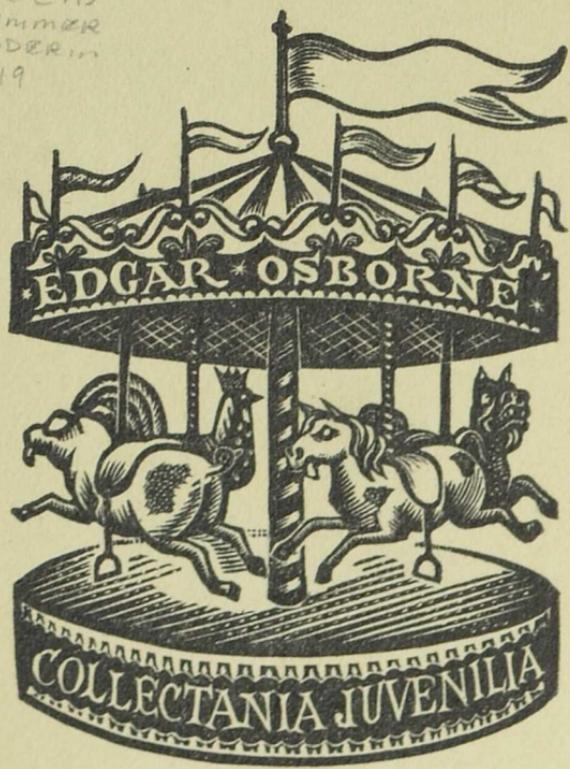


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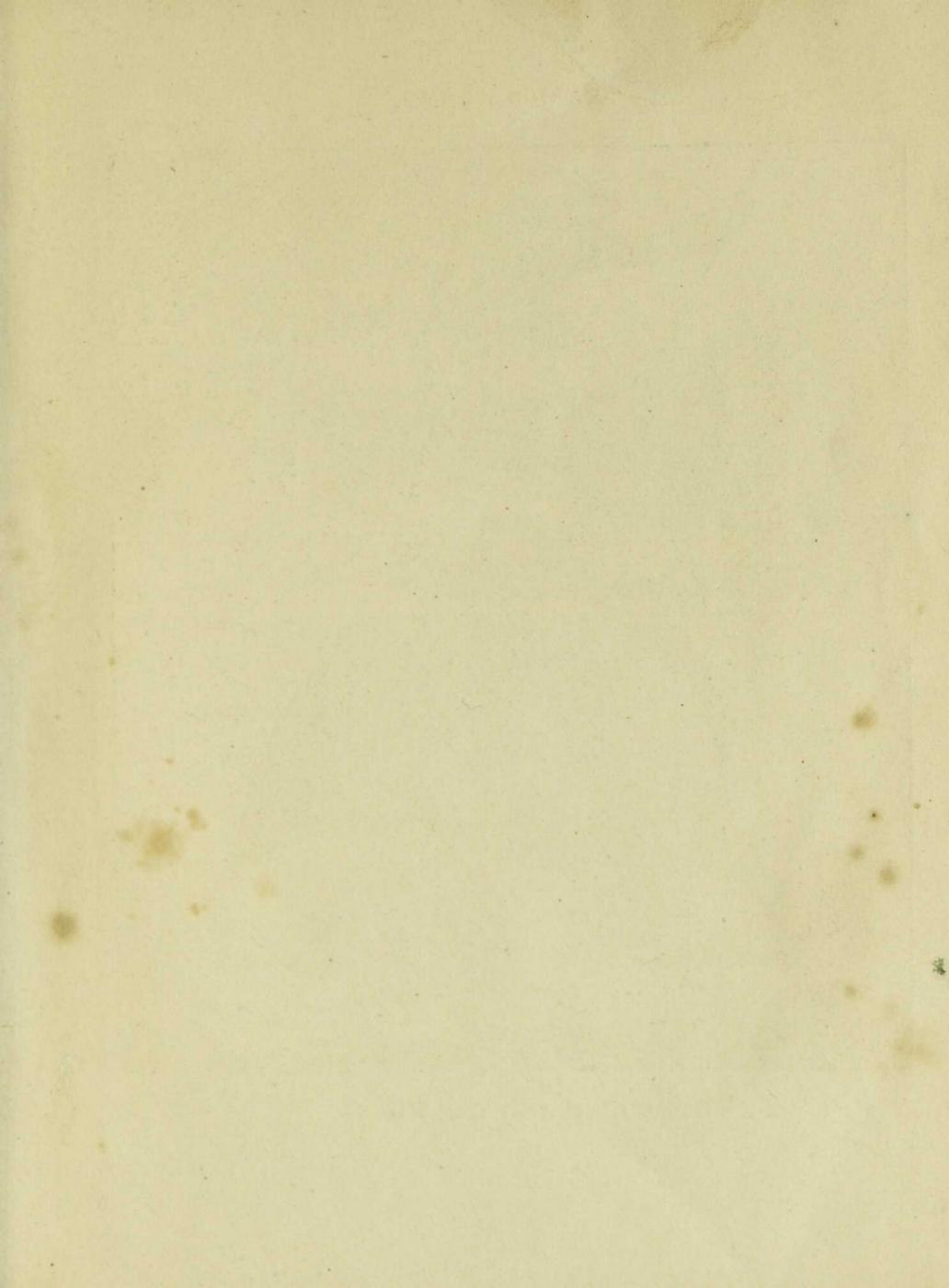
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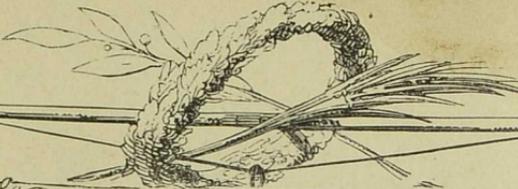
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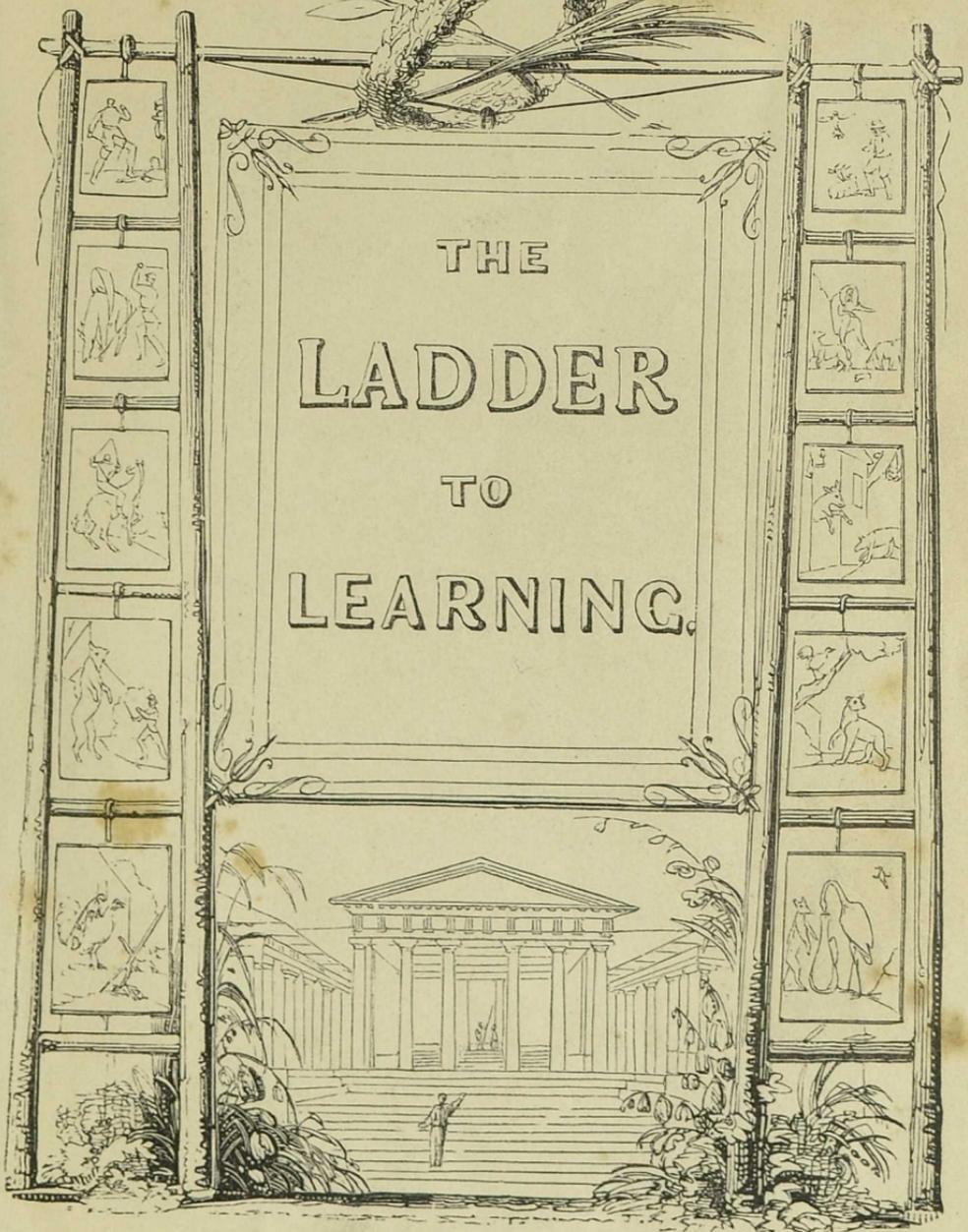
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THE
LADDER
TO
LEARNING.





THE
LADDER TO LEARNING:

A
COLLECTION OF FABLES;

ARRANGED PROGRESSIVELY IN
WORDS OF ONE, TWO, AND THREE SYLLABLES;
WITH ORIGINAL MORALS.

EDITED AND IMPROVED
BY MRS. TRIMMER.

EIGHTEENTH EDITION.
WITH SEVENTY-NINE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
GRANT AND GRIFFITH,
SUCCESSORS TO
J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

—
1849.

THE

ARTIST TO LEARNING

COLLECTION OF TABLES

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY IN

WORDS OF ONE TWO AND THREE SYLLABLES

WITH ORIGINAL MORALS

BY MRS. TRIMMER

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REVISED EDITION

WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

LONDON :

GRANT AND GRIFFITHS

LONDON :

S. & J. BENTLEY and HENRY FLEY,

Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

P R E F A C E.

I HERE offer to the Public a few Fables, of which I pretend little to be new but the manner. I have divided them into Three Parts,—the First consisting of Words of One Syllable only, the Second of Words not exceeding Two, and the Third admitting but very few that exceed three Syllables. Long experience in teaching the first rudiments of literature to Young Children has convinced me that a familiar acquaintance with our Words of One Syllable, in as copious a variety as possible, is a sure foundation upon which other

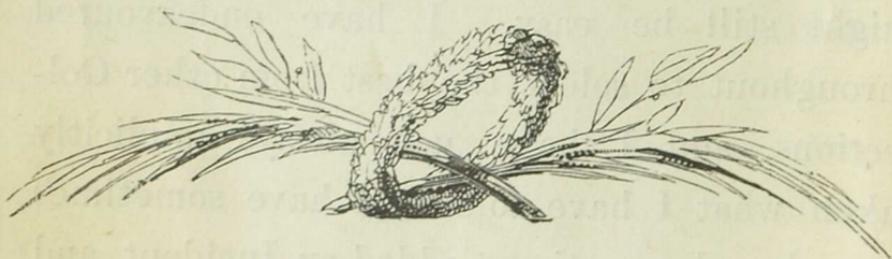
parts of the language may easily be built; and I have frequently felt the inconvenience of not being provided with a sufficient Number of Lessons, in which such words are both unmixed, and convey a meaning. If they are mixed with longer words, it is impossible to go forward with a gentle, regular, and easy pace; but it will sometimes be necessary to climb, and sometimes to creep: and if Letters are joined merely to show their combination and power, the mind having no ideas but of mere sound, they necessarily become evanescent, like everything that is obtruded without immediate pleasure, or apparent use. I have, therefore, with more labour than will be conceived, combined a great number of our Monosyllables in such Stories as the experience

of many ages hath appropriated to the use of Children. They fill the mind not only with Images but Events, and terminate in some easy Precept of domestic Wisdom, which may not only be understood, but often practised even in the Nursery.

Of the two successive Parts, nothing need be said, except that they were intended to render the ascent gradual, that the progress might still be easy. I have endeavoured throughout to select the best from other Collections, and I have not always implicitly taken what I have found; I have sometimes altered, and sometimes added an Incident, and the Moral is frequently my own.

If labour were always honourable in proportion as it is important, I might hope some

distinction from success. He contributes more to the good of mankind who tills the ground than he who builds a palace or fights a battle; and if the Author of this little Work can emulate the usefulness of the husbandman—she will be content.



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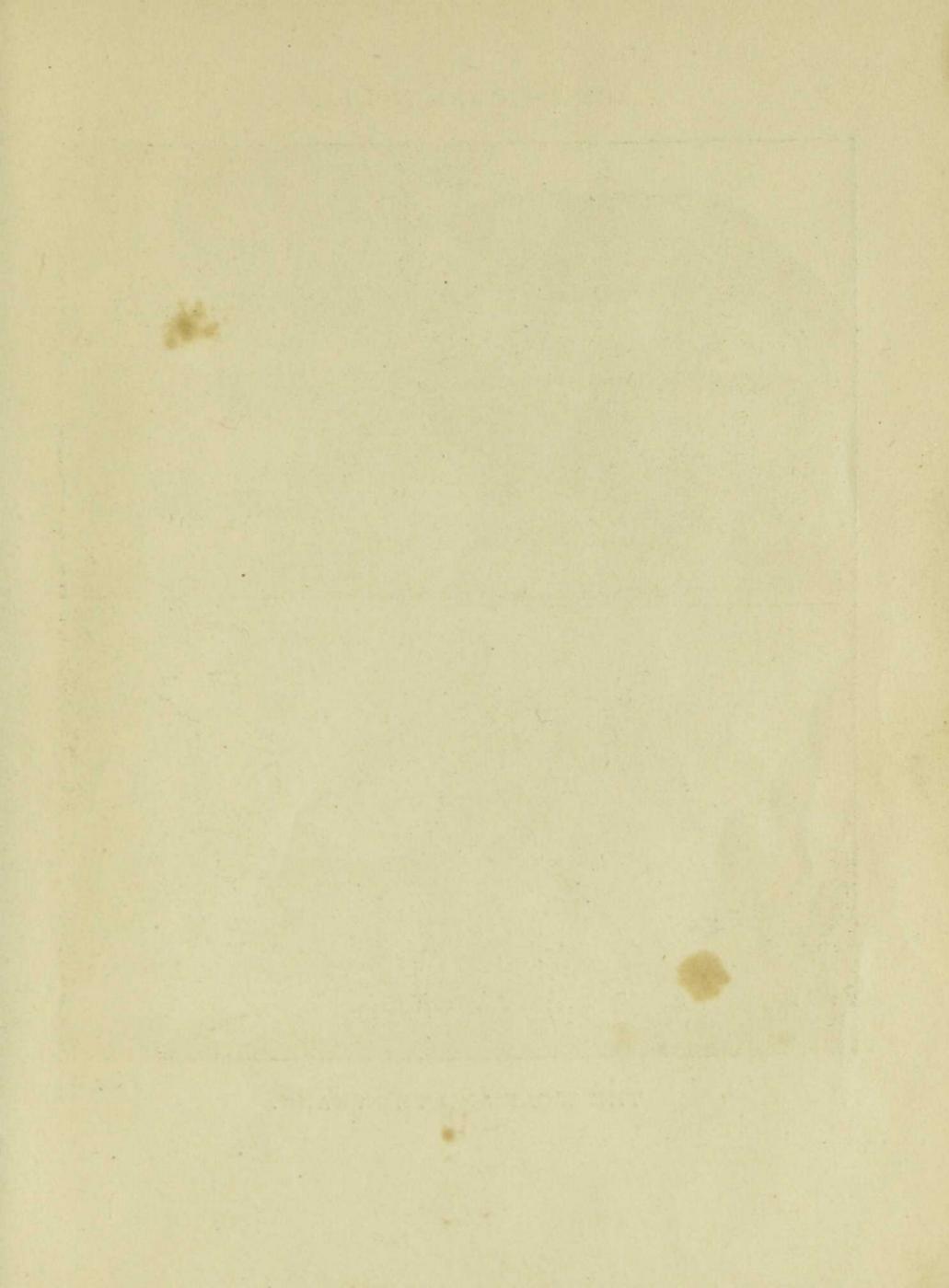
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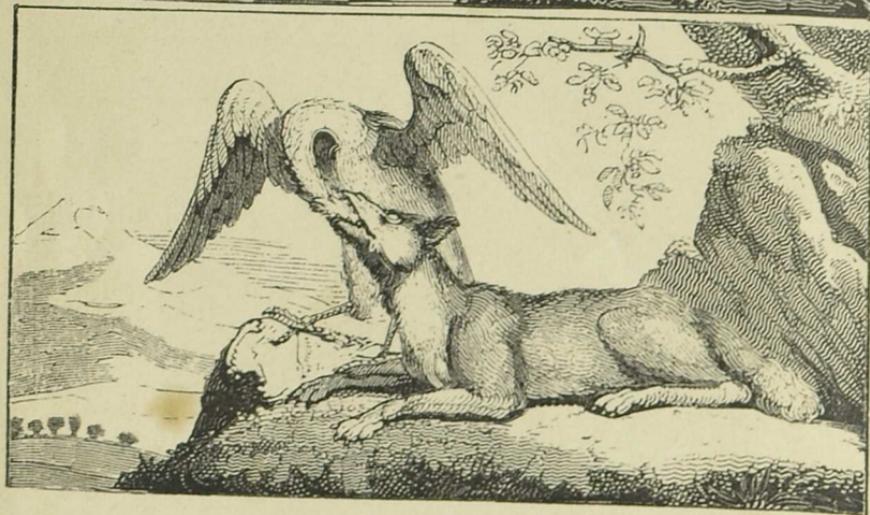
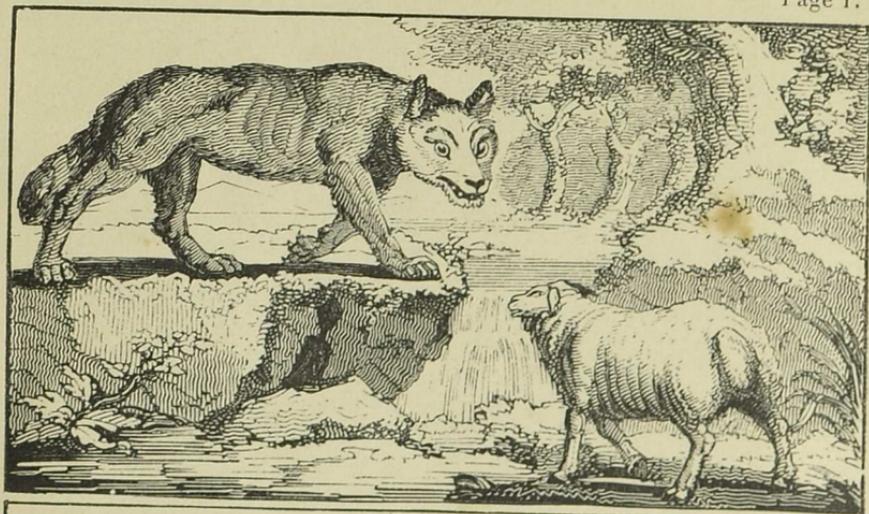
STEP THE FIRST :

CONTAINING FABLES CONSISTING OF WORDS NOT
EXCEEDING ONE SYLLABLE.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Page 1.



THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

Page 3.

THE WOLF.

FABLE I.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

ONE hot day a Wolf and a Lamb came just at the same time to quench their thirst in the stream of a clear brook; the Wolf stood where the ground was high, and the Lamb stood down the stream not far from him. But as the Wolf had a great mind to taste his flesh, he would fain fall out with the Lamb. "Fool!" says he, "what is it you mean, that you stir up the mud so, and spoil the stream where I drink?"—"You must be quite wrong, to

be sure, Sir," said the poor Lamb; "for the stream runs down from you to me, and not up from me to you."—"Be that as it will," said the Wolf, "you are a pert young rogue, and spoke a great deal of ill of me, more than half a year since."—"Sir," says the Lamb, "that could not be, for I was not born at the time you speak of."—"No!" said the Wolf; "then I am sure it was that vile old knave your dad; and it is no more than just that his son should pay for it." With that he flew on the poor Lamb, and tore him limb from limb in a trice.

MORAL.

The worst of men know so well that they ought to be good, that when they do wrong, they try, by some art, to make it seem right.

FABLE II.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

THIS vile rogue of a Wolf was in such haste to eat up the poor Lamb, that one of the small bones stuck fast in his throat. Oh, how this made him roar and howl! He said that he would not kill a Lamb once more for the whole world. He ran first to this beast, and then to that beast; but as not one of them had the least love for him, they would not give him the least help. So at last he went to the Crane, and told her he would give I know not what, if she would but take the bone from his throat. On this the Crane

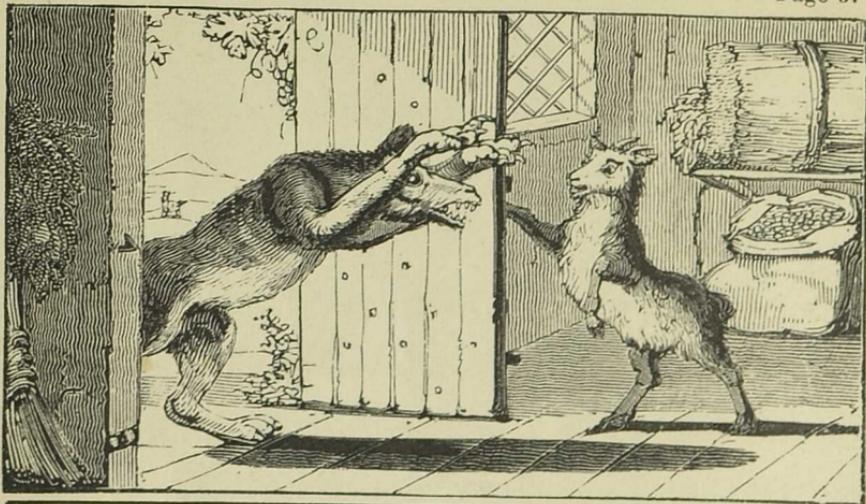
put her long neck down his throat, and drew out the bone at once. But when she told him of the pay which he said he would give her for the cure, "Fool!" said he, "you may think it well that I did not bite off your head; how then came you to think of pay?"

MORAL.

When we do good to bad men, we must not expect good from them.

THE WOLF AND THE KID.

Page 5.



THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Page 7.

FABLE III.

THE WOLF AND THE KID.

ONCE on a time, when an old Goat went out to seek for some food, she shut up her young Kid at home, bade him be sure to keep the door fast, and not let any one in till she came back, and then to look out and see who was there; "For, Bill," said she, "if you do not mind what I say, there are some fierce rogues in the fields, who will rush in and eat you up at once."—"Well, well," said Bill; "and if you had not told me, I think I should have had the sense to take care what I did." The good old Goat set out; but she had not been gone a great while, when the same rogue of a

Wolf who ate up the poor Lamb, and had heard all that had been said, came and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" cries Bill.— "My dear," says the Wolf, who strove to talk like the old Goat, "it is I, your poor old Dam." On this the fool of a kid did not look out as he had been bidden to do; but drew up the latch, and so in flew the Wolf, and made an end of him in a short time.

MORAL.

We should not fail to pay as much heed as we can to what is said to us by those who gave us birth, and know more than we do what is for our good; for if we do not mind them, but make light of what they say, we shall be sure to smart for it.

FABLE IV.

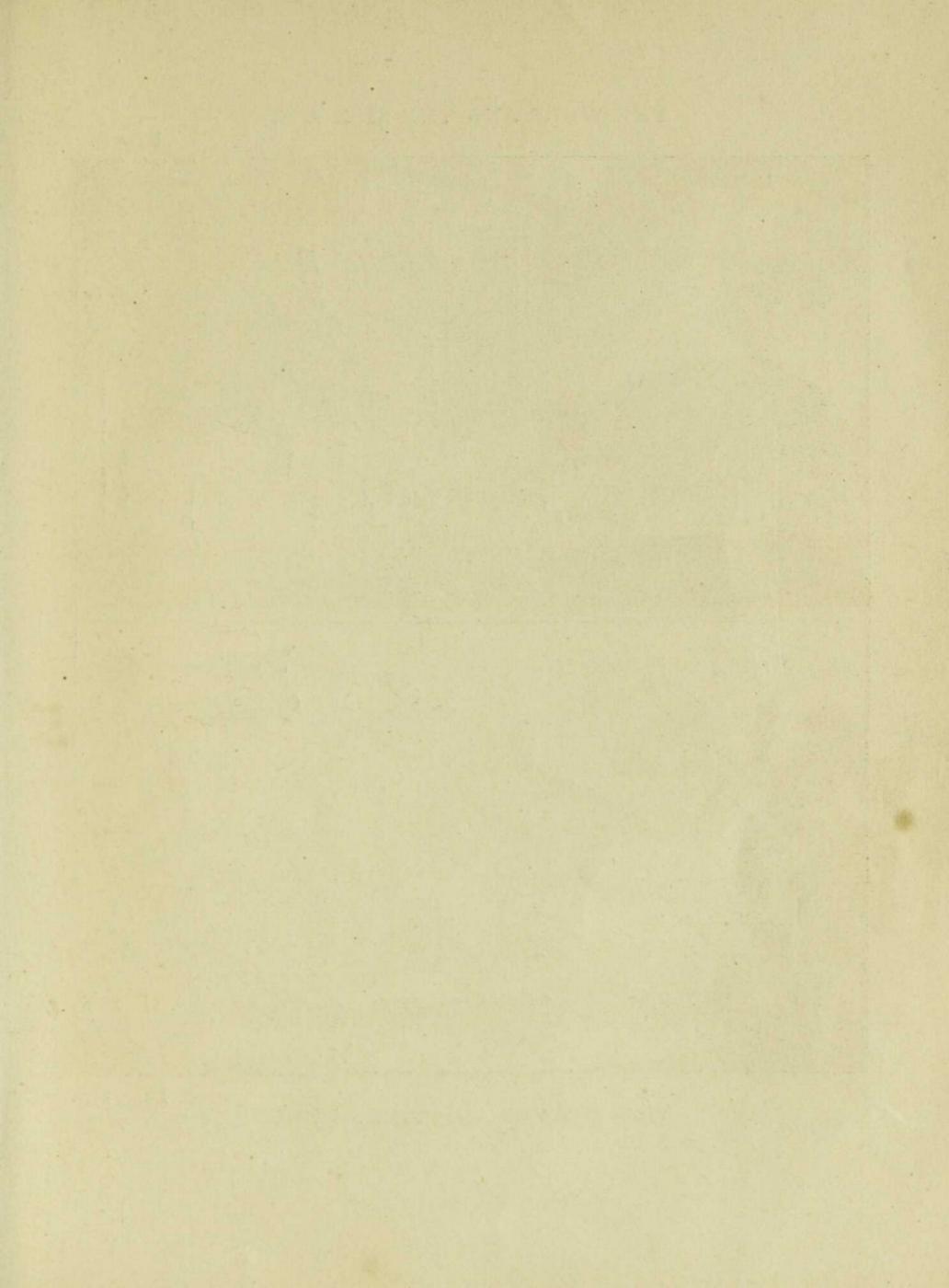
THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

THE Wolf we speak of, once took up the Fox for a theft, and sent him to gaol. A wise Ape was to be the judge. The Fox, being a rogue, stood up with a bold face, and said he had done no such thing as the Wolf was so base as to charge him with; "No, not he, he had been bred up too well for that!" When the Ape had heard both sides, he thus put an end to their cause: "Friend Wolf," said he, "I do not think in my heart that you have lost what you say you have: and as to you, good Sir Fox, I must be so free as to tell you, that

I make no doubt but you stole the goods which are laid to your charge, and so good bye to you both."

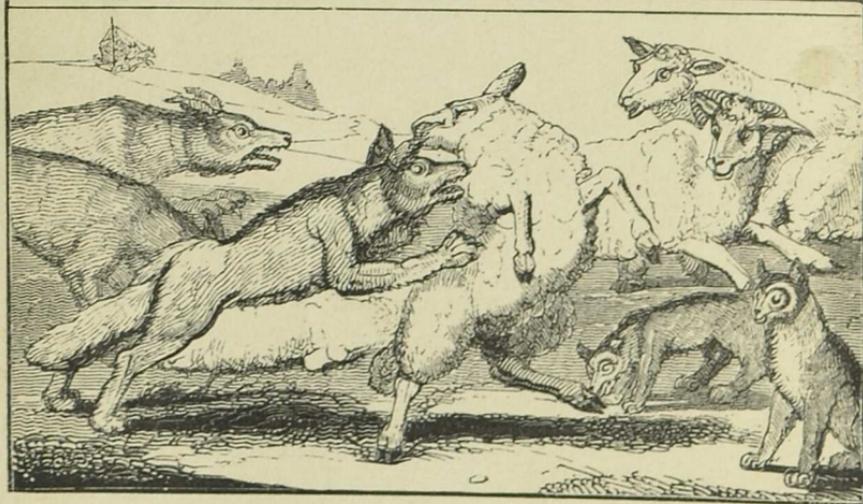
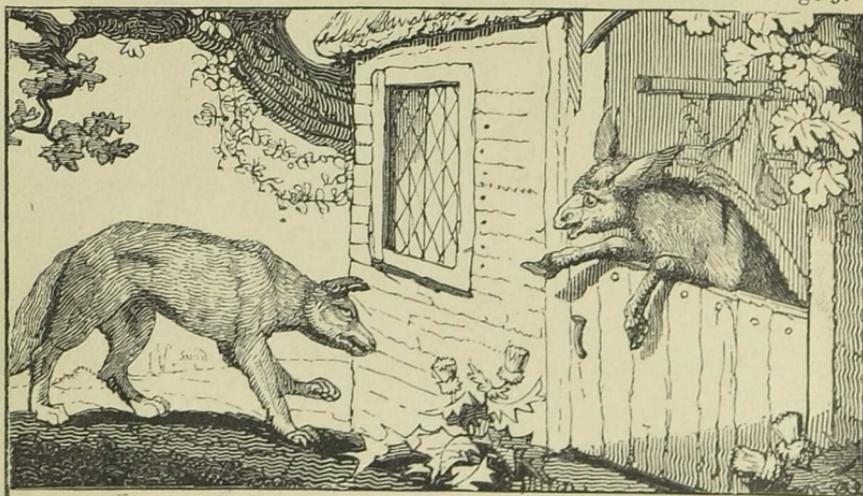
MORAL.

No wise man will pay any heed to what is said by a rogue, or by one who is known to tell lies.



THE WOLF AND THE SICK ASS.

Page 9.



THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

Page 11.

FABLE V.

THE WOLF AND THE SICK ASS.

ONCE on a time, when an old Ass was sick, the fame of it spread far and near; and some did not fear to say that she would die the next night. Our sly rogue of a Wolf had the luck to hear of it; on which he went to the young Ass (the son of the old one) with a "How do you do, my dear? Ah, poor child!" adds he, "I grieve for you as much as I can. They tell me your good old Dam is at the point of death. Is it true? pray how does she do now, poor soul?"—"Do," said the young Ass; "why she is not so bad yet by a great deal as you would

have her be; and if you wait for her dead corpse to make a meal of, you will wait a long while, I hope.”

MORAL.

Bad men speak kind words to gain their own bad ends: we should take care how we trust to them.

FABLE VI.

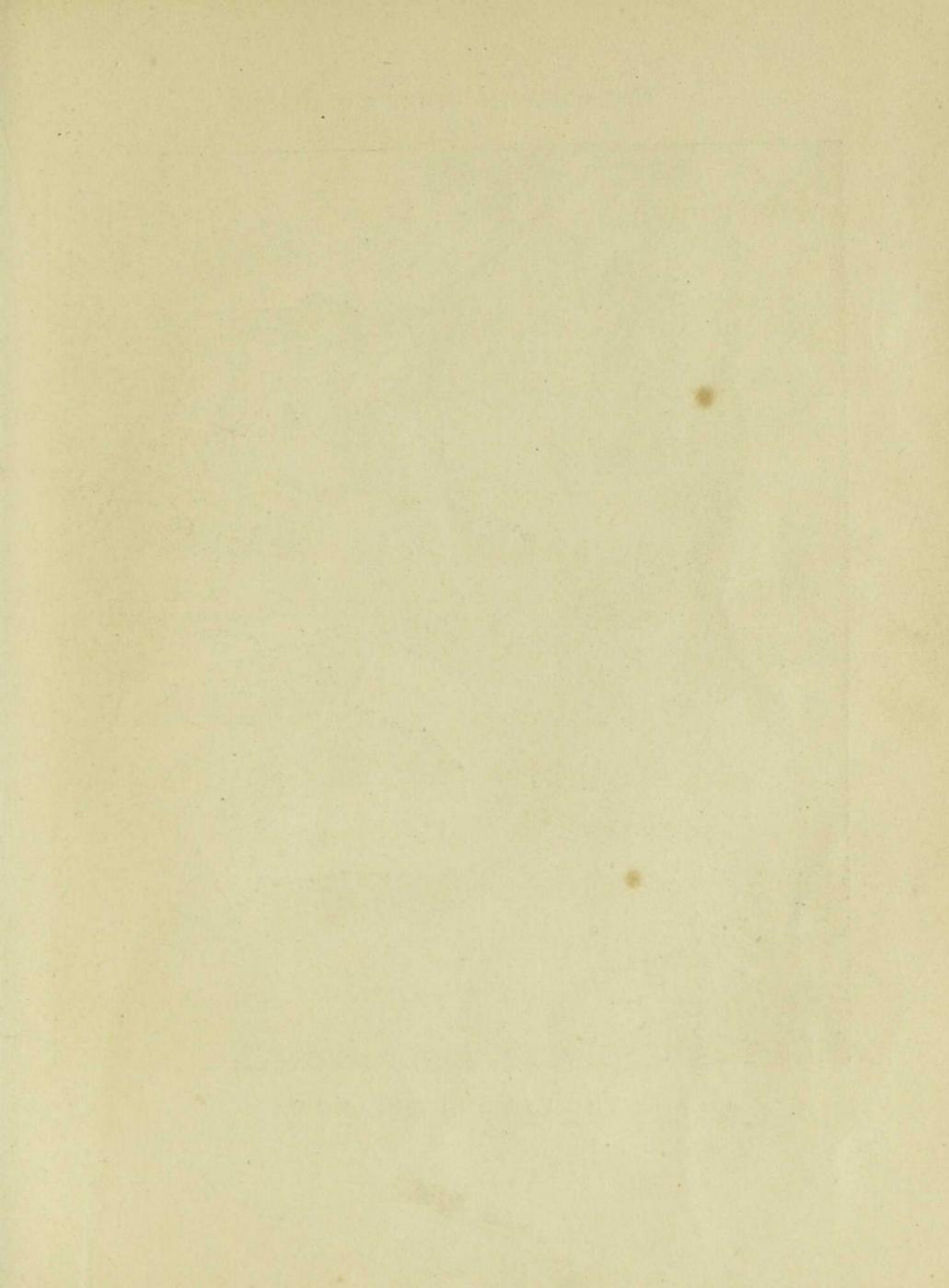
THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

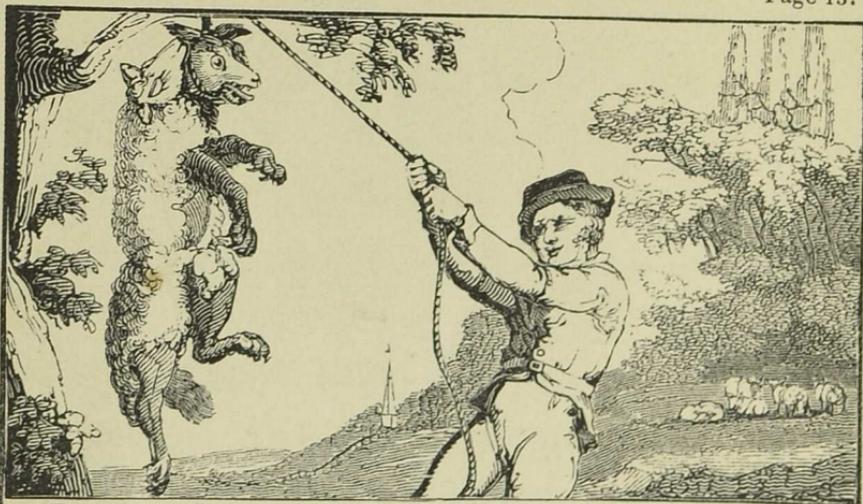
ONCE in old times, the Wolves and the Sheep had been in a state of war; as, to be sure, they are to this day. But at last the Wolves (and our rogue of a Wolf, who was the chief to speak for it) said they would be glad to make peace, if some pledge was given on each side to bind it fast. So the Sheep were to give up their dogs, and the Wolves were to give up their young ones; but in a short time the young Wolves made a strange noise, as well they might, for want of their Dams. On this the old ones, in great haste, cried out, that

the Sheep had broken the peace. "Poor sweet babes," said they, "how those brutes scratch them and plague them!" and with that they fell on the Sheep (as they had now lost their Dogs), and soon sucked the blood of most of them. The vile rogues thought this was a fine trick, and were so fond of our sly Wolf for it, that they put him at the head of their troop.

MORAL.

○ We should not, in any case, trust men who are known to be thieves or cheats.





FABLE VII.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHES.

THERE are few rogues who do not come to a bad end at last. This was the case with our Wolf; for, though he had put off more sly tricks by far than I have told you, yet at last he was caught in the snare. For one day, thought he, if I put on the skin of a Sheep, I may then mix with the flock, and suck my fill of their sweet blood, and yet not be found out. But as the man who took care of the Sheep had the luck to find out the trick, he came up to the Wolf, and put a strong cord round his neck. "What!" said the thief, "will you hang

one of your poor Sheep, who bring forth lambs to feed you, and soft wool to make warm clothes for you?"—"No, you rogue," said the man; "but when I catch a Wolf I spare him not, though, like you, he may wear the garb of a Sheep;" and with that he hung him up in a trice, and left him to swing on the next tree.

MORAL.

There is no art that can hide rogues and fire: if we do no wrong, we shall be put to no shame.

THE FOX.

FABLE VIII.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, who had made free with a piece of cheese, which was none of her own, flew with it to a high tree. A young Fox who saw this, and had a mind to cheat the thief, went this way to work with her : for though he was but young, he was a sly rogue, and knew more bad tricks than he ought to have done. “My dear sweet Miss,” said he, “what a shame it is that folks should tell such lies of you ! they

say that you are as black as a coal; but now I see with my own eyes that your soft plumes are as white as snow. One would think they were all born blind. And, dear me, what a fine shape you have! I think in my heart that no one can see you but he must fall in love with you. If you had but a clear voice, and could sing a good song, as I make no doubt but you can, there is not a bird which flies in the air that would dare to vie with you." The Crow, like a fool, thought that all which the Fox had said was true, and had a mind to try her voice; but as soon as she did so, down dropped the cheese, which the Fox took up in his mouth, as fast as he could, and ran off with it in haste, and laughed at the Crow for want of sense.

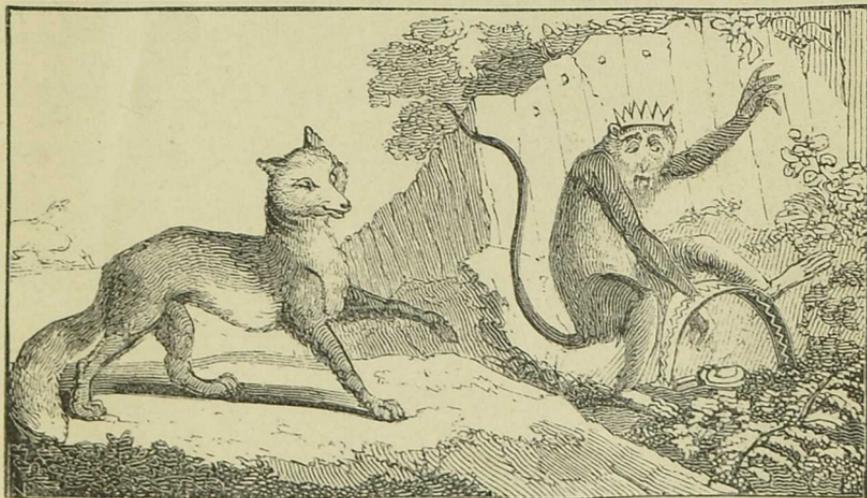
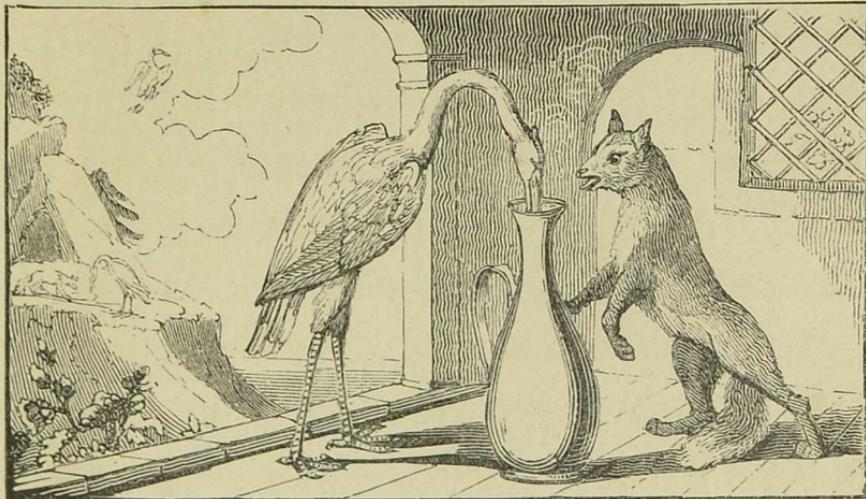
MORAL.

The way which most rogues take to cheat fools or vain folks is, to praise them as much as they can, and so seem to be their best friends.

FABLE IX.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

OUR young Fox had once a mind to play a trick with a poor Stork. So he said to her, the first time he met her, "How do you do, my dear? I am as glad to see you as if you were the best friend I had in the world. Let me beg of you, as soon as you have time to spare, to come and dine with me." The Stork said she would, and she was as good as her word; but when she came, the Fox brought forth a large broad dish, which was full of thin soup. This, you may be sure, he could lap up with a great deal of ease; but as for the



Stork, as she could but just dip in the point of her bill, she could scarce taste a drop of it. She saw through the trick at once, and yet she was so wise as not to find fault; nay, she gave him great thanks for his good cheer, and said it was her turn to treat next. But when the Fox came to see her, she brought out a large jug with a long small neck. The jug was full of meat, which she had been at the pains to mince. “Come, eat your fill,” said she, “for this is all your fare, and the best I could get for you;” and with that she put her long bill down the neck of the jug, and while she ate, “Oh!” said she, “how nice it tastes! it is a feast for a king!” But as for the Fox, all he could do was to lick the side of the jug, and now and then put his nose to the neck of it,

and snuff up the steam. When the Stork saw this, "Tell me now, my dear friend," said she, "if this mince is not full as good as your fine soup." The Fox could not say a word, but hung down his tail, and went off like a fool as he was.

MORAL.

Those who love to give a joke must not think it hard if it should come to their turn to take one.

FABLE X.

THE FOX AND THE APE.

ONCE on a time the beasts were so void of sense as to make choice of an Ape for their King. But our young Fox, who, though he was a rogue at heart, did not want for wit, was so hurt to see the rest of the brutes act so much like fools, that he had a mind to shew them what a bad choice they had made; and at the same time make the Ape smart for his pride, and tire him of a post for which he was no way fit. The trick he put on him was this. In a few days he found a trap in a ditch, which had a piece of flesh for a bait; and so he went and told the Ape of it, as a thing of

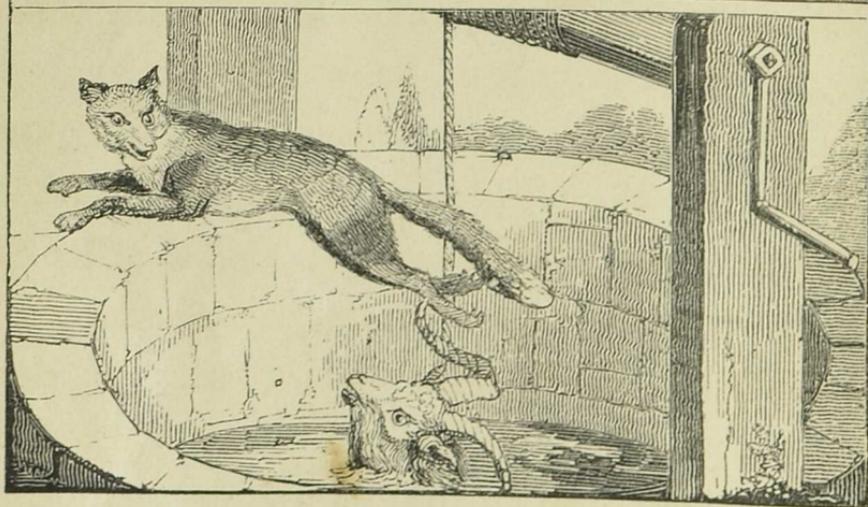
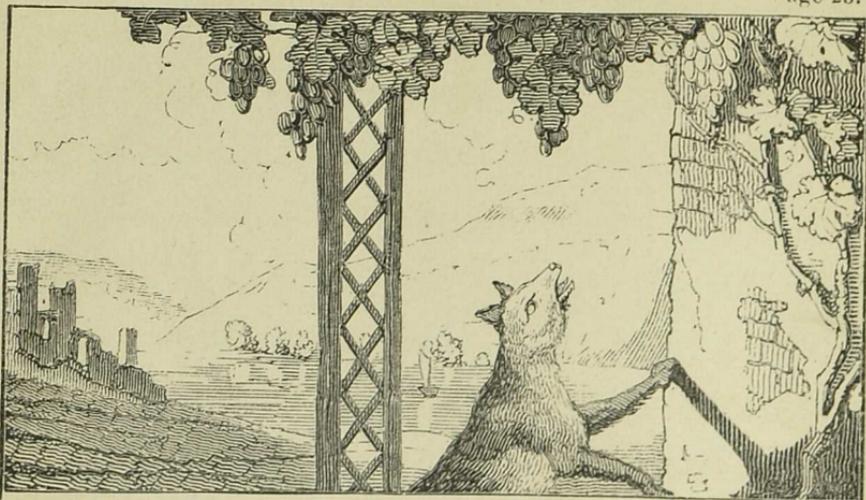
great worth, and which, as he had found it in the waste, must of course, he said, be the new King's right. The Ape, who did not dream of the least harm, went to seize it as his own; but as soon as he had laid his paws on the bait, he was caught in the trap. This made him look so much like a fool, that he said he would make the Fox pay dear for it. But as the Fox knew he had no cause to fear his threats, he ran round and round him for a time, and as he went off, "Ah, ah!" said he, "there's a fine King for you! he hath not the wit, you see, to take care of his own legs."

MORAL.

All those who take in hand things which they have not strength and skill to go through with, will get a laugh for their pains.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

Page 23.



THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

Page 25.

FABLE XI.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

IN days of yore, when a young Fox would take more pains to get a bunch of grapes than a plump fat goose, our arch young thief cast his eyes on a fine bunch which hung on the top of a poor man's vine, and made him lick his lips like a hound at the sight of a joint of meat. "Oh," said he, "how nice they look! I must have a taste of them, if I die for it;" and with that, up he jumped with all his might, but had the ill-luck not to reach the grapes; yet, as he could not find in his heart to leave them, he would try for them as long

as he could; so he leaped and jumped, and jumped and leaped, till at last he was glad to rest. But when he found all his pains were in vain, "Hang them!" said he, "I am sure they are not fit to eat, for they are as sour as crabs, and would set my teeth on edge for a whole week; and so I shall leave them for the next fool who may chance to come this way."

MORAL.

Some men make light of that which is out of their reach, though at the same time in their hearts they know not what to do for want of it.

FABLE XII.

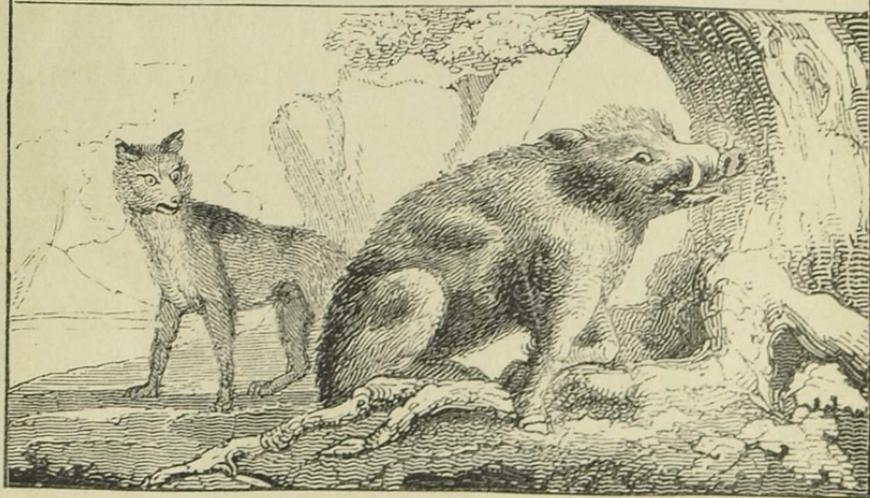
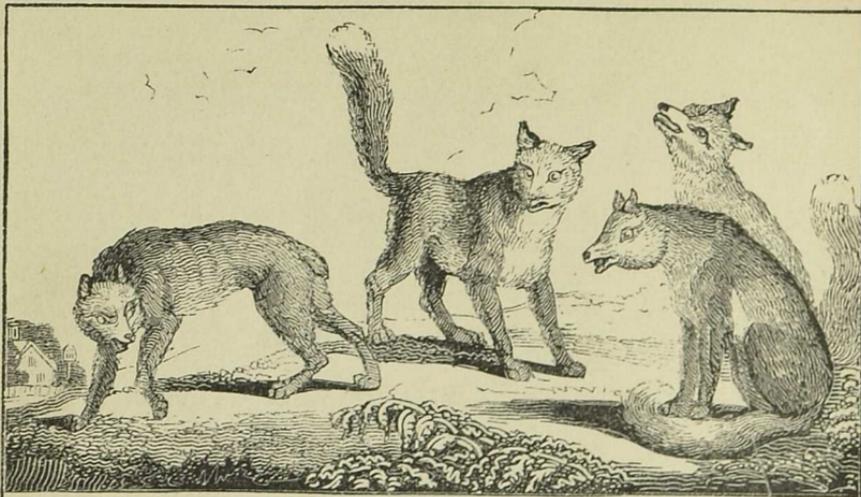
THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

ONE day, as our Fox went to have a peep at a hen-roost, he had the bad luck to fall into a well, where he swam first to this side, and then to that side, but could not get out with all his pains. At last, as chance would have it, a poor Goat came to the same place to seek for some drink. "So ho! friend Fox," said he, "you quaff it off there at a great rate: I hope by this time you have quenched your thirst."—"Thirst!" said the sly rogue; "what I have found here to drink is so clear, and so sweet, that I cannot take my fill of it: do,

pray, come down, my dear, and have a taste of it." With that, in plumped the Goat as he bade him ; but as soon as he was down, the Fox jumped on his horns, and leaped out of the well in a trice ; and as he went off, " Good bye, my wise friend," said he ; " if you had as much brains as you have beard, I should have been in the well still, and you might have stood on the brink of it to laugh at me, as I now do at you."

MORAL.

A rogue will give up the best friend he has to get out of a scrape ; so that we ought to know what a man is, that we may judge how far we may trust to what he says.



FABLE XIII.

THE FOX WHO HAD LOST HIS TAIL.

OUR Fox, when he had got out of the well, was such a great thief that no hen-roost could be at peace for him. But once on a time he had the ill-luck to be caught in a steel-trap, and was glad to get out of it with the loss of his tail; and yet, in a short time, the shame which this loss brought on him was so great, that he would have been glad if he had lost his life. Poor wretch, what could he do? Why he spoke first to this Fox, and then to that; and told them that, as he found his tail had so much weight in it, and was so long that

he could not run with it at his ease; and as he thought, too, that he had not a clean smart look, he had been at the pains to cut it quite off: "And if I," said he, "was in your place, I would do so too, by all means. Do but see, my dear, how nice and spruce I look! now I have left my brush, they tell me that I am quite a beau." But an old sly Fox, who knew how the case stood, took him up as short as could be: "I think," said he, "good Sir Crop, that it will then be the time for me to part with my tail, when I have the same cause to do it as you had."

MORAL.

There are some sly folks, who, to hide their own shame, will strive as much as they can to make all the world do as they have done.

FABLE XIV.

THE FOX AND THE BOAR.

As a Boar once stopped to whet his tusks on an old tree, our Fox, who thought to make a sly meal of two or three of his young ones, went up to him with a "How do you do, friend? and why do you take so much pains to whet your tusks when there is no foe near you?"—"It is true," said the Boar, "that there is none at my heels just now; but as there are some sly beasts in the fields here and there, who are fond of young pork, I think I ought to scour up my arms while I have time to do it; for when the time comes that we

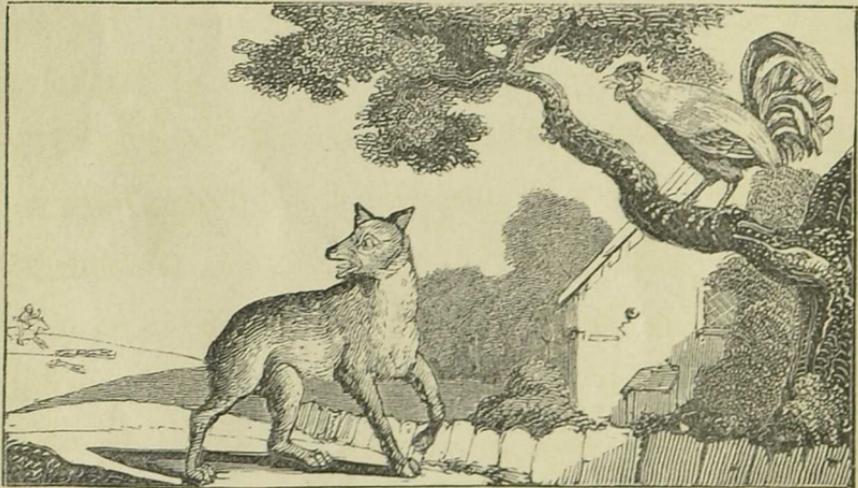
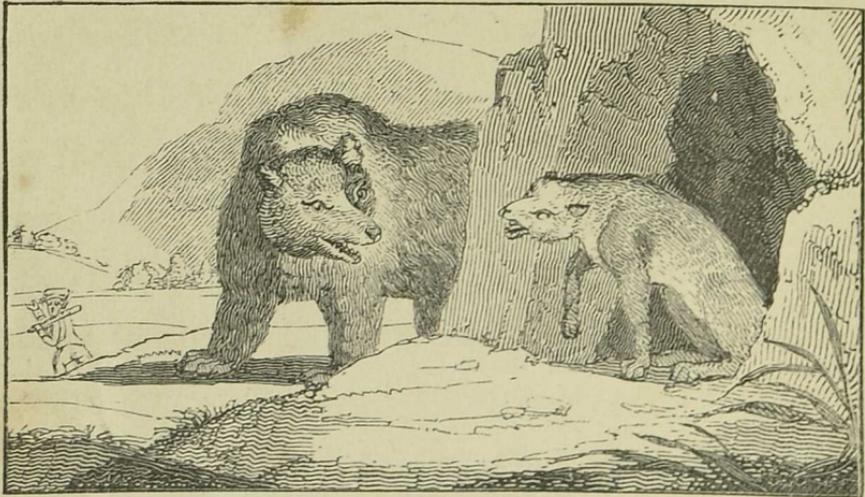
are to fight, you know we shall have too much work on our hands to find time to clean our arms."

MORAL.

What must be done, do as soon as you can ; that you may not want when you ought to use.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

Page 31.



THE COCK AND THE FOX.

Page 33.

FABLE XV.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, who had once laid in a great stock of good things to eat, kept close to home. Our Fox, whose eyes were quick to find out what was none of his own, had a mind, as they say, to share with him ; that is, to take all he could get at ; so, off he went to a man that kept sheep, and told him where the cave of the Wolf was. When the man heard of it, he took a large club and went and killed the Wolf. But in a short time, as he went the same way, he found the Fox in the same cave ; and as he knew him to be as vile

a thief as the wolf had been, he fell on him too, and broke one of his legs. The sight of a Bear, who came in view just then, made the man run off. But as the Bear had heard of the trick which the Fox had put on the Wolf, he said to him, as he saw him limp off, "Harm watch, harm catch! you now share with the Wolf in a way you did not dream of."

MORAL.

Think nothing gain that is ill got: and be sure that he who hurts will be hurt in his turn.

FABLE XVI.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

A YOUNG Cock, who sat on a high branch of a tree, crowed out so loud that he was heard by our Fox as he went that way. So up he trots, with a "How do you do, my dear friend? I have not seen you this long while."—"I thank you," says the Cock, "I am as well as I can wish to be."—"Then pray," says the sly Fox, "come down from the tree, that I may kiss you."—"No, I thank you," said the Cock, "that will not do for me; for I have heard my old sire say, that a Fox is as fond as

can be of the flesh of a Cock, and will as soon eat him as look at him.”—“Pshaw, pshaw, child!” says the thief: “give me leave to tell you that your old sire is an old fool, and there is not a word of truth in what he says; for all the beasts and birds are now at peace.”—“Ay, ay!” cries the Cock, “and is this true?—I am glad to hear it with all my heart;” and with that he held out his neck, as if he saw something a great way off. “What do you look at, my dear?” cries the Fox.—“No harm,” says the Cock, “but a pack of hounds that seem to run a race.”—“Dear me,” said sly-boots, “a pack of hounds! then it is high time for me to be gone.”—“Gone!” said the Cock, “and in time of peace?”—“Yes,” cries the Fox, “and I must run as fast as I can, for

it is ten to one, my dear, that those vile curs have not yet heard of the peace."

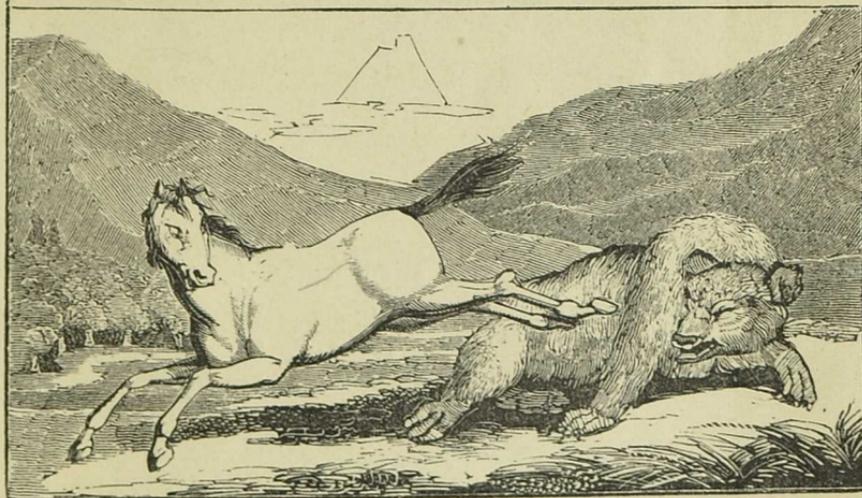
MORAL.

When a known foe would seem to be a friend, there is most cause to keep out of his reach.

FABLE XVII.

THE SAME COCK AND THE FOX.

THIS vile thief of a Fox, as he had the good luck to get clear from the pack of hounds, and had still a strong wish to make a meal of his near cuz the young Cock, rose up one morn as soon as he could see, and went to the farm-yard where he was; but as he strove to get through a hedge which lay next to the yard, he was caught fast in a springe, which had been laid there for that end. The Cock, who stood near, saw what had passed, and went, step by step, to peep at him, though with some sort of dread. As soon as the Fox



saw him, "Oh, my dear!" says he, "you see what a fine hole I am in here, and all for your sake: for as I went on in my way home, I heard you crow, and could not go on till I had stepped back to ask you how you do; but as I strove to creep through the hedge, I was caught as you see, and so must beg of you to fetch me a knife to cut the string; or at least not to speak of my ill chance till I can gnaw it in two with my teeth: but fetch a knife, now do, there's a good cuz." The Cock, when he saw how the case stood, did not speak a word, but went as fast as he could to tell the good man of the house, who soon came with a stout club to wish the Fox joy, and pay him for his old tricks.

MORAL.

No just man will, or ought to take the part of a rogue, to screen him from the law.

THE HORSE.

FABLE XVIII.

THE HORSE AND THE BEAR.

As a fine Colt, who was of a high breed, and as plump and sleek as could be, took his tour round the meads, an old bear got sight of him. "Oh!" said he, "that I could but catch the young rogue, what a nice meal could I make of him! But the worst of it is, I am now so old, that he runs a great deal too fast for me; so that I must trust to my wit and not to my heels;" and on this he set to work to

find out a sly trick to get his ends on the poor Colt. His trick was this: the next time he saw him, he called out as loud as he could, "Hark you there, my friend! I want to speak to you. Come, come, you need not fear; for I do not mean to do you the least harm in the world. I should not boast of my own good deeds, but I am the grave old Don, who cures all the sick or lame beasts, who are so wise as to come and ask my help. It seems strange to me that you should not have known this till now."—"Grave Sir," said the Colt, who saw through the trick in a trice, "if I have not heard of your fame, you must lay it to my youth and my ill-luck. But I am glad in my heart that I have now heard it from your own mouth: for I have had a thorn

in my foot these ten days past, and cannot get rid of it for the life of me. Do pray be so kind as to look at it, and see if you can pull it out. Oh! how it pains me!" When the Bear heard this, he thought he was sure of his prize, and so up he got to look at the foot, and pull out the thorn. But when he was in reach of the hoof, the Colt gave him a kick on the head, and then left him to roll on the ground like a fool and a rogue as he was.

MORAL.

It hath been thought fair to cheat those who try to cheat us: but though we may be sure that the wrong we do will be paid in kind, yet we should scorn to pay in kind the wrong that is done to us.

FABLE XIX.

THE HORSE AND THE STAG.

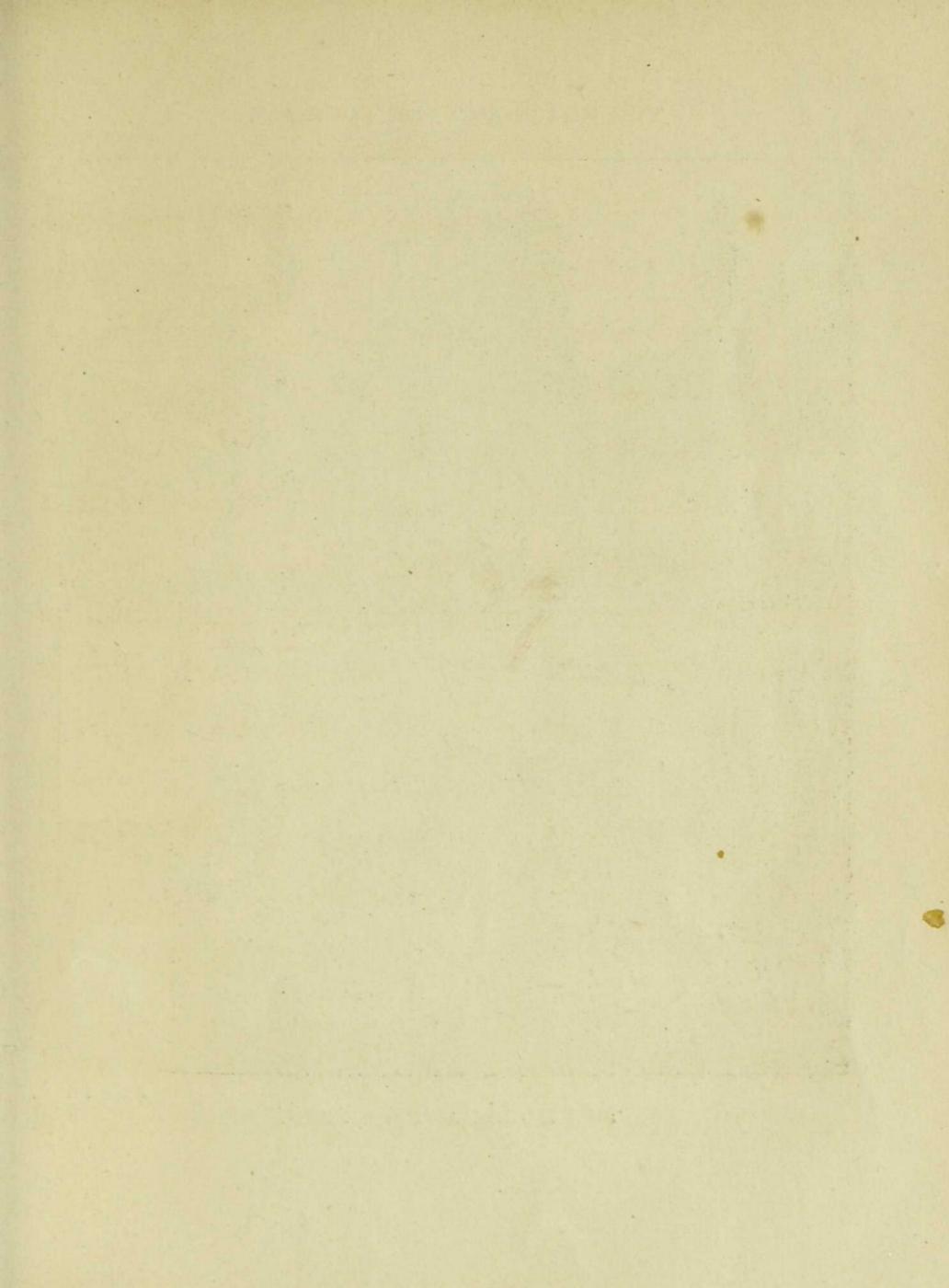
OUR Colt, who by this time was come to be a fine Horse, fed in the same park with a young Stag, and great friends they were for some weeks. But, as is the case with not a few young folks, they at last fell out, they could not tell for what. "You shall not feed here," said the one: "Nor you there," said his friend; and so in a short time they came to kicks and blows. But at length the Stag, by means of his long and sharp horns, was too much for the Horse, and drove him out of the field. Our Steed, as you may well guess, was

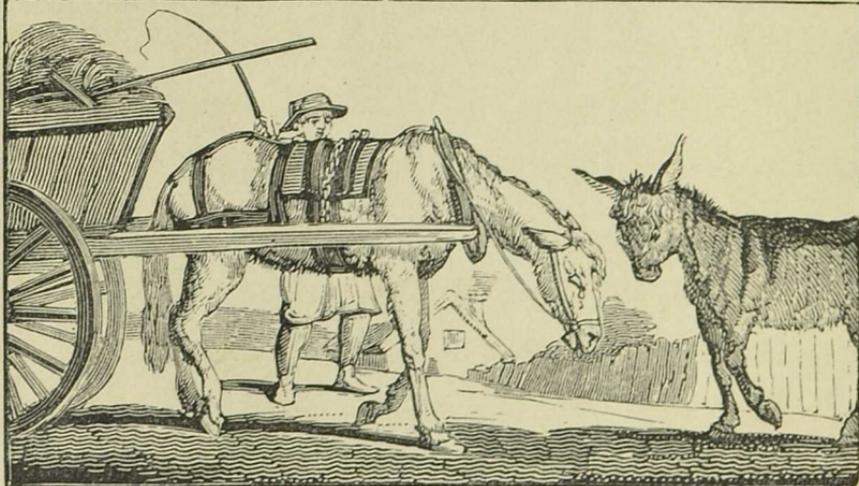
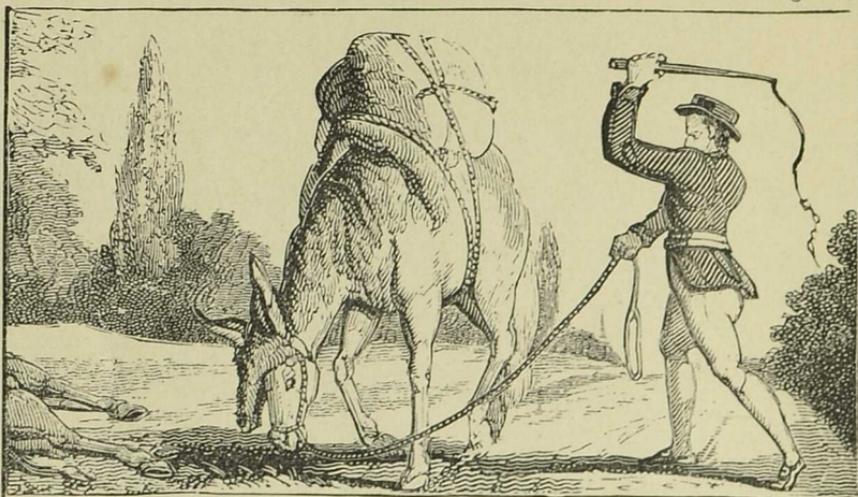
hurt to the heart to lose the day; so up he went to the first man he met to beg his help. On this, the man jumped on the back of the Horse, and rode off in quest of the Stag; and when he had found him, he soon slew him by the help of his bow and his darts. "Now, good Sir," said the Horse, "as you have been so kind as to take my part, I give you my best thanks; you have slain the Stag for me, and you may get safe on the ground as soon as you please."—"Not so fast, my friend," said the man: "I see you are a beast who may be of great use to me; and so, if you do not make haste and bear me to the place to which I shall guide you, I will kill you as I have just now done the Stag." As the fool of a Horse, when it was now too late, found that he had a worse

enemy to deal with than the poor Stag, who lay dead at his feet, he was glad to yield to save his life ; and so the man rode him home, and made use of him as a drudge to the end of his days.

MORAL.

No good comes when friends fall out ; and those who shew spite are sure to smart for it.





FABLE XX.

THE HORSE AND THE POOR ASS WITH A LOAD
ON HIS BACK.

A POOR Ass, who was kept by the same man who had slain the Stag for the Horse, had one day such a great load put on his back that he could scarce stand on his legs. As the Horse was on the road at the same time, the Ass begs him, as a friend, to take a small part of the load, and bear it for him till he had time to get up his strength. "You, my friend!" said the Horse (whose pride had not yet left him), "I scorn the word! I sprang

from the best blood in the fields, and was born to skim over the plain as swift as the wind; while you, poor beast, with your coarse hide and long ears, can scarce keep pace with a hog. No, no, Sir, your own back shall bear the load for me." Well, on they went, and in a short time down dropped the poor Ass, and breathed his last. When the man came up and saw how the case stood, he took off the whole load, and laid it on the back of the proud Horse. But this was not all: for he stripped off the skin of the dead Ass, and put that too on the top of the load, so that the ears of it by chance stood up on the head of the Horse, and made him look as much like an Ass as the poor beast who had been used to wear them.

MORAL.

Pride is the high road to shame, and those who choose to walk in it will find to their cost, what they are, when they once come to the end of it.

FABLE XXI.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

THOUGH the pride of the Horse had met with such a sharp blow, he was not yet tame ; for one day, as he was in the high road, and set out as fine as a horse could be, he met the foal of the poor Ass who had dropped down dead through the weight of his load. At the sight of him he kicked and reared up and neighed like a mad thing. "Get out of the way, you wretch, you vile beast!" said he ; "get out of my way ! or else I shall tread you down in a trice, and send you to your old sire." The poor young Ass, who had not strength to

strive with him, got out of the road as fast as he could. But in a short time the proud Horse had the ill-luck to lose one of his eyes, and then to sprain one of his legs by a fall. As this spoiled him for a nag, he was stripped of all his fine things, and sent to draw a dung-cart. One day the Ass had the chance to meet him in this sad plight, on which he said, "So, so! are you there, my friend? Well, I thought what your pride would come to! You were so nice some time since, that you would not let me come near you: but now I find you are as bad, or worse off, than I am. Come, put out your strength, my boy, and let me see how well you can pace it with that fine cart at your tail." This stung the Horse to the quick, so that he soon broke his heart;

and when he was dead, the dogs made a good feast of him.

MORAL.

A proud man, like the proud horse in this fable, is the sport of all that know him when his pride meets with a fall.

DETACHED FABLES,

CONSISTING OF

MONOSYLLABLES.

FABLE XXII.

THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

A POOR Ant, who came to a brook to drink, stept so far in her haste (for she was just burnt up with thirst), that she fell in; and there is no doubt but she would have lost her life had it not been for a Dove, who broke off a small twig from a tree, and dropt it in, so that the Ant got on the top of it, and rode safe to

shore. In a few days' time a man came with his nets and his snares, and would have caught the kind Dove, and made an end of her; but the Ant, who stood close by him, and saw what he was at, crept up his legs, as fast as she could, and gave him a smart twinge with her sting. "For now," thought she, "is the time, and I will save my dear friend, if I die for it." So, as soon as the man felt the pain, he made a start, and the good Dove took fright, flew off, and got safe home to her nest.

MORAL.

Learn from hence to help those who are in need as much as you can. If you do a good man a good turn when it falls in your

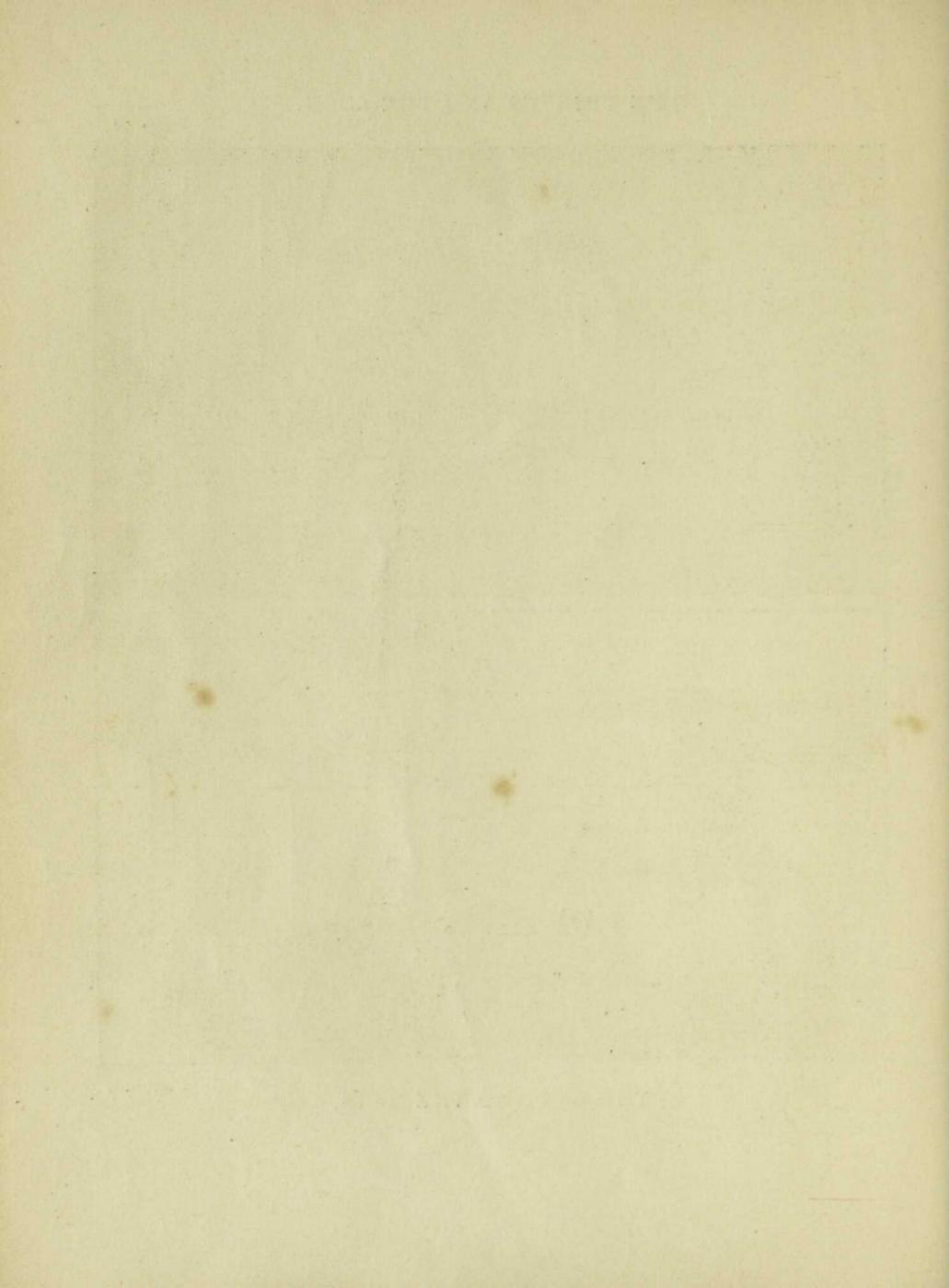
way, you will make him a sure friend to you ; and though weak and poor, you may find his help when you think of it least and want it most.

FABLE XXIII.

THE THIEVES AND THE COCK.

A GANG of Thieves once broke into a house, but could not find one thing which it was worth their while to take with them but a poor Cock. In this case the Cock made as good a plea as a Cock could do. "Dear good Sir," said he, "I take care in the morn to get out of my roost as soon as I can see, and crow as loud as I can, to call the good folks up to their work; nay, to tell the truth, I rise in the dark; so much pains do I take to be of some use to the world as long as I live. Pray be so good, then, as to spare me, and let me stay





and take care of my wives.”—“You rogue,” said one of the thieves, “you have said the worst things you could have thought on to gain your end of us: for you make such a great noise, and wake all the folks near you so soon, that we cannot go on with our schemes as we would do; so now we shall make sure of you once for all;” and with that they broke his neck in a trice, and then made a brave meal of him.

MORAL.

It is the part of a man of sense not to let the least word drop from his mouth which may be made use of to his hurt; but most of all when he has a rogue to deal with.

FABLE XXIV.

THE CAT AND THE RATS.

A CAT who dwelt in a house that was full of Rats and Mice, had a fine time of it; for she caught them and ate them with as much ease as she could wish, and could not stir from room to room but she was sure to meet with some of them. When the Rats saw how it was like to fare with them, they thought it would be the best way for them to meet all in one place, and there try what steps they could think of to keep them safe from the claws of the sly Cat. When they were met, "Dear me," said one of the young ones, "what a fuss you make; if you will but do as I bid you, we

may shun this vile Cat with great ease—it is but to watch when she sleeps, and then tie a bell to her neck; for by this means she cannot stir but we must all hear her in time, and then those who choose it may run out of the way.”

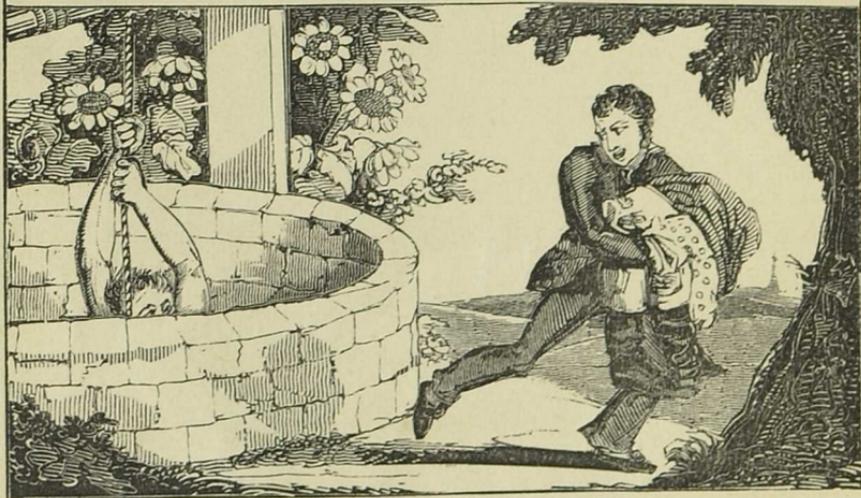
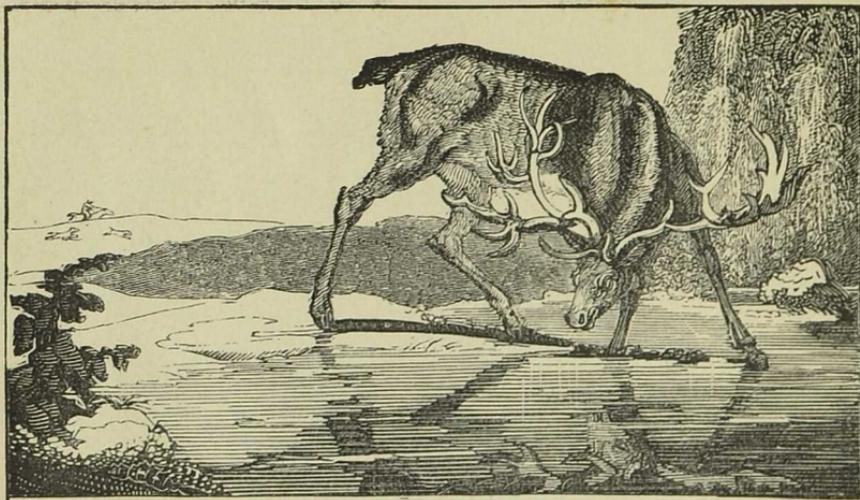
—“Why, I must own,” said Long-tail (an old grey Rat), “that this is a sure way to go to work with her; but then, who will be so bold as to tie the bell to her neck?” When not one of them spoke, or was so stout as to take the task in hand, this fine scheme came to nought.

“Well, then,” said the old Rat, “I will tell you what: the best thing we can do is, as I think, not to go down on the ground at all, but to keep on the shelves, as far out of the reach of the Cat as we can.” As all the Rats took the hint at once, poor Puss was put on

the last shift, which was to hang by her two hind feet, with her eyes shut, on a pin of wood which stuck in the beam, and so sham dead; but when the old Rat saw her, he smelt out the trick at once: "And so, Dame Sly," said he, "you are there, are you? but you may take my word for it, that if you hang till your legs ache, it shall be all in vain for me; for I know your sports so well, that I would not come near you though you had nought but straw in your skin."

MORAL.

He is a great fool who will trust that man twice whom he has once found to be a cheat. We may learn, too, of the old Rat, that the young should lend an ear to the old, who best know the world.



THE
LADDER TO LEARNING;
STEP THE SECOND:

CONTAINING FABLES CONSISTING OF WORDS NOT
EXCEEDING TWO SYLLABLES.



FABLE I.

THE FOOLISH STAG.

A STAG, who chanced to come to a clear fountain to quench his thirst, saw his own image in the water. The first thing which struck his notice was the pair of large branching horns which grew on his head. "Ah," said he to himself, "how sweetly those antlers

become me; and what a noble effect they produce! To look at them one would be tempted to think that I carry a whole wood upon my forehead; and besides this, they appear to be so strong and well-set, that I think in my heart that I could defy the fiercest monster in the forest. But as to those flimsy spindles, which I suppose are my legs, they are of no use but to disgrace me. What a pity it is that such a noble figure as mine should owe its support to four vile broomsticks! If my legs had been anything like my horns, I would not have turned my back to any single beast on the face of the earth." While the fool was giving himself these airs, he was startled by the yelling of a pack of hounds, who had just been laid on the scent, and were making

up nimbly towards him. . Away he fled on the first alarm, and bouncing swiftly over the lawn, he left the dogs and huntsmen at a great distance behind him; but taking into a thick copse, his horns were so fast wedged among the branches of the trees that he could go no further; so that the hounds soon came up with him, and tore him down to the ground. When he was in the pangs of death, "Ah!" said he, "wretched fool! the branching horns of which you were so proud, have been the only cause of your ruin; and those slender legs, which you treated with so much contempt, were the only things which would have saved your life, if you had not run into the thicket."

MORAL.

Those things which are most pleasing to the fancy, are often found to be most hurtful to our real welfare; and what we most despise may sometimes be of the greatest service.

FABLE II.

THE BOY AND THE THIEF.

As a Boy sat crying on the edge of a well, a Thief came by, who asked him why he wept; the Boy, with sighs and sobs, told him that his string had broken, by which means a gold cup, that hung at the end of it, had dropped down in the well. On this, the fool of a Thief pulled off his clothes, and went down, that he might look for it; for, thought he, if I can but find it, it will be no hard thing for me to keep it, and a brave prize it will be. But after he had groped and poked, and felt a long while, but all in vain, up he came as vexed

as could be; when, to his no small grief and shame, he found that for the cup of gold, which he meant to have made his own, the rogue of a Boy had run off with his clothes, and left him to walk home without them.

MORAL.

This fable shews, that though a thief will steal from all he can, he does not like to be used in the same way: which proves that he well knows that his own thefts are bad deeds.

FABLE III.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

As a Wolf and a Dog met by chance in the fields, "How do you do, Sir?" said the Wolf; "I am glad to see you with all my heart. Dear me, how fat and plump you look since I saw you last! If I am not too bold, Sir, pray how came you to be in so fine a plight? For my part, poor wretch! I am so thin and so lean, that you may tell all the bones in my skin."—"Why, my dear," said the Dog, "I serve a good master; I guard his house from thieves; and for my pains I lodge in a warm kennel, and eat of the best meat he can give

me.”—“Say you so?” said the Wolf; “then I should be glad to serve him too. Pray be so kind as to speak a good word for me.”—“Done,” said the Dog; “do but come with me, and I make no doubt but I shall help you to a good place.” But as they went on their way, the Wolf spied a bare place round the neck of the Dog, where the hair had been worn off by the chain. “Oh, Sir!” said he, “what do I see here? your neck is quite bare.”—“Why, to tell you the truth,” said the Dog, “it is a mark of a chain which my good master puts on me in the day-time, that I may not bite those who come to see him.”—“Ay, ay,” said the Wolf; “why then I tell you what; if this be the case, you may keep your good master, and your warm kennel, and your nice

fare, and your long chain to yourself, for me, I had rather go where I please, and be lean and thin, than be a slave all my life for the sake of good eating." And with that, off he sprang, and did not so much as stop to say good-bye.

MORAL.

To be free is one of the best gifts of Heaven, if we do not make a bad use of our freedom.

FABLE IV.

THE DOE WITH ONE EYE.

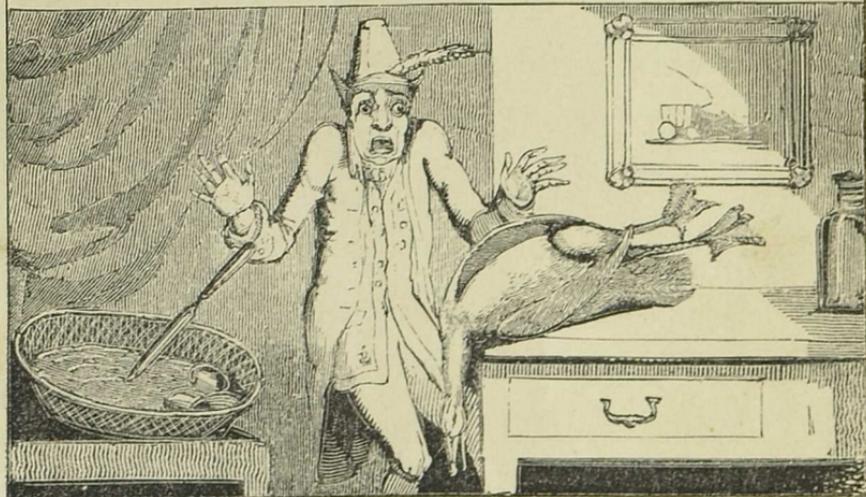
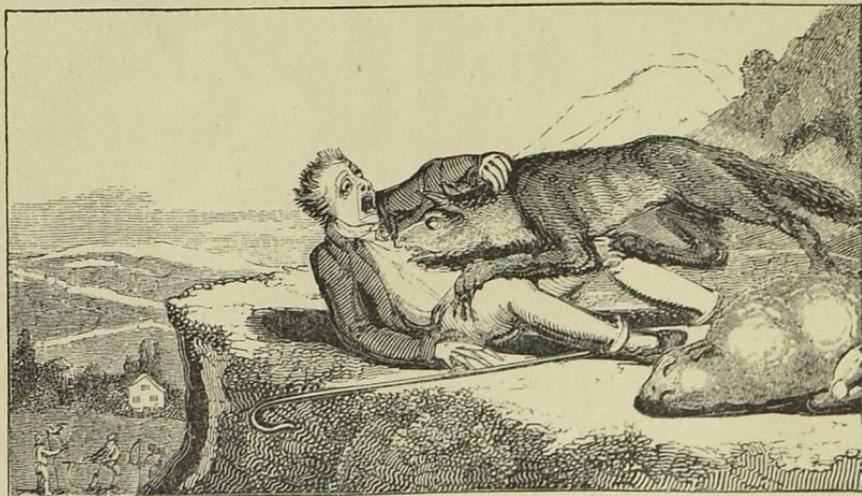
A POOR Doe, who had but one eye, made a point of grazing near the sea; and, that she might be the more safe from harm while she fed, she kept her blind side next to the beach, and with her sound eye she looked out on the fields: "And now," said she, "to be sure I must be safe, for no one can come near me without my seeing them." But a sly fellow, who, with two or three more, had sought for her in vain for some days, found out the scheme. So he took a boat and went round

on the sea till he came on the blind side of her, and then shot her with a brace of balls. Thus fell the poor Doe: but while she was in the pains of death she was heard to cry out, "O my hard fate! I thought no one could hurt me on that side which was next to the sea, and yet from thence I had my death-wound. Wretch that I am! that scheme which I made my whole trust, has been the means of my fall!"

MORAL.

It is not good to trust too much to our own skill; for we may find the most harm where we thought we had the least to fear. The best way is, to act with as much care as we can in all things, and then with a

firm heart to leave the end of it to God; and not to be so vain as to say, "I have made all safe, and am sure that no harm can come near me."



FABLE V.

THE LYING BOY.

A WICKED young rogue, who kept sheep, took great pains to make fools of all the poor folks who were at work near him in the fields. "Help! help!" he cried. "Oh pray come and help me; the Wolf will kill my poor sheep! Oh, the Wolf! the Wolf!" But as soon as the good folks came up, and found that no Wolf was there, the Boy laughed at them, and called them all the fools he could think of; and this he did many times. But at last the Wolf did come in a great rage, and the young rogue then cried out for help in earnest,

as loud as he could. The people, it is true, all heard him; but as he had put the cheat on them so often, not one would come near him: so the Wolf killed first this sheep, and then that; and as the Boy went to beat him off, he flew on him too, and tore him limb from limb.

MORAL.

When a Boy or a Girl is once known to tell lies, no one will trust them though they should speak the truth.

FABLE VI.

THE MAN AND HIS GOOSE.

A POOR fool of a Man once had a Goose which laid eggs of gold, and this made him as proud as a horse. "Come, come," said he, "I may now hold up my head with the best of them all. Cheer up, my lad, for in a short time you may have a coach to ride in, and make the dust fly before you like smoke. But why did I say in a short time? What a strange fool I am! It is but to cut open the Goose, and then I shall be as rich as the King at once." So to work he went, and ripped up the Goose the same day, which was

great folly; for when the poor Goose was dead she could lay no more eggs.

MORAL.

Those who covet great wealth often defeat their own end and become poor.

FABLE VII.

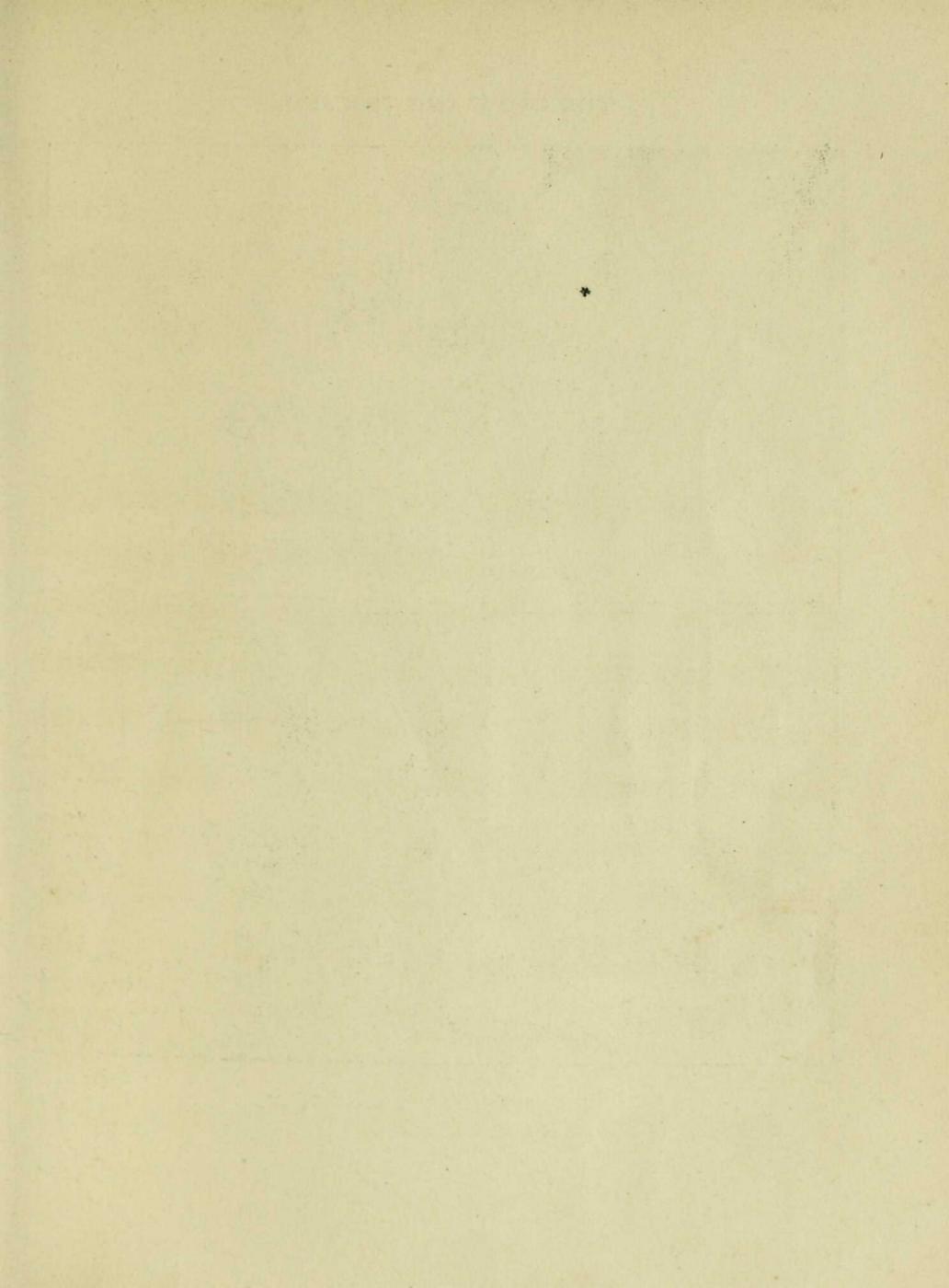
THE FROG AND THE OX.

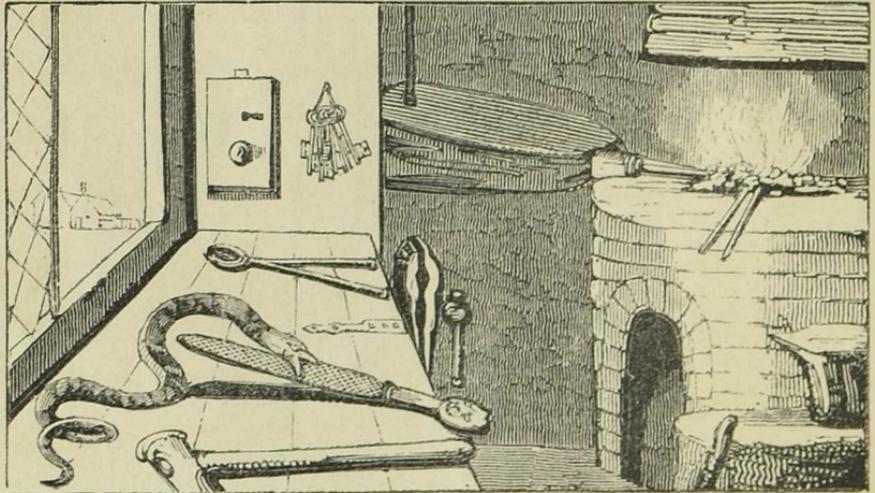
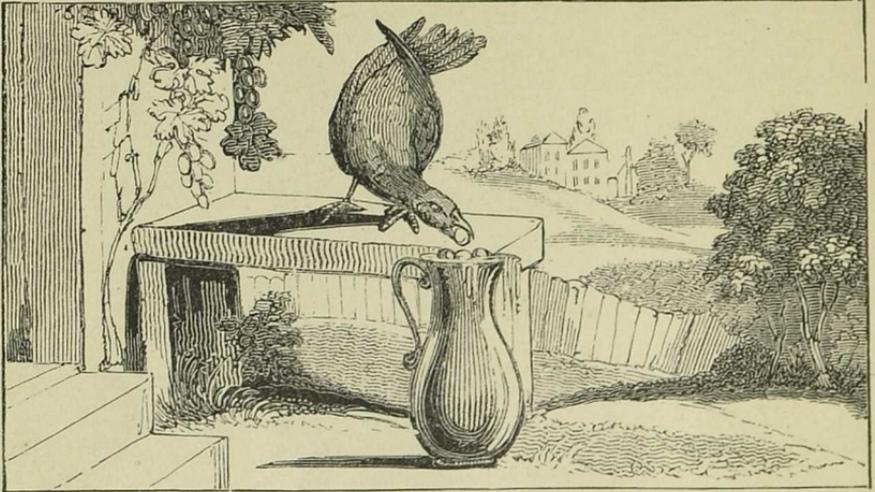
A PROUD Frog, who fed in the same field with an Ox, had a mind to try if she could swell up her skin till she was as big as he was. "Now for it," said she, "let me see what I can do." But her son, who saw what she would be at, begged hard of her to leave off and try no more: for, as he told her, if she was to try for ever, it would be all in vain, and might do her more harm than she could think of. "Harm! you young fool!" said she; "why, you know not what I can do, if I strive for it. Do but look at me now, and see how

fast I grow;" and with that she puffed and blowed, and strained and swelled, till she burst her skin, and fell dead on the ground.

MORAL.

It is best to keep a due mean in all our schemes, and not spend our time in such things as are too hard and too high for us; for if we aim at more than we have strength to go through with, we may expect to lose our pains, and ruin ourselves in the end.





FABLE VIII.

THE CROW AND THE JUG.

A CROW that was dry strove to quench her thirst in a Jug which had some water in it, but the neck of it was so long and so straight, that the poor bird could not get her head in. "Well, friend," said she, "but I think I can tell what to do with you yet. Come, let me see; I will fill you with stones up to the brim, and then I dare say that the water will rise to the top in spite of you." So to work went the Crow, and in a short time the water, as she had said, rose so high, that she had as much of it as she pleased.

MORAL.

Clever people often do that by care and thought which strength could not effect.

FABLE IX.

THE FROGS AND THE FIGHTING BULLS.

ONE day, as two fierce bulls were fighting in a meadow—"What in the world," said a Frog, "will become of us?"—"Why?" said a second Frog; "what have we to do with the quarrels of those silly Bulls? If they love fighting, pray let them fight on; for if they push and clatter their horns till they break each other's heads, we shall be neither the better nor the worse for it!"—"Indeed, friend," said the other Frog, "I believe you talk too fast; for as it is certain that if they keep on at this rate one of them must soon get

the day, he who shall be worsted will be forced to take refuge here in the marshes, and then nothing can be more likely than that his heavy feet will tread some of us to death. So you see, Sir, that we have more concern in their dispute than you were at first aware of."

MORAL.

When great people fall out with each other, many of those who are below them are sure to suffer for it.

FABLE X.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

A VIPER crawling into a Smith's shop to seek for something to eat, cast her eyes upon a File, and darting upon it in a moment, "Now I have you," said she; "and so you may help yourself how you can; but you may take my word for it that I shall make a fine meal of you before I think of parting with you."—"Silly wretch!" said the File, as gruff as could be, "you had much better be quiet and let me alone; for if you gnaw for ever, you will get nothing but your trouble for your pains. Make a meal of me, indeed! why I

myself can bite the hardest iron in the shop ; and if you go on with your foolish nibbling I shall tear all the teeth out of your spiteful head, before you know where you are."

MORAL.

Take care that you never strive with those who are too strong for you, nor do spiteful things, lest you suffer for it.

FABLE XI.

THE OLD HOUND.

A BRAVE old Hound, who in his youthful days had been so stout and nimble as to seize any beast in the forest, was at last so much worn out with age and hard running, that he could not perform his part as he had used to do. One day, therefore, when he caught a bristly Boar by the ear, having lost his teeth, he could not keep his hold, and so lost the prey. "You wretch!" said his master (who was vexed to the heart to lose such a noble booty), "what do you mean by serving me in this manner? You may take my word for it,

that if you play me such a trick again, you shall have a halter for your pains as soon as you get home.”—“Sir,” said poor old Cæsar, as plain as he could bark, “it was not my spirit that failed me, but only my teeth. Pray, good master, be pleased to think upon what I have been, and let that plead my excuse for what I am at present.”

MORAL.

This fable teaches us, that it is very unjust to use old servants ill when they are past their labour; even our dogs and horses should meet with kindness in their old age.

FABLE XII.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A NOBLE Lion, who was faint with heat and weary with hard hunting, lay down to refresh himself with a nap in the entrance of a large cave. While he was asleep, a number of mice ran over his back and waked him. Upon this, starting up in a rage, and clapping his paw on one of them, "You little scrambling rogue," said he, "how came you to be so bold as to disturb my rest? But, I warrant you, I will put an end to your saucy pranks for the time to come."—"Indeed, Sir," said the little creature, "I meant no harm. Upon my word and

honour I did not. Besides, Sir, you see I am a Mouse; and it would be a great disgrace to such a noble beast as the monarch of the forest to take his revenge on such a little thing as I am." The good Lion could not help laughing at his excuse; but as he thought there was some reason in what he said, he was content to let him go. Not long after, as the same Lion was roaming over the forest in search of his prey, he had the ill-luck to run into a strong net, which had been laid for him by the hunters; and not being able to force his way out of it, down he fell, and set up such a fearful roar as made the ground tremble under him. The poor Mouse, knowing the voice in a moment, ran as fast as he could to see what was the matter. When he came to

the spot, and beheld the Lion foaming at the mouth with rage, "Come, noble Sir," said he, "let me beg of you not to disturb yourself; but lie still a minute or two; your poor little scrambling rogue will set you free, or die for it!" The mouse was as good as his word; for to work he went in an instant, and with his sharp little teeth gnawed in two the knots and meshes of the net, and left the noble Lion to go where he pleased.

MORAL.

We may learn from this fable, that there is no person so little, but that the greatest may, at some time or other, stand in need of his help. Read this, O ye proud ones of the earth, and learn to respect the good-will of those who are below you.

FABLE XIII.

THE EAGLE AND THE CROW.

AN Eagle from the top of a lofty mountain once making a stoop at a Lamb, she pounced it in a moment with her talons, and flew away with it to her young ones. A foolish Crow, who had built her nest in a cedar at the foot of the same mountain, taking notice of what passed, said to herself, "That is mighty clever, indeed; but I believe I can do as well myself, if I try for it:" and with that down she flew, and fixed her claws in the fleece of a second Lamb. But being able neither to carry off the prey, nor to clear her feet from the wool.

there she sat, looking like a fool, till at last she was taken off by the shepherd, and carried home for his children to play with. When they asked him what bird it was, "Why, about an hour or two ago," said he, "the silly wretch thought she was an Eagle; but by this time, I believe, she is pretty sure she is but a Crow."

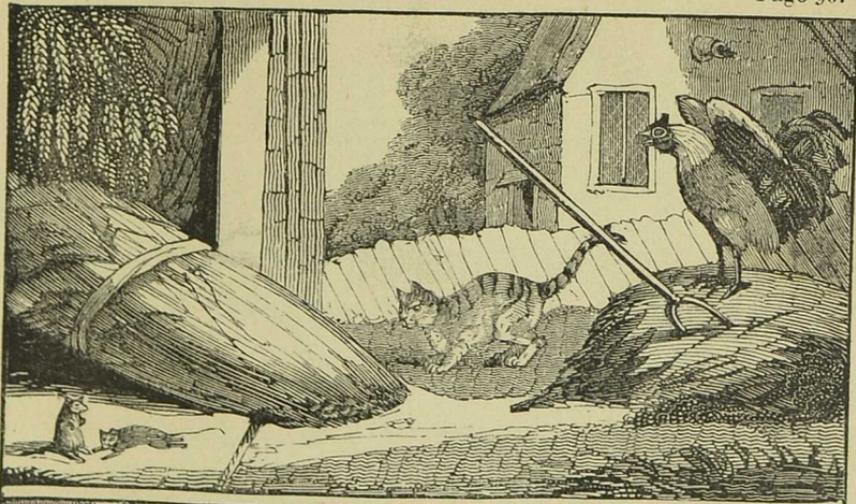
MORAL.

We should always know our strength before we venture to take up our burthen.

FABLE XIV.

THE CAT, THE COCK, AND THE MOUSE.

A SILLY young Mouse, who had seen but little of the world, came running one day to his mother like a wild thing. "Help me, dear mother," said he; "I am almost frightened to death! I have seen the most dreadful creature that ever my eyes beheld. He has a fierce look, and struts about on two legs; on his head grows a strange piece of flesh, and a second under his throat, as red as blood. He flapped his arms against his sides in a great rage, and then stretching out his head, he screamed at me with such a shrill and fright-



ful voice, that I trembled in every joint, and was glad to run away as fast as my legs could carry me. If I had not been scared as I was by this ugly monster, I should have paid my respects to the sweetest creature in the world. She had a nice fur skin on her back, finely streaked with black and grey; and her looks so modest and so humble, that I thought in my heart I could have fallen in love with her. Besides this, the dear creature had a fine long tail, which she tossed about with such an air, and with a look so very earnest, and so wishful, that I believe she was just going to speak to me, if that horrid monster had not scared me away.”—“Ah! my dear child,” said the mother, “you have, indeed, had a narrow escape; not from that horrid monster you were

so much afraid of, who in truth was only a harmless fowl, called a Cock, but from the dear sweet creature with whose beauty you were so much smitten—the dreadful Cat, who looks, it is true, gentle and demure, but with no other view than to feast herself on the flesh of Mice.”

MORAL.

We must not judge of a person's merit from his looks, for a handsome outside sometimes covers a wicked heart.

FABLE XV.

THE FARMER AND HIS TWO SONS.

A CERTAIN Farmer lying at the point of death, and being willing that his sons should pursue the same honest course of life which he had done, he called them to his bed-side, and thus bespoke them: "My dearest children," said he, "I have no other estate to leave you but my farm, and my large vineyard, of which I have made you joint heirs; and I hope that you will have so much respect for me when I am dead and gone, and so much regard to your own welfare, as not to part with what I have left you upon any account.

All the treasure I am master of lies buried somewhere in my vineyard, within a foot of the surface, though it is not now in my power to go and shew you the spot. Farewell, then, my children; be honest in all your dealings, and kind and loving to each other, as children ought to be; but be sure that you never forget my advice about the farm and the vineyard." Soon after the old man was in the grave, his two sons set about searching for the treasure which they supposed to have been hidden in the ground. "When it is found," said they, "we shall have enough and to spare, and may live like sons of kings." So to work they both went, as briskly as could be: and though they missed of the golden treasure which they thought to have found, yet by their joint

labour the vineyard was so well digged and turned up, that it yielded a noble crop of fruit, which proved a treasure indeed. This success had such a happy effect upon them, that it gave an entire turn to each of their tempers, and made them both as active as they had before been idle and slothful.

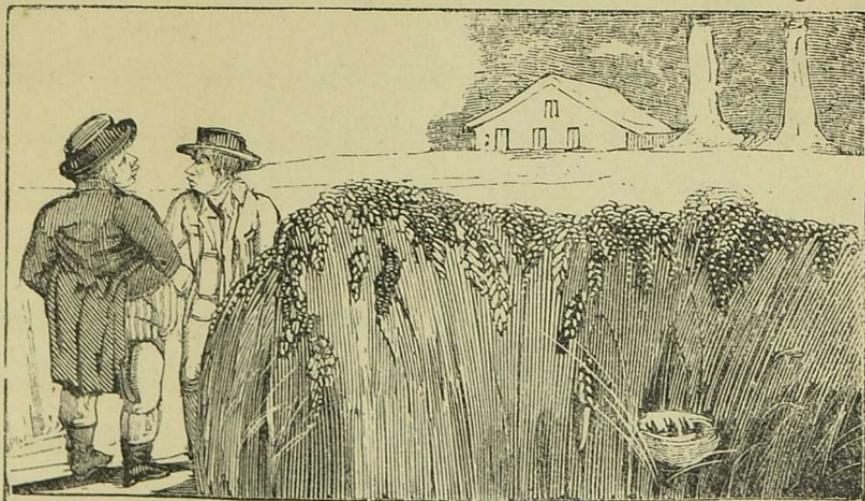
MORAL.

Honest labour is the surest road to riches. And as the wisest of men, King Solomon, observed long ago, "The slothful man desireth, and hath nothing; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

FABLE XVI.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

AN old Lark, who had a nest of young ones in a field of corn which was almost ripe, was not a little afraid the reapers would be set to work before her lovely brood were fledged enough to be able to remove from the place. One morning, therefore, before she took her flight to seek for something to feed them with, ‘My dear little creatures,’ said she, “be sure that in my absence you take the strictest notice of every word you hear, and do not fail to tell me of it as soon as I come home again.” Some time after she was gone, in



came the owner of the field and his son.—
“ Well, George,” said he, “ this corn, I think, is ripe enough to cut down ; so to-morrow morning, mind ye, I would have you go as soon as you can see, and desire our friends and neighbours to come and help us ; and tell them, that we will do as much for them the first time they want us. When the old lark came back to her nest, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her, begging her to remove them as fast as she could. “ Hush ! ” said she, “ hold your silly tongues ; for if the old Farmer depends upon his friends and his neighbours, you may take my word for it that his corn will not be reaped to-morrow.” The next morning, therefore, she went out again, and left the same orders as before. The

owner of the field came soon after to wait for those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and not a single man of them came to help him. "Why, then," said he to his son, "I'll tell you what, my boy; you see those friends of ours have left us in the lurch, so that you must run to your uncles and your cousins, and tell them that I shall expect them to-morrow betimes, to help us to reap." Well this also the young ones told their mother as soon as she came home again, and in a sad fright they were. "Never mind it, children," said the old one; "for if that be all, you may take my word for it, that his brethren and kinsmen will not be so forward to assist him as he seems willing to persuade himself. But be sure to mind," added she, "what you hear

the next time; and let me know it without fail." She went abroad the next day as before; but when the poor Farmer found that his kinsmen were to the full as backward as his neighbours, "Why there, now," said he, "these are your uncles and your cousins! Hark ye, George, do you get a couple of good sickles against to-morrow morning, and we will even reap the corn ourselves, my boy!" When the young ones told their mother this,—“Now, my little dears,” said she, “we must be gone indeed; for when a man takes it in hand to do his own work himself, you may depend upon it that it will be done.”

MORAL.

Before we think of giving trouble to our

friends, we should reflect whether we cannot do without their help, and then we may expect it in time of need. The man in the fable was more to blame than those he sent to, as he had no right to desire others to give him their labour.

FABLE XVII.

THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

A COUPLE of hungry Cats having stolen some cheese, they could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty; to law therefore they went, and a cunning Monkey was to decide their cause. "Let me see," said Pug (with as arch a look as could be): "ay, ay, this slice, to be sure, outweighs the other:" and with that he bites off a large piece, in order, as he told them, to make a fair balance. The other scale was now become too heavy, which gave this upright judge a fine pretence to make free with a second

mouthful. "Hold, hold!" cried the two Cats; "give each of us our share of what is left, and we promise you we shall be content."—"If you are content," says the Monkey, "Justice is not; the law, my friends, must have its course." Upon this, he nibbled one piece and then the other, till the poor Cats, seeing their cheese in such a fair way to be all eaten up, most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but give them what still remained. "Ha, ha, ha! not so fast, I beseech you, good ladies," said Pug: "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; and what remains is due to me, in right of my office." Upon this he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and with great wisdom broke up the court.

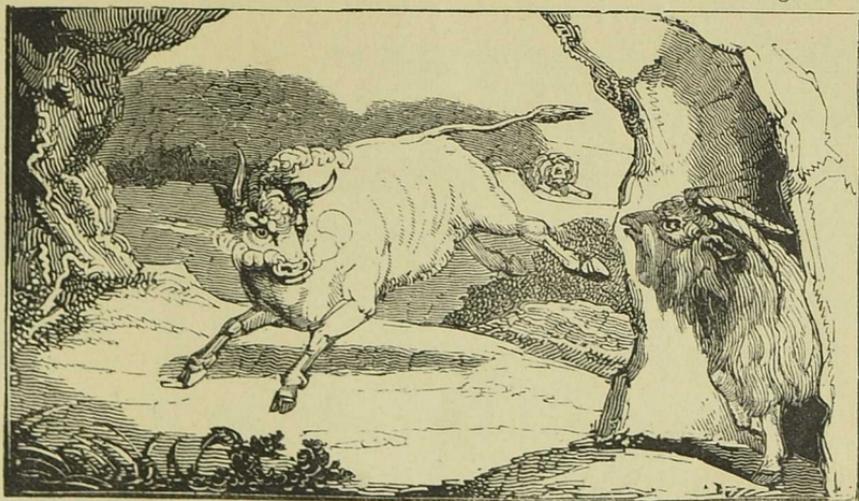
MORAL.

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifle, than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law for trifles.

FABLE XVIII.

THE BULL AND THE GOAT.

A YOUNG Bull, who was hunted by a hungry Lion, made the best of his way to a narrow cave, where he thought to take shelter, and make a bold stand for his life. But he was met at the entrance by a pert, saucy Goat: “What now!” said the bearded coxcomb, putting himself in a fighting posture; “you mean I suppose, to make this grotto your own; but you had much better keep your distance, my friend; for if you presume to advance any farther, you may take my word that your curly pate shall suffer for it.”—“Thou boaster!”



said the other, "you may thank the Lion, who now pursues me, that I do not punish your pride as it deserves; for were he not so near, I would soon teach you that a silly Goat is no match for a Bull."

MORAL.

It is the part of a coward to insult a brave man when he is in distress, and not able to punish the affront.

FABLE XIX.

THE TWO MEN AND THE AXE.

As a couple of young Joiners were footing it away upon the road they spied an Axe, which a man who had been hewing trees had left upon the ground while he went to speak to his master;—"See here," said one of them (snatching it up in an instant), "see here, my lad, what a brave Axe I have found!"—"Nay," said the other, "don't say I, but WE have found it; for as we are both on the spot, it is but fair that we should divide it betwixt us."—"Softly, my friend," said the first; "for as I was the person who found it, you may depend upon

it that I intend to keep it to myself." They had not gone far before the owner of the Axe, having heard what was become of it, ran after them with a warrant, which, when the man who had it, knew, "Alas!" said he, "we are undone!"—"Softly, my friend," said the other, "don't say WE, but I am undone; for as you would not let me share the prize, you may depend upon it that I do not intend to share the danger."

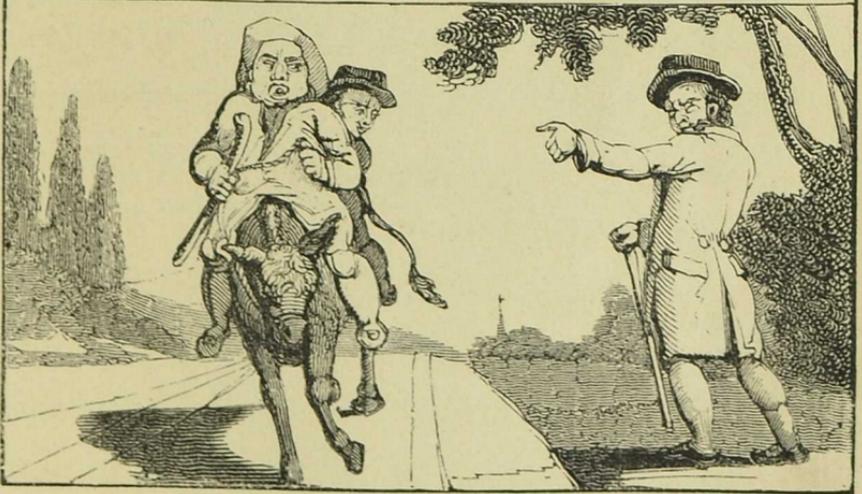
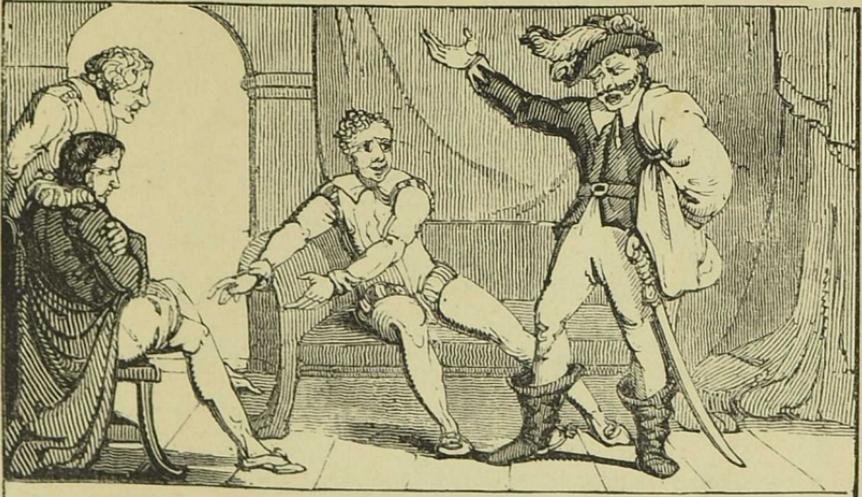
MORAL.

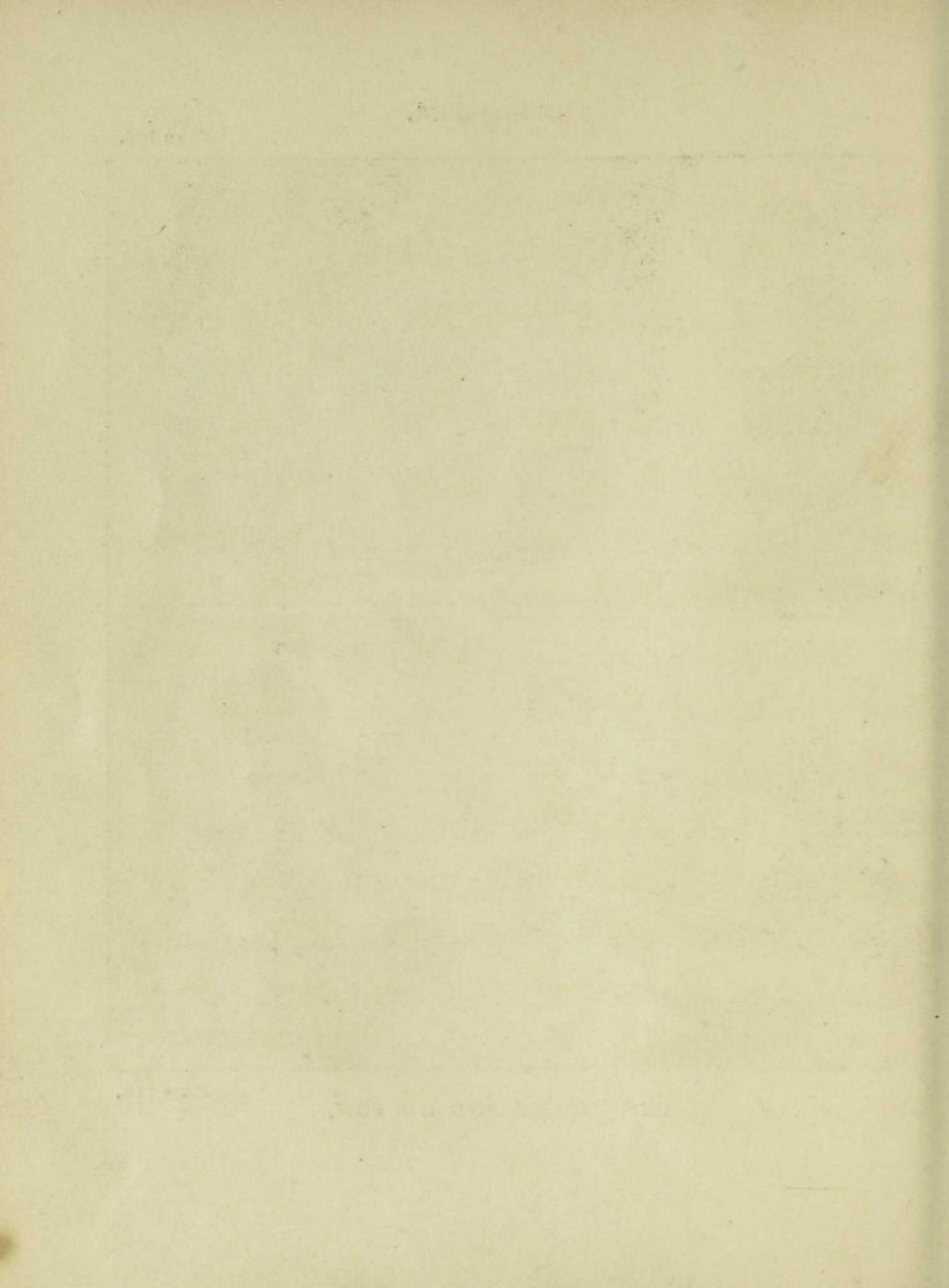
These young Joiners were no better than a couple of rogues, to want to share the Axe before they had sought for the owner; but honest folks may learn from the fable to deal fairly, and not expect to share the profit of any scheme without sharing the danger also.

FABLE XX.

THE BOASTER.

A CERTAIN man, who had lately come from abroad, was one day giving an account of his travels. "Among other places," said he, "I have been at Rhodes! and though that city, you know, is the most famous in the world for great leapers, yet I outdid them all. With a leaden poise in each hand, away I flew like a deer or greyhound, and cleared thirty good yards at least. Oh! how the fools all gaped and stared to see themselves so much outdone in their own way. I thought I should have died with laughing at them." As none of the





Boaster's friends gave him a word by way of answer, "Well, indeed!" said he, "what I have told you is all true; and if you do not choose to believe me, only go to Rhodes, and you will find hundreds and hundreds who can tell you the same thing."—"Nay," said one of those who were in the room, "only suppose yourself to be at Rhodes this moment, and take the same leap over again, and then we shall be convinced of it, without any farther trouble."

MORAL.

Actions, and not words, are the best proofs of real merit: and the surest way to be thought well of is, to be in good earnest what you would seem to be.

FABLE XXI.

THE MILLER AND HIS SON.

AN honest Miller and his Son were driving an Ass to market, to try if they could sell him; and that the beast might be fresh and in good case when they came thither, they drove him on gently before them. They had not gone far before they met a number of people on the road. "Heyday, friend!" says one of them, "you seem to be mighty careful of your Ass, there! But one of you, I think, might as well get up and ride, as to go trudging after him on foot." Upon this the old Man ordered his Son to mount, which he did very gladly. But

when they had gone about a quarter of a mile further they met with a second set of people. "So ho, there, you idle young rogue!" said one of them; "what, you must ride, to be sure, while your poor old father is limping after you in the dirt." Upon this the honest Miller made his Son dismount, and got upon the Ass himself; but as he was riding along, "You hard-hearted old fellow, you!" cried out a third person, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. How can you suffer that poor lad there to trudge after you on foot, while you are riding at your ease, as great as any lord mayor?" The Miller, thinking that what the man had said might be very right, took his Son up behind him: but the next person they met was still more severe than the others.

“Was there ever a couple of such lazy boobies,” said he, “to load a poor dumb creature in that manner! Fie, for shame! You are much better able to carry him, than he is to carry you.” The old man was so much nettled at this rough salute, that he had himself a mind to make the trial; but he be-thought himself, that if you try for ever, you cannot please everybody.

MORAL.

Those who try to please all the world, will be led into doing many bad, and many foolish things. The only way to do right is to try to do our duty.

FABLE XXII.

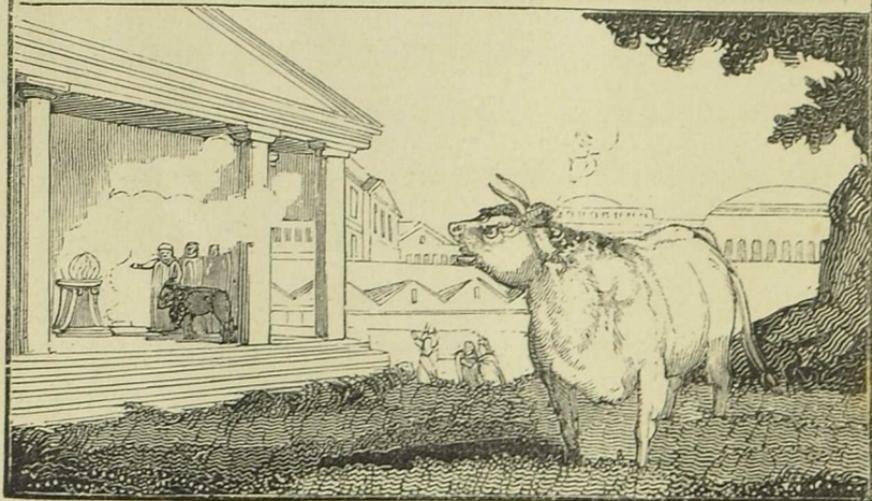
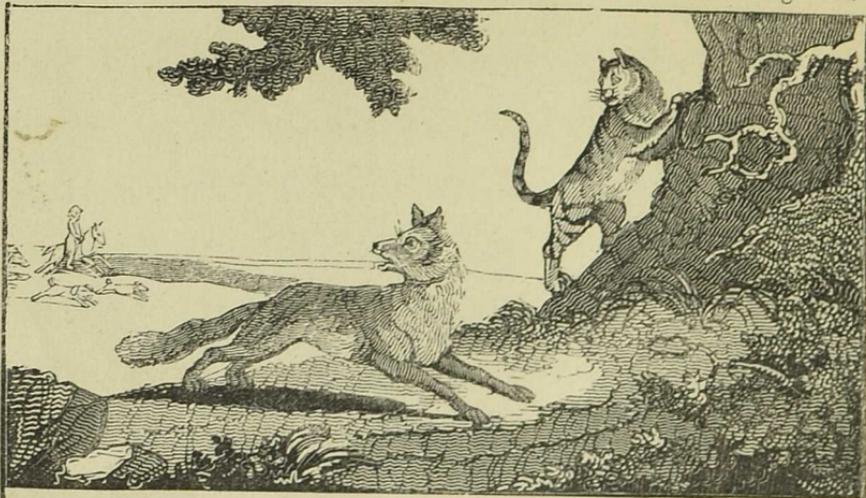
THE ASS AND THE LION HUNTING.

A LION, in one of his merry humours, took a fancy to hunt with an Ass: and to make the better sport, he gave him orders to hide himself in a thicket, and there tune up his pipes and bray as loud as he was able. As the Ass was very proud of the office, he tried his utmost; and, as soon as he had taken his post, began to bray in such a frightful manner, that the forest was filled with the echo of his lofty notes; and the rest of the beasts, not knowing what to make of it, began to run off like so many mad creatures; so that the Lion,

who had taken care to conceal himself in a proper place, was able to seize and devour them as fast as he pleased. When the hunt was over, and the Lion had eaten his fill, out ran the Ass, and coming up to the noble beast with an air of conceit—"Well, Sir," said he, "and pray what do you think of me now? Did I not perform my part like a hero?"—"Why, to speak the truth," said the Lion, "I must confess that if I had not known who you were, you made such a monstrous noise, I might have been scared by it myself."

MORAL.

A bragging coward may often impose upon a stranger, but to those who know him he is a mere jest.



FABLE XXIII.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

As a Cat and a Fox, who had met by chance in the middle of a forest, were chatting to each other like two old cronies, — “Well, well,” said Reynard, “let things turn out ever so bad, it will be all the same to me; for, believe me, my dear, I have a thousand tricks for them yet, before they can catch me: but as to you, Mistress Puss, suppose things should go wrong, what in the world can you do to save yourself, poor thing?” — “Nay, indeed,” said the Cat, “I have but one shift for it; and if that will not do, I must be undone.” — “How I pity you!” cried the Fox: “I would

gladly furnish you with one or two of mine ; but to speak the truth, neighbour, as times go, it is not safe to trust." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he was startled by the yelling of a pack of hounds, who were in full cry. The poor Cat, by the help of her single shift, ran up the next tree in a moment, and sat among the branches as snug as could be : but as to the crafty Reynard, though he doubled and winded, it was all to no purpose ; for the pack soon came up with him, with his thousand tricks, and tore him into a thousand pieces in an instant.

MORAL.

A man who pretends to be more cunning than his neighbours is found out, for the most part, to be a silly fellow at the bottom.

FABLE XXIV.

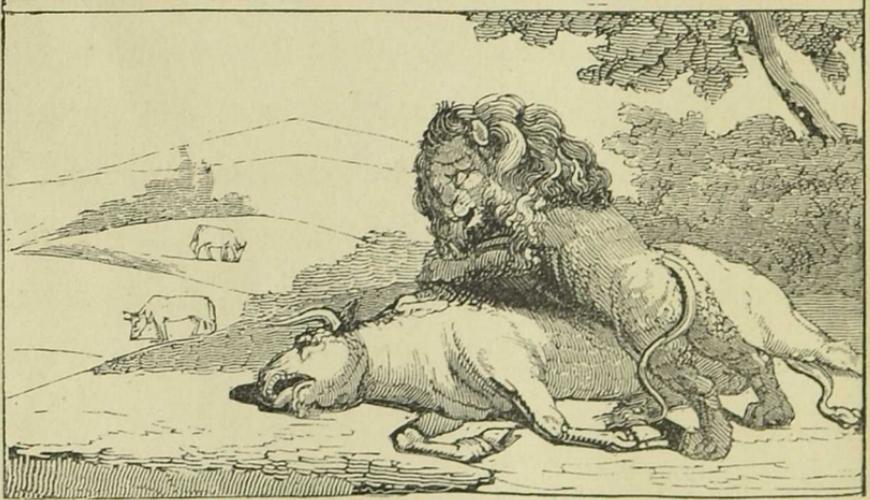
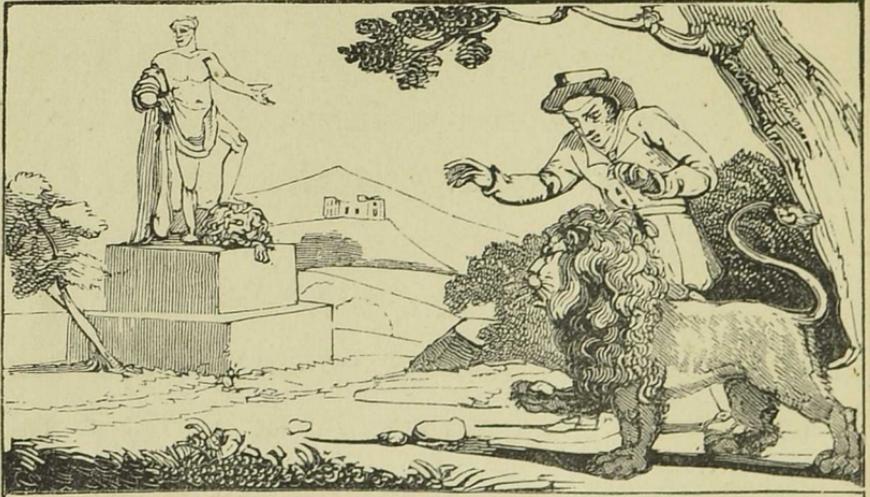
THE WANTON CALF.

A CALF, who was full of his jokes, seeing a poor Ox at plough, frisks up to him as merry as a grig. "Well, well!" said he, what a sorry poor drudge art thou! There you creep from hour to hour, with a clumsy yoke on your neck, and a heavy plough at your tail, and all this to turn the ground for a sorry rogue of a master: but, to be sure, you must be a wretched dull slave, and know no better. See what a happy life I lead!" and with this he began to jump and caper about as if he had been out of his senses. The Ox, not at all

moved by his insults, went calmly on with his work, and three or four hours before night he had his yoke taken off, and was turned loose. Soon after this he saw the wanton Calf taken out of the field and brought to the altar. As he stood there all in a tremble, with his neck bound round with garlands of flowers, and the fatal knife at his throat, "And is this the end of all your pride?" said the Ox. "Pray, who has the best of it now, my friend, you or I?"

MORAL.

To insult the honest poor, who are forced to labour hard for their living, is the part of a giddy and a thoughtless mind; and such pride, for the most part, meets with shame and sorrow at the end.



FABLE XXV.

THE LION AND THE HUNTSMAN.

A HUNTSMAN one day meeting with a Lion in the forest, they talked for some time in a friendly manner; but at last a dispute arose betwixt them; and what should the subject of it be, but which were the bravest, the Men or the Lions? As they came towards the edge of the forest, the Man, for want of a better proof, pointed to a statue at a distance, of one of the old heroes striding across a Lion, which he had the good fortune to conquer. "And now, Sir," said he, "I hope you will own that I am in the right."—"Indeed, friend," said the

Lion (bristling up his shaggy mane, and putting on a look which made the Huntsman tremble); "and is this all you have to say? Pray, let us Lions be the carvers, and then, where you will find one of our noble race who has been forced to yield to a Man, you will find a thousand Men who have been torn to pieces by a Lion."

MORAL.

Nothing can be more unfair than for a man to refer his cause to the judgment of his own party.

FABLE XXVI.

THE LION AND THE FOUR BULLS.

FOUR Bulls, who were brothers, kept always near each other, and fed side by side. The Lion often saw them, and would have been glad to his heart to have made one of them at least his prey ; but though he would have been an overmatch for them one by one, yet he was afraid to attack them in a body, and therefore was content for the present to keep his distance : at last, finding it would be all in vain to hope to catch them apart while their love lasted, he strove by hints and whispers to

make them jealous of each other, and so raise a quarrel among them. This scheme turned out so well, that the Bulls soon began to grow cool and shy, which rose in a short time to downright hatred; and so at last they all parted in good earnest, and kept as far out of each other's sight as they could: but they had instant cause to repent of their folly; for the Lion, finding they no longer fed in a body, fell upon them, one by one, and made a prey of them with the greatest ease in the world.

MORAL.

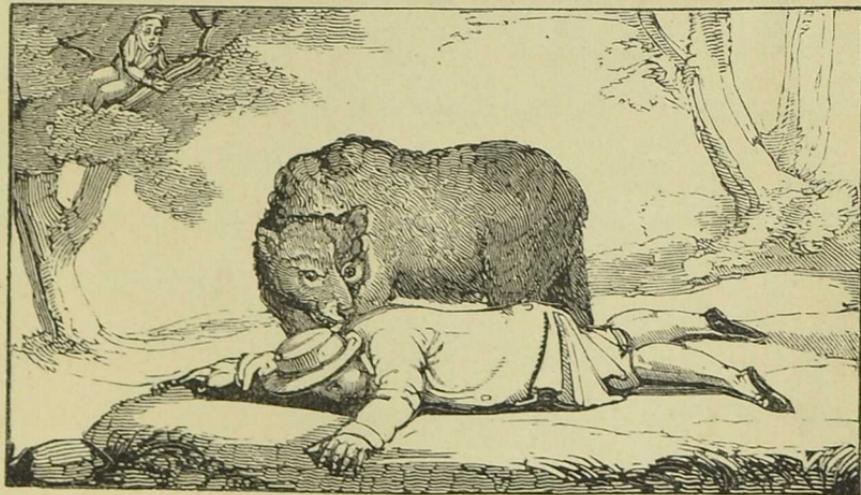
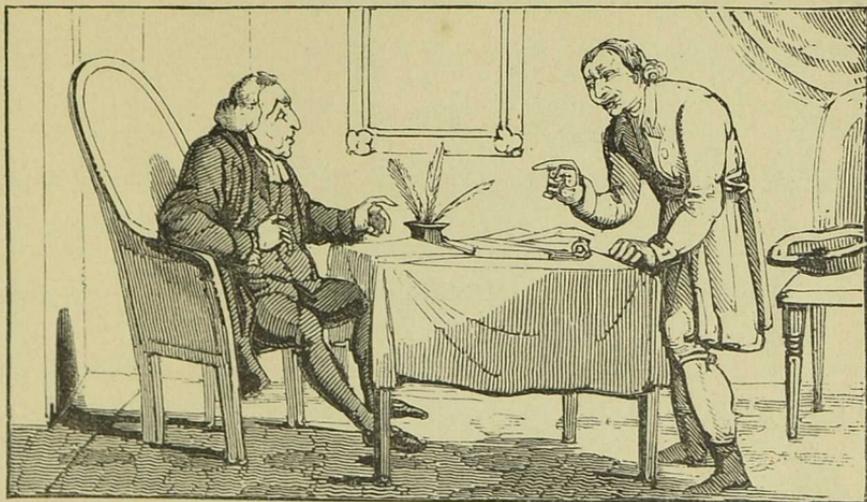
This fable should be a warning to brothers, sisters, and friends, not to listen to the tales and whispers of those artful people, who, out of

a seeming regard to their welfare, strive to set their hearts against one another. This is sometimes done by wicked servants when children are very young.

FABLE XXVII.

THE CASE ALTERED.

A FARMER came to a Lawyer, who was his neighbour, seeming to feel great concern for something which he said had just happened: "One of your oxen, Sir," says he, "hath been gored by a wicked bull of mine, who is always in mischief; and I should be glad to know how I am to make you amends for the loss; but I hope, Sir, you won't be too hard upon a poor man."—"Hard!" cried the Lawyer; "why, I believe you are a very honest fellow; and, as such, you cannot surely think it too much to give me one of your own oxen in



return.”—“This would be no more than justice, to be sure, Sir,” said the Farmer; “but, indeed, I must beg your honour’s pardon, for I have made a strange mistake; it is your bull, Sir, that has killed one of my oxen.”—“Ay, ay!” said the Lawyer, “why that alters the case, man: but I shall go,” added he (turning short upon his heels), “and inquire into the affair; and if”—“And IF!” said the Farmer; “why, the affair, I find, would have been settled without an IF, if you had been as ready to do justice to others as you are to exact it from them.”

MORAL.

Self-interest often makes people take advantages of others, which they would not be ready to give, were the case their own.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE TWO MEN AND THE BEAR.

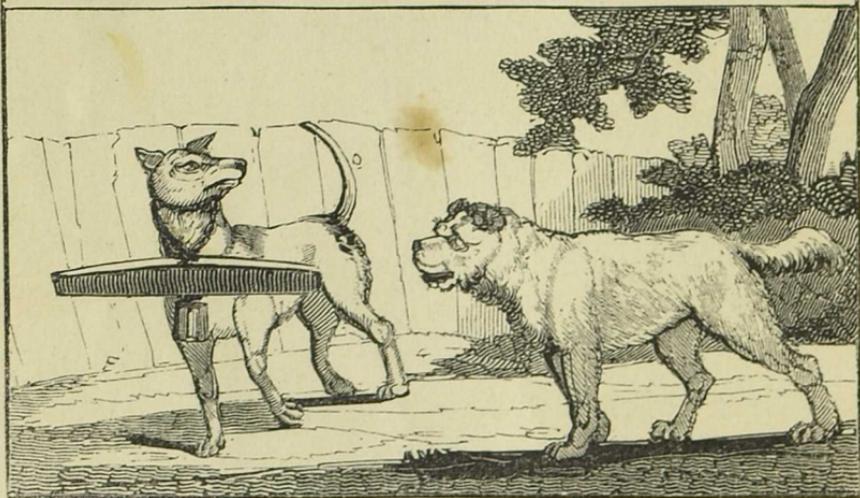
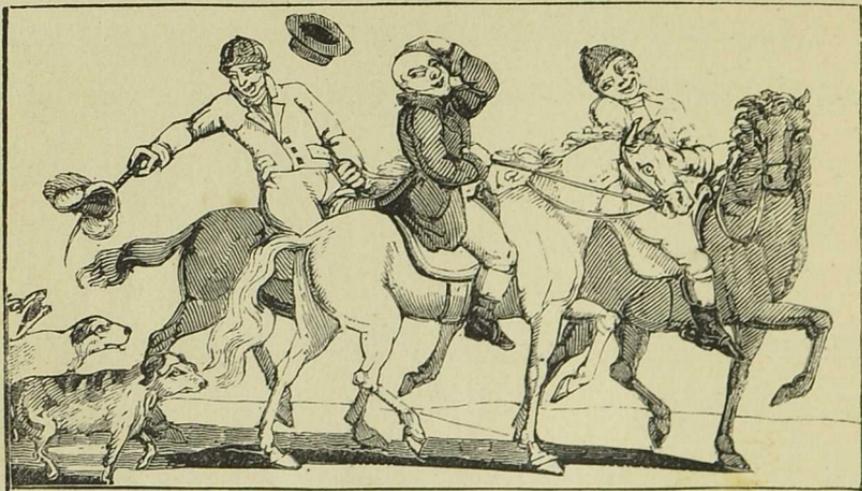
Two Men having agreed to travel together through a forest, they vowed to stand by each other to the last drop of their blood, if they should meet with any danger upon the road. "Ay," said Braggart to Steady, "sooner than leave my neighbour in the lurch, I would be chopped in a thousand pieces, and cut as small as minced meat." Well, they had not gone far, before a Bear came rushing towards them out a thicket, with his eyes sparkling like fire, and his mouth foaming with rage. Mr. Braggart, being a light spare fellow, instead

of standing upon his defence, ran up the next tree as nimble as a cat; but the other, who was a heavy man, not being able to follow him, nor daring to engage the Bear in single combat, fell flat on his face, and then holding his breath, lay still as a stone, while the beast came up and smelled at him. This was the means of saving his life; for the creature, thinking him to be a dead carcase, went back into the thickets without doing him any harm. When all was over, down came Mr. Braggart, and thinking to pass the affair off with a joke —“ Well, my dear friend,” said he, “ and what did the saucy brute say to you? for I took notice that he clapped his mouth as close to your ear as he could.” —“ What did he say?” said honest Steady: “ why, he told me that if

I was a wise man, I should never put any trust for the time to come in such a false chicken-hearted fellow as you are."

MORAL.

Contract no friendship with the selfish and unworthy, for in the time of danger they will leave you to shift for yourself, and will even betray you rather than risk their own safety.



FABLE XXIX.

THE OLD KNIGHT AND HIS GREY PERUKE.

A CERTAIN Knight growing old, his hair fell off so fast, that he soon became bald; and so he was forced to buy a wig to cover his bare head. But one day, as he was riding out a hunting with some of his friends, they met with a sudden blast of wind, and off fell his hat on one side, and his large grey wig on the other. Those who were with him could not help laughing at the odd figure he made; and for his part, being a hearty, cheerful old Knight, he laughed as loud as the rest of them. "Ha! ha! ha!" said he, "how could I expect to keep

the hair of other people upon my head, when I could not persuade my own to stay there?"

MORAL.

The surest way to turn off the edge of a joke is to join in the laugh yourself; whereas, if you resent it, your ill-humour will only serve to heighten the jest, and feed the mirth of the bystanders.

FABLE XXX.

THE SURLY DOG.

A CERTAIN man had a Dog, who was so fierce and full of mischief, that he was forced to put a heavy clog on his neck, to keep him from running after people, and biting them as they passed by the yard. The sulky cur took this for a badge of honour; and as he was as proud as he was spiteful, he would not take the least civil notice of any other dog that came in his way. But one day an honest old Mastiff, who knew how the whole affair stood, went up to him boldly, and told him that

which he did not like to hear. "Bow, wow, wow!" said he, "Mr Ball: what, you are grown so proud, since you have had that log of wood to dangle about, that a poor dog as I am may scarcely speak to you: but you need not be so vain, I can tell you; for this clumsy log was tied to your neck, not to do you any honour, but only to put a stop to your spiteful tricks, and teach you better manners."

MORAL.

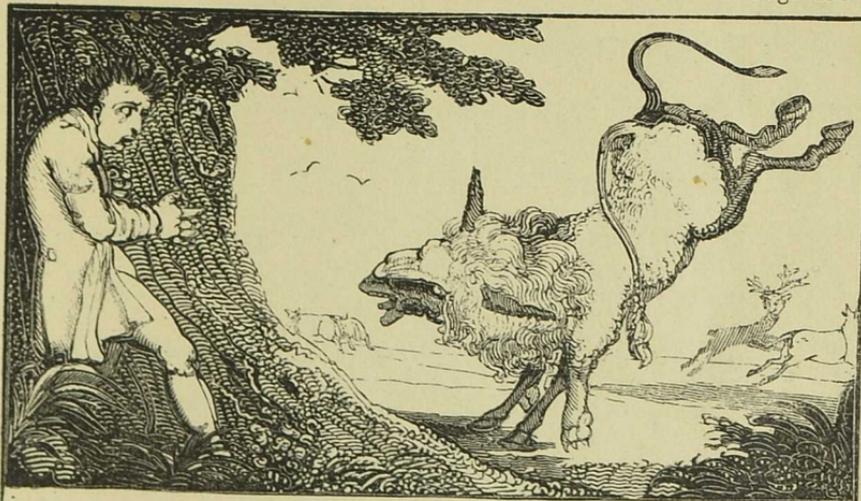
Some people are so vain, and at the same time so foolish, that they look upon every thing in which they differ from others as a mark in their favour; but it often happens that in so doing they are proud

of what is their greatest shame, and become the scorn and the laughter of those who have sense enough to discern their folly.

FABLE XXXI.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

A STUPID Ass, finding the skin of a Lion who had been newly slain by a huntsman, he hustled it on as well as he could, and bouncing on a sudden into the forest he threw every flock and herd into a woful fright, and away they all flew like so many mad creatures. But while the foolish beast was laughing at the fine trick he had put upon them, his master, who had been so scared at first that he hid himself behind a tree, knowing who it was by the tone of his voice, and his long ears,



ran up to him in a moment with a stout cudgel, and laying it smartly on his sides, "Sirrah!" said he, "what, you think to pass on us for a Lion, do you? But I'll warrant you, I'll soon make you feel that you are still the same foolish Ass that has carried me so often to market; and for the sake of your fine trick, every time I think upon a Lion, you shall be sure to smart for it!"

MORAL.

When a man affects to appear to be what he is not, he may be certain that in the end he will be forced to look like a fool.

FABLE XXXII.

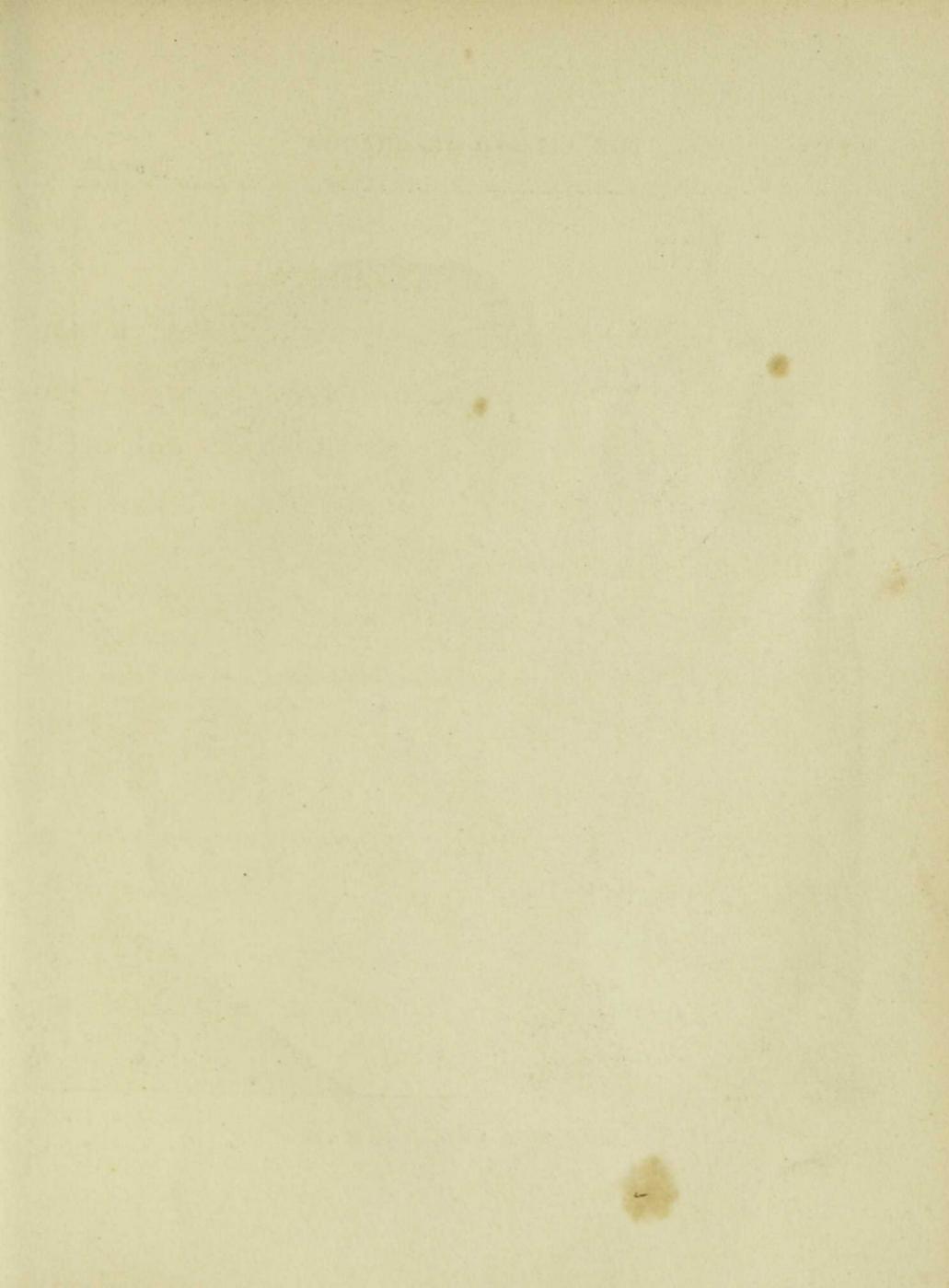
THE WIND AND THE SUN.

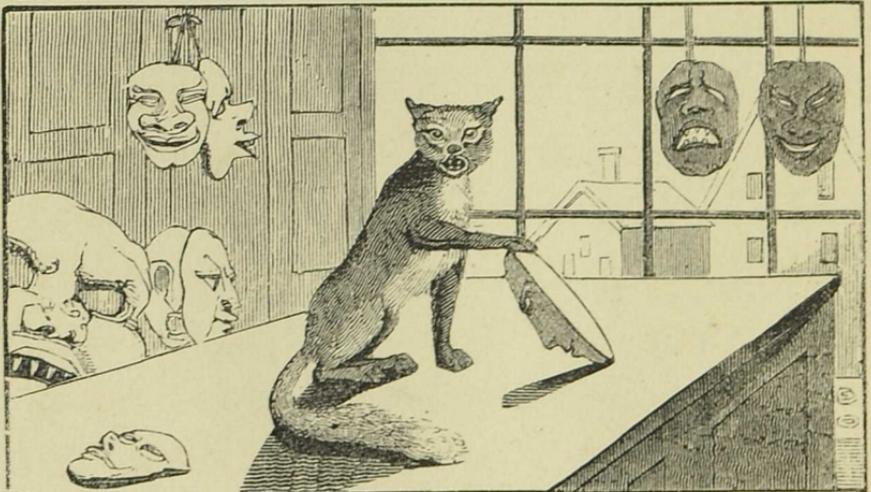
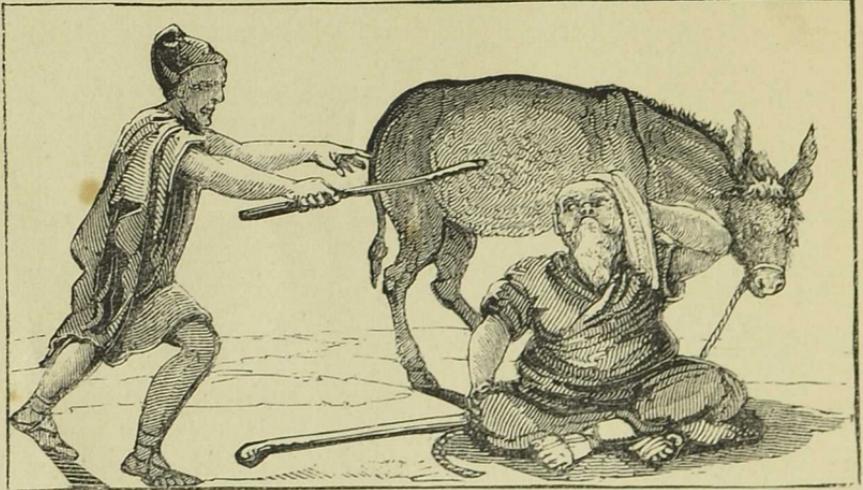
A DISPUTE once arose between the North-wind and the Sun, which of the two was the stronger. To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a poor honest traveller, who was then footing it along the road; and that party which should first strip the man of his cloak was to win the day. The North-wind began the attack; and a cutting blast he blew, which tore up the mountain oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck: but the traveller, though at

the first he could scarcely keep the cloak on his back, ran under a hill for shelter, and buckled his threadbare mantle so tight about him, that it would have kept pace with him if he had been blown from England to France. The wind having thus tried its utmost, the Sun began next; and bursting forth through a thick watery cloud, he by degrees darted his sultry beams with so much force upon the man's head, that at last the poor fellow was almost melted. "Heigh!" said the traveller, "this is past all bearing; for it is now so hot, that one might as well be in an oven!" and with that he threw off his cloak as fast as he could, and sat under the shade of the next hedge to cool himself.

MORAL.

This fable describes the state of a person that has bad tempers of different kinds to deal with. The only remedy in such cases is, for those who are thus attacked to keep their own temper cool and even.





FABLE XXXIII.

THE ASS AND HIS SHADOW.

AN honest Trojan who was footing it over a large heath, where there was not a single tree to afford him shelter, was so much spent by hard walking and the heat of the sun, that he was forced to halt and rest himself on the ground: he had not sat long before he was overtaken by a young Greek, who was mounted upon an Ass. The weary Trojan soon struck a bargain with him, and paying down the money for the beast, mounted in an instant, and resumed his journey; but he had

not ridden above a mile or two before he was again so much scorched by the sun, that he was forced to dismount and repose himself in the poor Ass's shadow. The other soon came up with him a second time, and wanting to cool himself as much as the Trojan, "Soho!" said he, "rise up there, and make room for the proper owner."—"Not I, indeed!" said the Trojan; "for have not I bought the Ass, and paid for him?"—"Very true," said the other; "the Ass is yours without doubt: but then I would have you to know, that though I sold the Ass to you, I did not sell his shadow." The poor Trojan, therefore, was forced to rise and yield that to the youth and strength of the Greek, which was his own by right of purchase.

MORAL.

This fable shews what unjust things selfish people will do for their own ease and comfort, without regard to what others may suffer.

FABLE XXXIV.

THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A SLY Fox having stolen into a shop where visor masks were sold, laid his paw upon one of them, and turning it first this way and then that, and viewing it over and over on every side, at last, "Dear me," said he, "what a charming face is this! What pretty features! and what a lovely colour! But, alas! all this dazzling beauty has no more brains in the inside of it than a barber's block."

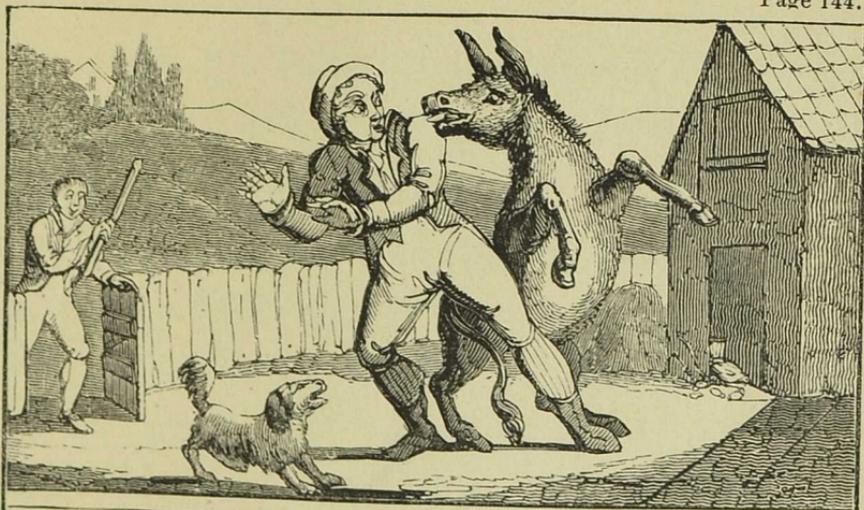
MORAL.

This fable shews that beauty without good sense is of very little value: and it should lead children to try to improve their minds by gaining useful knowledge.

FABLE XXXV.

THE ASS AND THE LITTLE DOG.

A STUPID Ass, who took notice how fond his master was of a pretty little Dog, and how he caressed and hugged him, and fed him with many a dainty bit from his own table, began to envy his good fortune.—“What a shame it is,” said he, “that this silly man should make so much of a little cur who never did him any service in his life!—As far as I can see, the puppy does nothing but frisk and jump about, and wag his tail and lick my master’s hands and face with his little tongue; and yet, as a



reward for his antic tricks, he suffers him to lie in his lap, and strokes and kisses him, till it makes one mad to look at them! But as for me, though I slave myself to carry any luggage he pleases, day after day, and have as fine a pair of ears, and as charming a coat of hair upon my back, as any beast of the earth, yet I can get nothing from him but cross words and hard blows. Well, well! if he is so fond of fooling, I shall take a fresh course with him; and if I do not coax him and fawn upon him with as clever an air as his darling Rover, then the world may say that a solid old Ass hath not so much wit as a Dog!" The stupid beast was as good as his word; for his master no sooner came home from walking about his fields and gar-

dens, but up ran the Ass with an awkward gallop, and brayed as loud as a showman's trumpet at a country fair. The good man fell a laughing; but when the foolish beast, raising himself up on his hinder legs, began to paw against his breast and shoulders with his fore feet and kiss him in a most loving manner, he cried out for help as if he had been seized by a bear. Upon this, one of the servants running in with a stout cudgel, beat the bones of the Ass without mercy, and soon taught him that every awkward blockhead who desires it, is not cut out to be a darling.

MORAL.

We should be sure to know our talents

before we put them to use : for a man who pretends to act a part for which nature has not duly fitted him, will look as much like a fool as the Ass who took it in his head to kiss his master.

THE
LADDER TO LEARNING;

STEP THE THIRD:

CONTAINING FABLES CONSISTING OF WORDS NOT
EXCEEDING THREE SYLLABLES.

FABLE I.

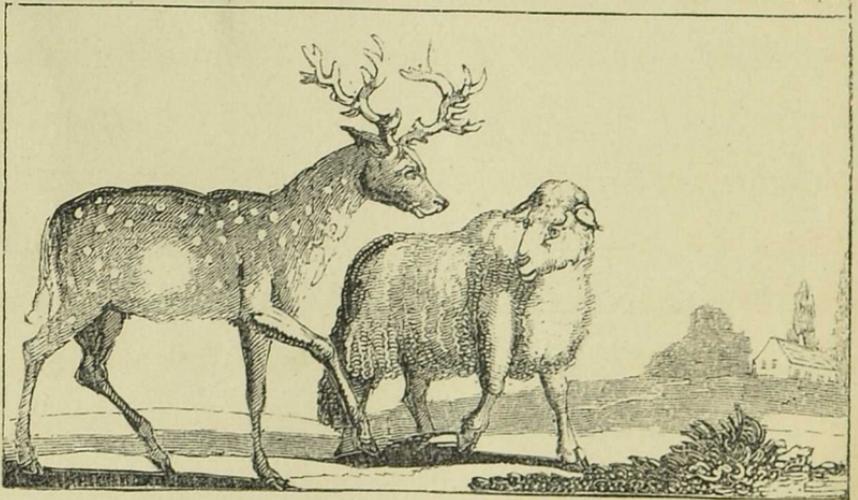
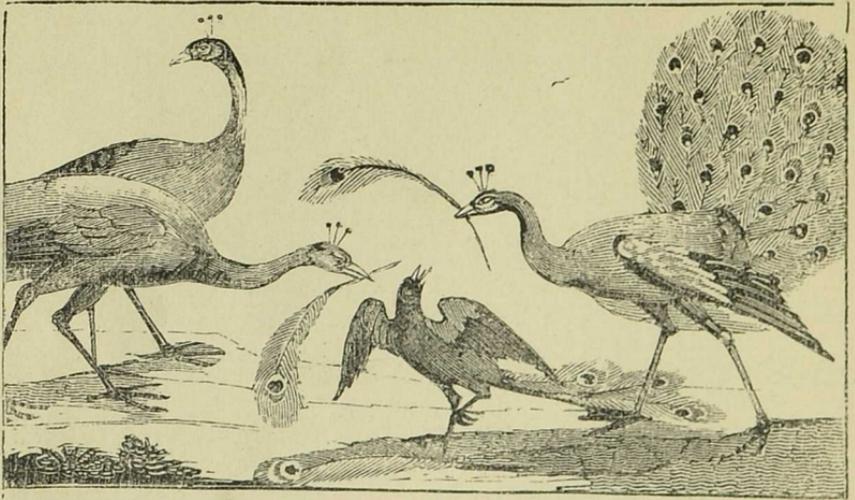
THE HEIFER, THE GOAT, THE SHEEP, AND
THE LION.

A HEIFER, a Goat, and a harmless Sheep, once went partners with a young Lion in a hunting match. When they had caught a Stag of an uncommon size, the Lion, having first divided it into four parts, addressed his

fellow-sportsmen in the following terms: "I now take up the first part, my good friends," said he, "because I am a Lion; and you will certainly allow me to make free with the second, as a compliment to my valour: the third also will very fairly come to my share, because I am the strongest: and as to the fourth, woe be to him who dares to meddle with it." In this manner he was unjust enough to assign the booty to himself, because none of his partners were able to dispute his claim.

MORAL.

It is never safe to enter into partnership with a person who is too much above us.



FABLE II.

THE PROUD JACKDAW.

A FOPPISH Jackdaw, who had more pride than wit, picked up some feathers which had fallen from a Peacock, and made himself as fine as he could. Upon this, slighting the company of his equals, he had the vanity to join a beautiful flock of Peacocks, and thought himself as fine as the best of them : but, instead of receiving him in the manner he expected, they tore the borrowed plumes from his back, and pecked him out of their company. The ill-fated Jackdaw then withdrew with a heavy heart to his own species ; but

these also, in their turn, resenting his former pride, refused to admit him. At last, however, one of the honest birds whom he had before looked upon with contempt, thus addressed him: "If," said he, "you had but had the good sense to have been easy in the humble station which nature hath assigned us, you would never have felt the smart of this double disgrace."

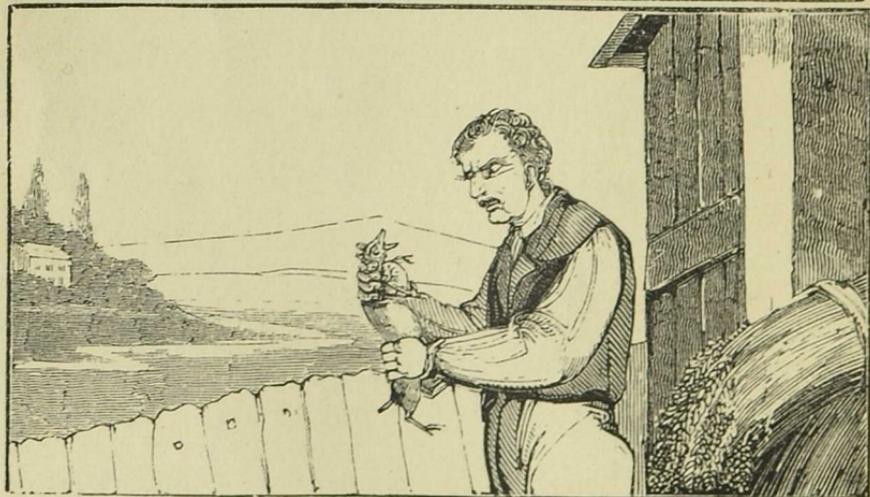
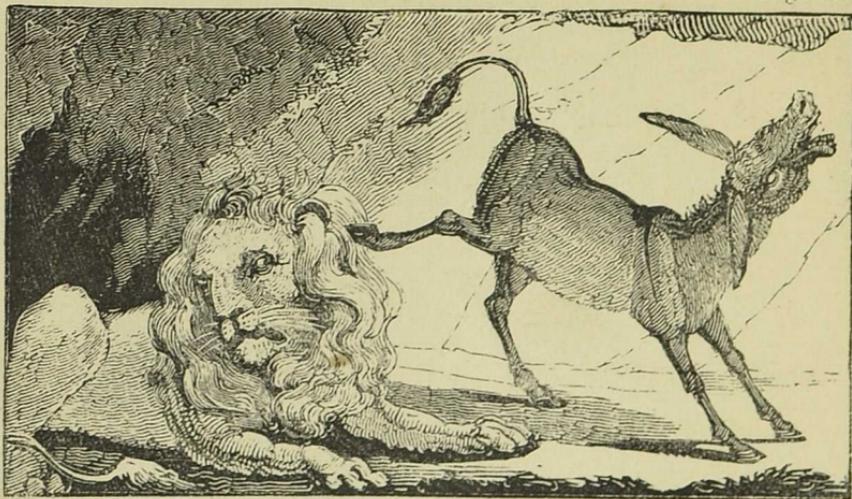
MORAL.

We should not affect talents which we do not possess, or set ourselves up above our equals, and then we shall never be despised for the want of them. *

FABLE III.

THE SHEEP AND THE STAG.

A STAG once begged the favour of an honest Sheep to lend him a bushel of wheat, telling him the Wolf would be his bondsman. "Good Sir," said the Sheep (who suspected there might be some roguery in the case), "our friend the Wolf is used to take what he can find, and then make off; and you also, by the assistance of your nimble heels, can fly out of sight in a moment. Where then shall I be able to meet with either of you when the day of payment comes?"



FABLE IV.

THE POOR OLD LION.

As a Lion who was so much worn out with age that he had lost his strength, lay groaning in his den, ready to die, first came the Boar to take his revenge upon him, with foaming tusks, for an old affront; next advanced the Bull, and gored the sides of the enemy with his pointed horn. A spiteful Ass, who saw the old monarch thus lying at the mercy of every one that had a mind to abuse him, trotted up and gave him a kick on the forehead. "Ah!" said the dying Lion, "I thought it hard to be insulted in my last moments even

by the brave; but to be thus spurned at by thee, who art the meanest of beasts—this, alas! is a double death!”

MORAL.

The resentment of the noble is more easy to be borne than the malice of the base.

FABLE V.

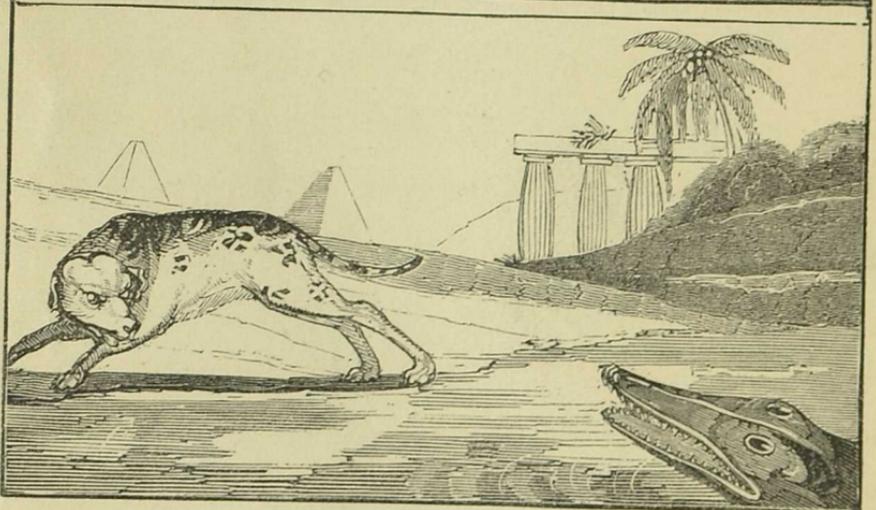
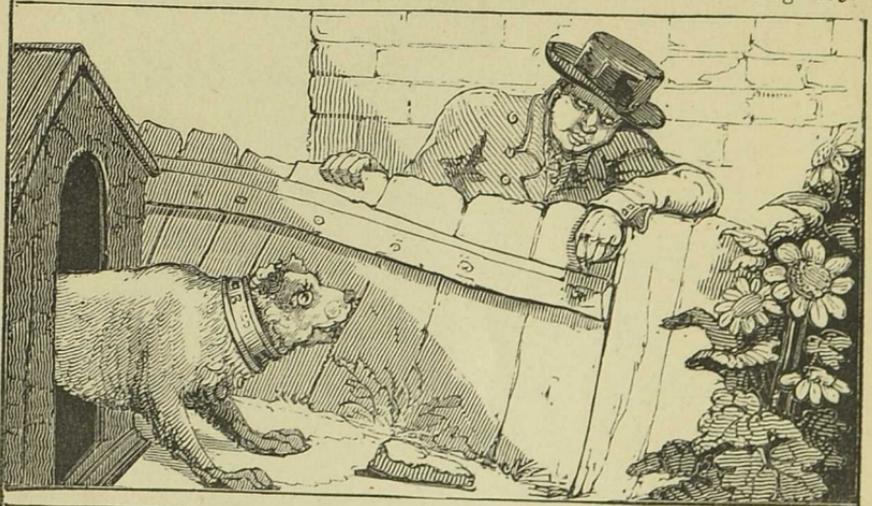
THE MAN AND THE WEASEL.

A SLY Weasel, who had been trapped by a Farmer, being willing to exert her utmost eloquence to save her life, "Pray, dear Sir," said she, "be so kind as to spare me; for no poor creature could have taken greater pains than I have to clear your barns and house of the mice; I have been of more service to you than twenty cats."—"If you had done this," answered the man, "with a view to my interest, I should have been much obliged to you for the favour, and would readily have yielded to your entreaties; but as your only

study is to possess yourself of the bits and scraps which the mice would have made a meal of, and afterwards to devour the little thieves themselves, you have no right to upbraid me with your pretended services." Having thus spoken, he squeezed the wretch to death in an instant.

MORAL.

This fable is levelled against those who become useful to others merely to serve their own ends, and yet have the assurance to make a merit of it.



FABLE VI.

THE TRUSTY DOG.

A LURKING Thief had thrown a crust of bread to an honest Mastiff, hoping to bribe him to silence by the bait. "Hark ye, friend," said the Mastiff, "what! you want to stop my tongue, I suppose, and to keep me from barking for the service of my master: but you are greatly mistaken, I assure you; for this sudden kindness will only put me the more upon my guard."

MORAL.

This fable affords a good lesson to servants, never to suffer themselves to be bribed to do any thing contrary to their duty to their masters or mistresses.

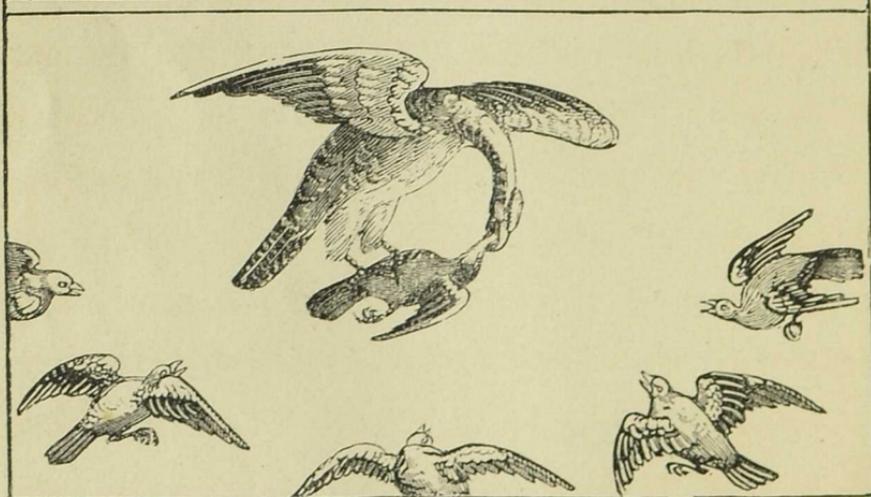
FABLE VII.

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

It is reported by travellers, that when the Dogs of Egypt go to drink out of the river Nile, they lap up the water as they run along the banks, for fear of being surprised by the Crocodiles. As one of them, therefore, was thus quenching his thirst, "Soho, my friend!" cried a sly Crocodile, "pray drink what you please at your leisure, and don't be so fearful." — "Yes," answered the Dog, "I would take your advice with all my heart if I did not know that you would be very glad to make a meal of my carcase."

MORAL.

A wise person will never follow the advice of one who is known to be deceitful and treacherous.



FABLE VIII.

THE FOX AND THE EAGLE.

A CRUEL Eagle once stole the cubs of a Fox, and carried them to her nest for her young ones. The poor dam running after her, began to beg and pray that she would not inflict such a misfortune upon a wretch who deserved her pity. But the Eagle, thinking herself secure from danger, was above listening to her cries. The Fox, however, snatching a burning torch from an hearth, surrounded the tree with flames in an instant, and made her enemy tremble for the lives of her children. At last, therefore, the haughty bird,

to save her own brood, not only restored her cubs to the Fox, but was glad to add prayers and entreaties to prevent the ruin of her own offspring.

MORAL.

The rich, though ever so highly exalted, should beware how they provoke the poor by injuries: because the way to revenge lies always open, and they are but too ready to take it.

FABLE IX.

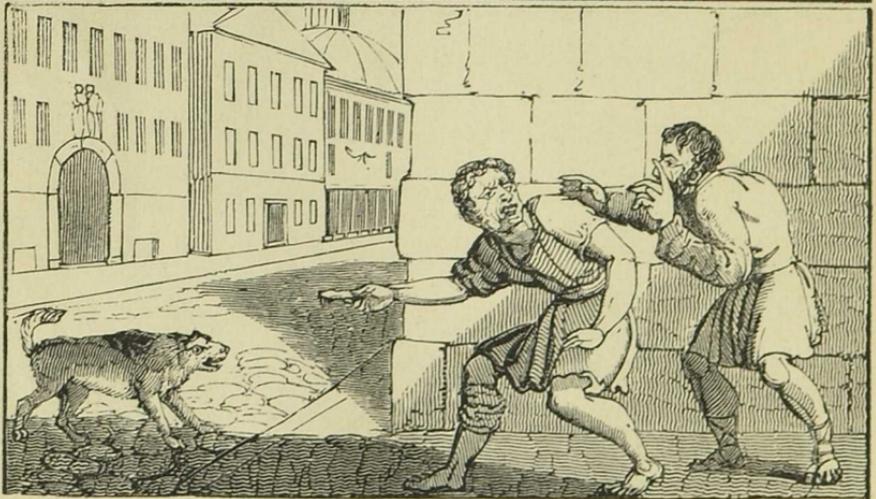
THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

THE Pigeons having frequently been too nimble for the Kite, and escaped his talons by the swiftness of their wings, the ravager at last had recourse to treachery, and deceived their unwary innocence by the following stratagem: "Poor harmless simpletons!" said he, "why do ye rather choose such an uneasy life, than to create me your king in form, and thus oblige me in honour to protect you from every future insult?" The credulous Pigeons resigned themselves to the government of the Kite who, the moment he was in full power,

began to make a meal of them one by one, and to support his dignity by the constant use of his talons.

MORAL.

He who surrenders himself to the care of the wicked, will meet his ruin where he expected his happiness.



FABLE X.

THE NOBLE LION.

As a fine young Lion was standing over the carcase of a newly-slain Heifer, up came a bold robber and demanded his share. "I would readily give it you," said the generous beast, "if it was not your practice to help yourself before you are asked;" and off he sent the villain about his business: but a harmless traveller coming by chance to the same spot, he decently retired as soon as he beheld the Lion; which the monarch of the forest observing, "You have nothing to be afraid of here," said he, "therefore advance boldly, and

take the share which is justly due to your modesty." Having thus spoken, and quartered the carcass of the Heifer, he withdrew into the woods, and left the good man to help himself at his leisure.

MORAL.

This is a noble example and worthy to be followed.

FABLE XI.

THE MAN AND THE DOG.

A MAN, who had been bitten by a mischievous Dog, threw the cur a piece of bread which had been dipped in the blood, because this, he had heard, was an excellent cure. But as Æsop happened to be present, and saw what he did, "Pray, my good friend," said he, "don't practise this before any other dogs; for when once they find that they are to be so well rewarded for their mischief, they soon will devour us alive."

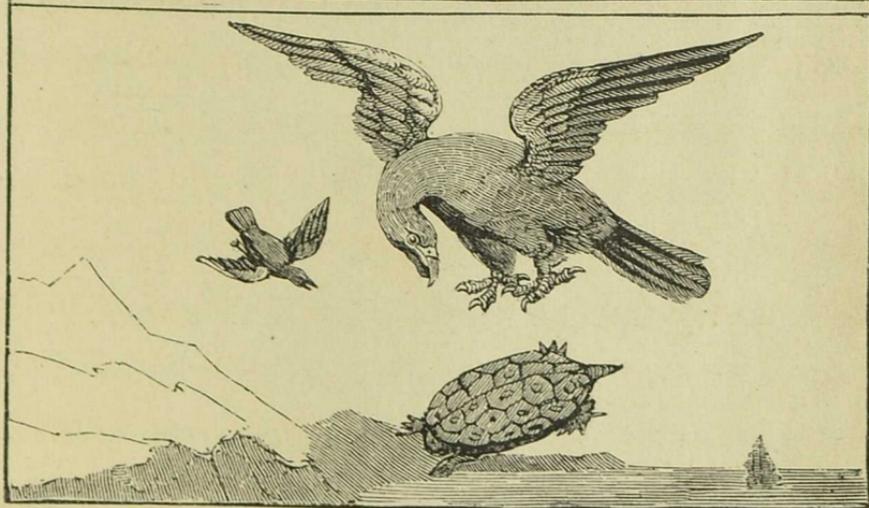
MORAL.

If you encourage *one* rogue, you will presently make *two*.

FABLE XII.

THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW.

AN Eagle once built her nest on the top of a lofty oak ; a Cat kittened in the hole which she found in the middle of it ; and a wild Sow housed her pigs in the bottom. But this casual neighbourhood was soon destroyed by the craft and wickedness of the Cat, in the following manner : She crawled up first to the Eagle, and pretending the warmest friendship, “ Your ruin,” said she, “ is now contriving, and mine too, I suppose ; for that spiteful Hog, whom you see rooting up the earth every hour, can mean nothing less than



to bring down the tree, and by that means destroy our young ones at her leisure, as they lie upon the ground." Having thus filled the top of the oak with jealousy and terror, down she crept to the bottom, and entered the sty of the bristly Sow. "Ah, poor Madam," said she, "your sweet pigs are in the utmost danger; for the moment you go out to feed, that wicked Eagle is resolved to pounce them." When the treacherous Cat had spread the same alarm below as she had above, she skulked off to her nest; and stealing out on tiptoe by night, to feast herself and her young ones, she lay snug in the day-time, as if she was watching the motions of her pretended enemies. The Eagle also, expecting the fall of the oak, took her post on one of the

branches; and the Sow, to prevent her pigs from being carried off, never ventured abroad. Thus, both the one and the other being starved to death, with her young ones, afforded a plentiful meal to the cat and her kittens.

MORAL.

He that slanders another to you, will slander you to another: detraction, therefore, should be driven as a common enemy from mankind.

FABLE XIII.

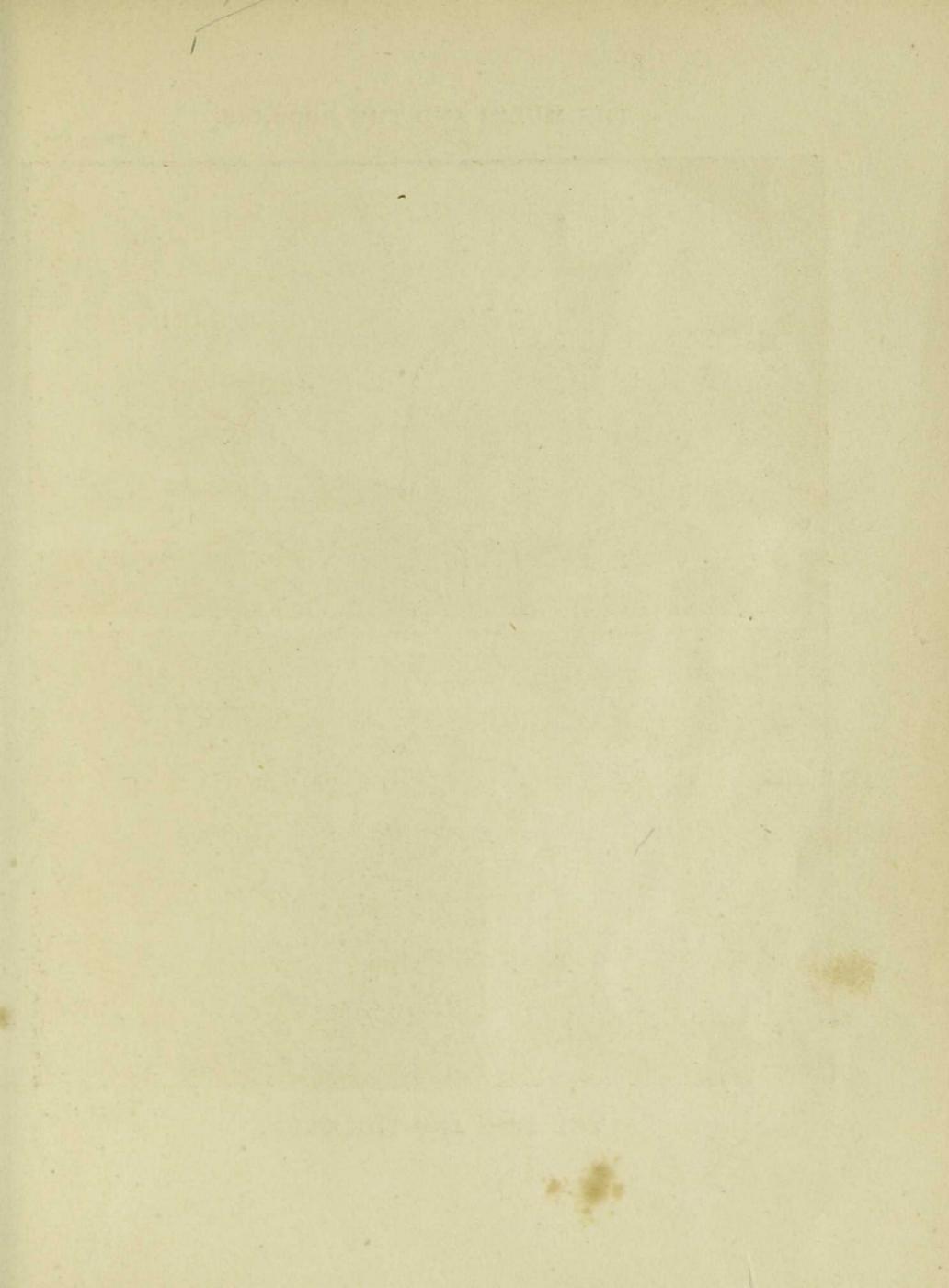
THE EAGLE, THE CROW, AND THE TORTOISE.

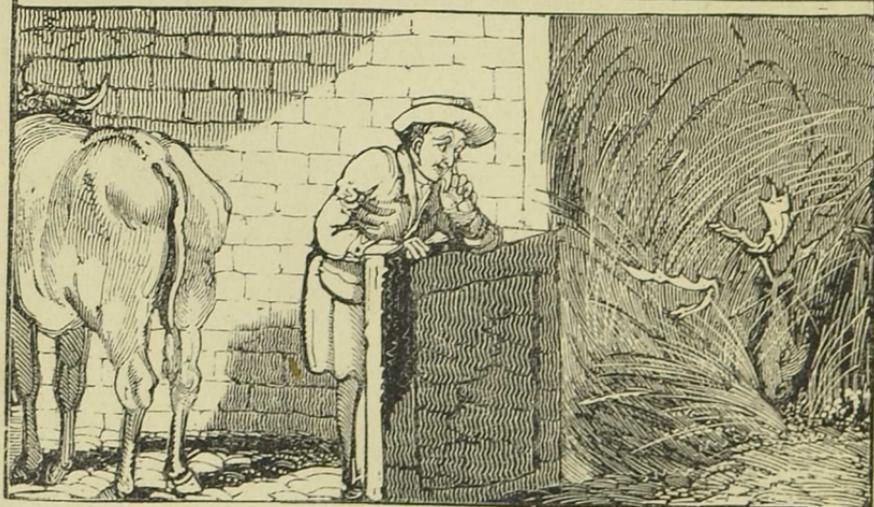
AN Eagle having pounced a Tortoise, flew off with it in the air; but as the harmless captive kept close in her shell, she easily secured herself from his hungry beak. A Crow, who was on the wing, happening to fly close by him, "Indeed," said she, "you have caught a noble booty, but unless I teach you how to manage it, you'll find it to be a useless burden." Being therefore promised a share of it, she advised him to soar as high as he was able, and then let it fall upon a rock, by which means the shell being dashed to

pieces, he might very easily get at the meat. The Eagle followed her counsel, and by way of recompense allowed her a handsome share of the feast. Thus the poor Tortoise, though the bounty of Nature had provided so well for her defence, not being a match for two at once, fell a victim to her wretched destiny.

MORAL.

When strength and artifice unite, it is very difficult, and often impossible, to escape from them.





FABLE XIV.

THE MULES AND THE ROBBERS.

Two Mules, who were each of them loaded with a pack, happened to travel in company. One of them was carrying money to the public treasury, and the other sustaining the weight of a large sack which was full of barley. The former being proud of his burden, tossed up his head, with an air, and shook the tinkling bell which dangled upon his neck; while his partner followed him at a distance, with an humble and easy pace. On a sudden, out rushed a gang of Robbers from their ambush, and in the heat of the skirmish they wounded

the Mule who had been so vain of his money, and carried off the bags, leaving the barley for the next comer. Thus plundered and crippled, while he was bewailing his cruel fate, "For my part," said the other Mule, "I am heartily glad that they did not think me worthy of their notice; for I have lost nothing by their contempt, and am still as whole and as sound as ever."

MORAL.

A conqueror overlooks the poor; but the towering palaces of the rich attract his notice, and expose them to a thousand dangers.

FABLE XV.

THE STAG AND THE OXEN.

A YOUNG Stag, who had been chased from the recesses of the forest, and was straining every limb to escape the fury of his pursuers, was so far blinded by his fears as to make up to the nearest farm, and run for shelter into the cow-house. As he was crouching in the farthest corner of it among the straw, “What do you mean, poor wretch!” said an honest Ox, “thus to run into the very jaws of death, and venture your life under the roof of a man?”—“Nay,” cried the Stag, in a most suppliant posture, “only excuse my rudeness

for a few hours, and then, as soon as the coast is clear, I'll make the best of my way home again." The returning night soon succeeded the day, and in came the herdsman with a bundle of fodder, but he did not discover the trembling fugitive. All the rest of the servants came afterwards in their turns, and passed and repassed without seeing him. Even the bailiff himself came into the stall, and saw no more than the others: so that the Stag, with a heart full of joy, began to thank the Oxen for their friendly silence, and for giving him house-room when he stood in so much need of it. "Alas!" said one of them, "we wish you as well as you do yourself; but if the man who has a hundred eyes should happen to pay us a visit, your life is still in imminent danger." The words were

no sooner out of his mouth, than in came the Master from his supper; and as he had lately taken notice that his Oxen did not look so well as they had been used to do, "Heyday!" said he, "what is the reason they have so little fodder? Besides, they have no litter, I see: and what a mighty trouble would it have been to have cleared away these cobwebs." While he thus pried into every thing, he spied the branching horns of the Stag; and having called his whole family together, ordered him to be knocked on the head, and carried off to enrich his larder.

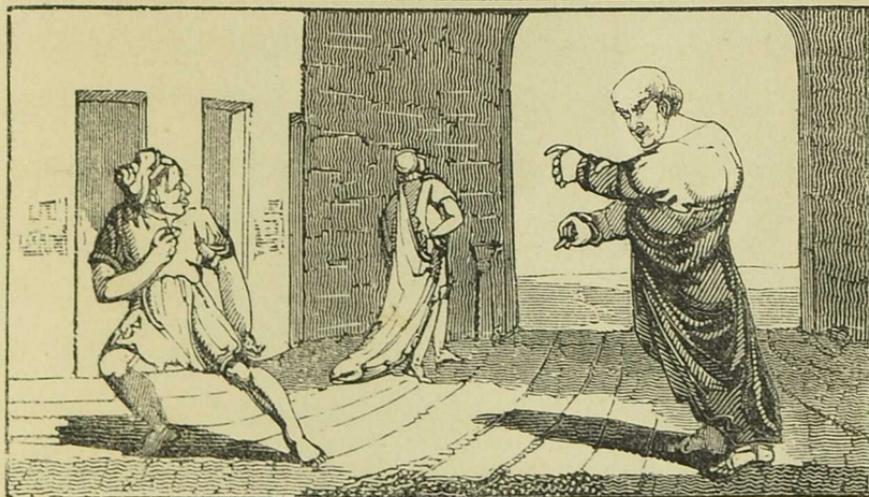
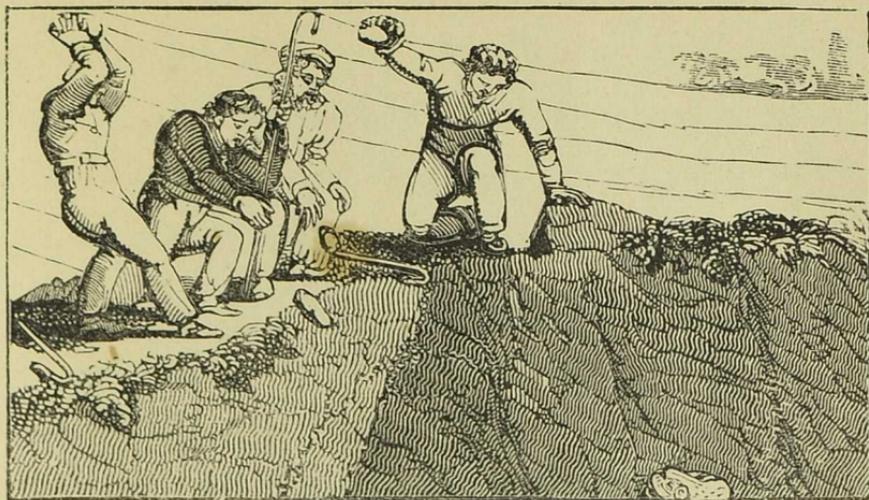
MORAL.

This fable is designed to teach us, that he who leaves all to servants will be ill served.

FABLE XVI.

THE PANTHER AND THE SHEPHERDS.

A PANTHER, who had fallen into a pit un-
awares, was observed by a company of Shep-
herds; some of them pelted her with sticks,
and others with stones; but a few of them,
on the contrary, taking pity upon her, as think-
ing she must perish though no one should hurt
her, threw her some pieces of bread to keep
up her spirits. Night, however, came on;
away they all went to their several houses,
each one assuring himself that he should find
her dead the next morning; but the poor beast



regaining her strength a little, cleared herself from the pit by a nimble spring, and fled home to her den. A few days after, out she rushed into the plain, butchered the cattle, murdered the Shepherds, and filled the whole country with dreadful traces of her rage. Even those who had shown so much pity, beginning to tremble for themselves, were willing to suffer any kind of damage, and begged for nothing but their lives: but to make them easy, "I am not so much of a savage," said the Panther, "but I can distinguish the men who pelted me with stones from the men who supplied me with bread. You have therefore nothing to fear: for I return as an enemy only to those miscreants who insulted me in the hour of distress!"

MORAL.

It is equally mean and insolent to take advantage of another man's misfortunes; for it is very possible that he may get the better of his troubles, and live to repay the abuse with double interest.

FABLE XVII.

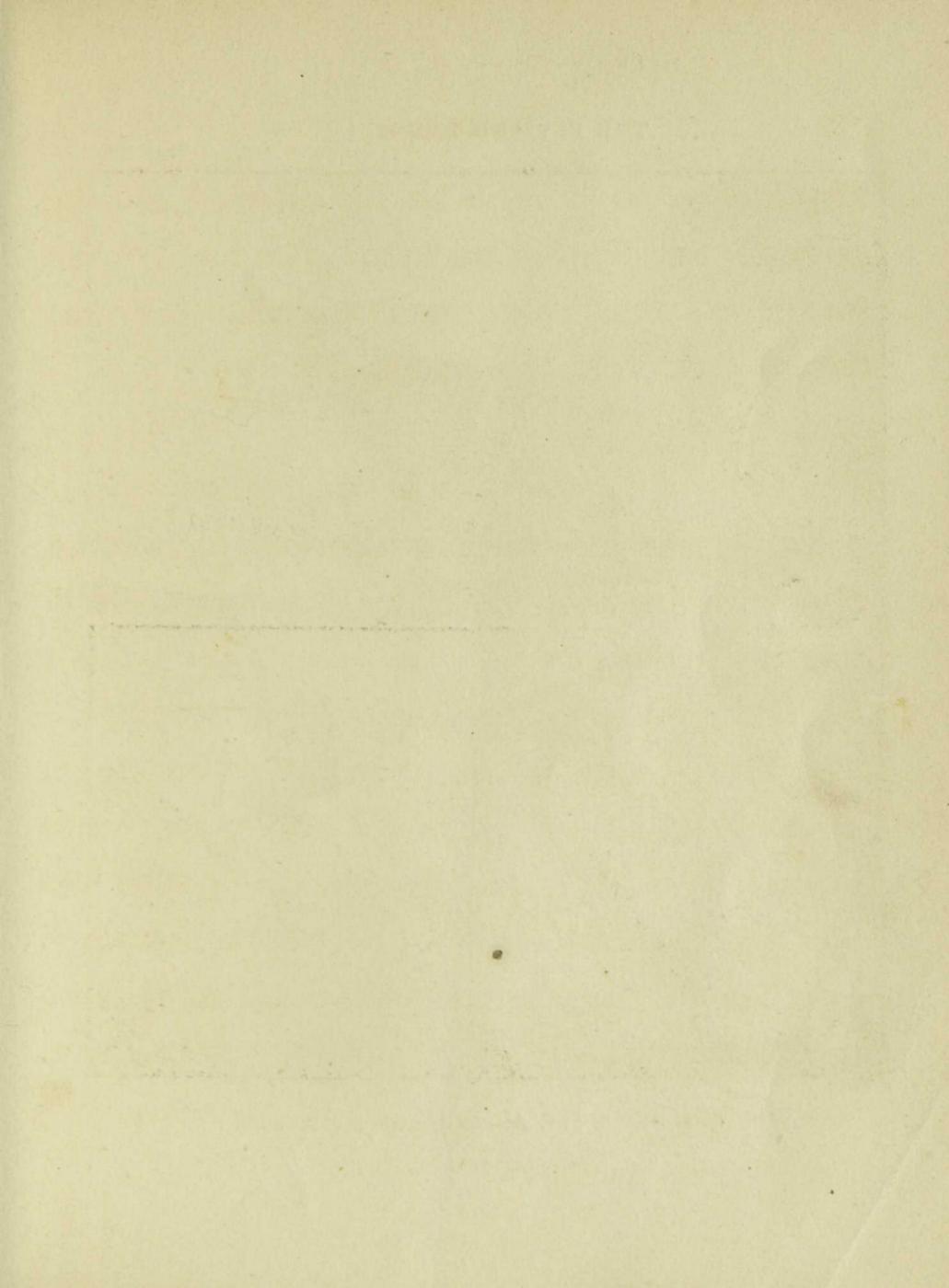
ÆSOP AND THE SAUCY FELLOW.

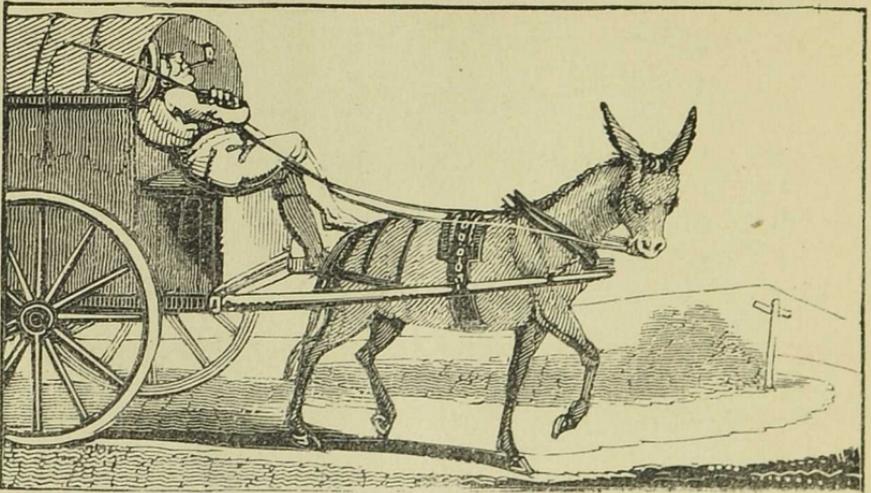
As honest Æsop was one day taking a walk, an idle young Fellow threw a stone at him. "That's bravely done, my boy!" said the old man, and then giving him a penny for his pains, "Upon my word," said he, "I have no more about me at present, but I can easily show you where you may get plenty. Do you see that gentleman there? I assure you he is a man of fortune and interest, and if you'll only go and throw a stone at him as you did at me, I make no doubt but he'll reward you properly for your trouble." The saucy Fellow

was fool enough to take his advice; but he presently found his mistake: for he had no sooner repeated his insolence, than he was taken up and put into the stocks.

MORAL.

Those who insult their superiors have often cause to repent it.





FABLE XVIII.

THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A CONCEITED Fly, who sat upon the shaft of a carriage, thus insulted the mule that drew it: "What a lazy beast you are!" said she; "wont you move your legs a little faster? Take care, then, that I do not pinch your skin for you with my pointed sting."—"Thou trifling insect!" said the mule, "whatever thou canst say is beneath my notice. The person I am afraid of is he who sits upon the box, and checks my speed with the foaming reins. Away, then, with your trifling insolence; for I know when to hasten, and when to slacken

my pace, without being directed by such an impotent being as you are.”

MORAL.

This fable is levelled against those frivolous mortals who affect to give directions without skill, and to threaten without power.

FABLE XIX.

THE BROTHER AND THE SISTER.

A CERTAIN Gentleman had a Daughter who was greatly deformed; and he also had a Son who was admired for his beauty. While they were playing together as children do, they saw themselves by chance in a looking-glass, which the good lady had left in her chair. The Boy boasted that he was very handsome; but the poor little girl fell into a violent passion, and could not bear the jokes of her Brother, taking them all (and how should she do otherwise?)

as intended to affront her. Away, therefore, she ran to her papa, to be revenged upon him; and in the height of her resentment said, it was a shame that a boy, who was born to be a man, should make so free with a piece of furniture which entirely belonged to the women. The good gentleman catching both of them up in his arms, and kissing them with all the tender fondness of a parent—"My dear children," said he, "I wish that each of you would view yourselves in the glass every day of your lives: you, my Son, that you may never disgrace your beauty by an unworthy action; and you, my Daughter, that you may cover the defects of your person with the charms of virtue."

MORAL.

“Handsome is that handsome does,” is indeed an old proverb, but it is a proverb which will be in fashion among people of sense, as long as the world endures.

FABLE XX.

THE SENSIBLE ANSWER OF SOCRATES.

WHEN Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, had built himself a small house, one of the common people stepped up to him, according to custom (for they always love to know every one's business but their own), "And pray, Sir," said he, "what can be the reason that you, who are so great a man, should build such a little box as this for your dwelling-house?"—"Indeed, neighbour," replied the sage, "I shall think myself happy if I can fill even this with real friends."

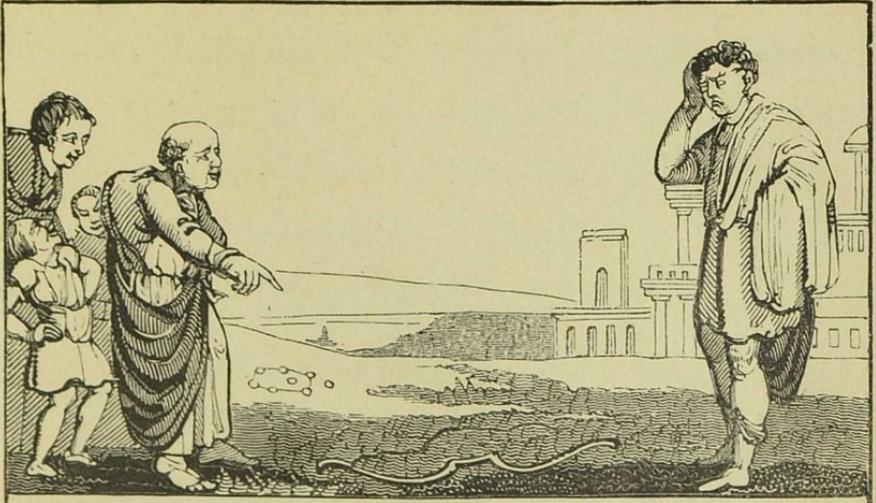
MORAL.

True friends are great treasures, and the wise know how to prize them.

FABLE XXI.

ÆSOP AT PLAY.

A CONCEITED Coxcomb seeing Æsop playing at marbles among a crowd of boys, made a sudden stop, and laughed at the old gentleman for a madman. As soon as the Sage perceived it, who was much fitter to ridicule others than to become an object of ridicule himself, he placed an unstrung bow in the middle of the road, and then addressing himself to the pretended wit,—“Hark’ee,” said he, “my friend: can you unriddle the meaning of what I have done?” The people were surprised at the oddity of the affair, and flocked



THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

hastily about them; and the vain critic, after torturing his brain to no purpose a long time, was forced to yield, and honestly confess that he could not resolve the question, "Well, then," said the Sage, with a modest air of triumph, "I must resolve it for you. If you keep the bow always bent, you will soon break it, or destroy its force; but if you loosen the string at proper intervals, it will be fit for use as often as you want it."

MORAL.

This fable shews that children may innocently amuse themselves with play when their studies are ended.

FABLE XXII.

THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

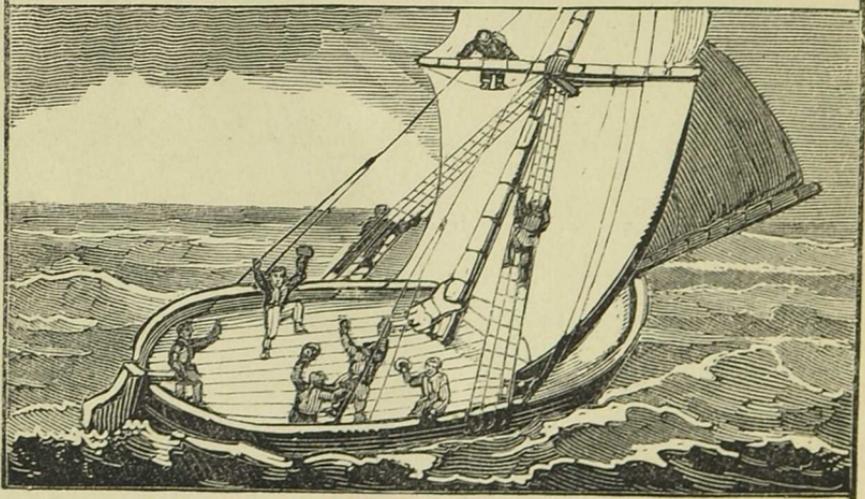
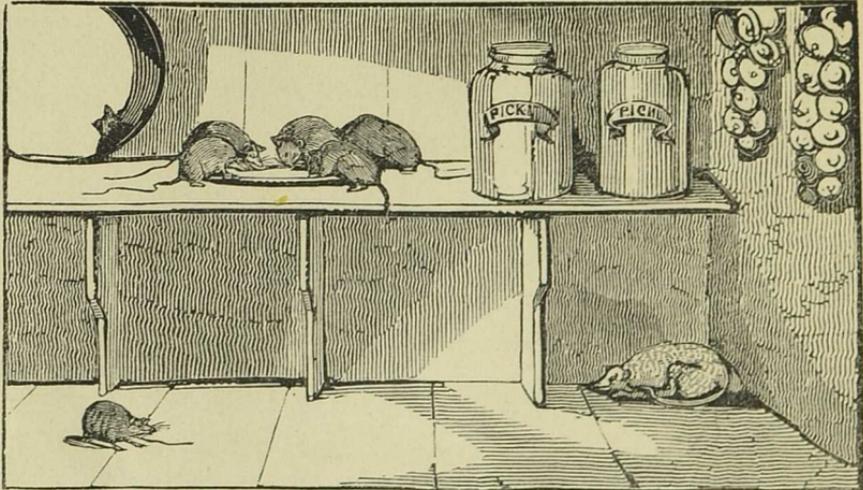
A FOOLISH Grasshopper once took the liberty to ridicule a sober Owl, who used to fly in search of her food by night, and take her repose in the daytime in the hollow of a tree. The silly insect was desired to be silent, but all to no purpose, for she made a greater noise than before. The poor bird entreated her a second time to be quiet; but the vain fool only chirped the louder. At last, when the Owl saw that there was no help for her, and that all she could say was regarded as nothing,

she revenged herself on the prattler by the following artifice: "As the melody," said she "of your ravishing strains hath so much enchanted my drowsy ears, that it is not possible for me to sleep any longer, I am now resolved to open a bottle of nectar which was lately sent to me a present by the Goddess of Wisdom; if you are not above my company, let me entreat you to honour me with a visit, that we may enjoy ourselves together." The Grasshopper, who was almost parched with thirst, no sooner heard her voice commended, than away she skipped towards the tree as nimbly as she could; but the Owl, going out of her hollow nest, seized the noisy insect in a moment, and put her to death: and thus was she forced to yield that complaisance after

she was dead, which she was too vain to submit to when alive.

MORAL.

This fable signifies that people should endeavour to make their neighbours comfortable, instead of doing things to tease and disturb them.



FABLE XXIII.

THE WEASEL AND THE MICE.

A WEASEL, who was so much worn out with age that she was not nimble enough to pursue the Mice as usual, rolled herself over and over in a heap of bran, and then dropped down carelessly in a dark corner. A thoughtless Mouse, supposing her to be what she seemed, leaped upon her with an eager spring, and was torn to pieces in an instant. A second met with the same fate; and after him a third: but at last, after several others had been thus destroyed, out popped an old Mouse who, by her caution, had escaped many a snare

and many a trap, and perceiving at a distance what kind of a feast her crafty enemy had prepared for her—"Ha! ha!" said she, "and there you may lie for me, till the bran upon your back grows musty."

MORAL.

Though an artful person may easily impose on the unwary, yet when once he ventures to try his craft upon those who have seen the world, he is commonly laughed at for his pains.

FABLE XXIV.

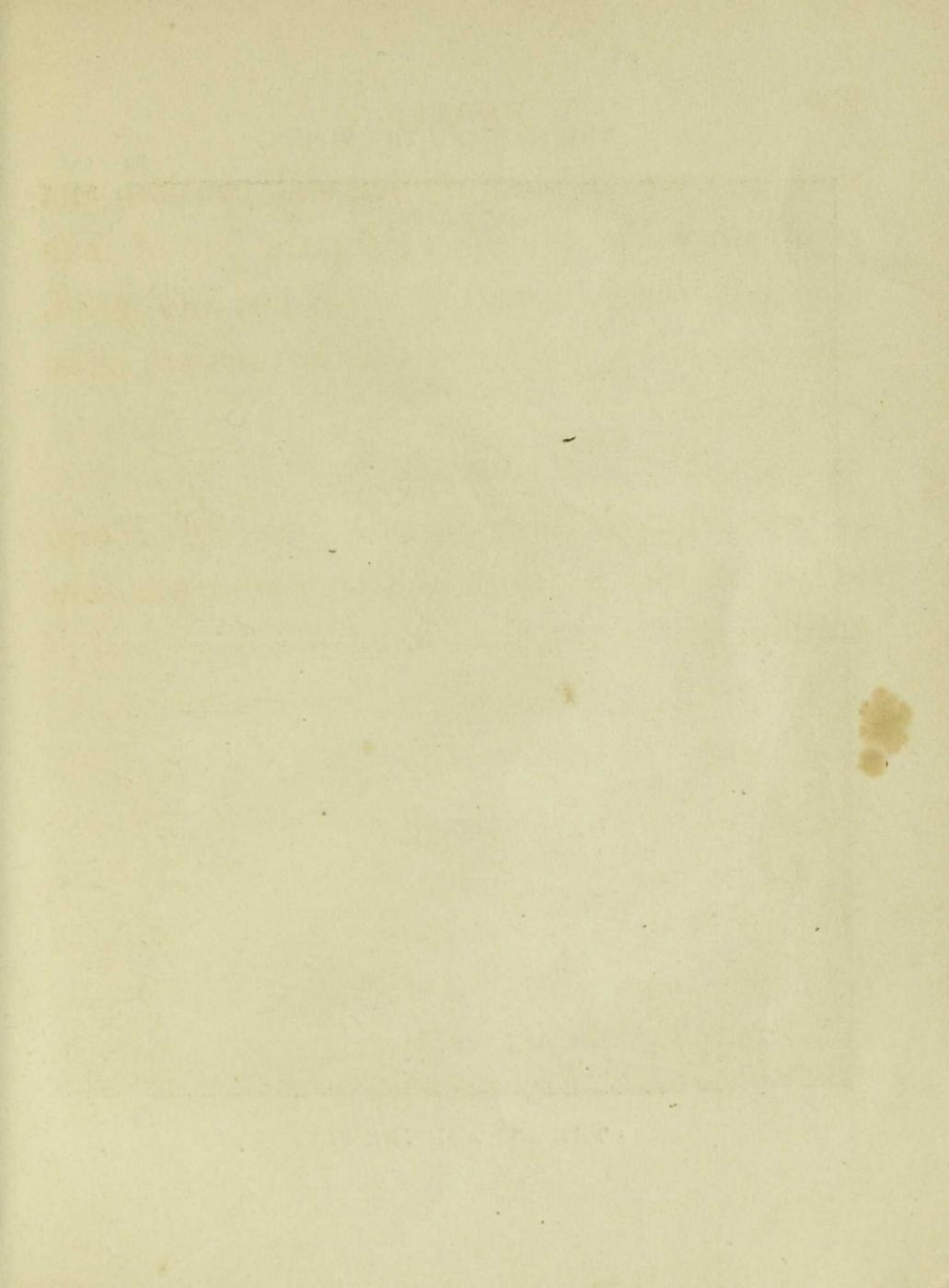
THE PILOT AND THE SAILORS.

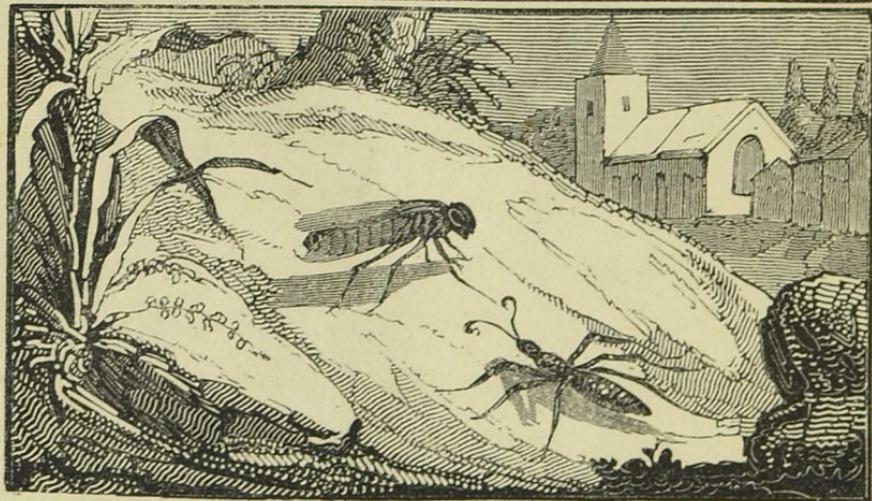
AFTER a ship at sea had been driving some time before a furious storm, exposed every moment to the mercy of the waves, while the trembling passengers were bewailing their hard fate with many tears and sighs, and expected nothing but death, the weather suddenly cleared up, and the face of the ocean was covered with a smile. As the Mariners were exulting with all the extravagance of joy at this happy change of their affairs, the wary Pilot, who was grown wise by experience, thus reproved their hasty mirth; "My good lads,"

said he, "we ought to rejoice with caution, and complain without despair; for the life of man is chequered alternately with joy and grief, and the smiles and frowns of fortune are alike inconstant."

MORAL.

This fable, it is said, was made by Æsop, to revive the heart of a friend who was languishing under the hand of adversity.





FABLE XXV.

THE MAN AND THE VIPER.

A THOUGHTLESS Countryman once took up a Viper from the ground, whose whole body had been so congealed by a hard frost, that it resembled a large icicle: but cherishing the frozen reptile in his bosom till it was restored by his friendly warmth to its former vigour and malice, it stung its benefactor to death.

MORAL.

This fable is designed to caution good people not to take persons of a bad disposition for their friends, as they often prove ungrateful.

FABLE XXVI.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

AN Ant and a Fly had a fierce dispute, which of the two was the better. The Fly thus began the wrangle: "Can you, poor reptile, have the vanity to compare yourself with me? The monarch himself does not disdain to bear me upon his head, as often as I think proper. In short, though I have never worked in my life, I have the best of every thing at command. Can you say as much, poor ignorant rustic?"—"I must own, indeed," replied the Ant, "that I cannot boast of the honours you

talk of; but, while I have been collecting my honest store for the winter, how often have I beheld you at the bottom of a wall regaling yourself in the dirt? It is likewise true that you never do any work; but then, in time of need, you have nothing to help yourself: thus making your boast of what is your greatest shame. In the summer I am continually plagued with your insolence; but you have not a word to say to me in the winter; and when the pinching frost has stiffened your limbs, and reduced you to the necessity of starving, then I retire in safety to my plentiful cell, and reap the fruit of my industry. Thus I think I have sufficiently humbled your vanity by the voice of truth."

MORAL.

This fable may assist us to distinguish those who adorn themselves with false praises, from those who, by real merit, have acquired a solid applause.



FABLE XXVII.

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE THIEF.

As two men were travelling in company, the one a prating coward, and the other a gentleman, who was always prepared to defend himself, out rushed a desperate ruffian, and demanded their money or their lives. The man of spirit made a vigorous defence, and repelling force by force, ran his foe through the body unawares, and thus saved his life by his courage. When the Thief lay dead upon the ground, the fugitive poltroon, throwing off

his coat, and drawing his sword—"Leave the rascal to me," said he, "and I'll let him know what it is to assault a gentleman."—"I wish," said the other (who had fought with so much gallantry), "that you had assisted me in the moment of danger, even with those vaunting words; for as I might then have thought them real, I should have stood my ground with a stronger assurance of victory. But now you may put up your sword and your tongue, which are equally useless; for though you may impose upon those who are not acquainted with you, I, who have experienced with what strength you can fly, am too well convinced there is no reliance to be placed upon your bravery."

MORAL.

This fable is recommended to those who are invincible when the coast is clear, but arrant cowards as soon as danger stares them in the face.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE JESTER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

ONE of the Roman nobility, who was going to flatter the people with a show, advertised a handsome reward to those who had anything new to exhibit. Many artists of renown appeared to dispute the prize; and among others a well-known Jester, who was remarkable for his wit. He had a kind of diversion, he said, which had never yet been exhibited in the Theatre. As soon as the report had been circulated, the whole city were eager to see the truth of it; and the seats, which before had been almost empty,

were not sufficient to receive the spectators: but when he appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, or a single confederate to assist him, curiosity produced a general silence. Thrusting his head therefore into his bosom, he suddenly imitated the squeaking of a pig with so much art, that every one insisted that he had a real pig under his cloak, and accordingly ordered him to be searched; but no pig appearing, they loudly commended his ingenuity, and the whole theatre rang with their acclamations. An honest countryman happening to be present at the show, cried out,—“But he sha’n’t have the prize for all that,” and promised that he himself would do the same thing more completely the very next day. The crowd, there-

fore, as might be well expected, was greater than before; but as they were all prejudiced in favour of the Jester, they came not so much to see the performance, as to ridicule the author of it. Both the rivals appeared; and the Jester had the honour of the first squeak, which was received with a loud thunder of applause. The countryman pretended to conceal a pig under his clothes, which he really did, though no one suspected it, because they had discovered no imposition in the former instance; but he twitched the creature's ear, and by the violence of the pain, extorted the voice of nature. The spectators cried out that the Jester was much the better mimic, and ordered the poor Countryman to be kicked out of doors: on which, producing the pig,

out of his bosom, and convincing them of a palpable mistake by an undeniable proof—“Ha!” said he, “my good masters, you are now satisfied, I hope, that you have not such critical ears as you thought you had.”

MORAL.

A person who submits to the force of prejudice, will fall into the grossest and most ridiculous mistakes.

FABLE XXIX.

THE THUNDER-STORM AND THE OAK.

As a Thunder-storm, whose dreadful peals convulsed the atmosphere, and made the earth tremble beneath it, was moving with an awful solemnity over a spacious forest, a lofty Oak became a victim to its fury. While the tree, whose rifled branches and shattered limbs overspread the frightened plain, stood like a wreck among her sister Oaks—"Ah, cruel tyrant," said she, "what injury have I done thee, that thy vengeful and un pitying fires should thus deprive me of all my towering

glories, and blast the growth of a hundred years in a single moment? or, wherefore hast thou so suddenly consumed those generous branches which were the nightly refuge of half the birds in the forest, and the daily sustenance of numerous herds?" — "Peace!" said the blackening Storm, "and know, vain wretch, that thy barren pride hath long deserved the fate thou now complainest of: know, likewise, that my rapid fires are salutary as they are dreadful; for were they not from time to time to purge the sickening air, and clear it from those noxious vapours and exhalations which so frequently infest it, the whole earth would soon become a scene of misery and putrefaction!"

MORAL.

The meaning of this fable is, that there are many occurrences in life which wear the appearance of evil or calamity, and yet, in the event, are remarkable displays of the Divine goodness and beneficence.

THE END.

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