaux traversoient ensemble une forêt ; l'un étoit chargé d'un sac de farine, et l'autre portoit de magnifiques présens que les villes voisines envoyoient à leur jeune prince, pour le féliciter sur son avènement au trône. “ Frère,” dit le Cheval du meunier, “ vous voilà superbement vêtu, je vous félicite de votre bonheur. Puisque le hasard me procure le plaisir de votre compagnie, dites-moi des nouvelles de la ville, j'en ferai part aux autres Chevaux de notre moulin, et cela les amusera.”

“ Misérable esclave,” lui répondit l'autre d'un ton de mépris, “ comment osez-vous prendre la liberté de me parler si familièrement ? Eloignez-vous de moi, ou je vous renverserai d'un coup de pied, vous et votre sac.” Le pauvre Cheval se retira sans rien dire ; et eet orgueilleux, marchant d'un pas relevé, remplissoit l'air de ses hennissemens et du bruit de ses sonnettes.

A quelques pas de là ils rencontrèrent des voleurs qui les arrêtaient pour examiner ce qu'ils avoient. Ils laissèrent passer tranquillement le Cheval qui portoit la farine, mais ils se disposèrent à enlever le trésor de l'autre. Celui-ci cherchant à se défendre et à s'enfuir, un des voleurs le jetta par terre d'un coup de massue, et les autres le percèrent de coups ; puis ils s'emparèrent du trésor et prirent la fuite.

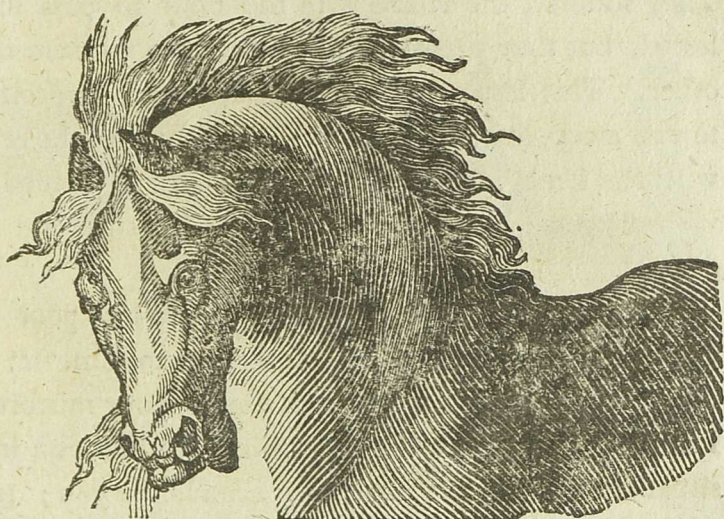
Le Cheval chargé de farine revint auprès de ce malheureux, pour voir s'il pouvoit lui être utile. “ Je ne viens point,” lui dit-il, “ vous insulter dans votre malheur, et je vous assure que je suis très affligé de vous retrouver dans cette situation. Vos maîtres vous ont abandonné, tâchez de vous relever et venez avec moi ; notre bon meunier pourra peut-être vous guérir de vos blessures.”

“ Généreux camarade,” répondit l'autre en gémissant, “ je rougis de vous avoir parlé avec tant d'orgueil ; et si jamais j'ai le bonheur de me rétablir, je vous promets bien d'éviter le luxe et les hauts emplois. Je vous imiterai en tout, et nous vivrons en frères dans une heureuse obscurité.”

#### MORALE.

Evitez, détestez le luxe corrupteur,  
 Point de goûts somptueux, d'excessive dépense ;  
 Soyez simples en tout ; croyez que le bonheur  
 De vos goûts modérés sera la récompense.

## FABLE XLIX.—The TWO HORSES.



Two Horses were crossing a forest together ; one was loaded with a sack of flour, and the other carried some magnificent offerings sent by the neighbouring towns to their young prince, to congratulate him on his accession to the throne. “ Brother,” said the Miller’s Horse, “ you are very richly dressed, I wish you joy of your good fortune. Since chance procures me the pleasure of your company, tell me the news of the town, I will impart them to the other Horses of our mill, and that will amuse them.”

“ Wretched slave !” answered the other, in a scornful tone, “ how dare you take the liberty of talking to me so familiarly ? Get away from me, or I will kick you down, you and your sack.” The poor Horse stept back without saying a word ; and this proud creature, walking with a stately pace, filled the air with his neighings and the sound of his bells.

A few paces from thence they met some thieves, who stopped them to examine what they were carrying. They suffered the Horse with the flour to pass unmo-  
 lested, but they prepared to carry off the treasure of the other. This latter endeavouring to defend himself and to run away, one of the thieves felled him to the ground with the stroke of a club, and the others pierced him with daggers ; they then seized the treasure and went away.

The Horse with the flour returned to this poor creature to see if he could be of service to him. " I do not come," said he, " to insult you in your misfortune ; I assure you I am very much afflicted to find you in this situation. Your masters have abandoned you ; try to get up and come with me ; our good miller will perhaps be able to cure your wounds.

" Generous comrade," answered the other, " I blush for having spoken to you with such pride ; and if ever I have the happiness to recover, I promise you faithfully to shun luxury and high employments. I will imitate you in every thing, and we will live like brothers in a happy obscurity."

#### APPLICATION.

Avoid, detest corrupting luxury,  
 Indulge no taste for show and vain expense,  
 Study simplicity, then happiness  
 Will your moderation fully reward.

## FABLE L.—LES CHATS QUERELLEURS.



DEUX Chats ayant volé un gros morceau de fromage, s'échappèrent au fond d'une cave pour le manger à l'aise, mais leur humeur querelleuse troubla bientôt la fête. " Je sais que vous mangez beaucoup plus vite que moi," dit le plus vieux, " ainsi nous ferons mieux de diviser le fromage."—" Je vous entends fort bien," dit l'autre; " vous avez envie de me donner toute la partie gâtée, n'est-ce pas? Non, non, Monsieur le Matou, cette finesse ne vous menera pas loin."

Des mots on en vint aux coups, et nos deux Chats s'égratignèrent d'importance pendant un quart d'heure. Enfin Minette dit à son camarade: " A quoi bon nous déchirer ainsi? je vois que nous sommes de force égale, et que notre querelle ne finiroit jamais. Allons trouver Bertrand notre voisin, et prions-le de diviser le fromage."

—Les voilà arrivés devant le Singe ; ils lui expliquèrent le sujet de leur querelle, et il leur répondit gravement : “ Comptez sur une exacte justice, mes chers voisins ; passons dans l’office du maître-d’hôtel, et nous nous servirons de ses balances.”

Le Singe divisa le fromage, et le mit sur les deux plateaux de la balance. “ Ce côté-ci pèse trop, rognons-en un peu. J’en ai trop ôté : et bien, rognons de ce côté-là. Voyons : non, le plateau droit penche, il faut l’alléger. A présent c’est le gauche ; quel embarras ! coupons-en encore un peu.”

Tout en rognant et tout en coupant le Singe avoit déjà mangé plus de la moitié du fromage. “ Arrêtez, Monsieur Bertrand,” dit Minette, “ la balance est assez juste, cela nous suffira.”—“ Cela vous suffira ! Eh ! qui payera les frais ? Tenez, je retiens ceci pour ma peine, vous pouvez manger le reste.” Les pauvres Chats se retirèrent, chacun avec un petit morceau de la croute du fromage, et ils résolurent de ne jamais se quereller.

#### MORALE.

Quand quelque différend vous aura désunis,  
Tâchez que l’amitié sur-le-champ vous raccorde ;  
Si l’intérêt mettoit parmi vous la discorde,  
Par les plus grands malheurs vous en seriez punis.

## FABLE L.—The LITIGIOUS CATS.



Two Cats having stolen a large piece of cheese, escaped into the cellar to eat it at their leisure, but their quarrelsome humour soon disturbed the feast. “I know that you eat much faster than I can,” said the oldest, “therefore it will be better to divide the cheese.”—“I understand you very well,” said the other; “you have a mind to give me all the rotten part; is it not so? No, no, Mr. Tom, this trick will not serve you.”

From words they came to blows, and our two Cats clawed each other smartly during a quarter of an hour. At length Puss said to her companion: “To what purpose do we tear one another in this manner? I see we are of equal strength, and our quarrel will never end. Let us go to Pug our neighbour, and entreat him to divide the cheese.” They now appeared before the Ape, and explained to him the subject of their quarrel; he answered them gravely: “Depend upon strict jus-

tice, my dear neighbours ; let us go into the steward's office, and we will make use of his scales."

The Ape divided the cheese, and put it on the scales. "This side is too heavy, let us gnaw it a bit. I have taken away too much : well, I must gnaw the other side. Let's see : no, the right scale goes down, I must lighten it. Now it is the left ; what a plague ! let me cut off a little more."

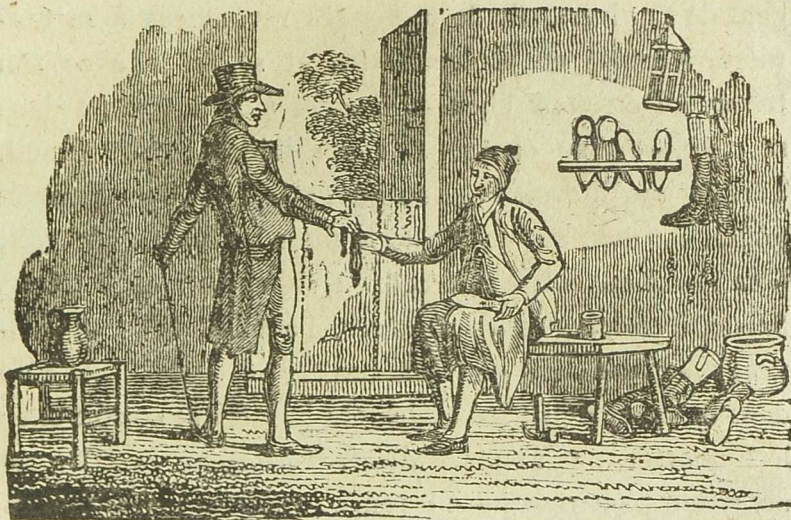
What with gnawing and cutting, the Ape had already eaten more than half the cheese. "Stop, Mr. Pug," said Puss ; "the weight is exact enough, that will do for us."—"Do for you ! Eh ! who is to pay the expenses ? here, I keep this for my trouble, you may eat the rest." The poor Cats went away with each a little morsel of the rind, and they resolved never more to quarrel.

#### APPLICATION.

If you have had a quarrel with your friend,  
Do not delay with him to make it up ;  
Should interest sow discord in your hearts,  
Great miseries will be the consequence.



## FABLE LI.—Le SAVETIER et son RICHE VOISIN.



UN Savetier chantoit depuis le matin jusqu'au soir ; il savoit toutes les ballades et tous les noëls du pays. Il travailloit tard, et dès le point du jour il entonnoit ses cantiques, de sorte que son voisin, riche Banquier, ne pouvoit avoir un moment de repos.

“ Ce coquin là me fera mourir, ” disoit l'homme aux écus, “ il faut que je lui parle. ” Il envoya donc chercher le Savetier, et lui dit : “ J'ai envie de faire quelque chose en votre faveur ; or ça, maître Grégoire, que gagnez-vous par an ? ” — “ Par an ! ma foi, Monsieur, ce n'est pas là notre manière de compter ; chaque jour amène son pain, cela suffit aux pauvres gens. ” — “ Et bien donc, dites-moi, que gagnez-vous par jour ? ” — “ Tantôt plus, tantôt moins ; le mal est qu'on nous ruine en fêtes, il y a beaucoup trop de saints dans le calendrier. ” Le Banquier souriant de cette naïveté lui

dit : “ Je veux aujourd’hui vous enrichir ; tenez, voilà cinquante guinées, servez-vous-en au besoin.”

Le pauvre Savetier qui crut voir tout l’or et tout l’argent de l’univers, fit de profondes révérences à sa manière, s’épuisa en remerciemens, et se retira avec son trésor. De retour chez lui il enterra cette somme dans sa cave.—Adieu chansons, adieu joie, adieu sommeil. Tout le jour il avoit l’œil au guet ; la nuit il ne pouvoit goûter un moment de repos, le moindre bruit l’effrayoit, il se levoit en sursaut et couroit visiter son cher trésor. Sa santé commençant à s’altérer, il eut le bon sens de s’avouer la cause de ses inquiétudes. Il descendit à la hâte dans sa cave, reprit les cinquante guinées et courut chez le Financier. “ Tenez,” dit-il, “ Monsieur, voilà votre or, grand bien vous fasse ! rendez-moi ma gaieté et mes chansons.”

#### MORALE.

Ce n’est point la grandeur, la beauté, la fortune,  
 Qui peuvent ici-bas rendre nos cœurs contens ;  
 Un état trop brillant très souvent importune ;  
 Les véritables biens sont dans nos sentimens.

FABLE LI.—The COBLER and his RICH  
NEIGHBOUR.



A CERTAIN Cobler used to sing from morning till night ; he knew all the ballads and carols of the country. He worked late, and at the dawn of day he began to chant his hymns, so that his neighbour, a rich Banker, could not enjoy a moment's rest.

“ That scoundrel will kill me,” said the monied man ; “ I must speak to him.” He therefore sent for the Cobler, and said to him : “ I have a mind to do something for you ; now, Master Gregory, how much do you get a year ? ” — “ A year ! faith, Sir, that is not our way of reckoning ; every day brings its bread, that is enough for poor folks.” — “ Well then, what do you get a day ? ” — “ Sometimes more, sometimes less ; the worst of it is, that we are ruined by holidays ; there are too many Saints in the calendar.” The Banker, smiling at his simplicity, said to him : “ I will this day make you a

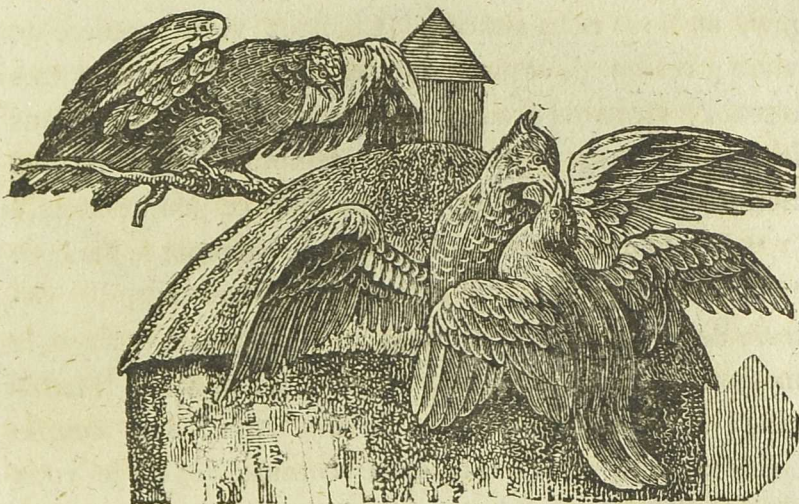
rich man; here are fifty guineas, use them as you have occasion."

The poor Cobler, who thought he beheld all the gold and silver of the universe, made many low bows after his fashion, exhausted himself in thanks, and went away with his riches. On his return home he buried this sum in his cellar.—Farewell songs, farewell joy, farewell sleep. All the day long he had his eye on the watch; at night he could not get a wink of sleep; the least noise frightened him, he started up, and ran to visit his dear treasure. His health beginning to decline, he had the good sense to acknowledge the cause of his anxiety. He went down hastily into his cellar, took the fifty guineas, and ran to the Banker. "Here," said he, "Sir, there is your gold; much good may it do you! give me back again my cheerfulness and my songs."

#### APPLICATION.

Believe me, 'tis not greatness, beauty, wealth,  
Which here below render our hearts content;  
A lofty station is a slavish state;  
True happiness is seated in the mind.

## FABLE LII.—Le FAUCON et les PIGEONS.



UN Faucon s'abatit doucement près d'une volière pour tâcher d'y attrapper deux Pigeons ; mais les barreaux étant trop serrés, il fut réduit à observer en cachette ces charmans oiseaux. “ Quelle douce union ! ” se disoit-il tout bas ; “ j'enrage de les voir. Comme ils entrelacent leurs ailes ! Comme ils s'embrassent ! Heureux frères ! Les furies sont dans mon cœur, et l'amitié remplit le vôtre ! Je n'en puis plus, il faut que je leur parle.”

Au bruit qu'il fit, les Pigeons l'entendirent, et ils se rangèrent en tremblant tout au fond de la volière. “ Ne craignez rien, jolis Pigeons, je n'ai ni l'intention, ni le pouvoir de vous faire aucun mal ; il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'admire vos innocentes caresses, et votre union fraternelle. Dites-moi, que dois-je faire pour être aussi heureux que vous ? ”

Les Pigeons ayant eu le tems de réfléchir, et s'apercevant que les barreaux suffisoient pour les protéger,

l'aîné des deux répondit : “ Notre secret pour être heureux est extrêmement simple ; nous ne faisons de mal à personne, nous nous contentons de peu, notre cœur est pur, et nous nous aimons. Changez votre manière de vivre ; cessez de tourmenter et de déchirer les autres oiseaux, vivez de grains, aimez ; vous vivrez alors dans la joie, et vous dormirez sans remords. Je n'ai plus rien à vous dire, tout est contenu dans ce peu de mots.”

“ Dans ce peu de mots ! ” répéta tristement le Faucon. “ Hélas ! je suis obligé d'avouer en frémissant, la justesse de vos remarques ; mais je sens que je n'ai pas la magnanimité de m'y soumettre. L'habitude ! l'habitude ! la maudite habitude de mal-faire ! ah ! couple heureux, que n'ai-je été élevé comme vous ! je vous admire, j'éprouve même à l'instant quelque chose qui ressemble à l'amour ; et cependant, sans vos barreaux, innocentes créatures, je sens que je vous mettrois en pièces. Adieu, le crime et les remords me poursuivent — Aimez-vous, mais prenez garde à moi.”

*Par l'Editeur.*

#### MORALE.

De la tendre amitié pour goûter les délices,  
 Il faut par la vertu que les cœurs soient unis ;  
 L'homme vertueux seul peut avoir des amis ;  
 Les amis du méchant ne sont que ses complices.

## FABLE LIII.—The HAWK and the PIGEONS.



A HAWK stooped softly near a dovehouse, wishing to catch two Pigeons that were in it; but the bars being too close, he could only observe in secret those charming birds. “What sweet union!” said he, in a low voice; “I grow mad in seeing them. How they entwine their wings! how they embrace! Happy brothers! The furies possess my heart, while yours is filled with love! I can hold no longer, I must speak to them.”

He made a noise, and the Pigeons hearing him, placed themselves trembling, quite at the farther end of the dovehouse. “Fear nothing, sweet Pigeons, I have neither intention nor power to do you any harm; I have been more than a quarter of an hour admiring your innocent caresses and fraternal union. Tell me, what must I do to be as happy as you are?”

The Pigeons having had time to reflect, and perceiving that the bars were sufficient to protect them, the eldest answered, “Our secret for happiness is extremely

simple ; we do wrong to no one, we are content with little, our heart is pure, and we love one another. Change your way of life ; leave off tormenting other birds and tearing them to pieces ; feed on grains ; love ; you will then live happily, and sleep without remorse. I have nothing more to tell you, all is contained in these few words."

" In these few words !" repeated the Hawk mournfully. " Alas ! I am obliged to confess, shuddering, the justice of your remarks ; but I feel that I have not magnanimity enough to yield to them. Habit ! habit ! the odious habit of ill-doing ! Ah, happy pair ! why was I not educated like you ? I admire you, I even feel at this moment something which resembles love ; and yet, were it not for your bars, I am sensible that I should tear you to pieces. Farewell : guilt and remorse pursue me—Love one another, but beware of me."

*By the Editor.*

#### APPLICATION.

The sweets of tender friendship to enjoy,  
Hearts must in virtue's bands be firmly join'd ;  
The virtuous alone can boast of friends ;  
The wicked man's are his accomplices.



## FABLE LIII.—LES DEUX CHIENS.



CÉSAR et Pompée, deux Chiens du même village, se rencontrèrent à l'entrée d'un bois. César étoit noble, généreux, et aimé de tout le monde ; mais l'humeur hargneuse et cruelle de Pompée le faisoit généralement détester. “ Où allez-vous, César ? ” dit Pompée. — “ Dans le village voisin, ” répondit César, “ pour y trouver mon maître. ” — “ Et bien, comme je n'ai rien à faire, je me promènerai avec vous. ” César n'étoit pas charmé de sa compagnie ; mais, voulant éviter une querelle, il n'eut pas la force de le refuser, et ils allèrent ensemble.

A peine furent-ils entrés dans le village que le détestable querelleur se mit à mordre à droite et à gauche, tous les Chiens qui l'approchoient. César tâcha de le retenir, mais ses efforts devinrent inutiles. Tous les Chiens s'attroupèrent ; ils tombèrent sur les deux étrangers, et le combat devint général. Aux cris et aux hurlemens qui retentissoient de toutes parts, les paysans

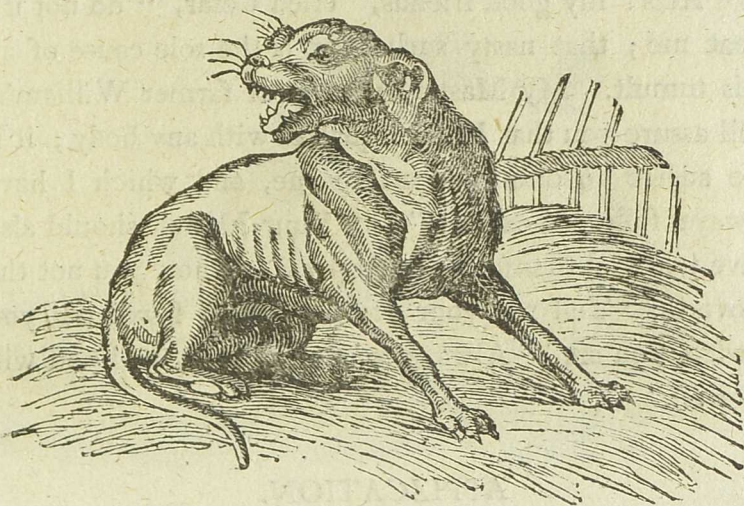
accoururent avec des bâtons et des fourches ; chacun cherchoit à protéger son Chien, et tous frappoient à coups redoublés sur les nouveaux venus.

“ Hélas ! mes bons amis,” crioit César, “ ne me maltraitez pas ; ce vilain Chien hargneux est la seule cause de tout ce tumulte. Mon Maître qui est chez le fermier Guillaume, vous assurera que je ne querelle jamais avec personne ; c’est un avis qu’il me répète souvent, et que j’ai toujours suivi avec exactitude.”—“ Ton Maître auroit aussi dû te dire d’éviter la mauvaise compagnie. Ne sais-tu pas le proverbe : ‘ Dis-moi qui tu hantes, et je te dirai qui tu es.’ Souviens-toi toujours de cela, et tu t’en trouveras bien.”

#### MORALE.

Ne vous liez jamais qu’avec des gens honnêtes,  
Toute autre liaison devient un deshonneu ;  
On peut par vos amis juger de votre cœur ;  
Sachant qui vous voyez, on saura qui vous êtes.

## FABLE LIII.—The TWO DOGS.



CESAR and Pompey, two Dogs of the same village, met together at the entrance of a wood, Cesar was noble, generous, and beloved by every body; but the surly and cruel humour of Pompey made him generally hated. “Where are you going, Cesar?” said Pompey.—“To the next village,” answered Cesar, “to find my master.”—“Well, as I have nothing to do, I will walk with you.” Cesar was not much pleased with his company; but, willing to avoid a quarrel, he had not the power to refuse, and they went together.

Scarcely had they entered the village, when the odious wrangler began to bite right and left, all the dogs which came near him. Cesar endeavoured to keep him off, but his efforts were in vain. All the Dogs assembled; they fell upon the two strangers, and the battle became general. At the cries and howlings which resounded

from all parts, the peasants ran with sticks and pitchforks ; each tried to protect his own Dog, and none were sparing of their blows upon the new comers.

“ Alas ! my good friends,” cried Cesar, “ do not ill-treat me ; that nasty surly Dog is the sole cause of all this tumult. My Master, who is at farmer William’s, will assure you that I never quarrel with any body ; it is the advice he often repeats to me, and which I have always followed exactly.”—“ Your Master should also have told you to shun bad company. Know you not the proverb : ‘ Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.’ Always remember that, and you will do well.”

#### APPLICATION.

Unite yourself with none but honest men,  
Other alliances are a disgrace ;  
Men by your friends will judge of your own heart,  
And knowing your associates know yourself.

## FABLE LIV.—L'ÉCOLIER et le PAPILLON.



UN jeune Ecolier avoit obtenu par sa diligence, la permission d'aller passer quelques jours à la maison de campagne de son père. C'étoit au commencement de l'été, tems où tout sourit dans la nature. Henri aimoit les fleurs, et son premier soin fut d'aller visiter son parterre. Comme il étoit doux et complaisant, tout le monde l'aimoit, et le Jardinier avoit eu le plus grand soin du jardin de son jeune Maître ; de sorte que notre petit ami trouva tout dans le meilleur ordre.

Pendant qu'il admiroit ses fleurs, et qu'il en respiroit le parfum, il aperçut un très beau Papillon qui voltigeoit dans l'allée voisine. “ O le charmant Papillon ! comme il est velouté ! que ses ailes sont magnifiques ! il faut que je l'attrape. Oui, pour l'avoir, je donnerois volontiers ma toupie, mon cerceau, tous mes marbres, et même mon grand cerf-volant.”

Henri court vers l'allée voisine, et le Papillon s'en-

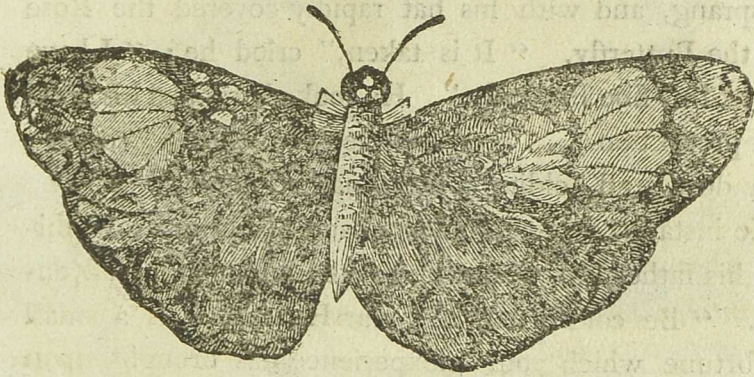
vole ; il le poursuit vivement, mais le bel insecte élude tous ses efforts par sa légèreté.—Henri se reposa un moment, toujours suivant de l'œil ce charmant Papillon ; il le vit enfin se placer sur une rose. Il prépare aussitôt son chapeau, et doucement, doucement, doucement, il se rend auprès du rosier. Le cœur lui battoit de joie : il s'élançe, et couvre rapidement de son chapeau la Rose et le Papillon. “ Le voilà pris,” s'écria-t-il ; “ je l'ai eeu beau Papillon.” Il regarde, passe la main avec précaution. . . . Hélas ! il la retire couverte de poussière, et tenant un petit corps écrasé.

Il fondit aussitôt en larmes, et ses cris attirèrent son père à qui il conta sa malheureuse aventure. “ Console-toi, mon cher Henri ; c'est un petit malheur que ton inexpérience t'a attiré. Ne t'attache jamais qu'à des objets solides et utiles ; eux seuls procurent le vrai bonheur. Tous les autres plaisirs nous tentent et nous tourmentent par leur vain éclat, sans jamais nous satisfaire : ce sont des Papillons, mon cher fils, évite-les avec le plus grand soin.”

#### MORALE.

De la saine raison si vous suivez les lois,  
Jamais un vain éclat, une beauté futile,  
Ne détermineront follement votre choix :  
N'estimez chaque objet qu'autant qu'il est utile.

FABLE LIV.—The SCHOOLBOY and the  
BUTTERFLY.



A YOUNG Schoolboy had by his diligence obtained permission to pass some days at his father's country-house. It was in the beginning of summer, a time when all things smile in nature. Henry was fond of flowers, and his first care was to visit his flower-garden. As he was mild and complaisant, every body loved him, and the Gardener had taken the greatest care of his young Master's ground ; so that our little friend found every thing in the best order.

As he was admiring his flowers, and inhaling their perfume, he perceived a very fine Butterfly fluttering in the next walk. "O what a charming Butterfly ! how it is tufted ! how beautiful are its wings ! I must catch it.—Yes, to have it I would freely give my top, my hoop, all my marbles, and even my large kite."

Henry ran to the adjoining walk, and the Butterfly flew away ; he pursued it briskly, but the beautiful in-

sect by its lightness eluded all his efforts. Henry rested a moment, still following with his eye this charming Butterfly; he saw it at length alight upon a rose. He immediately prepared his hat, and softly, softly, softly, he drew near the rose-tree. His heart beat with joy: he sprang, and with his hat rapidly covered the Rose and the Butterfly. "It is taken," cried he; "I have caught this fine Butterfly." He looked, slipped his hand with precaution. . . . . Alas! he drew it back, covered with dust, and holding a little mashed corpse.

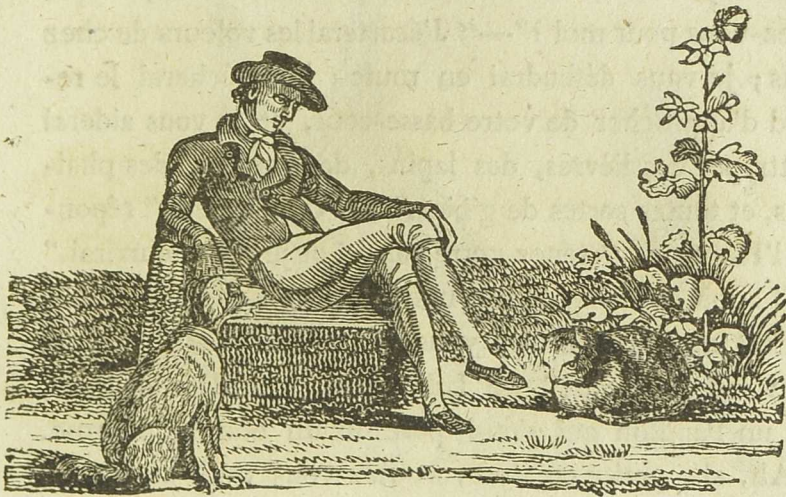
He instantly burst into tears, and his cries drew thither his father, to whom he related his unhappy adventure. "Be comforted, my dear Henry; it is a small misfortune which your inexperience has brought upon you. Never attach yourself but to solid and useful objects; they alone procure true happiness. All other pleasures tempt and torment us by their false brilliancy, without ever contenting us: they are Butterflies, my dear child; shun them with the greatest care."

#### APPLICATION.

If of sound reason the laws you observe,  
 Not a vain glare, or beauty frail and vain,  
 Will ever foolishly your choice decide;  
 Esteem each object only for its use.



## FABLE LV.—L'HOMME et les ANIMAUX.



DANS l'enfance du monde, tems où les animaux vivoient en pleine liberté, et ne s'étoient pas encore laissés apprivoiser, quelques-uns manquant de tout en hiver, se déterminèrent à se mettre sous la protection de l'Homme. Le Chien et le Chat se présentèrent des premiers ; et un Papillon qui les avoit entendus converser, eut l'impudence de les accompagner.

“ Vous avez de la prévoyance,” dirent-ils à l'Homme, “ et vous savez profiter de l'été pour vous procurer de la subsistance pendant l'hiver. Comme nous nous sentons incapables de vous imiter, nous travaillerons pour vous, si vous voulez nous nourrir pendant la mauvaise saison.”—“ Très volontiers,” dit l'Homme ; “ voyons ce que vous savez faire.”

“ Je ne suis pas robuste,” dit le Chat, “ mais cependant je puis vous être très-utile. Par le moyen de mes griffes et de mes dents, je détruirai tous les rats et toutes

les souris qui vous tourmentent.” — “ Cela suffit,” répondit l’Homme, “ je vous reçois dans ma maison. — Et vous,” dit-il, en se tournant vers le Chien, “ que ferez-vous pour moi ?” — “ J’écarterai les voleurs de chez vous ; je vous défendrai en route ; j’empêcherai le renard d’approcher de votre basse-cour, et je vous aiderai à attraper des lièvres, des lapins, des perdrix, des phaisans, et toutes sortes de gibier.” — “ C’est assez,” répondit l’Homme, “ tenez votre parole, et je vous nourrirai.”

Il alloit se retirer lorsqu’une petite voix se fit entendre. “ Et à moi, l’Homme, vous ne me dites rien ! voulez-vous me recevoir ?” Le Laboureur, regardant de près, vit un Papillon qui s’étoit posé sur un bouton de rose. “ Ah, ah, petite créature, voulez-vous venir aussi ? Et bien, que savez-vous faire ?”

“ Ce que je sais faire ! voltiger et m’amuser, rien de plus. Me prenez-vous pour un Roturier ? Je suis Gentilhomme.” — “ Méprisable insecte !” lui répondit le Laboureur, en le chassant d’un coup de mouchoir, “ éloigné-toi de moi. Les paresseux volent le pain qu’ils mangent ; ils méritent tous de languir sur le fumier où tu périras un jour.”

#### MORALE.

Le travail seul conduit à la félicité ;  
 N’allez pas, vous flattant d’une espérance vaine,  
 Attendre des succès sans travail et sans peine :  
 N’espérez rien d’heureux sans l’avoir mérité.

## FABLE LV.—The MAN and the ANIMALS.



**I**N the infancy of the world, a time when the animals lived in perfect liberty, and were yet untamed, some of them being in want of every thing during winter, determined to put themselves under the protection of Man. The Dog and the Cat presented themselves among the first; and a Butterfly, who had heard their conversation, had the impudence to accompany them.

“ You are endowed with foresight,” said they to the Man, “ and you are able to take advantage of the summer to procure yourself subsistence during winter. As we feel ourselves incapable of imitating you, we will work for you, if you consent to feed us during the inclement season.”—“ Very willingly,” said the Man; “ let us see what you are able to do.”

“ I am not very robust,” said the Cat, “ but yet I can be very useful to you. By means of my claws and my teeth, I will destroy all the rats and mice which

torment you.”—“That will do,” answered the Man; “I receive you into my house.—And you,” said he, turning to the Dog, “what will you do for me?”—“I will drive away thieves from your house; I will defend you on the road; I will keep the Fox from your poultry-yard; and I will assist you to catch hares, rabbits, partridges, pheasants, and all sorts of game.”—“That is enough,” replied the Man; “keep your word, and I will feed you.”

He was going to retire, when a shrill voice was heard. “And to me, Man, you say nothing! will you receive me?” The Husbandman, on looking attentively, discerned a Butterfly perched upon a rose-bud. “Ah, ah, little creature! will you come too? Well, what can you do?”

“What can I do? Fly about to amuse myself; nothing else. Do you take me for a Commoner? I rank among the Nobility.”—“Despicable insect!” replied the Husbandman, driving it off with his handkerchief, “get away from me. The idle steal the bread they eat; they all deserve to languish on that dunghill, where you will one day perish.”

#### APPLICATION.

Labour alone to felicity leads;  
Then flatter not yourself with a vain hope  
Of great success, void of fatigue and care;  
Without desert expect not happiness.

## FABLE LVI.—Le SINGE et le RENARD.



LES Animaux s'assemblèrent à la mort du Lion pour se choisir un roi. On apporta la couronne avec beaucoup de solennité, et on la plaça sur un gazon au milieu des prétendants. Le Lion n'ayant point laissé d'héritier, le Léopard, le Tigre, et le Loup se présentèrent, mais ils ne purent obtenir aucun suffrage, par ce que les Animaux redoutoient leur humeur féroce et sanguinaire.

L'Ours s'avança, mais sa démarche grossière, et son air hargneux déplurent à toute l'assemblée ; on le renvoya sans voter. L'Eléphant parla avec beaucoup de sagesse, et expliqua fort au long les devoirs réciproques des rois et des sujets. Chacun bailla, on le trouva trop grave, et il reprit tranquillement sa place.

Pendant ce tems le Singe s'étoit approché de la couronne, sautant, dansant, se culbutant, et faisant mille grimaces. Il la prit, passa dedans avec souplesse comme dans un cerceau, et il fit tant de bouffonneries que tous les Animaux s'éclatèrent de rire. “ Qu'il est charmant ! ”

s'écrièrent-ils ; “ que son humeur est agréable ! votre vieux roi ne savoit que gronder. Choisissons le Singe, nous vivrons dans la joie.” L'enthousiasme se répandit, et ce ridicule animal obtint la couronne à la pluralité des voix.

Le Renard fut obligé de rendre hommage à ce nouveau souverain, mais il s'occupa des moyens de le détrôner. Il revint le jour suivant, et dit tout bas au roi : “ Sire, j'ai découvert un trésor, et par droit de royauté, il n'appartient qu'à vous seul.” — “ Un trésor ! où ? ” dit le Singe, “ où, mon ami, où ? ” — “ Que votre majesté daigne me suivre ; ce n'est qu'à deux pas d'ici.”

Le Singe, rempli de joie, s'avança vers le lieu sans réflexion : c'étoit un piège où il fut attrapé. Le Renard appella les Animaux, et ils virent leur Monarque pris dans un traquet. “ Nous soumettrons-nous,” dit le Renard, “ à un misérable baladin qui ne sait pas se conduire lui-même ? ” Les Animaux rougirent de leur choix, et le Singe fut déposé d'un consentement unanime.

### MORALE.

“ A chacun son métier : ” l'homme sage et prudent  
 Ne fait que ce qu'il sait, et se tient à sa place ;  
 N'allons pas au hasard forcer notre talent,  
 Nous ne pourrions jamais faire rien avec grace.

## FABLE LVI.—The APE and the Fox.



ON the death of the Lion the Animals assembled in order to choose a king. The crown was brought with great solemnity, and placed upon a grass-plot in the midst of the candidates. The Lion having left no heir, the Leopard, the Tiger, and the Wolf presented themselves, but could obtain no suffrage, because the Animals dreaded their fierce and sanguinary disposition.

The Bear advanced, but his clumsy gait and surly air displeased the whole assembly; they sent him away without voting. The Elephant spoke with great wisdom, and explained much at large the reciprocal duties of kings and subjects. Every one yawned, they found him too serious, and he returned quietly to his place.

During this time the Ape had approached the crown, leaping, dancing, capering, and making a thousand grimaces. He took it, got nimbly into it as into a hoop, and practised so many buffooneries, that all the Animals

burst out laughing. "What a charming creature!" cried they; "how pleasant his humour is! our old king could do nothing but scold. Let us choose the Ape, we shall live merrily." The enthusiasm spread, and this ridiculous animal obtained the crown by a majority of voices.

The Fox was obliged to pay homage to this new sovereign, but his chief concern was to find some means of dethroning him. He came again the following day, and said in a whisper to the king: "Sire, I have discovered a treasure, and by right of royalty it belongs only to you."—"A treasure! where?" said the Ape; "where, my friend, where?"—"Let your Majesty deign to follow me; it is just at hand."

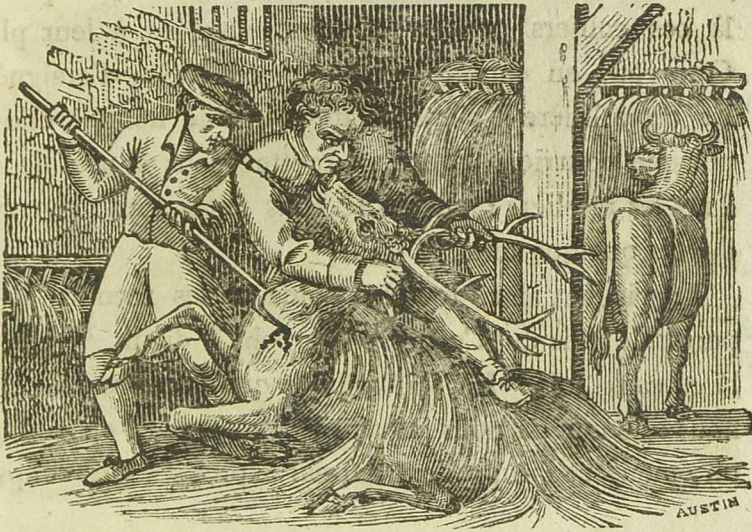
The Ape, filled with joy, advanced towards the place without reflection: it was a snare, in which he was caught. The Fox called together the Animals, and they beheld their monarch caught in a trap. "Shall we," said the Fox, "submit to a wretched rope-dancer, who knows not how to conduct himself?" The Animals blushed at their choice, and the Ape was deposed by unanimous consent.

#### APPLICATION.

"Each in his sphere:" The wise and prudent man  
 Exerts his proper talent, keeps his place.  
 Force not your genius beyond its strength,  
 For then with grace you nothing could perform.



## FABLE LVII.—L'ŒIL du MAÎTRE.



UN Cerf vivement poursuivi par des chasseurs se refugia dans une étable à bœufs. “ Mes bons amis,” leur dit-il, “ sauvez-moi la vie, ne me décelez pas ; le service que vous me rendrez pourra vous être utile quelque jour. J’en serai à jamais reconnoissant, et je vous enseignerai les meilleurs pâturages de ces cantons.”—“ Nous y consentons très volontiers,” dit l’un des Bœufs, “ mais vous courez grand risque d’être découvert.”

Le Cerf se cacha de son mieux, reprit haleine, et mangea un peu de foin qu’un des Bœufs s’empressa de lui donner. On va, on vient, les valets passent et repassent ; le bouvier même fit sa visite accoutumée, et personne ne vit le Cerf.

“ A présent me voilà sauvée,” dit la pauvre créature, “ et c’est à vous, obligeans animaux, à qui je devrai la vie.”—“ Ne vous flattez de rien,” lui dit un vieux Bœuf ; “ l’Homme aux cent-yeux n’a pas encore fait sa

ronde, et malheur à vous ! s'il paroît ici." Comme il finissoit de parler le Maître arriva.

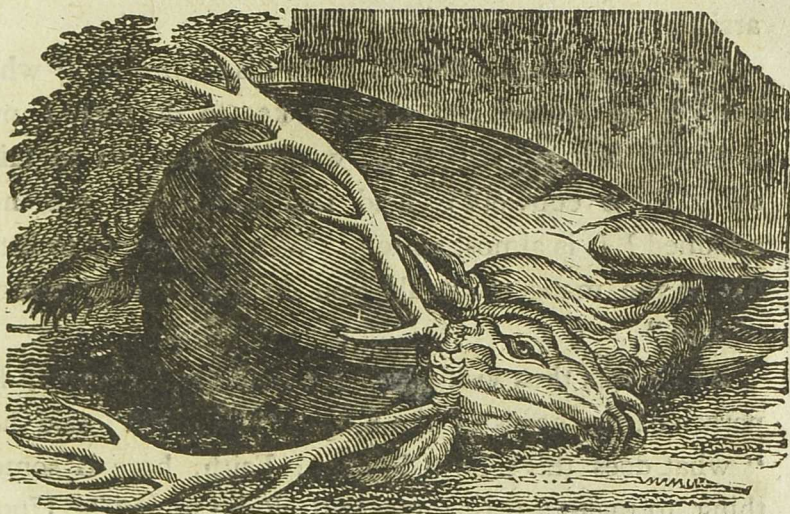
" Qu'est-ce que ceci ?" dit-il à ses valets ; " que font là ces colliers et ces jougs ? mettez-les à leur place. Que vous en coûteroit-il d'ôter ces toiles d'araignées ? Et cette litière ! n'avez-vous point de honte ? elle est presque pourrie. Pourquoi mettez-vous si peu de foin dans les rateliers ? en vérité vous faites tout de travers depuis quelque tems."

En visitant ainsi tous les coins et les recoins, il aperçut le bois du Cerf. " Oh, oh !" dit-il, " que fait là ce camarade ? Ma foi, voilà de quoi faire bonne chère ; nous allons bien nous réjouir." Là-dessus chacun prit un épieu, et l'imprudent animal expira sous les coups.

#### MORALE.

A tout voir de ses yeux il faut s'accoutumer,  
Ce point est pour chacun d'une importance extrême ;  
On doit, autant qu'on peut, faire tout par soi-même,  
Et ne pas s'en remettre aux soins d'un étranger.

## FABLE LVII.—THE MASTER'S EYE.



A STAG warmly pursued by some huntsmen, took shelter in an ox-stall. "My good friends," said he, "save my life, do not discover me; the service you will do me may one day be useful to you. I shall be for ever grateful, and I will shew you the best pastures in the neighbourhood."—"We freely consent to it," said one of the Oxen; "but you run great risk of being discovered."

The Stag concealed himself in the best manner he could, recovered his breath, and ate a little hay, which one of the Oxen hastened to give him. People went and came, the servants passed and repassed; the cowherd himself made his accustomed visit, and no one saw the Stag.

"Now I am safe," said the poor creature; "and it is to you, kind animals, I shall owe my life."—"Do not flatter yourself," said an old Ox; "the Man with a hun-

dred eyes has not yet made his rounds, and woe to you if he comes here." As he ended these words the Master arrived.

"What is all this?" said he to his servants; "what have these collars and those yokes to do there? put them in their place. What would it cost you to take away those cobwebs? And that litter! Are you not ashamed? it is almost rotten. Why do you put so little hay in the mangers? truly you do every thing wrong of late."

As he was thus visiting all the nooks and corners, he perceived the horns of the Stag. "Oh, ho!" said he, "what does this fellow do here? Faith, here is something to make a feast; we will all be merry." Upon this every one took a stake, and the imprudent animal expired under their blows.

#### APPLICATION.

With watchful eye look to your own affairs,  
To ev'ry one this is most important;  
As far as possible act for yourselves,  
Depend not on a stranger's services.

## FABLE LVIII.—La VIEILLE et ses SERVANTES.



UNE bonne Vieille qui gaignoit sa vie à carder et à filer, avoit chez elle deux Servantes auxquelles elle ne donnoit pas un moment de relâche. Dès que le chant du Coq annonçoit le point du jour, notre Vieille se levoit à la hâte, appelloit ses Servantes, et les mettoit à l'ouvrage. Point de merci, point de repos, les rouets et les fuseaux alloient sans cesse ; à peine se donnoit-on le tems de faire un léger repas.

“ Quelle vie détestable ! ” se disoient ces pauvres filles ; “ il n’y a pas moyen d’y tenir, nous périrons de fatigue et de misère. ” — “ C’est ce maudit Coq qui est la cause de tous nos maux, ” dit la plus jeune ; “ c’est lui qui réveille notre vieille Mégère ; nous devrions le tuer. ” — Il arriva que ce jour-là même leur Maitresse fut obligée de sortir pour acheter de la laine ; les Servantes profitant de cette occasion, tuèrent le Coq et l’enterrèrent.

La Vieille, à son retour, fit sa visite accoutumée par

toute la maison, et elle s'aperçut de l'accident qui lui étoit arrivé. Toutes ses questions furent inutiles, les Servantes persistèrent à nier le fait, et la bonne femme fut réduite à dévorer son chagrin, " Quel malheur !" s'écrioit-elle ; " qui me réveillera ? Me voilà ruinée pour jamais."

Accablée de ces réflexions, elle étoit à peine au lit qu'elle se levoit en sursaut ; et craignant de laisser passer l'heure, elle couroit par toute la maison comme un lutin. En vain ces pauvres Filles, ouvrant à peine l'œil et étendant les bras, lui représentoient qu'il étoit trop matin. " Debout, debout."—Il falloit se lever, et retourner aux fuseaux pour toute la journée. Ces infortunées s'aperçurent trop tard qu'en s'efforçant de sortir d'une mauvaise affaire, elles s'y étoient enfoncées plus avant.

#### MORALE.

Le sage doit toujours avoir devant les yeux  
 Les dangers et les maux qui le peuvent atteindre ;  
 L'imprudent ne sachant qu'espérer ou que craindre,  
 Souvent s'expose au pire, en recherchant le mieux.

## FABLE LVIII.—The OLD WOMAN and her MAIDS.



A GOOD old woman, who got her living by carding and spinning, kept two Maids, to whom she gave not a moment's respite. As soon as the crowing of the Cock announced the dawn of day, our old Woman got up in haste, called her Maids, and set them to work. No mercy, no rest, the wheels and distaffs went incessantly, scarcely had they time to take a slight repast.

“What a detestable life!” said these poor Girls; “there is no enduring it; we shall perish with fatigue and misery.”—“That hateful Cock is the cause of all our sufferings,” said the youngest; “it is he who wakes our old Megera; we must kill him.” It happened that same day, that their Mistress was obliged to go out to buy some wool; the Maids seizing the opportunity, killed the Cock, and buried it.

The old Woman, at her return, made her usual visit throughout the house, and perceived the accident that

had befallen her. All her questions were useless, the Maids persisted in denying the fact, and the good Woman was obliged to stifle her grief. "What a misfortune!" cried she; "who will now wake me? I am forever ruined!"

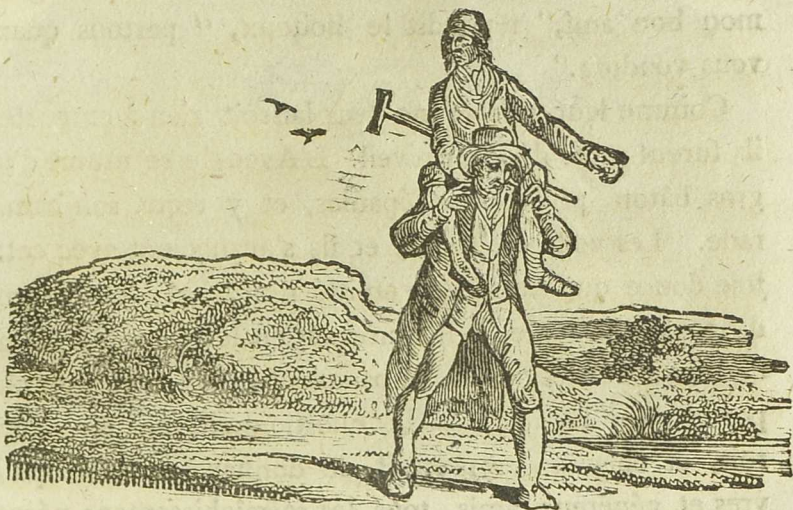
Overwhelmed with these reflections, she was scarcely in bed when she started up; and fearing to let slip the time, she ran about the house like a sprite. In vain the poor Girls, with half-shut eyes, and stretching their arms, represented to her that it was too early. "Get up, get up," was the cry. They were obliged to rise and return to their distaffs for the whole day. These unhappy Girls perceived too late, that by endeavouring to get out of a bad affair, they had plunged themselves but the deeper in.

#### APPLICATION.

The wise Man ever in his mind should weigh  
 The dangers and the evils that may reach him;  
 Th' improvident, a prey to hope and fear,  
 Striving to mend his state, oft makes it worse.



## FABLE LIX.—L'AVEUGLE et le BOITEUX.



UN Aveugle et un Boiteux avoient coutume de se trouver chaque jour au même endroit pour y demander la charité ; mais ce qu'ils recevoient leur suffisoit à peine pour vivre. “ Ce village-ci est trop petit,” dit l'Aveugle ; “ il y a si peu d'habitans, et ils sont eux-mêmes si pauvres qu'ils ne peuvent nous soulager. Je crois que nous ferions bien de nous rendre à la ville voisine ; on dit qu'il n'y a que vingt milles, nous pourrions les faire à l'aise en mendiant le long de la route.”

“ Comme vous raisonnez !” lui répondit le Boiteux ; “ vingt milles ou cent milles sont la même chose pour moi, puisque je ne puis faire quatre pas. Ignorez-vous qu'Antoine, le valet du jardinier, a la bonté de m'amener ici tous les matins sur sa charette, en se rendant au marché, et de me rapporter le soir ?”—“ Je sais tout cela, camarade, mais peu importe. J'ai de bonnes jambes et de bonnes épaules, et vous avez de bons yeux ;

je vous porterai et vous me dirigerez pendant la route ; par ce moyen nous arriverons doucement à la ville ; ne comprenez-vous pas cela ?” — “ Rien de mieux imaginé, mon bon ami,” répondit le Boiteux, “ partons quand vous voudrez.”

Comme leur misère ne leur laissoit rien à emporter, ils furent prêts dès leur réveil. L'Aveugle se munit d'un gros bâton, présenta ses épaules, et y reçut son camarade. Les voilà en route, et ils s'avançoient avec cette joie douce que cause une amitié mutuelle. Le Boiteux dirigeoit l'Aveugle, et il l'amusoit en lui faisant le détail de tous les lieux par où ils passaient. On se mettoit aux portes pour les voir, on les questionnoit, on les admiroit, et chacun s'empessoit de donner à ces deux pauvres et généreux amis, tous les rafraîchissemens nécessaires.

#### MORALE.

Répétez-vous souvent : “ Chérissons nos semblables ;”  
 C'est de tous nos devoirs sans doute le plus doux ;  
 Sans cesse nos besoins nous disent : “ Aidez-vous ;”  
 Les cœurs indifférens sont les seuls misérables.

## FABLE LIX.—The BLIND MAN and the LAME.



A BLIND Man and a Lame one used to go every day to the same place to beg; but what they received was scarcely sufficient for their subsistence. “This village is too small,” said the Blind Man; “there are so few inhabitants, and they are themselves so poor that they cannot assist us. I think we should do well to go to the next town; they say it is but twenty miles off, we can easily go there in begging along the way.”

“How you talk!” answered the Lame Man; “twenty miles or a hundred miles are the same thing to me, since I cannot go four steps. Know you not that Antony, the gardener’s man, has the goodness to bring me here every morning in his cart, as he goes to market, and to take me back at night?”—“I know all that, friend, but no matter; I have good legs and good shoulders, and you have good eyes; I will carry you, and you shall direct me in the way; by these means we shall ar-

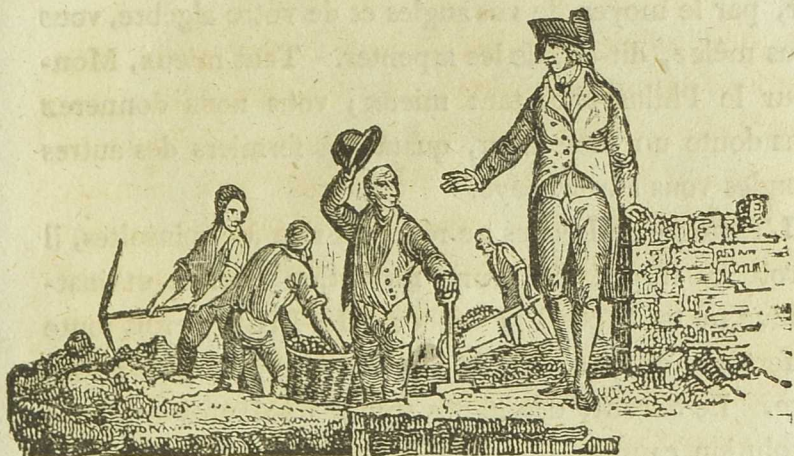
rive easily at the town : do you not comprehend that ?”  
 —“ Nothing can be better imagined, my good friend,”  
 answered the Lame Man ; “ let us set off when you  
 will.”

As their misery left them nothing to carry away, they  
 were ready as soon as they awoke. The Blind Man pro-  
 vided himself with a stout stick, presented his shoulders,  
 and took up his comrade. They began their journey,  
 and went on with that sweet joy inspired by mutual  
 friendship. The Lame Man directed the Blind one, and  
 amused him by giving an account of all the places through  
 which they passed. People ran to their doors to see  
 them ; they questioned them, admired them, and every  
 one was eager to give to those two poor and generous  
 friends all necessary refreshments.

#### APPLICATION.

Often repeat : “ Let us our neighbour love ;”  
 Of all duties this sure the sweetest is ;  
 Our wants incessant cry, “ Each other aid ;”  
 Wretched alone is the unfeeling heart.

## FABLE LX.—Les AVANTAGES de la SCIENCE.



DEUX Habitans d'une même ville se rencontrèrent par hasard à un dîner public. L'un étoit pauvre, mais très savant ; l'autre riche, mais d'une profonde ignorance. L'Homme Riche chercha pendant tout le repas à humilier l'Homme de Lettres ; mais celui-ci le laissoit parler sans presque lui répondre.

Piqué de ce silence, le Riche devint tout-à-fait insolent. “ Vous faites l'orgueilleux, Monsieur le Philosophe, avec tout votre attirail d'Hébreu, de Grec, de Latin, et de je ne sais quelles autres Antiquailles ! Quant à moi je ne sais que la langue de mon pays, et je pourrois cependant acheter deux mille Philosophes comme vous. Dites-moi, quelle est l'utilité de votre prétendu savoir ? Vous manquez de tout, vous n'avez ni maison, ni table ; et un vieux coffre dans quelque grenier contient toutes vos richesses. Mais moi, je vis à l'aise, je traite mes amis, j'encourage les manufactures,

et je paye quelquefois les Dédicaces des pauvres Auteurs comme vous. Mais peut-être que vos terres sont dans la Lune, dans Jupiter, ou dans quelque autre Planète ! car, par le moyen de vos angles et de votre algèbre, vous vous mêlez, dit-on, de les arpenter. Tant mieux, Monsieur le Philosophe, tant mieux ; vous nous donnerez sans doute un bon dîner, quand vos fermiers des autres mondes vous auront payé.”

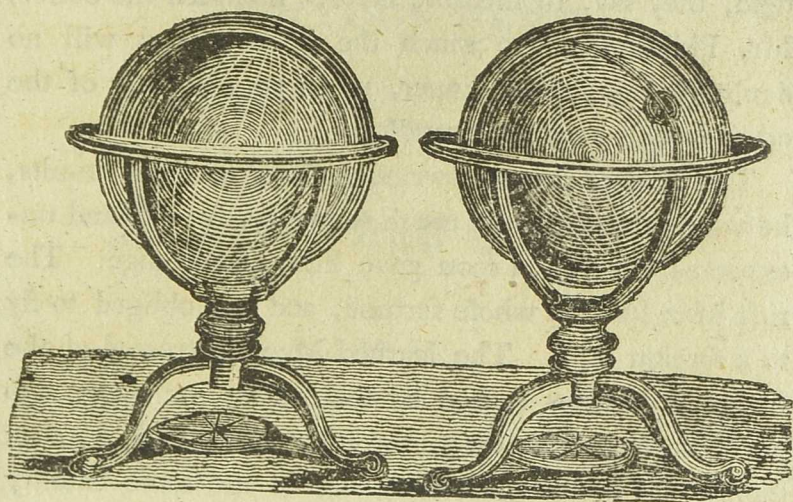
L'Homme de Lettres ne répondit rien à ces insultes, il auroit eu trop à dire ; une révolution terrible et inattendue ne tarda pas à le venger. Le Riche perdit toute sa fortune, et fut obligé de s'enfuir dans une terre étrangère. Le Savant, désolé des scènes sanglantes que cette révolution causoit, prit aussi le parti de s'éloigner. Il aborda, sans argent et sans Connoissances, dans le même pays où s'étoit réfugié le Riche ; mais son savoir lui procura bientôt des amis.

Que faisoit alors ce malheureux, si insolent autrefois dans la prospérité ? Inutile à tout le monde, sans asile, chargé de mépris, il périssoit de misère dans un galetas. L'Homme de Lettres l'apprit, et il courut le soulager.

#### MORALE.

Quel que soit votre état, instruisez-vous sans cesse,  
 Accoutumez-vous bien à l'occupation ;  
 Chacun en a besoin ; l'heureuse instruction  
 Du Riche est l'Ornement, du Pauvre est la Richesse.

## FABLE LX.—The ADVANTAGES of SCIENCE.



Two Inhabitants of the same town met by chance at a public dinner; the one was poor, but very learned; the other rich, but wretchedly ignorant. The rich Man endeavoured, during the whole meal, to humble the Man of letters; but the latter suffered him to talk without scarcely answering him.

Nettled at this silence, the rich Man became quite insolent. “ You act the proud man, Mr. Philosopher, with all your parade of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and I know not what other outlandish stuff! For my part, I know only the language of my country, and yet I could buy two thousand such Philosophers as you. Tell me, what is the use of your pretended knowledge? You are in want of every thing, you have neither house nor table; and an old trunk in some garret contains all your riches. As for me, I live at ease, treat my friends, encourage manufactures, and sometimes pay for the Dedications of poor Authors like you. But perhaps your lands

are in the Moon, in Jupiter, or in some other Planet ! for, by means of your angles and your algebra you pretend, they say, to measure them. So much the better, Mr. Philosopher, so much the better ; you will no doubt give us a good dinner, when your farmers of the other worlds have paid you."

The learned Man answered nothing to these insults, he would have had too much to say ; a terrible and unexpected revolution soon gave him his revenge. The rich Man lost his whole fortune, and was obliged to fly to a foreign land. The learned Man, distressed at the sanguinary scenes caused by that revolution, came also to the determination of removing. He landed, without money and without acquaintance, in the same country where the rich Man had taken shelter ; but his knowledge soon procured him friends.

What then became of that wretched Man, formerly so insolent in prosperity ? Useless to every body, without an asylum, loaded with contempt, he was perishing with misery in a garret. The learned Man heard of it, and flew to his assistance.

#### APPLICATION.

Whatever be your station, knowledge gain,  
 To constant occupation use yourself ;  
 All want its aid ; and learning may be styled :  
 " The rich Man's Ornament, the poor Man's Wealth."

END OF THE FIRST PART.



SECOND PART.

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Remarks and Examples

ON THE

CHIEF

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

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Jam majore curâ doceat Tropos omnes Grammaticus, quibus præcipuè non Poema modò, sed etiam Oratio ornatur.

M. F. QUINCTILIAN. *Lib. I. Cap. viii.*

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By J. OUISEAU, A.M.

SECOND PART

ANNALS AND STATUTES

OF THE

PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS

AS PASSED IN THE

1784

# Remarks and Examples

ON THE

CHIEF

## FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### GENERAL DEFINITIONS.

**R**HETORIC is the art of writing and speaking with elegance and dignity.

The constituent parts of rhetoric are: *Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*.

*Invention* is the art of finding the reasons which are best adapted to the subject we treat of.

*Disposition* consists in placing those reasons in their fittest order and light.

*Elocution* furnishes us with the means of expressing in their proper *style* the thoughts found, and of uttering them with grace and energy.

*Style* is the peculiar manner in which our thoughts are expressed by the means of language.

It will readily be admitted that the same *Style* cannot suit every subject. The language of the pulpit, of the

bar, and that of common conversation, ought evidently to be different.

The various sorts of Styles noticed by rhetoricians, may be reduced to four: the *familiar*, the *simple*, the *temperate*, and the *sublime*.

1. The *familiar Style* is that of our daily conversation on common topics. *Æsop's Fables*, in their primitive simplicity, are in the familiar Style. So are the following lines in *Virgil's first Pastoral*, translated by *Dryden*:

“ This night, at least, with me forget your care,  
 Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare ;  
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread,  
 And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.  
 For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends,  
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends.”

2. The *simple Style*, like the *familiar*, is easy and free, but its simplicity is compatible with the highest ornament. The book of *Genesis*, for example, has that simplicity in the greatest perfection, and yet no writing presents us with more sublime images, as will appear when we shall speak of the sublime Style.

The following quotation, in *Shenstone's Pastorals*, is in the simple Style, absolutely so called.

“ I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.”

I have heard her with sweetness unfold

How that pity was due to—a Dove ;

That it ever attended the bold,

And she call'd it the sister of Love ;

But her words such a pleasure convey,

So much I her accents adore :

Let her speak, and whatever she say,

Methinks I should love her the more."

3. The *temperate Style* is more elaborate than the *familiar*, but it avoids the glare of rhetorical ornaments ; and in this it differs from the *simple Style*, which is not opposed to ornament, but to an affectation of it. Most of the didactic poems, and every sort of serious writings, in which no appeal is made to the passions, are written in the temperate style, as are the following lines :

" Be silent always when you doubt your sense,  
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.  
Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;  
But you with pleasure own your errors past,  
And make each day a critique on the last."

Pope.

4. The *sublime Style* elevates the soul by majestic thoughts, glowing images, noble expressions, and a certain enthusiasm which creates pleasure and admiration. *Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, &c.* but above all, the Holy Writings, furnish us with numerous examples of the true sublime.

The *sublime* often exists in the thoughts alone, independent of oratory. Thus :

" God said: ' Let there be light', and there was light."

Genesis.

“ I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree. I went by; and lo! he was gone: I sought him, but his place could no where be found.”—*Psalm xxxvii.*

King *Lear* recollecting his daughter *Cordelia*, in one of his lucid intervals, furnishes us with a most beautiful example of *sublime simplicity*.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly with you,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man,  
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is, and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child *Cordelia*.

*Cor.* And so I am; I am—

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray you,  
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have none.

*Cor.* No cause,—no cause.

*Shakespeare.*

The following quotations offer examples of the sublime, with all the glow of grand imagery and exquisite language.

“ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace!  
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end—  
Nor staid; but on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;  
 For Chaos heard his voice, Him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
 In GOD's eternal store to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things.  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure ;  
 And said : Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world !”

*Milton.*

“ Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !  
 A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply :  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise !  
 With heads reclin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !  
 The SAVIOUR comes !—by ancient bards foretold ;  
 Hear him, ye deaf ! and, all ye blind, behold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.”

*Pope.*

These general observations being premised, we now  
 come to the chief end of this section,

## CHAPTER II.

## OF THE FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

THERE are not words enough in any language, says Locke, to express all our ideas; and that deficiency gave rise to the *figurative style*, by which, with proper judgment, the speech acquires much dignity and energy.

Hence Figures of Rhetoric may be defined: "The language which is suggested by the imagination, or by the passions."

Rhetoricians divide the *figures of Rhetoric* into two classes, which they call *figures of words*, and *figures of thought*.

The *figures of words* are generally called *Tropes*, and consist in words removed from their natural meaning, and applied to other things which they do not literally signify. Thus in this sentence: "The lilies and the roses of youth soon wither away;" the words *lilies* and *roses* are *tropes*, removed from their literal meaning, to signify here *freshness of complexion* and *beauty*.

It will appear by the following definitions, that all real *Tropes* belong more or less to the *Metaphor*.

The *figures of thought* consist in the sentiments alone, without altering the literal signification of the words, as in this *Apostrophe*: "Come, ye children, and hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Or this topographic description, in the *First Book of Paradise Lost*:



——“ Round he \* throws his baleful eyes  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride, and stedfast hate.  
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild :  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace, flam'd : yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible,  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe :  
 Regions of sorrow ! doleful shades ! where peace  
 And rest can never dwell ! hope never comes,  
 That comes to all.”

*Milton.*

\* Satan.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### FIGURES OF WORDS, OR TROPES.

1. **T**HE *Metaphor* removes a word from its usual meaning, and applies it to illustrate an object to which it does not literally belong. One might say that a *Metaphor* is a *Simile*, without the sign of comparison *like* or *as*.

Thus when we say : “ Life is a shadow,” *shadow* becomes a *Metaphor*. But in, “ Life is like a shadow,” we make a *Comparison*.

#### *Examples of the Metaphor.*

“ Believe the muse : the *wint'ry blast* of death  
 Kills not the *buds* of virtue ; no, they *spread*,

Beneath the heavenly *beam* of brighter *suns*,  
Through endless ages, into higher powers."

*Thomson.*

"Who shames a scribbler? break one *cobweb* through,  
He *spins* the slight, self-pleasing *thread* anew:  
Destroy his fib or sophistry:— in vain—  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Thron'd on the *centre* of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of *flimsy* lines!"

*Pope.*

2. The *Allegory* is a series of metaphors connected together, to represent an object without naming it. A fable or a parable might be termed an Allegory.

*Examples of the Allegory.*

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters; as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons: I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that you stir not up, nor awake my love till he please."

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart: behold, he stands behind our wall, he looks forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. My beloved spoke and said unto me: 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and

come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree puts forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell: Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away'."

"O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. Take up the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes. My beloved is mine and I am his, he feeds among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."—*Solomon's Song*.

And so on, through that most exquisite piece of inspired poetry, where the mutual love of Christ and his Church is allegorically described.

In Isaiah, God accounts for his severe judgment towards the house of Israel in a complete Allegory, under the type of a vineyard.

"My beloved has a vineyard on a very fruitful hill; and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones; he planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it; he made a wine-press therein, and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, but it brought forth wild grapes."

"Now, inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could I have done more to my vineyard than I have done in it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?—And now,

go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away its hedge, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down. I will lay it waste, it shall not be pruned nor digged, but there shall come briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds, that they send no rain upon it."—*Isaiah*.

3. By the *Irony* we are let to understand the contrary of what we say: thus we call a fool a *Solomon*, and a quarrelling person a *Lamb*. A bitter Irony is sometimes called a *Sarcasm*.

*Examples of the Irony.*

Satan makes use of the following Irony to boast of his success over the faithful Angels, by means of his new-invented artillery:

“O friends! why come not on these victors proud?  
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,  
To entertain them fair with open front,  
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.”

*Milton.*

“Entomb'd within this vault, a Lawyer lies,  
Who fame assures us was—both just and wise;  
An able advocate, and—honest too!  
That's wondrous strange, indeed!—if it be true.”

*Anonymous.*

In the *First Book of Kings*, Elijah mocks the priests of Baal in a strain of sharp Irony :

“ The false prophets called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, ‘ O Baal, hear us !’ but there was no voice. Then Elijah said unto them : ‘ Cry louder ; for perchance your God is talking, or he is busy, or he is in a journey ; or, peradventure, he sleeps and must be awaked’ .”

4. A *Simile*, or *Comparison*, illustrates an object by comparing it to another, to which it bears a manifest relation.

*Examples of the Simile.*

“ Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.”

*Pope.*

“ Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?  
A genius universal as his theme ;  
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom  
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heav’n sublime.  
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle Spenser, Fancy’s pleasing son ;  
Who, like a copious river, pour’d his song  
O’er all the mazes of enchanted ground.”

*Thomson.*

“ My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousands : his head is as the finest gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven ; his eyes are as the eyes of doves ; his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers ; his lips are lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh ; his hands are like gold-rings set with the beryl ;

his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars ; he is altogether lovely : this is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."—*Solomon's Song*.

5. By the *Hyperbole* the reality of things is either excessively enlarged or diminished.

*Examples of the Hyperbole.*

—“ Camilla

Outstript the wind in speed upon the plain,  
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain ;  
She swept the seas ; and, as she skimm'd along,  
Her flying foot unbath'd in billows hung.”

*Dryden's Virgil.*

“ O then I see queen Mab has been with you.  
She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman ;  
Drawn with a team of little atomies,  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs ;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash of film ;  
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.”

*Shakespeare.*

6. The *Antonomasia* exchanges proper names, and applies them as metaphorical epithets. Thus a good king is termed a *Titus*, and a cruel one is called a *Nero*.

*Examples of the Antonomasia.*

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,  
 Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.  
 Call Tibbald *Shakespeare*, and he ’ll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber ! never match’d one ode of thine.  
 Lord ! how we strut through Merlin’s Cave, to see  
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.  
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.  
 ‘My dear *Tibullus* !’ if that will not do,  
 Let me be *Horace*, and be *Ovid* you :  
 Or, I’m content, allow me *Dryden*’s strains,  
 And you shall rise up *Otway* for your pains.”

*Pope.*

7. The *Amplification* is a figure very frequent in elegant writing, chiefly in poetry ; it serves to enlarge and enrich ideas, which might indeed be expressed in fewer words, but with less grace and dignity.

*Examples of the Amplification.*

How eloquently affecting becomes, in the *Paradise Lost*, the simple expression, “ I am blind !”

——“ Thus with the year

Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me ! from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a un versal blank  
 Of nature’s works, to me expung’d and ras’d.”

*Milton.*

Observe the beautiful extension of the common sentence, "The sun rises."

"The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light."

*Pope's Homer.*

See how sweetly amplified appears, in the *Seasons*, the plain sentence, "Birds are making their nests."

—— "Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,  
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,



Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,  
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows."

Thomson.

Indeed the *Amplification*, with proper judgment, is the key of every elegant composition.

8. The *Repetition* consists in employing, gracefully and emphatically, either the same words, or the same sense in different words.

*Examples of the Repetition.*

" Are there no poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,  
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?  
Yet what would swords, or poisons, racks, or flame,  
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ?  
More fatal Henry's words : they murder Emma's  
fame."

Prior.

" Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide ;  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n."

Milton.

9. The *Conjunctions* and *Disjunctions*, properly used, form a kind of graceful repetition, which fixes an emphasis upon every word, and renders it either more lively, or more solemn.

*Examples of Conjunctions and Disjunctions.*

— " Thus eagerly the fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way ;  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

*Milton.*

" No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,  
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,  
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks  
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks."

*Darwin.*

10. The *Gradation* or *Climax* is a species of *Repetition* ; but it differs from it, as each expression which ends the first member of a period, is linked to the second ; and the whole period rises in a graduated contexture, which produces a happy effect, when judiciously managed.

How awfully sublime is the following *Gradation*

" So spake the SON, and into terror chang'd  
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld !  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four \* spread out their starry wings,  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels  
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout ;  
All but the throne itself of GOD. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd

\* Cherubim.

Plagues : they astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropp'd :  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of thrones, and mighty Seraphim prostrate ;  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,  
 Distinct with eyes ; and from the living wheels,  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
 Exhausted—spiritless—afflicted—fall'n."

Milton.

What magnificent *Gradation* in the following description of a thunder-storm :

" 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts, and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping Ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth."

Thomson.

As to those examples of *Climax*, which merely consist in a jingle of words, they are childish, and do not deserve either to be imitated, or to be noticed.

N. B. The four last figures cannot *strictly* be called *tropes*: they are rhetorical ornaments only, which often enter into the composition of other figures.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### FIGURES OF THOUGHT.

1. **D**ESCRPTION, in a rhetorical sense, is the general representation of any object, so strongly as to give to the reader a distinct view of it.

When the Description raises terror, compassion, wonder, or any affecting emotion of the mind, it is called *Vision*. The description of mental qualities is called *Ethopeia*. That of external qualities, such as size, features, &c. is called *Prosopographia*. And the description of places is termed *Topographia*.

#### *General Description.*

“ From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,

In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;  
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing year,  
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ;  
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye  
 Hurries from joy to joy ; and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies."

*Thomson.*

" Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims \* play !  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond to-day :  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand  
 To seize their prey the murd'rous band ;  
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

\* Schoolboys.

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind :  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye;  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Low in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins ;  
 That every labouring sinew strains ;  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age."

Gray.

*Examples of the Vision, or Hypotyposis.*

" From tent to tent th' impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes ;  
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
 Eliza echoes through the canvass walls ;  
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,  
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo ! dead Eliza weltering in her blood !—  
 Soon hears his listening Son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds :—  
 ' Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,  
 ' Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;  
 Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,  
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast !  
 Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
 Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake.'  
 —' She 'll wake no more !' the hopeless mourner cried,  
 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd ;  
 Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;  
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the Father kindled in his heart :  
 ' Oh, Heavens !' he cried, ' my first rash vow forgive !  
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !'  
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast."

*Darwin.*

" I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,  
 Who cried aloud—' What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?'  
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—  
 ' Clarence is come ! false, fleeting, perjurd Clarence,  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury !  
 Seize on him, furies ! take him to your torments !'  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ear  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I trembling wak'd ; and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell ;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream."

*Shakespeare.*

*Examples of the Ethopeia.*

" *Juba.* 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
 The tincture of a skin that I admire.  
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
 The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex :  
 True, she is fair, (O, how divinely fair !)  
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms,  
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul  
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,  
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles  
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace  
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues."

*Addison's Cato.*



" Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;  
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song !  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :  
 Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets."

*Thomson.*

*Examples of the Prosopographia.*

" Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect ! with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all :  
 And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure ;  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,  
 Whence true authority in men : though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
 He, for God only ; she, for God in him.  
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore,  
 Dishevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils."

*Milton.*

" May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, through the native white  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,  
 Breathing delight."

*Thomson.*

*Examples of the Topographia.*

" Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,  
 In early spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around,  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock:  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads  
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glaucing eye, and turns the changeful neck."

*Thomson.*

"Come on, Sir, here's the place—stand still. How  
 fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,  
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
 Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
 That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
 Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong."

*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

2. The *Prosopopeia* is a bold and vehement figure, which animates all the creation, and lends voice and sentiments to inanimate, dead, invisible, or ideal beings. A *direct Prosopopeia* supposes the objects themselves to speak. An *indirect Prosopopeia* either relates what the objects are supposed to have spoken, or lends to them the power of feeling, hearing, and speaking.

*Examples of the direct Prosopopeia.*

—“ Deep-rous'd, I feel

A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear  
 Of fancy strikes : ‘ Be not of us afraid,  
 Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we  
 From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,  
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit,  
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,  
 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
 Where purity and peace immingle charms’.”

*Thomson.*

“ A voice there is that whispers in my ear,  
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)  
 ‘ Friend Pope, be prudent ; let your Muse take breath,  
 And never gallop Pegasus to death ;  
 Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,  
 You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord Mayor's horse’.”

*Pope.*

*Examples of the indirect Prosopopeia.*

“ Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !  
 Ah ! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store

Of knowledge early gain'd ? that eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of youthful patriots who sustain her name ?  
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That art of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?  
 Ah ! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !"

Thomson.

" O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both ! O flow'rs,  
 That never will in other climate grow ;  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names !  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?"

Milton.

3. By the *Apostrophe* the poet or the orator interrupts his discourse, and applies suddenly to persons either present or absent ; to the living and dead ; to rocks, groves, rivers, &c. &c. By which it appears that a vehement *Apostrophe* is a kind of indirect *Prosopopeia*.

*Examples of the Apostrophe.*

" Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !  
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !  
 Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,  
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,  
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,  
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?  
 In what far-distant region of the sky,  
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?"

Thomson.

" These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good !  
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; thy self how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works : yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels ! for ye behold Him, and with songs,  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n :  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

Milton.

The five following figures belong more or less to the *Apostrophe*.

4. By the *Exclamation* the orator raises his voice all at once, with sudden vehemence, to express some strong emotion of the mind.

*Examples of the Exclamation.*

“ Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, fields belov'd in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales that from ye blow,

A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,

My weary soul they seem to sooth,

And redolent of joy and youth,

To breathe a second spring.”

*Gray.*

“ O fairest of creation ! last and best

Of all God's works ! Creature, in whom excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !

How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,

Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote !

Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress

The strict forbiddance ! how, to violate

The sacred fruit forbidd'n ! Some cursed fraud

Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown ;

And me with thee hath ruin'd : for with thee

Certain my resolution is to die !

How can I live without thee ! how forego

Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,

To live again in these wild woods forlorn !

Should God create another Eve, and I

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee

Would never from my heart ! no, no ! I feel

The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,

Bone of my bone thou art; and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!"

Milton.

5. The *Imprecation* is in itself an *Exclamation*, but solely used to express excessive dislike and horror.

*Examples of the Imprecation.*

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!"

Pope.

"Out of my sight, thou serpent!—That name best  
Befits thee, with him leagu'd; thyself as false  
And hateful! nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew  
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too-heavenly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee  
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride  
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning."

Milton.

6. The *Interrogation* being limited to present objects, differs by that from the *Apostrophe*, the bounds of which are indefinite.

*Examples of the Interrogation.*

— "Ah! whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts



Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?  
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives."

*Thomson.*

" Say, Father Thames, (for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace,)  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall;  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball."

*Gray.*

7. By the *Obsecration* we earnestly try to obtain a considerable favour, or to avoid some great distress and heavy punishment.

*Examples of the Obsecration.*

" Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!  
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

*Thomson.*

" *Lear.* O see, see ———  
And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all? thou 'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never, ———  
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;

Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips.

Look there, look there—— [He dies.

*Edg.* He faints; my lord!—

*Kent.* Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break.

*Edg.* Look up, my lord!

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: oh, let him pass! he hates  
him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world  
Stretch him out longer."

*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

8. The *Optation* expresses the eagerness of forcible wishes.

*Examples of the Optation.*

——“ O! might I here

In solitude live savage; in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest woods (impenetrable  
To star or sun light) spread their umbrage broad,  
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never more be seen!”

*Milton.*

“ Oh, bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;  
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;  
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!”

*Thomson.*

9. The *Antithesis* is a contrast of words, or of thoughts, which serve, like shades in painting, to set off opposite

qualities. Thus, in natural objects, black is the *Anti-thesis* of white, beauty of ugliness, calm of a storm, &c. &c.

*Examples of the Antithesis.*

“ How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !  
 How passing wonder He who made him such !  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !  
 From diff’rent natures marvelously mixt,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds :  
 Distingui-h’d link in being’s endless chain !  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sully’d and absorpt !  
 Though sully’d and dishonour’d, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris’d, aghast.  
 O what a miracle to man is man,  
 Triumphantly distress’d ! what joy, what dread !  
 Alternately transported and alarm’d ;  
 What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !  
 An angel’s arm can’t snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can’t confine me there.”

Young.

“ *Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
 See what a grace was seated on this brow ;  
 Hyperion’s curls, the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars to threaten or command,  
 A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination and a form indeed,  
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man :  
 This *was* your husband. Look you now what follows :  
 Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor ?”

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

10. The *Dubitation* is a figure by which the orator feigns not to know what course he must follow.

*Examples of the Dubitation.*

——“ But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me ? or rather not ;  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r  
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal ; and perhaps,  
 (A thing not undesirable,) some time  
 Superior : for inferior, who is free ?  
 This may be well—But what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more !  
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ;  
 A death to think ! Confirm'd then I resolve  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :

So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths  
I could endure; without him live no life."

*Milton.*

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?  
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?  
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?  
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild  
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,  
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
Thy hill, delightful Shene \*?"

*Thomson.*

11. By the *Concession* the speaker appears generally to grant many things, in order to obtain more easily a point of greater consequence to him.

*Examples of the Concession.*

"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:  
They that have done this deed are honourable;  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man  
That love my friend: and that they know full well  
That give me public leave to speak of him;  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action or utt'rance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb  
mouths!

\* Richmond.

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony! there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

*Shakespeare.*

" Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven  
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form :  
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !"

*Thomson.*

12. The *Correction* is a figure by which we earnestly retract what we said before.

*Examples of the Correction.*

" O! had His pow'ful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel! I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition! yet, why not? some other pow'r  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part:—But other pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken; from within,  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou hadst! whom hast thou then, or what, t' accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?"

*Milton.*

“ *Lear*. I pr’ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
 I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell :  
 We’ll no more meet, no more see one another ;  
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,  
 Or rather—a disease that ’s in my flesh,  
 Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,  
 A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle  
 In my corrupted blood ;—but I’ll not chide thee.  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.”

*Shakespeare’s King Lear.*

13. By the *Prevention* or *Subjection* the orator anticipates an objection which, he foresees, might be made against him, and contrives answers favourable to his cause.

*Examples of the Prevention.*

“ My sentence is for open war : of wiles,  
 More inexpert, I boast not : them let those  
 Contrive who need ; or when they need, not now :  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit ling’ring here  
 Heav’n’s fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay ? No ! let us rather choose,  
 Arm’d with hell flames and fury, all at once  
 O’er heav’n’s high tow’rs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer.”

*Milton.*

“ *Bass.* May you stead me ? will you pleasure me ? shall I know your answer ?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and Anthonio bound ?

*Bass.* Your answer to that ?

*Shy.* Anthonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

*Shy.* No, no, no, no ; my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ?—I think I may take his bond.”

*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.*

14. The *Pretermission* or *Omission* is when an author pretends that he conceals and omits that which he really declares in a hidden, but forcible manner.

*Examples of the Pretermission.*

“ What need I mention those inclement skies,  
Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,  
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
Descends ? From Æthiopia's poison'd woods,  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,



This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey,  
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes,  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death."

*Thomson.*

" What object, Catiline, can now give you pleasure in this city ? If we except the profligate band of your accomplices, there is not a man in it but dreads and abhors you. Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted ? What scenes of debauchery have not your eyes beheld ? What guilt has not stained your hands ? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you made room in your house for another, did you not add to the atrocity of that crime by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt ? But I pass over all those enormities, and choose rather to let them remain in silence, that the memory of such wickedness may not descend to posterity. I pass over the entire ruin of your fortune ; I wish to treat you mildly, and shall only proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard neither the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life."—1st *Catil.*  
*Tully.*

15. The *Reticence* or *Suppression* is a figure by which the speaker breaks off his discourse in the middle of a sentence, and leaves more to be understood, through his silence, than he could express by the most energetic words.

*Examples of the Reticence.*

——“ Filial ingratitude !

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to 't?—But I'll punish home;  
 No, I will weep no more—in such a night,  
 To shut me out?—pour on, I will endure:  
 In such a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill,  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—  
 O, that way madness lies, let me shun that,  
 No more of that." *Shakespeare's King Lear.*

"Here lies the great—'False marble! tell me where?  
 Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here'."  
*Cowley.*

"O let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,  
 I will have such revenges on you both,  
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—  
 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be  
 The terrors of the earth: you think I'll weep:—  
 No, I'll not weep. Though I have full cause of weep-  
 ing;  
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws  
 Ere I weep. O fool! I shall go mad."  
*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

16. By the *Suspension* a period is kept up with great art, to awake the curiosity of the hearer, and at length it ends in a manner highly pleasing, either by its elegance and solemnity, or by its witty turn.

*Examples of the Suspension.*

"Houses, churches, mixt together,  
 Streets unpleasant in all weather;  
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,  
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;

Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,  
 Showy outsides, insides empty ;  
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,  
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts ;  
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,  
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;  
 Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,  
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;  
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians ;  
 Noble, simple, all conditions ;  
 Worth beneath a threadbare cover,  
 Villany bedaub'd all over ;  
 Women—black, red, fair, and gray,  
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;  
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;  
 Some that will not, some that will ;  
 Many a beau without a shilling,  
 Many a widow not unwilling ;  
 Many a bargain, if you strike it.  
 This is London—How d' ye like it ?"

*Imitated from Scarron.*

" O Heav'n ! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge ; either to undergo  
 My self the total crime ; or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life :  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint. But strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint !  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolv'd. Though, should I hold my peace, yet Thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.—  
 This woman, whom Thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift ; so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill ;  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;  
 She gave me of the tree,—and I did eat !”

*Milton.*

Such are the chief *Figures of Rhetoric*, to which it is highly essential to accustom young learners. We do not pretend to have enumerated here all possible figures : large volumes would become necessary to express the various emotions of the mind. Neither is it to be imagined that each figure must be *precisely* like the examples which we have given. An *Apostrophe*, *Antithesis*, *Prosopopeia*, &c. &c. may be varied in a thousand forms.—We cherish the hope, however, that this short Treatise will be of great utility to young students, if they read it with attention, and try to point out the various *Figures of Rhetoric*, which are interspersed throughout the following selection.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THIRD PART.

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SELECT PIECES,

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*In Prose and Verse,*

FROM THE BEST

ENGLISH AND FRENCH

Authors.

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Pueris, quæ maximè ingenia alant, atque animum augeant, prælegenda: cæteris, quæ ad eruditionem modò pertinent, longa ætas spatium dabit.

M. F. QUINCTILIAN. *Lib. i. Cap. viii.*

*De Instit. Oratoriâ.*

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By J. OUISEAU, A. M.

## OBSERVATION.

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THE following Selection is divided into *Prose* and *Verse*, and the arrangement which appeared the most suitable, has been to subdivide each part into *moral* and *miscellaneous* extracts.

As prose has less inversions than poetry, and must consequently be more intelligible to young students, the Editor has presented it first;—after which come such extracts in verse, as may suppose a nicer taste, and higher grammatical knowledge. It will be easy for Teachers to invert the order, and choose the pieces which they shall judge best fitted to the age and intelligence of their Pupils.

# SELECT PIECES

## IN PROSE.

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### RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SUBJECTS.

#### I.—*God's Omnipotence ; Man's Ignorance.*

“THE Lord spoke to Job out of the whirlwind, and said, ‘Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.’ Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who has laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Whereupon are its foundations? Who laid its corner-stone, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?’

“Who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth? Who said to it: ‘Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; here shall thy proud waves be stayed?’—

“Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? Hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Has the rain a father? Who has begotten the drops of the dew?

“Knowest thou the ordinances of the heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou

lift up thy voice to the clouds, and say to the rain :  
 ‘ Fall.’—Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,  
 and say unto thee : ‘ Here we are ?’—*Book of Job.*

## II.—*God’s Providence ; Man’s Imbecility.*

“ Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth, or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve ? Their young ones are in good liking : they grow up with corn ; they go forth, and return not unto them. Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich ? Who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God ? Does the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch his wings toward the south ? Does the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high ?”

“ Hast thou given the horse strength ? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paws in the valley, and rejoices in his strength : he goes on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattles against him, the glittering spear and the shield : he mocks at fear, neither turns he back from the sword. He swallows the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believes he that it is the sound of the trumpets. He says among the trumpets : ‘ Ha, ha ;’ and he smells the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shoutings.”

“ Then Job answered, and said : ‘ I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.’”—*Book of Job.*



III.—JUDAH'S *affecting Speech* to JOSEPH.

“ Oh ! my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ear, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant : for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying : ‘ Have ye a father, or a brother ? ’ And we said unto my lord : ‘ We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one : and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loves him. ’

“ My lord said unto his servants : ‘ Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. ’ We said unto my lord : ‘ The lad cannot leave his father ; for if he should leave his father, his father would die. ’—And thou saidst unto thy servants : ‘ Except your younger brother come down with you, you shall see my face no more. ’

“ It came to pass that, when we came unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said : ‘ Go again and buy us a little food. ’ And we said : ‘ We cannot go down. If our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down ; for we cannot see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. ’—And thy servant my father said unto us : ‘ Ye know that my wife bare me two sons ; the one went out from me ; ’ and I said, ‘ Surely he is torn in pieces ; ’ and I saw him not since. ‘ If ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. ’

“ Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us (seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life) ; it shall come to pass,

when he sees that the lad be not with us, that he will die.—And thy servants shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant our father, with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying: ‘If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever.’

“Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide, instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For, how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.”—*Book of Genesis.*

#### IV.—*Life is a Pilgrimage to Eternity.*

“A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king’s palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The Dervise told them he intended to take up his night’s lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king’s palace.

“It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from caravan-

sary?—‘ Sir,’ says the Dervise, ‘ give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?’—The king replied, his ancestors.—‘ And who,’ says the Dervise, ‘ was the last person that lodged here?’—The king replied, his father.—‘ And who is it,’ says the Dervise, ‘ that lodges here at present?’—The king told him, that it was he himself.—‘ And who,’ says the Dervise, ‘ will be here after you?’—The king answered, the young prince his son.—‘ Ah, Sir!’ said the Dervise, ‘ a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.’—*Spectator.*

V.—*The kind Father.—The Vicar of WAKEFIELD finds his Daughter.*

“ ‘ O dear Madam, pity me! pity a poor abandoned creature for one night; and death will soon do the rest.’—I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. ‘ Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father’s bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all.’—‘ O my own dear’—for minutes she could say no more; ‘ my own dearest good Papa! could angels be kinder! how do I deserve so much? The villain! I hate him and myself to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can’t forgive me. I know you cannot,’—‘ Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive

thee : only repent, and we both shall be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.'—' Ah ! never, Sir ; never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas ! Papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness ? Sure you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself.'—' Our wisdom, young woman,' replied I.—' Ah, why so cold a name, Papa ?' cried she. ' This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name.'—' I ask pardon, my darling,' returned I ; ' but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one.'—*Goldsmith.*

#### VI.—*Be active and useful.*

“ I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, ‘ What they had been doing ?’

“ Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared at each other, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. ‘ Madam,’ says he, to the first of them, ‘ you have been upon the earth about fifty years, what have you been doing there all this while ?’—‘ Doing !’ says she ; ‘ really I do not know what I have been doing : I desire I may have time given me to recollect.’ After

about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand to take her into custody.—‘And you, Madam,’ says the judge, ‘that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?’—‘I had a great deal of business on my hands,’ says she, ‘being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.’—‘Very well,’ says he, ‘you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her.’

“The next was a plain countrywoman: ‘Well, Mistress,’ says Rhadamanthus, ‘and what have you been doing?’—‘An’t please your worship,’ says she, ‘I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife at any in the country.’—Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care.”—*Guardian*.

#### VII.—*Effusions of a grateful Heart.*

“O Sir! I wish you could this instant see my house. If any person had ever a right to such pleasure, I am convinced it is yourself. My cousin tells me she acquainted, ———— in which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and called by, ———— goodness. My children have now a bed to lie on, and they have—they have—eternal blessings reward you for

it—they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered, my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir; and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed, Sir, I must see you at my house. Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you. My children too must express their gratitude. Indeed, Sir, they are not without a sense of their obligation: but what is my feeling, when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expressing their gratitude! Oh, Sir! the little hearts which you have warmed, had now been cold as ice without your assistance'."—*Fielding*.

#### VIII.—*Le Fevre's Death.*

"The sun looked bright to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's: the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting

——“ ‘You shall go directly, Le Fevre,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘to my house—and we’ll send for a doctor to see what’s the matter,—and we’ll have an

apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse ;—  
and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

“ There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature : to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back ; the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

“ Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on ?—No.”—*Sterne.*

IX.—*Christian Philosophy.—The Vicar of WAKEFIELD'S  
Advice to his Family.*

“ You cannot be ignorant, my children, that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune ; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers

are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should we not learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."—*Goldsmith.*

X.—*Acknowledge nobly your Faults.*—*Mr. ALLWORTHY'S kind Atonement to TOM JONES.*

“ ‘ O my child, how have I been to blame! how have I injured you! What amends can I ever make you, for those unkind, those unjust suspicions, which I have entertained; and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?’—‘ Am I not now made amends?’ cried Jones. ‘ Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly repaid? O, my dear uncle! this goodness, this tenderness, overpowers, unmans, destroys me! I cannot bear the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to your presence, to your favour; to be once more thus kindly received, by my great, my noble, my generous benefactor—’ ‘ Indeed, child, I have used you cruelly.’

“ ‘ O talk not so! Indeed, Sir, you have used me nobly. The wisest man might be deceived as you were; and, under such a deception, the best must have acted just as you did. Your goodness displayed itself in the midst of your anger, just as it then seemed. I owe every thing to that goodness of which I have been most unworthy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas! Sir, I



have not been punished more than I have deserved; and it shall be the whole business of my future life, to deserve that happiness you now bestow on me; for, believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment hath not been thrown away upon me: though I have been a great, I am not a hardened sinner; I thank Heaven, I have had time to reflect on my past life; where, though I cannot charge myself with any gross villany, yet I can discern follies and vices more than enough to repent and to be ashamed of; follies which have been attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and have brought me to the brink of destruction.—‘I am rejoiced, my dear child, to hear you talk thus sensibly; for as I am convinced hypocrisy was never among your faults, so I can readily believe all you say’.—*Fielding.*

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### MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

I.—*Generous Gratitude.*—*Mrs. MILLER pleads the Cause of TOM JONES, her Benefactor.*

“You must not be angry with me; you must not indeed, Sir, for my good wishes to this poor wretch. Sure I may call him so now; though once you would have been angry with me, if I had spoke of him with the least disrespect. How often have I heard you call him your son? How often have you prattled to me of him, with all the fondness of a parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender expressions, the many

good things you have told me of his beauty, and his parts, and his virtues; of his good-nature and generosity. I am sure, Sir, I cannot forget them; for I find them all true; I have experienced them in my own cause. They have preserved my family. You must pardon my tears, Sir; indeed you must, when I consider the cruel reverse of fortune which this poor youth, to whom I am so much obliged, hath suffered: when I consider the loss of your favour, which I know he valued more than his life, I must, I must lament him! If you had a dagger in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart, I must lament the misery of one whom you have loved, and I shall ever love."—*Fielding*.

II.—*RODERIC RANDOM meeting his old Benefactor in Distress.*

"At some distance I perceived a sailor, sitting in a pensive, solitary manner, entertaining himself with a whiff of tobacco, from the stump of a pipe as black as jet.—The appearance of distress never failed to attract my regard and compassion: I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my assistance, and, notwithstanding the alteration of dress, and disguise of a long beard, I discovered in him my long-lost and lamented uncle and benefactor, Lieutenant Bowling! Good heaven! what were the agitations of my soul, between the joy of finding again such a valuable friend, and the sorrow of seeing him in such a low condition! The tears gushed down my cheeks; I stood motionless and silent for some time; at length, recovering the use of speech, I exclaimed, 'Gracious God! Mr. Bowling!'—My uncle no sooner heard his name mentioned, than

he started up, crying with some surprise, 'Holla!' and, after having looked at me stedfastly, without being able to recollect me, said, 'Did you call me, brother?' I told him I had something extraordinary to communicate, and desired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room; but he would by no means consent to this proposal, saying, 'Avast there, friend; none of your tricks upon travellers:—if you have any thing to say to me, do it above board; you need not be afraid of being overheard;—here are none who understand our lingo.'

"Though I was loth to discover myself before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him, I was his own nephew, Roderic Random. On this information, he considered me with great earnestness and astonishment, and recalling my features, which, though enlarged, were not entirely altered since he had seen me, came up and shook me by the hand very cordially, protesting he was glad to see me well. After some pause, he went on thus: 'And yet, my lad, I am sorry to see you under such colours; the more so, as it is not in my power, at present, to change them for the better, times being very hard with me.' With these words I could perceive a tear trickle down his furrowed cheek."—*Smollett.*

### III.—*Pleasant Scene of Anger.*

"There came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, was slow in understanding any thing which made against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, the seller said to him, 'Sir, you

know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.'—'Sir,' said the chapman, 'I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago.'—'Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.'

" 'My friend,' replied he, 'canst thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?'—'Yes, Sir; but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid.'—'Sir,' answered the chapman, 'you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with.'—'Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.'—'Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle.'

" 'Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book.'—'I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe.'—'Was ever any thing like this?'—'Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself'."—*Spectator*.

IV.—*The good Man in Distress.*—*The Vicar of WAKEFIELD returning Home.*

“ How my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion ! As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife’s tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest ; the lights were out in every cottage ; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

“ It was now near midnight when I came to knock at my door : all was still and silent ; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness ; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration ! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror ; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze.

“ I gazed upon them and the fire by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones ; but they were not to be seen. ‘ O misery ! where,’ cried I, ‘ where are my little ones ?’—‘ They are burnt to death in the flames,’ said my wife, calmly, ‘ and I will die with them.’—That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. ‘ Where, where are my children ?’ cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined ; ‘ where are my little ones ?’—‘ Here, dear papa ; here we are !’ cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. ‘ Now,’ cried I, holding up my children, ‘ now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.’—We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.”

*Goldsmith.*

V.—*Be cautious with Strangers.*—*The Vicar of WAKEFIELD's Son cheated at a Fair.*

“ I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. ‘ Never mind our son,’ cried my wife ; ‘ depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I’ll tell you a good

story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without the horse, and a box at his back.'

"As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under a deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?'—'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Aye, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know, but where is the horse?'—'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence.'—'Well done, my good boy,' returned she, 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.'—'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast: 'here they are; a groce of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'

"'A groce of green spectacles!' replied my wife in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a groce of green paltry spectacles!'—'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'—'Aye, for the silver rims,' cried my wife in a passion: 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.'—'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims; they

are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.'

" 'What,' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver!'—'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'—'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a groce of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.'—'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong, he should not have known them at all.'—'Marry, hang the idiot,' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.'—'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing'."—*Goldsmith.*

#### VI.—SOPHIA WESTERN.

"Sophia, the only daughter of Mr. Western, was a middle-sized woman, but rather inclining to tall. Her shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate; and the nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few would believe it to be her own. Her eyes were so full and so bright, that they had any part of her face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched, beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a lustre in them which all her



softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular; and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in those lines:

‘ Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compa'd to that nearest her chin;  
Some bee had stung it newly.’

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose; but when exercise or modesty increased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne—

—‘ Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought.’

Her neck was long and finely turned: and here I might justly say, the highest beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteness which no lilies, ivory, nor alabaster, could match. It was, indeed, ‘ *Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius*: A gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of Parian marble.’

“ Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former; for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused

that glory over her countenance which no regularity of features can give."—*Fielding*.

VII.—*The honest Tar's Rhetoric.*—Lieutenant BOWLING  
pleading the Cause of his Nephew.

"When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner: 'Your servant, your servant.—What cheer, father? what cheer?—I suppose you don't know me; mayhap you don't—my name is Tom Bowling,—and this here boy, you look as if you did not know him neither,—'tis like you mayn't. He's new rigged, i'faith; his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it was wont to do. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderic Random,—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman. Don't lag astern, you dog,' (pulling me forward.)—My grandfather (who was laid up with the gout) received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him; told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down.

"'Thank ye, thank ye, Sir; I had as lief stand,' said my uncle: 'for my own part I desire nothing of you; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate. Unchristian do I call it?—I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want. I would fain know why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack, (pointing to the young 'squire, who with the rest of my cousins had followed us into the room.) Is not he as near akin to you as the other?—Is not he much handsomer, and better built than that great chucklehead?

—Come, come, consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions. Remember the wrongs you did his father; and make all the satisfaction in your power, before it be too late!’

*Smollett.*

VIII.—*Captain SHANDY and his Wife.*

“ We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round towards my mother, as he opened the debate—We should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.

We should so,—said my mother.—We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.—

I think we do, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother.

—Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunics.—

—He does look very well in them—replied my mother.

—And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of ’em.

—It would so,—said my mother.—

But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoin’d my father.

—He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.—

—I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot imagine, for my life,—said my mother.—

Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am not very tall myself,—continued my father, gravely.

You are not very tall, Mr. Shandy—said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he went a little farther from my mother, and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first, he'll be exactly like other people's children.

Exactly, said my mother.—

—Though I should be sorry for that, added my father:—and so the debate stopped again.

—They should be of leather, said my father.

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.—

—Except dimity, replied my father.

'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

—One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother:—and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking

silence the fourth time,—he shall have no pockets in them.—

—There is no occasion for any, said my mother.—

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

—I mean so too,—replied my mother.

—Though if he gets a gig or a top—Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.—

Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.

—But don't you think it right? added my father,—pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.

—There's for you! cried my father, losing temper,—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure, and a point of convenience."—*Sterne.*

#### IX.—FALSTAFF'S *Recruits.*

“*Fal.* If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet: I have misus'd the king's press terribly. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as have been ask'd twice on the banns: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin worse than a struck deer, or a hurt wild fowl. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.

“A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows: I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stoln from my host of St. Albans, or the red-nos'd innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.”—*Shakespeare.*

X.—*Poor STRAP's honest Heart.*

“One day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus: ‘Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman.’—I answered in the affirmative.—‘Pray (continued he), from what part of Scotland?’—I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his opera-

tion to my chin and upper lip, he smeared my whole face with great agitation.—I was so offended at this profusion, that, starting up, I asked him what he meant by using me so?—He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him: and he craved my name.—But, when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in a rapture, ‘How! Rory Random?’—‘The same,’ I replied, looking at him with astonishment.—‘What,’ cried he, ‘don’t you know your old school-fellow, Hugh Strap?’—At that instant recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shopmates, who were witnesses of this scene.”—*Smollett*.

XI.—*Parson ADAMS and TRULLIBER.*

“Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams’s arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, she believed there was a man come for some of his hogs. This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece.

Adams answered, he believed he did not know him.—  
'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair: why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you: yes, yes, I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the sty.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hogsty, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window.

"They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, 'Do but handle them: step in friend, are welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no.' At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pigsty, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply, before he was suffered to explain himself; and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and entering the sty, said to Adams with some contempt, 'Why! dost not know how to handle a hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, '*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a Clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, he was sorry for the mistake, but that he must blame his wife; adding, she was a fool, and always committed blunders."—*Fielding*.



XII.—TOM JONES'S *Apology for having sold a Horse given to him by Mr. ALLWORTHY.*

“ ‘ Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more than all the world : I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present ; for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him ; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, Sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same ; for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them ? Indeed, Sir, there never was any misery like theirs.’—‘ Like whose, child ?’ says Allworthy : ‘ what do you mean ?’—‘ Oh, Sir,’ answered Tom, ‘ your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger. I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to be the occasion of all their sufferings. I could not bear it, Sir ; upon my word I could not ! It was to save them from absolute destruction I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it. I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money.’”—*Fielding.*

XIII.—*FALSTAFF in the Buck-basket.*

*Falstaff and Mr. Ford, known to Falstaff by the Name of Brook.*

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. — Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and given to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as the main, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.—Now, is the sack brew'd?

*Bard.* Here's a gentleman, Sir, to speak with you.

*Ford.* Bless you, Sir.

*Fal.* Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.

*Ford.* That indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And you sped, Sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

*Ford.* How, Sir! did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, returned sooner than we expected; and at

his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there ?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket !

*Fal.* Yea, a buck-basket ; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins, that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there ?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane ; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it ; but fate, ordaining it otherwise, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes ; but mark the sequel, Master Brook ; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths : first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-wether ; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head ; and then to be stopt

in, like a strong distillation, with dirty clothes that fretted in their own grease : think of that, a man of my kidney ; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stew'd in grease like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that ; hissing hot ; think of that, Master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffered all this. My suit is then desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding ; I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

*Fal.* Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed."

*Shakespeare.*

#### XIV.—*The Happiness of a Country Fireside.*

"It was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. 'I am sorry,' cried I, 'that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer : feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.'—'Bless me,' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.'—'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you mis-

take there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me.' As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

“ He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grizzel, the adventures of Catskin, and then fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. ‘ And I,’ cried Bill, ‘ will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.’—‘ Well done, my good children,’ cried I, ‘ hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge among his fellow-creatures. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.—Deborah, my dear,’ cried I to my wife, ‘ give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.’—*Goldsmith.*”

XV.—*Humorous Scene between Prince HENRY and  
FALSTAFF.*

*P. Henry.* Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks*].—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward!—Go thy way, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—a plague of all cowards! I say still.

*P. Henry.* How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You prince of Wales!

*P. Henry.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me that.

*P. Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of friends? a plague upon such back-

ing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

*P. Henry.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

*P. Henry.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Henry.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

*P. Henry.* What! a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

*P. Henry.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

*P. Henry.* Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd some of them!

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my

old ward : here I lay, and thus I bore my point : four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

*P. Henry.* What, four ! thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me : I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Henry.* Seven ! why they were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram ?

*P. Henry.* Ay, four in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

*P. Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

*P. Henry.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken, began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Henry.* O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

*Fal.* But as plague would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

*P. Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou greasy tallow-catch—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

*P. Henry.* Why, how couldst thou know these men



in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

*P. Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

*P. Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Fal.* Ha! ha! ha!—D' ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you.

Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Henry.* Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.”

*Shakespeare.*

## SELECT PIECES IN VERSE.

### RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SUBJECTS.

#### I.—*Infinite Value of Time.*

“THE bell strikes one. We take no note of Time  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours :  
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.  
 It is the signal that demands dispatch :  
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;  
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour !”

Young.

II.—*King LEAR driven out of his Palace, and exposed to a Thunder-Storm.*

“ Blow winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage, blow !  
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !  
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world :  
 Crack Nature's mould, all germins spill at once  
 That make ungrateful man !

“ Rumble thy belly full ; spit, fire ; spout, rain !  
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.  
 I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness ;  
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children ;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your brave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man ;  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head,  
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

“ Let the great gods, ready for their vengeance,  
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand:  
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,  
That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,  
That, under cover of convivial seeming,  
Hast practis'd on man's life.—Close pent up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and ask  
Those dreadful summoners grace!—I am a man  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.”

*Shakespeare.*

III.—*Epitaph by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.*

“ Farewell, my best belov'd, whose heav'nly mind,  
Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd,  
Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,  
With meek simplicity and joy of heart;  
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere,  
And only of thyself a judge severe;  
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each sphere of life,  
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife;  
In thee, their patroness th' afflicted lost;  
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;  
And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,  
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair?  
O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,  
My guide, my friend, my best belov'd, farewell!”

*Anonymous.*

IV.—*A Monody on the Death of Lady LYTTTELTON.*

“ In vain I look around  
 O'er all the well-known ground,  
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;  
 Where oft we us'd to walk ;  
 Where oft, in tender talk,  
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;  
 Nor by yon fountain's side,  
 Nor where its waters glide  
 Along the valley, can she now be found :  
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,  
 No more my mournful eye  
 Can aught of her espy,  
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

“ O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?  
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.  
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts  
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.  
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :  
 To your sequester'd dales,  
 And flower-embroider'd vales,  
 From an admiring world she chose to fly ;  
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,  
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,  
 And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,  
 But those, the gentlest and the best,  
 Whose holy flames with energy divine  
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,  
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

" Sweet babes ! who, like the little playful fawns,  
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,  
     By your delighted mother's side,  
     Who now your infant steps shall guide ?  
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care  
 To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,  
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth ?  
     O loss beyond repair !  
     O wretched father ! left alone  
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !  
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,  
     And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe !  
     (Now she, alas ! is gone !)  
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save.

" O best of wives ! O dearer far to me  
     Than when thy virgin charms  
     Were yielded to my arms ;  
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?  
 How in the world (to me a desert grown,  
     Abandon'd and alone)  
 Without my sweet companion can I live ?  
     Without thy lovely smile,  
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,  
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?  
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could  
     raise.

For my distracted mind  
 What succour can I find ?

On whom for consolation shall I call?  
 Support me, ev'ry friend;  
 Your kind assistance lend,  
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe."

*Lord Lyttelton.*

V.—*Epitaph on Mrs. MASON, in the Cathedral at Bristol.*

"Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:  
 Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately gave:  
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,  
 Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—  
 And dy'd. Does youth, does beauty read the line?  
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?  
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;  
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.  
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:  
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:  
 And, if so fair, from vanity as free,  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;  
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,  
 ('Twas even to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,  
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God'."

*Mason.*

VI.—*Be kind to Animals.*

—“The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,  
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,

E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap  
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,  
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !  
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
 And dip his tongue in gore ?—The beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,  
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death ? you, who have given us milk  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,  
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labour ?"

*Thomson.*

VII.—*True Happiness.*

" I envy not the proud their wealth,  
 Their equipage and state :  
 Give me but innocence and health,  
 I ask not to be great.



I in this sweet retirement find  
 A joy unknown to kings,  
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind  
 Seem vain and empty things.  
 Great Cincinnatus at his plough  
 With brighter lustre shone  
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,  
 Though seated on a throne.  
 Tumultuous days and restless nights  
 Ambition ever knows,  
 A stranger to the calm delights  
 Of study and repose.  
 Then free from envy, care, and strife,  
 Keep me, ye powers divine !  
 And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,  
 May I that life resign !"

*Mrs. Pilkington.*

VIII.—ADAM'S *Lamentation.*

“ Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
 Through the still night ; not now (as ere man fell)  
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild ; but with black air  
 Accompany'd ; with damps, and dreadful gloom :  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror. On the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay ; on the cold ground ! and oft  
 Curs'd his creation ; Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence.—Why comes not Death,  
 (Said he) with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her word ?  
 Justice Divine not hasten to be just ?

But Death comes not at call; Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs, or cries!  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs!  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song!"

*Milton.*

IX.—EVE'S *tender Entreaty.*

" Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heav'n  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees:—bereave me not  
 (Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength, and stay! forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me,—where subsist?  
 While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
 Between us two let there be peace! both joining  
 (As join'd in injuries) one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel serpent!—on me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;  
 On me, already lost! me, than thy self  
 More miserable! Both have sinn'd! but thou  
 Against God only; I against God and thee:  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heav'n: that all  
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light  
 On me; sole cause to thee of all this woe;  
 Me! me! only just object of His ire!"

*Milton.*

X.—*On the Destruction of Bees.*

“ Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,  
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur. While, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoic'd  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores,  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

“ And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning summer heats away ?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?  
O man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,  
Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ;  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day ?”

*Thomson.*

XI.—*The Rose.*

“ The Rose had been wash'd, 'just wash'd in a show'r,  
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;  
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

*Cowper.*

XII.—*The Uncertainty of Fortune.*

"Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.  
 All vast possessions (just the same the case,  
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)  
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?  
 Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale,  
 Let rising granaries and temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,  
 Enclose whole downs in walls—'tis all a joke!  
 Inexorable Death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall."

*Pope.*

XIII.—*The Power of Virtue, even on the Vicious.*

“ O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mold ; earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits ; yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior : whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair ! ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches ; when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.”

*Milton.*

XIV. *The virtuous and beneficent Parson.*

“ Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year !  
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize ;  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.  
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.  
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

“ Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;  
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,  
 He watch'd and wept,—he pray'd,—and felt for all.  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

“ Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

“ At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

*Goldsmith.*

XV.—*Emblem of a virtuous Life.*

"How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !  
 The glory of April and May !  
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour ;  
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
 Above all the flow'rs of the field :  
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,  
 Still how sweet a perfume will it yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;  
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;  
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
 Since both of them wither and fade :  
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;  
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead."

*Watts.*

## MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

I.—*The Pleasures of Life are fleeting and deceitful.*

“ ALAS ! the joys that fortune brings  
 Are trifling, and decay ;  
 And those who prize the paltry things  
 More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,  
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
 But leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,  
 The modern fair one's jest ;  
 On earth unseen, or only found  
 To warm the turtle's nest.”

*Goldsmith.*

II.—*The Power of Virtue and Beauty.*

“ Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,  
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,  
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,  
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill :  
 Not all their charms, though all unite,  
 Can touch my bosom with delight.  
 Not all the gems on India's shore,  
 Not all Peru's unbounded store ;  
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,  
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;



Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,  
 To form one wish my soul can move,  
 Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,  
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;  
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,  
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain:  
 In lovely Stella all combine,  
 And, lovely Stella! thou art mine."

*Johnson.*

III.—*The amiable Instinct of Birds.*

"As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize!—Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young;  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,

And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
 Oft, as they weeping see their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all."

*Thomson.*

IV.—*EVE'S own Account to ADAM of her first Thoughts.*

——“ O thou ! for whom,  
 And from whom I was form'd ; flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end ; my guide,  
 And head ! what thou hast said, is just and right.  
 For we to Him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee,  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds ; while thou  
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
 Under a shade on flow'rs ; much wond'ring where,  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,  
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n : I thither went,  
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.

“ As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me : I started back ;  
 It started back : but pleas'd I soon return'd ;

Pleas'd it return'd as soon ; with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, ' What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thy self ;  
 With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy waiting and thy soft embraces ; he  
 Whose image thou art : him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race.'—What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?  
 Till I espy'd thee ? fair indeed, and tall,  
 Under a plantan ; yet, methought, less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry image : back I turn'd,  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, ' Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fly'st thou ? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear :  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee ; and thee claim,  
 My other half !'—With that, thy gentle hand  
 Seiz'd mine ; I yielded ; and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

*Milton.*

V.—CORDELIA'S *dutiful Behaviour to her distressed  
Father.*

*King Lear, Cordelia, Kent.*

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restauration hang  
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear Princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should  
Have stood that night against my fire: and wast  
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine  
And rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw?  
Alack, 'tis wonder that thy life and wits,  
At once, had not concluded all. He wakes,  
Speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you speak, 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal Lord? how fares your  
Majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;  
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit I know, when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide——

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair day-  
light!

I'm much abus'd ; I should ev'n die with pity  
 To see another thus. I know not what ;  
 I will not swear these are my hands ; let's see,  
 I feel this pin pricks : would I were assur'd  
 Of my condition !

*Cor.* O look on me, Sir,  
 And hold your hand in benediction o'er me,  
 No, Sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me ;  
 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Fourscore and upward, and to deal plainly with you,  
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man,  
 Yet I am doubtful : for I'm mainly ignorant  
 What place this is, and all the skill I have  
 Remembers not these garments ; nay, I know not  
 Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me,  
 For, as I am a man, I think this Lady  
 To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am ; I am——

*Lear.* Be your tears wet ? yes, 'faith ; I pray you,  
 weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it ;  
 I know you do not love me ; for your sisters  
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
 You have some cause, they have none.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France ?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good Madam ; the great rage

You see is cur'd: desire him to go in,  
And trouble him no more till further settling.

*Cor.* Will 't please your Highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me;

Pray you now, forget and forgive,

I am old and foolish."

*Shakespeare.*

VI.—*Want sharpens Industry.*

"In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,  
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:  
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,  
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.  
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,  
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd  
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,  
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,  
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.  
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cried,  
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.  
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;  
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter:)  
'Go on, my friend,' he cried, 'see yonder walls!  
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!  
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.'  
Don't you remember what reply he gave?  
'D'ye think me, noble gen'ral, such a sot?  
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat'."

*Pope.*

VII.—*Eve's Creation, and her first Meeting with ADAM.*

—"God ended, or I heard no more.  
Mine eyes He clos'd, but open left the cell

Of fancy, my internal sight; by which  
 (Abstract as in a trance) methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood:  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound!  
 Suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd.

“ The rib He form'd and fashion'd with his hands:  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew  
 Man-like, but different sex: so lovely fair!  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks; which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love, and celestial joys.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.  
 When out of hope, behold her! not far off;  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow,  
 To make her amiable: on she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker (though unseen).  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity, and love!  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud:

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends! Thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!  
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self  
 Before me : woman is her name ; of man  
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father, and mother, and t' his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'  
 " She heard me thus ; and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won ;  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable : or, to say all,  
 Nature herself (though pure of sinful thought)  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.  
 I follow'd her ; she what was honour knew,  
 And, with obsequious majesty, approv'd  
 My pleaded reason.—To the nuptial bow'r  
 I led her blushing like the morn : all heav'n,  
 And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence : the earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill :  
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales, and gentle airs,  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting ! till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star,  
 On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp."

*Milton.*

VIII.—*Ravings of a desolate Mother.*

" I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;  
 My name is Constance, I was Geffery's wife :  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost !



I am not mad: I would to Heav'n I were!  
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself.  
 Oh, if I could! what grief should I forget!  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.  
 I am not mad—Too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity."

*Shakespeare.*

IX.—*The mad Maid's Song.*

" Good-morrow to the day so fair;  
 Good-morrow, Sir, to you;  
 Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,  
 Bedabbled with the dew.  
 Good-morrow to this primrose too;  
 Good-morrow to each maid,  
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew  
 Wherein my love is laid.  
 I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,  
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;  
 But I will go, or send a kiss  
 By you, Sir, to awake him.  
 Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead,  
 He knows well who do love him;  
 And who with green turfs rear his head,  
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—  
 With bands of cowslips bind him;  
 And bring him home—but 'tis decreed  
 That I shall never find him."

*Robert Herrick.*

X.—*DESDEMONA's Petition.*

*IAGO, wishing to obtain CASSIO's Lieutenantcy, contrives to render OTHELLO jealous of him; by which wicked Plot he causes the Death of DESDEMONA, and that of OTHELLO her Husband.*

*Iago, Othello, and Desdemona.*

*Iago.* Hah! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? no sure, I cannot think it,  
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
 Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,  
 If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
 His present reconciliation take.  
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
 I have no judgment in an honest face.  
 I pr'ythee call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* In sooth, so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* Sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* Not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home:  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,  
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn.

I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent.

His is hardly a fault. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello; I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so mamm'ring on. What? Michael Cassio!—

That came a-wooing with you, and many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do

To bring him in? trust me, I could do much—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will,  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poize and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing ;  
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona, I'll come straight.

*Des.* Æmilia, come ; be as your fancies teach you ;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient."

XI.—IAGO's wicked Insinuations, and Plot.

*Iago, Othello, Desdemona, and Æmilia.*

*Iago.* My noble lord ?

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did from first to last ; why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought,  
No farther harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

*Oth.* Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ?

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught of  
that ?

Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord ?

*Oth.* Honest ! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?——

*Oth.* Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought  
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,—  
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?  
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,  
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed?*  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
Shew me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,  
They're distillations working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem,  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminat; and give thy worst  
Of thoughts the worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me.  
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;  
 Utter my thoughts!—Why, say they're vile and false,  
 As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
 Sometimes intrude not?

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
 Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
 But he that filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* I'll know thy thoughts—

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
 It is a green-ey'd monster.

*Oth.* Oh misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
 But riches endless, is as poor as winter,  
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
 Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend  
 From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?  
 To follow still the changes of the moon  
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt is  
 At once to be resolv'd. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well :  
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.

*Iago.* I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason  
To shew the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio :  
Wear your eye, thus ; not jealous, nor secure :  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.

*Oth.* I'm bound to you for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has :

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd——  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech would fall into such vile success,  
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend.

My lord, I see you're mov'd——

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ; and long live you to think so !

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :  
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Exit.

*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Why, that's with watching, 't will away again;  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

*[She drops her handkerchief.]*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

*Manet Emilia.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin here:  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to: I will have the work  
Ta'en out, and give it to Iago; but  
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I:  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter Iago.*

*Iago.* How now? what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have something for you.

*Iago.* What thing for me?



*Æmil.* That same handkerchief.

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Æmil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Æmil.* No; but she let it drop by negligence,  
And to th' advantage, I being here, took 't up:  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench, give it me.

*Æmil.* What will you do with 't, you have been so  
earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [Snatching it,

*Æmil.* If't be not for some purpose of import,

Give 't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known on 't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me——" [Exit *Æmilia.*

## XII.—OTHELLO'S Fury, and rash Vow.

*Iago and Othello.*

*Iago.* I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poisons:  
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;  
But with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so,  
   [*Observing Othello seemingly disturbed.*  
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,  
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! false to me!

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt, be gone; thou'st set me on the rack.  
 I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Than but to know a little.

*Iago.* How, my lord?

*Oth.* I had been happy, so had I nothing known!  
 Fatal knowledge! Oh now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,  
 That make ambition virtue! oh, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure to prove your words,  
 Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,  
   [*Catching hold on him.*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
 Thou hadst better have been born a dog,  
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is 't come to this, my noble lord?—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canst thou to misery add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?  
God be wi' you: take mine office. Wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!  
Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay—thou shouldst be honest—

*Iago.* I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,  
And loses what it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,  
I'll not endure 't. Would I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, and will.

*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office;

But sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,  
I will go on. Tell me but this,  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that; but such a handkerchief,  
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any, if 't was hers,  
It speaks against her.

*Oth.* Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago,  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:  
'Tis gone;—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!  
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

*Iago.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* Oh blood, blood, blood—

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago, never, never.

Hear me, ye Gods—Now by yond marble heav'n,  
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow, [*He kneels.*]  
I here engage my words—

*Iago.* Do not rise yet: [*Iago kneels.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,  
Nor to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead;  
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

*Oth.* No, not one day; her life is forfeited.  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever."

### XIII.—*DESDEMONA'S Distress.*

*Desdemona, Æmilia, and Othello.*

*Des.* Where should I lose the handkerchief, Æmilia?

*Æmil.* I know not, Madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes.

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!  
[*Aside.*  
How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my lord.—Now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?—

*Des.* No indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That's a fault. That handkerchief  
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,  
'T would make her amiable, subdue my father,  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt  
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me,  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,  
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible?

*Oth.* 'T is true; there's magic in the web of it;  
A Sibyl that had number'd in the world  
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk.

*Des.* Indeed! is 't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable, therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen 't!

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly, and rash?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' th' way?

*Des.* Bless us!—

*Oth.* What say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* Ha!

*Des.* I say it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see 't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind mis-gives—

*Des.* Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief—

*Des.* A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

*Oth.* The handkerchief—

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away!

#### XIV.—*DESDEMONA'S Death.*

##### *Othello and Desdemona.*

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.*

*Enter Othello, with a Light, and a Sword.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[Lays down the sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light: and then——put out *thy* light.  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore,  
 Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature!  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat  
 That can thy light relumine.

[*Sets down the candle, not putting it out.*

When I have pluck'd the rose,  
 I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It needs must wither——I'll smell thee on the tree;

[*Kissing her.*

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after.—One more, that's the last,  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,  
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly,  
 It strikes, where it doth love—She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.—Have you pray'd to-night?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my lord,  
 What may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.  
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,  
 No, heav'n's forefend, I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.



*Des.* Then heav'n have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum.

*Des.* And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,  
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They're loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

*Des.* That death's unnatural; what! kill for loving!  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still.

*Des.* I will so: what's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul: send for the man,  
And ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;  
Thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen!

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heav'n,  
As I might love. I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.  
Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him ; send for him hither,  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* His mouth is stopp'd ;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* My fear interprets. Oh ! what, is he dead ?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

*Des.* Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet.

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive——

*Des.* But half an hour—but while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [*Smothers her.*]

#### XV.—OTHELLO'S Death.

*Æmilia, Iago, Gratiano, and Othello.*

*Æmil.* Help ! help, hoa, help !

The Moor has kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder !

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.*

*Æmil.* Oh, are you come, Iago ! you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Grat.* What is the matter?

*Æmil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Æmil.* But, did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Æmil.* You told a lie, an odious horrid lie.

*Iago.* Hold your tongue.

*Æmil.* I will not hold my tongue; I'm bound to  
speak:

My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.

*Iago.* What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Æmil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;  
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* Oh! oh! oh!

*Grat.* Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful—but yet Iago knows  
That Cassio had from her a pledge of love  
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand:  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Æmil.* Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Æmil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out—I, peace!  
No, I will speak as liberal as the air.  
Let heav'n, and men, and fiends, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not. *[Iago offers to stab her.*

*Grat.* Fie! your sword upon a woman!

*Emil.* Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Filth!— *[He stabs her, and runs out,*

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heav'n

But what serve for the thunder?

Precious villain! *[He approaches Desdemona's corpse.*

Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave!

Whip me, ye fiends,

From the possession of this heav'nly sight;

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—

Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead, dead, oh, oh!

*Mont.* You must forsake this room, and go with us;

Your pow'r and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in your place.

*Oth.* Soft you: a word or two before we go.

I've done the state some service, and they know't;—

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;

Of one, not easily jealous ; but being wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,  
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away  
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :  
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him, thus.

[Stabs himself.]

Shakespeare.

XVI.—SATAN *meeting* EVE *alone*.

“ As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,  
 Forth-issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight ;  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound :  
 If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more ;  
 She most, and in her looks sums all delight :  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, (but more soft and feminine,)  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, over-aw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet, bereav'd

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge."

*Milton.*

XVII.—MIRANDA.

MIRANDA, who, from her tenderest Years, had lived  
 alone with her Father PROSPERO in an uninhabited  
 Island, chanced to meet FERDINAND, Son to the King  
 of Naples, thrown there by Shipwreck, and whom her  
 Father obliged to work as a Slave.

*Miranda, Ferdinand, and Prospero.*

"*Mir.* Alas! now, pray you,  
 Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
 Burnt up those logs that you're enjoind to pile:  
 Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns,  
 'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father  
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself,  
 He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
 The sun will set before I shall discharge  
 What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
 I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,  
 I'll carry 't to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature,  
 I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
 While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
As well as it does you ; and I should do it,  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art  
Infected, and this visitation shews it. [Aside.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)  
What is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda.—O my father,  
I've broke your hest, to say so.

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda !  
Indeed the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world : full many a lady  
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear ; for sev'ral virtues  
Have I lik'd sev'ral women, never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of ev'ry creature's best.

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save from my glass mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father ; how features are abroad  
I'm skillless of ; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you ;  
 Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
 A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king :  
 (I would not so !) and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service ; there resides  
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert  
 What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,  
 Beyond all limit of aught else i' th' world,  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

*Pro.* Fair encounter  
 Of two most pure affections !

[*Aside.*

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* At mine own unworthiness, that dare not own  
 That I love you.—Hence, bashful cunning ;  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
 If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow



You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband then ?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing,  
As bondage e'er of freedom.—There's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't ; and now fare-  
well  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand, thousand."

*Shakespeare.*

XVIII.—*The Shepherd's Invitation.*

" Come, live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
 With coral clasps, and amber studs :  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight, each May morning :  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love."

*C. Marlow.*

XIX.—*Poor COLIN and LUCY.*

" Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !  
 ' Come, Lucy,' it cries, ' come away ;  
 The grave of thy Colin has room  
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.'

' I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;  
 Ye friends and companions, adieu !  
 I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
 To die on his bosom so true.'

All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
 When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;  
 And forth to the green-turf she sprung,  
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose.

All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
 While stormy winds over her blew,  
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

' How long, my lov'd 'Colin,' she cried,  
 ' How long must thy Lucy complain ?  
 How long shall the grave my love hide ?  
 How long ere it join us again ?

‘ For thee thy fond shepherdess liv’d,  
 With thee o’er the world would she fly ;  
 For thee has she sorrow’d and griev’d,  
 For thee would she lie down and die.

‘ Alas ! what avails it how dear  
 Thy Lucy was once to her swain ?  
 Her face like the lily so fair,  
 And eyes that gave light to the plain !

‘ The shepherd that lov’d her is gone,  
 That face and those eyes charm no more ;  
 And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
 To death shall her Colin deplore.’

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 And mourn’d to the echoes around,  
 Inflam’d all at once grew the air,  
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

‘ I hear the kind call, and obey ;  
 Oh, Colin, receive me !’ she cried :  
 Then breathing a groan o’er his clay,  
 She embraced his tomb-stone, and died.”

Moore.

XX.—*Beauty soon fades, but Virtue is immortal.*

“ The charms which blooming beauty shows  
 From faces heav’nly fair,  
 We to the lily and the rose,  
 With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt, for, ah ! how soon,  
 How soon they all decay !  
 The lily droops, the rose is gone,  
 And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,  
 With sweet discretion join'd ;  
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,  
 And wisdom guides the mind :

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire  
 Thy person to approve,  
 They kindle generous chaste desire,  
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate  
 These graces shall endure ;  
 Still, like the passion they create,  
 Eternal, constant, pure."

*Fitzgerald.*

XXI.—*Life is short.*

" Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Could thou sip, and sip it up.  
 Make the most of life you may,  
 Life is short, and wears away.  
 Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hastening quick to their decline :  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one."

*Moore.*

XXII.—*The Power of Innocence.*

Young ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, was thrown into Prison by his Uncle, JOHN King of England, who sent Executioners to burn his Eyes out.

*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

“ *Hub.* Heat me these irons hot, and look you stand Within the arras; when I strike my foot Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth, And bind the boy which you shall find with me, Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch!

*Exe.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.— Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so-great a title To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I;  
Yet, I remember when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long.  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me;  
He is afraid of me, and I of him.  
Is it my fault that I was Geffery's son?

Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you.  
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.  
Read here, young Arthur— [*Shewing a paper.*]  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.  
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but  
ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, What lack you? and where lies your grief?  
Or what good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:  
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did, and never shall  
So much as frown on you ?

*Hub.* I've sworn to do it ;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Oh ! if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd a tongue but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth ; do as I bid you do.

[*Stamps, and the Men enter.*

*Arth.* O save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out  
Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas ! what need you be so boist'rous rough ?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heav'n sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.  
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily :  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

*Exe.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* Oh heav'n ! that there were but a moth in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense :  
Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert,  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!  
Though to no use, but still to look on you.  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* All things that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office; only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* Oh, now you look like Hubert. All this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu!  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence, no more; go closely in with me.  
Much danger do I undergo for thee."

*Shakespeare.*



# PIÈCES CHOISIES

## EN PROSE.

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### I. — *Dangers de la mauvaise Compagnie.*

“ D’ABORD j’eus horreur de tout ce que je voyois ; mais insensiblement je commençai à m’y accoutumer. Le vice ne m’effrayoit plus ; toutes les compagnies m’inspiroient je ne sais quelle inclination pour le désordre. On se moquoit de mon innocence : ma retenue et ma pudeur servoient de jouet à ces peuples effrontés. On n’oublioit rien pour exciter toutes mes passions, pour me tendre des pièges, et pour réveiller en moi le goût des plaisirs. Je me sentois affoiblir tous les jours ; la bonne éducation que j’avois reçue ne me soutenoit presque plus ; toutes mes bonnes résolutions s’évanouissoient ; je ne me sentois plus la force de résister au mal qui me pressoit de tous côtés : j’avois même une mauvaise honte de la vertu. J’étois comme un homme qui nage dans une rivière profonde et rapide : d’abord il fend les eaux et remonte contre le torrent ; mais si les bords sont escarpés, et s’il ne peut se reposer sur le rivage, il se lasse enfin peu à peu, sa force l’abandonne, ses membres épuisés s’engourdissent, et le cours du fleuve l’entraîne. Ainsi mes yeux commençoient à s’obscurcir, mon cœur tomboit en défaillance ; je ne pouvois plus rappeler ni ma raison, ni le souvenir des vertus de mon père.”

*Fénélon.*

II.—*Avantages de l'Etude.*

“ Pour mieux supporter l'ennui de la captivité et de la solitude, je cherchai des livres ; car j'étois accablé de tristesse, faute de quelque instruction qui pût nourrir mon esprit et le soutenir. Heureux, disois-je, ceux qui se dégoûtent des plaisirs violens, et qui savent se contenter des douceurs d'une vie innocente ! Heureux ceux qui se divertissent en s'instruisant, et qui se plaisent à cultiver leur esprit par les sciences ! En quelque endroit que la fortune ennemie les jette, ils portent toujours avec eux de quoi s'entretenir ; et l'ennui, qui dévore les autres hommes, au milieu même des délices, est inconnu à ceux qui savent s'occuper par quelque lecture. Heureux ceux qui aiment à lire, et qui ne sont point, comme moi, privés de la lecture ! Pendant que ces pensées rouloient dans mon esprit, je m'enfonçai dans une sombre forêt, où j'aperçus tout-à-coup un vieillard qui tenoit un livre à la main.

“ Ce vieillard avoit un grand front chauve et un peu ridé : une barbe blanche pendoit jusqu'à sa ceinture ; sa taille étoit haute et majestueuse ; son teint étoit encore frais et vermeil ; ses yeux étoient vifs et perçans, sa voix douce, ses paroles simples et aimables. Jamais je n'ai vu un si vénérable vieillard. Il s'appeloit Termosiris. Il étoit prêtre d'Apollon, qu'il servoit dans un temple de marbre que les rois d'Egypte avoient consacré à ce dieu dans cette forêt. Le livre qu'il tenoit étoit un recueil d'hymnes en l'honneur des dieux. Il m'aborde avec amitié : nous nous entretenons. Il racontoit si bien les choses passées, qu'on croyoit les voir ; mais il les racontoit courtement, et jamais ses histoires ne m'ont lassé.

Il prévoyoit l'avenir par la profonde sagesse qui lui faisoit connoître les hommes, et les desseins dont ils sont capables. Avec tant de prudence, il étoit gai, complaisant ; et la jeunesse la plus enjouée n'a point autant de grace qu'en avoit cet homme dans une vieillesse si avancée : aussi aimoit-il les jeunes gens, lorsqu'ils étoient dociles, et qu'ils avoient le goût de la vertu."

*Fénélon.*

### III.—*Charmes de la Solitude.*

" Voyez-vous cette grotte, plus propre à cacher des bêtes sauvages qu'à être habitée par des hommes ? j'y ai goûté depuis beaucoup d'années plus de douceur et de repos, que dans les palais dorés de l'île de Crète. Les hommes ne me trompent plus, car je ne vois plus les hommes ; je n'entends plus leurs discours flatteurs et empoisonnés : Je n'ai plus besoin d'eux ; mes mains endurcies au travail me donnent facilement la nourriture simple qui m'est nécessaire : il ne me faut, comme vous voyez, qu'une légère étoffe pour me couvrir. N'ayant plus de besoins, jouissant d'un calme profond et d'une douce liberté, dont la sagesse de mes livres m'apprend à faire un bon usage, qu'irois-je encore chercher parmi les hommes, jaloux, trompeurs et inconstans ? Non, non, mon cher Hégésippe, ne m'enviez point mon bonheur. Protésilas s'est trahi lui-même, en voulant trahir le roi, et me perdre ; mais il ne m'a fait aucun mal. Au contraire, il m'a fait le plus grand des biens, il m'a délivré du tumulte et de la servitude des affaires : je lui dois ma chère solitude, et tous les plaisirs innocens que j'y goûte."

*Fénélon.*

IV.—*Tendres Avis de MENTOR à TÉLÉMAQUE.*

“ Que j’ai pitié de vous !—Votre passion est si furieuse, que vous ne la sentez pas. Vous croyez être tranquille, et vous demandez la mort ! vous osez dire que vous n’êtes point vaincu par l’amour, et vous ne pouvez vous arracher à la nymphe que vous aimez ! vous ne voyez, vous n’entendez qu’elle ; vous êtes aveugle et sourd à tout le reste. Un homme que la fièvre rend frénétique, dit : Je ne suis point malade. O aveugle Télémaque ! vous étiez prêt à renoncer à Pénélope qui vous attend, à Ulysse que vous verrez, à Ithaque où vous devez régner, à la gloire et à la haute destinée que les Dieux vous ont promises par tant de merveilles qu’ils ont faites en votre faveur. Vous renoncez à tous ces biens, pour vivre déshonoré auprès d’Eucharis ! Direz-vous encore que l’amour ne vous attache point à elle ? Qu’est-ce donc qui vous trouble ? pourquoi voulez-vous mourir ? pourquoi avez vous parlé devant la Déesse avec tant de transport ? Je ne vous accuse point de mauvaise foi ; mais je déplore votre aveuglement.

“ Fuyez, Télémaque, fuyez ! on ne peut vaincre l’amour qu’en fuyant. Contre un tel ennemi, le vrai courage consiste à craindre et à fuir, mais à fuir sans délibérer, et sans se donner à soi-même le temps de regarder jamais derrière soi. Vous n’avez pas oublié les soins que vous m’avez coûtés depuis votre enfance, et les périls dont vous êtes sorti par mes conseils : ou croyez-moi, ou souffrez que je vous abandonne. Si vous saviez combien il m’est douloureux de vous voir courir à votre perte ! si vous saviez tout ce que j’ai souffert pendant que je n’ai osé vous parler ! la mère qui vous mit au monde, souffrit

moins dans les douleurs de l'enfantement. Je me suis tû ; j'ai dévoré ma peine ; j'ai étouffé mes soupirs, pour voir si vous reviendriez à moi. O mon fils ! mon cher fils ! soulagez mon cœur, rendez-moi ce qui m'est plus cher que mes entrailles ; rendez moi Télémaque que j'ai perdu ; rendez-vous à vous-même. Si la sagesse en vous surmonte l'amour, je vis, et je vis heureux : mais si l'amour vous entraîne malgré la sagesse, Mentor ne peut plus vivre."

*Fénélon.*

V.—*Caractère d'une Femme vraiment aimable.*

“ Vous avez raison, Télémaque ; Antiope est un trésor digne d'être recherché dans les terres les plus éloignées. Son esprit, non plus que son corps, ne se pare jamais de vains ornemens ; son imagination, quoique vive, est retenue par sa discrétion : elle ne parle que pour la nécessité ; et si elle ouvre la bouche, la douce persuasion et les graces naïves coulent de ses lèvres. Dès qu'elle parle, tout le monde se tait, et elle en rougit : peu s'en faut qu'elle ne supprime ce qu'elle a voulu dire, quand elle s'aperçoit qu'on l'écoute attentivement. A peine l'avons-nous entendue parler.

“ Vous souvenez-vous, Télémaque, d'un jour que son père la fit venir ? elle parut les yeux baissés, couverte d'un grand voile ; et elle ne parla que pour modérer la colère d'Idoménée, qui vouloit faire punir rigoureusement un des esclaves : d'abord elle entra dans sa peine, puis elle le calma ; enfin elle lui fit entendre ce qui pouvoir excuser ce malheureux ; et sans faire sentir au roi qu'il s'étoit trop emporté, elle lui inspira des sentimens de justice et de compassion. Thétis, quand elle

flatte le vieux Nérée, n'appaise pas avec plus de douceur les flots irrités. Ainsi Antiope, sans prendre aucune autorité, et sans se prévaloir de ses charmes, maniera un jour le cœur de son époux, comme elle touche maintenant sa lyre, quand elle en veut tirer les plus tendres accords."

*Fénélon.*

VI.—*Néant des Grandeurs humaines.*

" Si la terre est si petite à l'égard de Jupiter, Jupiter nous voit-il ? Je crains que nous ne lui soyons inconnus ; il faudroit qu'il vît la terre quatre-vingt-dix fois plus petite que nous ne la voyons : c'est trop peu, il ne la voit point. Voici seulement ce que nous pouvons croire de meilleur pour nous. Il y aura dans Jupiter des Astronomes, qui, après avoir bien pris de la peine à composer des lunettes excellentes, après avoir choisi les plus belles nuits pour observer, auront enfin découvert dans les cieus une petite planète qu'ils n'avoient jamais vue.

" D'abord le Journal des Savans de ce pays-là en parle ; le peuple de Jupiter, ou n'en entend point parler, ou n'en fait que rire ; les philosophes, dont cela détruit les opinions, forment le dessein de n'en rien croire ; il n'y a que les gens très raisonnables qui en veulent bien douter. On observe encore ; on revoit la petite planète ; on s'assure bien que ce n'est point une vision ; on commence même à soupçonner qu'elle a un mouvement autour du soleil ; on trouve au bout de mille observations, que ce mouvement est d'une année ; enfin, grace à toutes les peines que se donnent les savans, on sait dans Jupiter que notre terre est au monde ; les curieux vont la voir au

bout d'une lunette ; et la vue peut-elle à peine encore l'attraper."

*Fontenelle.*

VII.—*Description pittoresque.*

“ L'Archevêque de Narbonne revenant hier fort vite de S. Germain, voici ce qui lui arriva. Il alloit à son ordinaire comme un tourbillon ; il passoit au travers de Nanterre, *trà, trà, trà* ; il rencontre un homme à cheval, *gare, gare* ; ce pauvre homme se veut ranger, son cheval ne le veut pas ; enfin le carrosse et les six chevaux renversent cul par-dessus tête le pauvre homme et le cheval, et passent par-dessus, et si bien par-dessus, que le carrosse en fut versé et renversé.

“ En même temps l'homme et le cheval, au lieu de s'amuser à être roués, se relèvent miraculeusement, et remontent l'un sur l'autre, et s'enfuient, et courent encore, pendant que les Laquais et le Cocher de l'Archevêque, et l'Archevêque même, se mettent à crier : ‘ Arrête, arrête ce coquin ; qu'on lui donne cent coups de bâton ; ’ et l'Archevêque en racontant ceci, disoit : ‘ Si j'avois tenu ce maraud-là, je lui aurois rompu les bras et coupé les oreilles.’ ”

*Madame de Sévigné.*

VIII.—*A Madame de Sévigné.*

“ Hé bien, hé bien, ma belle, qu'avez vous à crier comme un aigle ? Je vous mande que vous attendiez à juger de moi quand vous serez ici ; qu'y a-t-il de si terrible à ces paroles ? mes journées sont remplies.—Il est vrai que Bayard est ici, et qu'il fait mes affaires ; mais quand il a couru tout le jour pour mon service, écrirai-je ? encore faut-il lui parler ? quand j'ai couru, moi, et

que je reviens, je trouve Mr. de la Rochefoucault, que je n'ai point vu de tout le jour ; écrirai-je ? Mr. de la Rochefoucault et Gourville sont ici ; écrirai-je ?—Mais, quand ils sont sortis ?—Ah ! quand ils sont sortis, il est onze heures, et je sors, moi. Je couche chez nos voisins, à cause qu'on bâtit devant nos fenêtres.—Mais l'après dînée ?—J'ai mal à la tête.—Mais le matin ?—J'y ai mal encore, et je prends des bouillons d'herbes qui m'enivrent.—Vous êtes en Provence, ma belle ; vos heures sont libres, et votre tête encore plus : le goût d'écrire vous dure encore pour tout le monde, mais je ne suis pas de même ; et si j'avois un amant qui voulût de mes lettres tous les matins, je romprois avec lui. Ne mesurez donc point notre amitié sur l'écriture ; je vous aimerai autant, en ne vous écrivant qu'une page en un mois, que vous en m'en écrivant dix en huit jours."

*Madame de la Fayette.*

IX.—*Du Mérite personnel.*

“ L'or éclate sur les habits de Philémon !—Il éclate de même chez les marchands.—Il est habillé des plus belles étoffes !—Le sont-elles moins toutes déployées dans les boutiques ?—Il a au doigt un gros diamant qu'il fait briller aux yeux ; il tire une montre qui est un chef-d'œuvre ; la garde de son épée est un onyx !—Vous m'inspirez enfin de la curiosité ; envoyez-moi cet habit et ces bijoux, je vous quitte de la personne.

“ Tu te trompes, Philémon, si avec ce carrosse brillant, ce grand nombre de laquais qui te suivent, et ces six chevaux qui te traînent, tu penses que l'on t'en estime davantage.—L'on écarte tout cet attirail qui t'est étranger, pour pénétrer jusqu'à toi, qui n'es qu'un fat.”

*La Bruyère.*



X.—*Que les Plaisirs soient raisonnables et modérés.*

“ Diphile commence par un oiseau, et finit par mille ; sa maison n'en est pas égayée, mais empestée : la cour, la salle, l'escalier, le vestibule, les chambres, le cabinet, — tout est volière : ce n'est plus un ramage, c'est un vacarme ; les vents d'automne, et les eaux dans leurs plus grandes crues, ne font pas un bruit si perçant et si aigu.—Ce n'est plus pour Diphile un agréable amusement ; c'est une affaire laborieuse, et à laquelle il peut à peine suffire.

“ Il passe les jours, ces jours qui échappent et qui ne reviennent plus, à verser du grain, et à nettoyer des cages : il donne pension à un homme qui n'a d'autre ministère que de siffler des Serins au flageolet, et de faire couver des Canaries. Il est vrai que ce qu'il dépense d'un côté, il l'épargne de l'autre ; car ses enfans sont sans maîtres et sans éducation. Il se renferme le soir, fatigué de son propre plaisir, sans pouvoir jouir d'un moment de repos, que ses oiseaux ne reposent, et que ce petit peuple, qu'il n'aime que par ce qu'il chante, n'ait cessé de chanter. Il retrouve ses oiseaux dans son sommeil ; lui-même il est oiseau : il est huppé, il gazouille, il perche, il rêve la nuit qu'il mue ou qu'il couve.”

*La Bruyère.*

# PIÈCES CHOISIES

## EN VERS.

### I.—*Foiblesse de l'Homme.*

“ QU'AUx accens de ma voix la terre se réveille ;  
Rois, soyez attentifs ; peuples, ouvrez l'oreille :  
Que l'univers se taise, et m'écoute parler.  
Mes chants vont seconder les accords de ma lyre :  
L'Esprit-Saint me pénétre, il m'échauffe, il m'inspire.  
Les grandes vérités que je vais révéler.

L'homme en sa propre force a mis sa confiance ;  
Ivre de ses grandeurs et de son opulence,  
L'éclat de sa fortune enfle sa vanité.  
Mais, ô moment terrible ! ô jour épouvantable,  
Où la mort saisira ce fortuné coupable,  
Tout chargé des liens de son iniquité !

Que deviendront alors, répondez, Grands du monde,  
Que deviendront ces biens où votre espoir se fonde,  
Et dont vous étalez l'orgueilleuse moisson ?  
Sujets, amis, parens, tout deviendra stérile ;  
Et dans ce jour fatal, l'homme à l'homme inutile  
Ne paîra point à Dieu le prix de sa rançon.

Là s'anéantiront ces titres magnifiques,  
 Ce pouvoir usurpé, ces ressorts politiques,  
 Dont le juste autrefois sentit le poids fatal :  
 Ce qui fit leur bonheur deviendra leur torture,  
 Et Dieu, de sa justice appaisant le murmure,  
 Livrera ces méchans au pouvoir infernal.

Justes, ne craignez point le vain pouvoir des hommes ;  
 Quelque élevés qu'ils soient, ils sont ce que nous sommes :  
 Si vous êtes mortels, ils le sont comme vous.  
 Nous avons beau vanter nos grandeurs passagères,  
 Il faut mêler sa cendre aux cendres de ses pères ;  
 Et c'est le même Dieu qui nous jugera tous."

*J. B. Rousseau.*

II.—*Espérance en Dieu seul.*

“ Qui suis-je, vile créature !  
 Qui suis-je, Seigneur ! Et pourquoi  
 Le Souverain de la Nature  
 S'abaisse-t-il jusqu'à moi ?  
 L'homme, en sa course passagère,  
 N'est rien qu'une vapeur légère  
 Que le Soleil fait dissiper :  
 Sa clarté n'est qu'une nuit sombre ;  
 Et ses jours passent comme une ombre  
 Que l'œil suit, et voit échapper.

Ces hommes qui n'ont point encore  
 Epruvé la main du Seigneur,  
 Se flattent que Dieu les ignore,  
 Et s'enivrent de leur bonheur.  
 Leur postérité florissante,  
 Ainsi qu'une tige naissante,

Croît et s'élève sous leurs yeux :  
 Leurs filles couronnent leurs têtes,  
 De tout ce qu'en nos jours de fêtes  
 Nous portons de plus précieux.

De leurs grains les granges sont pleines ;  
 Leurs celliers regorgent de fruits ;  
 Leurs troupeaux, tout chargés de laines,  
 Sont incessamment reproduits :  
 Pour eux la fertile rosée  
 Tombant sur la terre embrasée,  
 Rafraîchit son sein altéré ;  
 Et pour eux le flambeau du monde  
 Nourrit d'une chaleur féconde  
 Le germe en ses flancs resserré.

Le calme règne dans leurs villes,  
 Nul bruit n'interrompt leur sommeil :  
 On ne voit point leurs toits fragiles  
 Ouverts aux rayons du soleil.  
 C'est ainsi qu'ils passent leur âge ;  
 Heureux, disent-ils, le rivage  
 Où l'on jouit d'un tel bonheur !  
 Qu'ils restent dans leur rêverie :  
 Heureuse la seule patrie  
 Où l'on adore le Seigneur !"

*J. B. Rousseau.*

III.—*Grandeur de Dieu.—Chœur de jeunes Filles de la  
 Tribu de Lévi.*

“ Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence ;  
 Qu'on l'adore ce Dieu, qu'on l'invoque à jamais ;  
 Son empire a des tems précédé la naissance,  
 Chantons, publions ses bienfaits.

En vain l'injuste violence  
 Au peuple qui le loue imposeroit silence :  
 Son nom ne périra jamais.

Il donne aux fleurs leur aimable peinture ;  
 Il fait naître et mûrir les fruits :  
 Il leur dispense avec mesure  
 Et la chaleur des jours et la fraîcheur des nuits ;  
 Le champ, qui les reçut, les rend avec usure.

Il commande au soleil d'animer la nature,  
 Et la lumière est un don de ses mains :  
 Mais sa loi sainte, sa loi pure  
 Est le plus riche don qu'il ait fait aux humains."

*Racine.*

IV.—*Cantique dans l'Athalie de Racine, à la Louange du  
 jeune Roi Joas.*

" Quel astre à nos yeux vient de luire ?  
 Quel sera quelque jour cet enfant merveilleux ?  
 Il brave le faste orgueilleux,  
 Et ne se laisse point séduire  
 A tous ses attraits périlleux.  
 Pendant que du dieu d'Athalie  
 Chacun court encenser l'autel,  
 Un enfant courageux publie  
 Que Dieu lui seul est éternel,  
 Et parle comme un autre Elie  
 Devant cette autre Jézabel.

Ainsi l'on vit l'aimable Samuël  
 Croître à l'ombre du tabernacle ;  
 Il devint des Hébreux l'espérance et l'oracle :  
 Puisses-tu, comme lui, consoler Israël !

Tel en un sacré vallon,  
 Sur le bord d'une onde pure,  
 Croît, à l'abri de l'Aquilon,  
 Un jeune lys, l'amour de la nature.  
 Loin du monde élevé, de tous les dons des cieux  
 Il est orné dès sa naissance,  
 Et du méchant l'abord contagieux  
 N'altère point son innocence."

*Racine.*

V.—*Songe de l'impie Athalie.*

" Un songe (me devois-je inquiéter d'un songe !)  
 Entretient dans mon cœur un chagrin qui le ronge.  
 Je l'évite par-tout ; par-tout il me poursuit."

" C'étoit pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit,  
 Ma mère Jézabel devant moi s'est montrée,  
 Comme au jour de sa mort, pompeusement parée ;  
 Ses malheurs n'avoient point abattu sa fierté,  
 Même elle avoit encore cet éclat emprunté,  
 Dont elle eut soin de peindre et d'orner son visage,  
 Pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage.  
 ' Tremble, m'a-t-elle dit, fille digne de moi ;  
 Le cruel Dieu des Juifs l'emporte aussi sur toi.  
 Je te plains de tomber dans ses mains redoutables,  
 Ma fille.' En achevant ces mots épouvantables,  
 Son ombre vers mon lit a paru se baisser ;  
 Et moi, je lui tendois les mains pour l'embrasser.  
 Mais je n'ai plus trouvé qu'un horrible mélange  
 D'os et de chairs meurtris, et trainés dans la fange,  
 Des lambeaux pleins de sang, et des membres affreux  
 Que des chiens dévorans se disputoient entre eux."

*Racine.*

VI.—*Bonté de Dieu.*

“ Que le Seigneur est bon ! Que son joug est aimable !  
 Heureux qui dès l'enfance en connoît la douceur !  
 Jeune peuple, courez à ce maître adorable ;  
 Les biens les plus charmans n'ont rien de comparable  
 Aux torrens de plaisirs qu'il répand dans un cœur.

Il s'appaise, il pardonne ;  
 Du cœur ingrat qui l'abandonne  
 Il attend le retour.

Il excuse notre foiblesse,  
 A nous chercher même il s'empresse ;  
 Pour l'enfant qu'elle a mis au jour  
 Une mère a moins de tendresse.

Ah ! qui peut avec lui partager notre amour !

Que son nom soit béni ! que son nom soit chanté !

Que l'on célèbre ses ouvrages,  
 Au-delà des temps et des âges,  
 Pendant toute l'éternité.”

*Racine.*

VII.—*Le Ruisseau.—Idylle.*

“ Ruisseau, nous paroissions avoir un même sort :  
 D'un cours précipité nous allons l'un et l'autre,  
 Vous à la mer, nous à la mort.  
 Mais, hélas, que d'ailleurs je vois peu de rapport  
 Entre votre course et la nôtre !  
 Vous vous abandonnez sans remords, sans terreur,  
 A votre pente naturelle,  
 Point de loi parmi vous ne la rend criminelle ;  
 La vieillesse chez vous n'a rien qui fasse horreur.

Près de la fin de votre course,  
 Vous êtes plus fort et plus beau  
 Que vous n'êtes à votre source ;  
 Vous retrouvez toujours quelque agrément nouveau.

Si de ces paisibles bocages  
 La fraîcheur de vos eaux augmente les appas,  
 Votre bienfait ne se perd pas :  
 Par de délicieux ombrages,  
 Ils embellissent vos rivages.  
 Sur un sable brillant, entre des prés fleuris,  
 Coule votre onde toujours pure.  
 Mille et mille poissons dans votre sein nourris,  
 Ne vous attirent point de chagrins, de mépris :  
 Avec tant de bonheur d'où vient votre murmure ?  
 Hélas, votre sort est si doux !  
 Taisez-vous, ruisseau, c'est à nous  
 A nous plaindre de la Nature.

De tant de passions que nourrit notre cœur,  
 Apprenez qu'il n'en est pas une  
 Qui ne traîne après soi le trouble, la douleur,  
 Le repentir, ou l'infortune.  
 Qu'avez-vous mérité, ruisseau tranquille et doux,  
 Pour être mieux traité que nous ?

Qu'on ne me vante point ces biens imaginaires,  
 Ces prérogatives, ces droits,  
 Qu'inventa notre orgueil pour masquer nos misères :  
 C'est lui seul qui nous dit que par un juste choix  
 Le Ciel mit, en formant les hommes,  
 Les autres êtres sous leurs loix.  
 A ne nous point flatter nous sommes  
 Leurs tyrans plutôt que leurs Rois.



Si tout doit obéir à nos ordres suprêmes,  
 Si tout est fait pour nous, s'il ne faut que vouloir ;  
 Que n'employons-nous mieux ce souverain pouvoir ?  
 Que ne régnons-nous sur nous mêmes ?

Courez, ruisseau, courez, fuyez-nous, reportez  
 Vos ondes dans le sein des mers dont vous sortez ;  
 Tandis que pour remplir la dure destinée  
 Où nous sommes assujettis,  
 Nous irons reporter la vie infortunée  
 Que le hasard nous a donnée,  
 Dans le sein du néant d'où nous sommes sortis."

*Madame Deshoulières.*

VIII.—*Souvenirs de Tendresse.*

" Voici les lieux charmans où mon âme ravie,  
 Passoit à contempler Sylvie,  
 Ces tranquilles momens si doucement perdus.  
 Que je l'aimois alors ! que je la trouvois belle !  
 Mon cœur, vous soupirez au nom de l'infidelle ;  
 Avez-vous oublié que vous ne l'aimez plus ?  
 C'est ici que souvent errant dans les prairies,  
 Ma main des fleurs les plus chéries  
 Lui faisoit des présens si tendrement reçus.  
 Que je l'aimois alors ! que je la trouvois belle !  
 Mon cœur, vous soupirez au nom de l'infidelle ;  
 Avez-vous oublié que vous ne l'aimez plus ?"

*Boileau.*

IX.—*Le vrai Héros.*

" Est-on héros pour avoir mis aux chaînes  
 Un peuple ou deux ? Tibère eut cet honneur.

Est-on héros en signalant ses haïnes  
 Par la vengeance ? Octave eut ce bonheur.  
 Est-on héros en régnañt par la peur ?  
 Séjan fit tout trembler jusqu'à son maître.  
 Mais de son ire \* éteindre le salpêtre,  
 Savoir se vaincre et réprimer les flots  
 De son orgueil : c'est ce que j'appelle être  
 Grand par soi-même, et voilà mon héros."

*J. B. Rousseau.*

X.—*Les Moutons.—Allégorie.*

" Errez, mes chers moutons †, errez à l'aventure ;  
 J'ai perdu mon berger, ma houlette et mon chien.  
 S'il plaît aux Dieux, je n'aimerai plus rien  
 Qui soit sujet aux lois de la Nature.

Mon cœur, toujours brisé par de cruels ennuis,  
 Ne cherche plus que la retraite.  
 Paissez, mes chers moutons ; sans chien et sans houlette,  
 Je ne puis vous garder dans l'état où je suis.

Partez : laissez-moi seule, innocens animaux,  
 Mêler encor mes pleurs à l'onde fugitive ;  
 Non, n'attendez plus rien de ma raison captive ;  
 Elle succombe enfin sous le poids de mes maux.

Ne vous reposez plus sur l'amitié sincère  
 Qu'ont toujours eu pour moi les bergers d'alentour.  
 Je n'éprouve que trop qu'ils ont perdu le jour.  
 Qu'il en est peu de pareil caractère !

\* Colère.

† Ses Enfants.

J'entends vos bêlemens ; ils ne sont que trop doux.

Que je vous plains ! que je vous aime !

Mais, quand je ne puis rien dans mes maux pour moi-même,

Hélas ! que pourrai-je pour vous ?

Puissiez-vous, chers moutons, dans de gras pâturages

Vivre dans une heureuse et douce oisiveté !

Puisse Pan \*, attentif à votre sûreté,

Vous garantir des maux, des loups, et des orages !”

*Madame Deshoulières.*

XI.—*Sonnet burlesque.*

“ Superbes monumens de l'orgueil des humains,

Pyramides, tombeaux, dont la vaine structure

A témoigné que l'art, par l'adresse des mains,

Et l'assidu travail, peut vaincre la nature !

Vieux palais ruinés, chefs-d'œuvre des Romains,

Et les derniers efforts de leur architecture,

Collisée, où souvent ces peuples inhumains

De s'entr'assassiner se donnoient tablature !

Par l'injure des ans vous êtes abolis,

Ou du moins la plupart vous êtes démolis :

Il n'est point de ciment que le temps ne dissoude.

Si vos marbres si durs ont senti son pouvoir,

Dois-je trouver mauvais qu'un méchant pourpoint noir,

Qui m'a duré deux ans, soit percé par le coude !”

*Scarron.*

\* Louis XIV.

XII.—*L'Amante désolée.*

“ Taisez-vous, rossignols, votre tendre ramage  
Rappelle toutes mes douleurs.

Tirsis à son départ, sous ce même feuillage,  
Tandis que de l'amour vous chantiez les douceurs,  
Méloit en me parlant ses soupirs à mes pleurs.

Hélas ! d'un si touchant langage,  
Je ne goûterai plus les plaisirs enchanteurs,  
Tirsis de l'Achéron a vu l'affreux rivage :  
Taisez-vous, rossignols, votre tendre ramage  
Rappelle toutes mes douleurs.”

*Madame Deshoulières.*

XIII.—*La Mort égale tous les Rangs.*

“ Je songeois cette nuit, que de mal consumé,  
Côte à côte d'un pauvre on m'avoit inhumé ;  
Et ne pouvant souffrir ce fâcheux voisinage,  
En mort de qualité je lui tins ce langage :  
' Retire-toi, coquin, va pourrir loin d'ici ;  
Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainsi.'  
' Coquin !' répondit-il, d'une arrogance extrême ;  
' Va chercher tes coquins ailleurs,'—' Coquin toi-même.'  
' Ici tous sont égaux ; je ne te dois plus rien ;  
Je suis sur mon fumier, comme toi sur le tien'.”

*Paris.*

XIV.—*Ne nous croyons jamais importants.*

“ J'ai vu quelquefois un enfant  
Pleurer d'être petit, en être inconsolable,  
L'élevoit-on sur une table,  
Le marmot pensoit être grand.

Tout homme est cet enfant : les dignités, les places,  
 La noblesse, les biens, le luxe et la splendeur,  
 C'est la table du nain, ce sont autant d'échasses  
 Qu'il prend pour sa propre grandeur.  
 Je demande à ce Grand qui me regarde à peine,  
 Et dont l'accueil même est dédain,  
 Qui peut fonder en lui cette fierté hautaine :  
 Est-ce sa place, ou son sang, ou son train ?  
 Mais quoi ! de tes ayeux la mémoire honorable,  
 L'autorité de ton emploi,  
 Ton palais, tes meubles, ta table,  
 Tout cela, pauvre homme, est-ce toi ?  
 Rien moins ; et puisqu'il faut qu'ici je t'apprécie :  
 Un cœur bas, un esprit mal-fait,  
 Une âme de vices noircie,  
 Te voilà nud, mais trait pour trait."

*La Motte.*

XV.—*La Rose.*—*Ode Anacréontique.*

“ Tendre fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,  
 Objet des baisers du Zéphir,  
 Reine de l'empire de Flore,  
 Hâte-toi de t'épanouir.

Que dis-je, hélas ! diffère encore,  
 Diffère un moment de t'ouvrir :  
 L'instant qui doit te faire éclore,  
 Est celui qui doit te flétrir.

Thémire est une fleur nouvelle  
 Qui doit subir la même loi :  
 Rose, tu dois briller comme elle,  
 Elle doit passer comme toi.

Descends de ta tige épineuse,  
Viens la parer de tes couleurs ;  
Tu dois être la plus heureuse,  
Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va, meurs sur le sein de Thémire,  
Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau ;  
Jaloux de ton sort, je n'aspire  
Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.

Si quelque main a l'imprudence  
D'y venir troubler ton repos ;  
Emporte avec toi ma vengeance,  
Garde une épine à mes rivaux."

Bernard.

XVI.—*Plus fait Douceur que Violence.*

"Chacun a sa façon ; pour moi je tiens sans cesse  
Qu'il nous faut en riant instruire la jeunesse,  
Reprendre ses défauts avec grande douceur,  
Et du nom de vertu ne lui point faire peur.  
Mes soins pour Léonor ont suivi ces maximes ;  
Des moindres libertés je n'ai point fait des crimes ;  
A ses jeunes desirs j'ai toujours consenti,  
Et je ne m'en suis point, grace au ciel, repenti.  
J'ai souffert qu'elle ait vu les belles compagnies,  
Les divertissemens, les bals, les comédies :  
Ce sont choses, pour moi, que je tiens de tout tems  
Fort propres à former l'esprit des jeunes gens ;  
Et l'école du monde, en l'air dont il faut vivre,  
Instruit mieux à mon gré que ne fait aucun livre.  
Elle aime à dépenser en habits, linge et nœuds ;  
Que voulez-vous ? Je tâche à contenter ses vœux,

Et ce sont des plaisirs qu'on peut dans nos familles,  
Lorsque l'on a du bien, permettre aux jeunes filles."

*Molière.*

XVII.—*L'Enfant et la Poupée.*

“ Dans une foire un jeune enfant  
Promené par sa gouvernante,  
Contemploit d'un œil dévorant  
Maints beaux colifichets ; tout lui plaît, tout le tente ;  
Il veut Polichinel, ensuite un porteur d'eau,  
Et puis il n'en veut plus.—Voulez-vous une épée ?—  
Ah ! oui—mais non, j'aime mieux ce cerceau ;—  
Il l'eût pris, sans une poupée  
Qui le séduisit de nouveau.  
On la lui donne ; en sautant il l'emporte.  
Chez la Maman le voilà de retour ;  
Aux gens du logis tour à tour  
Il fait baiser l'objet qui d'aise le transporte.  
Depuis le matin jusqu'au soir  
De chambre en chambre il la promène ;  
S'il faut s'aller coucher, il la quitte avec peine,  
Et s'endort en pleurant dans les bras de l'espoir.  
En dormant il en rêve ; et le jour lui ramène  
Sa Mimi—Qu'on l'apporte, eh vite ! il veut la voir.  
Pendant près de huit jours, avec exactitude,  
Fanfan joue avec sa Catin.  
Il paroissoit content ; mais le petit coquin  
De la possession se fit une habitude.

‘ L'habitude et le froid se tiennent par la main ;  
L'idole d'aujourd'hui nous dégoûte demain.’”

*Vadé.*

XVIII.—*La Coquette et l'Abeille.*

“ Chloé, jeune, jolie, et surtout fort coquette,  
 Tous les matins, en se levant,  
 Se mettoit au travail, j’entends à sa toilette;  
 Et là, souriant, minaudant,  
 Elle disoit à son cher confident,  
 Les peines, les plaisirs, les projets de son âme.  
 Une abeille étourdie arrive en bourdonnant,  
 Au secours ! au secours ! crie aussitôt la dame :  
 Venez, Lise, Marton, accourez promptement,  
 Chassez ce monstre ailé. Le monstre insolemment  
 Aux lèvres de Chloé se pose.  
 Chloé s’évanouit, et Marton en fureur  
 Saisit l’abeille, et se dispose  
 A l’écraser.—Hélas ! lui dit avec douceur  
 L’insecte malheureux, pardonnez mon erreur :  
 La bouche de Chloé me sembloit une rose,  
 Et j’ai cru . . . . Ce seul mot à Chloé rend ses sens :  
 Faisons grace, dit-elle, à son aveu sincère ;  
 D’ailleurs sa piqûre est légère :  
 Depuis qu’elle te parle à peine je la sens.

‘ Que ne fait-on passer avec un peu d’encens ! ’

*De Florian.*

XIX.—*L’Epouse abandonnée.*

“ Dors, mon enfant, clos ta paupière,  
 Tes cris me déchirent le cœur ;  
 Dors, mon enfant, ta pauvre mère  
 A bien assez de sa douleur.



Lorsque, par de douces tendresses,  
Ton père sut gagner ma foi,  
Il me sembloit dans ses caresses,  
Naïf, innocent comme toi ;  
Je le crus : Où sont ses promesses ?  
Il oublie et son fils et moi.

Le cruel, hélas ! il me quitte,  
Il me laisse sans nul appui ;  
Je l'aimai tant avant sa fuite !  
Oh ! je l'aime encore aujourd'hui :  
Dans quelque séjour qu'il habite,  
Mon cœur est toujours avec lui.

Oui, le voilà ! c'est son image  
Que tu retraces à mes yeux ;  
Ta bouche aura son doux langage,  
Ton front son air vif et joyeux ;  
Ne prends point son humeur volage,  
Mais garde ses traits gracieux.

Tu ne peux concevoir encore  
Ce qui m'arrache ces sanglots,  
Que le chagrin qui me dévore  
N'attaque jamais ton repos !  
Se plaindre de ceux qu'on adore,  
C'est le plus grand de tous les maux.

Sur la terre il n'est plus personne  
Qui se plaise à nous secourir ;  
Lorsque ton père m'abandonne,  
A qui pourrais-je recourir ?  
Ah ! tous les chagrins qu'il me donne,  
Toi seul, tu peux les adoucir.

Mêlons nos tristes destinées  
 Et vivons ensemble toujours ;  
 Deux victimes infortunées  
 Se doivent de tendres secours :  
 J'ai soin de tes jeunes années ;  
 Tu prendras soin de mes vieux jours."

*Berquin.*

XX.—*Portrait de l'Indolence.*

" Dans le réduit obscur d'une alcove enfoncée,  
 S'élève un lit de plume à grands frais amassée :  
 Quatre rideaux pompeux, par un double contour,  
 En défendent l'entrée à la clarté du jour :  
 Là, parmi les douceurs d'un tranquille silence,  
 Règne sur le duvet une heureuse indolence.  
 C'est-là que le Prélat muni d'un déjeuner,  
 Dormant d'un léger somme attendoit le dîner.  
 La jeunesse en sa fleur brille sur son visage :  
 Son menton sur son sein descend à double étage,  
 Et son corps ramassé dans sa courte grosseur,  
 Fait gémir les coussins sous sa molle épaisseur."

*Boileau.*

FIN

DE LA TROISIÈME ET DERNIÈRE PARTIE.

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