R. Cruickshank.

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee: and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.
Job xii. 7.

FIFTY-ONE

ORIGINAL FABLES,

WITH

MORALS AND ETHICAL INDEX,

WRITTEN BY

Embellished with Eighty-Five Original Designs

BY R. CRUICKSHANK:

Engraved on wood by Slader, D. Dodd, S. Williams, Bonner, and others.

ALSO A TRANSLATION OF

PLUTARCH'S BANQUET OF THE SEVEN SAGES,

Revised for this Work.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO

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M.DCCC.XXXIII.

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

KING WILLIAM THE IV^TH.

THIS VOLUME

OF

ORIGINAL FABLES AND MORALS

IS DEDICATED,

IN CONFORMITY WITH

His Majesty's Special Permission

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND MOST DEVOTED SUBJECT,

The Author.

PREFACE.

FABLE was invented at a very early stage of the world, and was adopted as a safe and instructive medium through which superior knowledge and truths could be so adroitly conveyed to nations and individuals as not to savour of reprimand or dictation. It was chosen by wise men, as the form of reproof to kings which might least risk their displeasure—of advice and remonstrance to rebellious people, which should not wound their pride, or rouse their vengeance—of wisdom and morals to youth which assumed not the sternness of coercion—and to children a knowledge of right from wrong in so fascinating a way as to be rather a means of amusement than a scholastic lecture: for these reasons the Philosophers of old so highly approved of fables that they recommended them as the *best* mode of inculcating moral philosophy in the schools.*

* Plato, although he banished the stories of Hesiod and Homer from his commonwealth, advised the use of moral fables. Philostratus says "the fables of Æsop are more proper than any other to inspire us with wisdom;" and Quintilian recommends them for the schools.

It is probable that Fable originated in Egypt, the land of hieroglyphics, thence domiciliated itself with the Israelites, whose figurative language it suited, and finally travelled westward by the way of Greece and Rome to us---always esteemed by the learned and comprehended by the illiterate. It was adopted and imitated by each nation as it advanced in civilization, and oftentimes with much success.

The first Fable we have on record is that of "The Trees and the Bramble," spoken by Jotham from mount Gerizim to the assembled men of Shechem, on their raising Abimelech to sovereign power, Judges ix. 8; the next that occurs was addressed by Nathan with great success to David, couching under the admirable allegory of "The Ewe Lamb" the most cutting reproof to the king for having wickedly abducted Uriah's wife, 2 Sam. xii. 3; then follows "The Cedar and Thistle," communicated by Joash, king of Israel, to Amaziah of Judah, 2 Chron. xxv. 18; then "The bad Shepherds and the sheep," Ezek. xxxiv. 3; and finally, in the Apocrypha, we meet with reference made to the "Two Pots"* as a *known* Fable; whether originating with the Hebrews or the Greeks may be matter for curious research.

Holy Writ indeed teems with allegorical and figurative writings (even to riddle, Judges xiv. 14); and so highly did the Jews appreciate this branch of literature that, after its being used by princes, seers,

* Ecclesiasticus xiii. 2.

and prophets for ages, it was chosen by our Lord, who thought proper under the guise of Parable to instruct his disciples and followers, not only in their duties towards God and man, but also in the mysteries of the consoling religion he promulgated.

Thus Fable appears to have been cradled and fostered in Judæa, whence it spread both east (for India and China have had their fabulists) and west, where Æsop instructed Greece with his fables; and to so great extent were they appreciated* that Socrates thought it not unbecoming his dignity to translate some of them out of the Phrygian dialect into Hellenic verse;† and Plutarch, after mentioning him honourably in his life of Solon, places him in his "Banquet of the Sages" amongst the wise men who met at the court of Periander, king of Corinth.‡ Samos entrusted him with diplomacy, and Suidas writes that "he was much beloved by Crœsus," who felt his

* Priscian says "he has never read Æsop" was a term of reproach applied to ignorant fellows.

† Laërtius has preserved two of the lines:—

Αισωπος ποτελεζε Κορινθιον αζυ νεμουσι
Μη κρινειν αρετην λαοδικω σοφιη.

‡ The account of the banquet is extremely curious, and redounds much to Æsop's honour, wisdom, wit, and courtesy; it was at this banquet he introduced several of his fables, particularly the "Arrogant mule" and the "Wolf and Shepherds." It may be interesting to give the names of the galaxy of wise men amongst whom Æsop shone: the company is represented to have consisted of king Periander, his wife Melissa, and her attendant Eumetis,

court at Sardis honoured by *his* presence as much as by the visits of Thales, Solon, and Anacharsis, and employed him to be his messenger with gifts to the temple at Delphi.

After his death the Athenians commissioned Lysippus to execute a statue of him, of more than ordinary dimensions,* which they placed in the temple of Minerva amongst those of the seven Sages, for having invented the best mode of instructing youth in moral philosophy.

Rome now adopted fable, and we are in possession of the remarkable one wherewith Menenius Agrippa calmed the rebellious citizens. Afterwards Phædrus translated some of Æsop's fables into Latin verse,† and succeeded himself in writing many; he calls him the "sage that saw through nature!"

After such instances of divine and high heathen authority, let no one fancy that Fable was wholly

Thales, Solon, Cleobulus, Chilo, Bias, and Pittacus (the Seven Sages), Æsop, Anacharsis, Naucratites (sent by Amasis, king of Egypt, to consult Bias on a letter he had received from the King of Æthiopia, and to propound questions to the company)—Marsophilus from Athens, Diocles and Ardalus (priests), Chersias a poet, and Cleodemus, a physician.

* Phædrus, Epist. to B. ii. 1, and epigram of Agathias. A. Gellius prefers him to all the philosophers for having so well blended the agreeable with the instructive.

† Tatian says that Diagoras first collected Æsop's fables together about the time of Socrates—and Demetrius Phalereus again about 100 years afterwards.

designed for youth, and therefore treat it as unworthy of their serious regard.

Avienus followed: he wrote some, and called his collection Æsopian Fables.

It is to be regretted that many of Æsop's are lost; however, sufficient of undoubted origin have been preserved to sanction the praises that have been bestowed on them, and to prove his just claim to immortality as a fabulist.

After a considerable lapse of time Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, in the fourteenth century collected all the fables he could find, whether of undoubted or spurious birth, and, having foisted his own into the collection, they were published in Milan, 1480, as the Fables of "Æsop!"

The same mode has been adopted by our countryman, Dr. Croxall; and his selection, bearing Æsop's name, has been for a long time a class-book in schools.

Most modern nations have attempted fable. Italy has her Casti, France La Fontaine and Le Motte; Germany Gehlert and Lessing, and England Dryden, Le Strange, Gay, Moore, Dodsley, &c., and, last of all, the late Mr. Northcote tried his skill.

Having thus faintly traced fable from the Judges down to the present time, it may not be intrusive to remark that a fable should be short, original, and pithy—clothed in familiar but good language, and that the moral sought to be inculcated should be pure and palpable; that, after rationals,—beasts and

birds are the most proper agents, possessing, as they do, locomotion and voice—the unities being less outraged by imparting speech to them,--although we have sufficient authority from the ancients for introducing insects, vegetables, and even inanimate substances to exonerate the modern fabulists who have had recourse to them. At the same time the aspiring to originality should not permit the introduction of any other animal as an emblem of sagacity and cunning than the fox—of magnanimity and courage than the lion—of rapine and fraud than the wolf. So also ought the actors to use appropriate dialogue, which not only adds to the interest but assists the development of the sense, particularly with children, and is to them a further inducement to the study of morals so conveyed.

It has been remarked that fable-writing is confined to those possessing a peculiar quality of mind; probably it is so, since that leviathan in literature Dean Swift* confesses himself incapable, notwithstanding much trial, of producing a fable. Those who have succeeded in this branch of authorship have com-

* "There is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seemed to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever."—*Swift's Letter to Gay.*

monly been less distinguished as men of superior learning than as close observers of nature, who attentively watched the springs of human action as developed in the transactions of man with man, and held impartial converse with their own hearts. The present writer therefore ventures to place before the public his experience and the little wisdom he has culled, in the hope of benefiting the rising generation by leading them in the approved path to virtue and honour. This path he has attempted to enliven with fresh and varied flowers; but how far he has succeeded in producing interesting novelty it is for the public to judge: he feels assured however that his work contains no sentiment, sentence, or word, that can possibly offend the most delicate mind.

He has endeavoured to give satisfaction by the number of the embellishments, and in their quality, by having selected a favourite artist to make the designs;—the printer and the engravers have equally displayed their abilities in the more mechanical parts of the work. As to himself, he is not aware of having slighted any recognised principle, unless it be considered that he has done so in Fable XXXII., where, in his wish to add *diversity* to other amusements, he has introduced Solon, and has given the "palm" to the moralist rather than to the lawgiver. In this he is partially borne out by Plutarch and Suidas. For the rest, he asks forgiveness from the fastidious critic.

And now a word at parting. The fifty one Fables, the Morals, and the Ethical Index, are all the emanations of his own brain and the production of his own pen. He has not the presumption to offer them in rivalship to the ancients, yet he dares to claim for them a respectable place amongst the productions of modern fabulists. If peradventure *five of them* should prove worthy of the knowledge of *posterity*, he will be proud of having added a something towards the social weal—his life will not have been in vain—and his literary ambition will be satisfied.

JOB CRITHANNAH.

Oct. 30th, 1832.

It may be proper here to state that one only of these Fables has ever been before the Public, namely "The Printer, Amanuensis, and Harper," which was sent to the Editor of the Times at the period of the rioting in Paris, consequent on the application of machinery to Printing, and which appeared in that Journal, Sep. 13, 1830, under the signature of Æ.

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FABLE XLIII.

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FABLE L.

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Prevention of theft by vigilance is more praiseworthy than detection.

FABLE LI.

The Ruin and the Ivy.

Education is the most lasting dower a parent can give. It forms the *young, bright leaf* of our old age.

TO THE READER.

The publication of this work, after it had passed through the press, being delayed for a short time on account of the Frontispiece, I endeavoured to make myself more acquainted with "Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Sages," and after much search I succeeded in obtaining a copy, but in very old and incorrect English. It however afforded me such delightful peeps into the simplicity of those times and the wisdom and wit displayed on the occasion of the Banquet, that I determined you should be a participant in the pleasure of which I partook. For that purpose I have had it rendered, with fastidious care as to the contents, into more modern English, and now present you with it. I have not, however, increased the price of the volume on that account, although the value is materially enhanced to the lovers of ancient lore. The subject is in perfect keeping with the body of the work; for Æsop, of whom so little is positively known, takes a very prominent part at the banquet. It has also given opportunity to alter the reading of his fable of the "Dog," which has been slightingly treated, on the ground that the unities were violated.

I take the liberty here to add my opinion to that of those persons who have thought Æsop to have been of a well-formed figure, and agreeable disposi-

tion, rather than a hunch-backed cynical cripple; and for the following reasons:—1. It is not likely that the same merchant who selected the beautiful Rhodope for profitable traffic would have chosen deformity for the like purpose. 2. Herodotus, who relates the circumstance of Æsop and Rhodope being fellow-slaves, mentions no singularity of form. 3. Philostratus, describing a picture extant in his time, merely states that the limner had given Æsop a contemplative countenance, suffused by a pleasing smile. 4. Would the Athenians have commissioned Lysippus to execute of *more than ordinary dimensions*, the statue of a cripple, and order it to be placed in their temple of Minerva? Or, if they had done so, would no ancient author have noticed it? 5. The ready access he found to the presence and friendship of kings. And, finally, had he been remarkable for only slight deformity, would it not have been noticed at the banquet, when the cup had passed round, and wit and repartee were at their height,—more particularly by Anacharsis, who owed him a severity? The total absence of any such allusion, on that and the other occasions, may, I think, be considered as conclusive on the score of *form*.

And now, Gentle Reader! that you may feel equal satisfaction and pleasure with myself in the barter of my moral refectory for your gold, is the hope and wish of

Your very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Dec. 1*st*, 1832.


Knowledge
is
Power.
M
Rob. Cruikshank
Bonner. fc.

FABLE I.

THE PRINTER, THE AMANUENSIS, AND THE HARPER.

A PRINTER, busily employed amongst his types and presses, was attacked by a number of Amanuenses on the score of destroying their craft. The Printer, not gainsaying the charge, defended the practice of his art, as being conducive to the more general diffusion of knowledge: in fact, a boon to mankind, for, said he, "In the time you of necessity require to produce one copy of an important work, at a price far beyond the power of any, save the noble or wealthy, to purchase, I can deliver a thousand at the cost of but few shillings each."

His arguments failed however to pacify the enraged copyists, who maintained that, owing to his discovery, the demand for their labour had nearly ceased, and that consequently they had a right to, and would insist on, an indemnification.

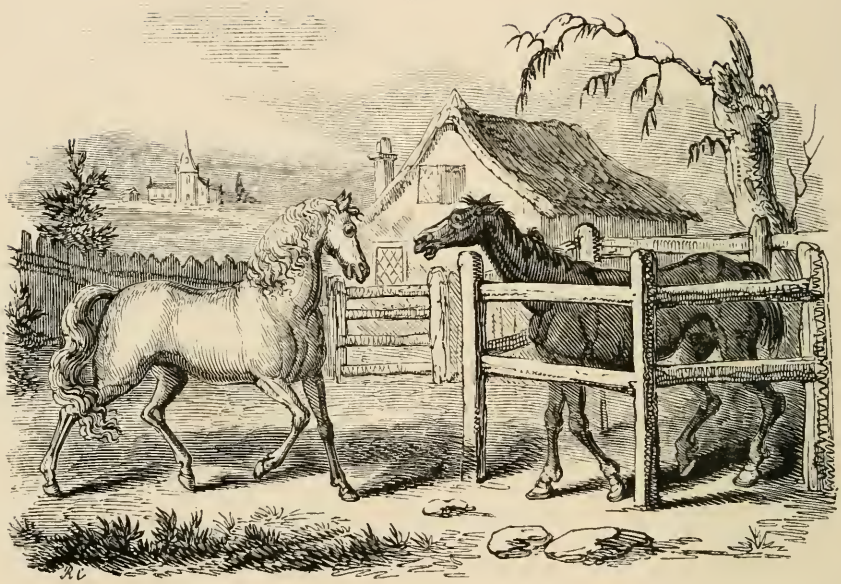
A poor Harper, who had attentively listened to their conversation, thus in gentle guise addressed them:—"Prior to the discovery of the art of writing, my fraternity, under the names of bards and minstrels, were considered of great importance; through them, the sciences, history, and poetry of the world were communicated from country to country; to the abodes of the mighty they were invited, and account-

ed estimable guests; they were welcomed and honoured wheresoever they went: but when you introduced writing, depicting sounds by a fixed combination of letters, our calling became less useful, and our fraternity were forced to depend on the melody they could elicit from their harps for support. Your art was an improvement on our profession for the benefit of *all;* we demanded from you no indemnification, neither have you a right to obtain from the Printer the wages of idleness! Since the usefulness of manuscript copy has decreased, let me advise you to adopt some other occupation."

MORAL.

This fable would inculcate the lesson, that no private interest should at any time be permitted to impede the march of national knowledge and prosperity. It certainly, at first sight, appears to be somewhat hard that, owing to an unlooked-for discovery, thousands should be deprived of the means of obtaining a comfortable livelihood in the trade wherein they were instructed, and which they have practised all their lives;—but, if rightly considered, it will be found that, of necessity, laws, customs, chartered, and even vested rights, must and ought to succumb to the public weal, or otherwise a flourishing nation would soon fall into decline; and poverty and barbarism would usurp the place of affluence and learning.

No persons are so capable of remonstrating with effect as those who have been placed in parallel situations; and the Harper's advice was probably so received, as that the Copyist subsequently engaged himself in the service of the Printer.



FABLE II.

THE PALFREY AND THE OLD HORSE.

A PAMPERED Palfrey, not having been saddled for many days, was turned into the yard for exercise, but finding the gate ajar he got on to the highway, and strayed about until he came to the village-pound, in which was confined an old half-starved Horse; the latter earnestly besought him to step back to his abode of plenty and fetch him a mouthful of hay, alleging that the pound-keeper had neglected to bring him his scanty pittance of provender for two days. "Not I!" said the Palfrey, "You but receive the just reward of your thievery and trespassing. It would be abetting you in your crimes were I to do as you wish; besides it would be robbing my mistress! I'd have you to know, Sirrah, that I am scrupulously honest."—"Alas!" replied the old worn-out Stager, "to reprimand is easy; and it is but too common to be haughty in affluence, and vain of untried virtues;—you have never felt the pangs of hunger!"

MORAL.

Those who have experienced none of the ups-and-downs of life, but have been placed, by the chance of birth or other good fortune, in affluence, estimation, and comfort, should be very diffident of their sup-

posed virtues, and avoid boasting even of those which may have been partially put to the test. Placed above the multitude, should occasion require their interference, they should be careful not to act too rigidly towards those whom temptation or bad example has led into crime, or whom *hunger* has almost compelled to transgress.

It is quite enough, that the arrogant Pharisee contemptuously pities from afar, or the severe moralist steels his heart, and opposes a charitable feeling towards the poor and unfortunate: but to reprobate, without rendering assistance, is not only cruel;—— it is imposing cruelty on distress. Kindness to those who are poor and wretched, compassion towards those who err, and thankfulness that our own lot has been cast otherwise, would become us more than refining, as did the Palfrey, on a Virtue of which (strictly speaking) the best of us possess but little, and of which the motive for that little is but too often doubtful!


Robt Cruikshank

FABLE III.

THE SKYLARK AND THE OWL.

A SKYLARK that by chance awakened in the twilight, took wing, and soared as she was wont to do chanting her matin hymn;—but finding the sun had not reached the eastern horizon she descended again; when meeting the Owl for the first time, hooting and flapping with drowsy wings the nether air, she was so much astonished at the dismal notes she heard, that she enquired what could be their meaning.—"I am at my devotions," replied the Owl, "they are my prayers for warm days and sultry nights;—for abundance of food;—long undisturbed repose, and a clever progeny.' "Methinks!" said the Lark, "that thine is a wicked and lazy creed, thy first prayer being presumptuous, and thy second thou couldest obtain by activity:—thy third is foolish,—inasmuch as by vigilance thou wouldest exhibit to thine offspring a good example, and be able to devote the requisite time to their instruction,—which would be attended with the acquirement of thy fourth prayer. For my own part," continued the Lark, "my creed goes to thankfulness for the past, praise for the present, and confidence in the future." With that, leaving the gloomy sensualist, she ascended again, carolling her loudest

praises, and then descended, warbling to her nestlings their first and chiefest duty.

MORAL.

Too many adopt the doctrines of the Owl; they acknowledge a Deity of perfect wisdom, yet are importunate with selfish and temporal requests. What a chaos would they not occasion by their absurd and audacious prayers for partial providences, were the just Ruler of all things swayed by their entreaties!

It were well if religionists of every denomination would be more intent to practise the good sense and pious creed of the Lark: they would then be individually more contented with their lot in this world, and society would wear a smiling face.

The creation within our ken,—how beautiful in its construction, in its seasons, clothing and light! yet it has failed to impress thousands with its wonders, or to draw from them either admiration of, or adoration towards the Mighty Artificer, further than a "delightful day," because fine weather happens to suit their convenience.


Robt Cruikshank
G. DORRINGTON

FABLE IV.

THE LION AND THE CAMEL.

On the arid sands of Africa, a tremendous struggle once took place between the Tyger and the Lion. Although victory crowned the prowess of the Lion, still the conflict had left him covered with wounds and much exhausted: too feeble to reach the waters where he might quench his thirst and lave his body, he was near expiring with drought, when a Camel passed that way, from whom he craved a little water. "Willingly," said the patient traveller, "would I divide my store with the sovereign of the desert, but that I have no power to raise it from my stomach." "But the merchant has sometimes been relieved by partaking thereof!" "True," replied the Camel, "but *he*, to obtain the boon, first plunges his knife into our hearts!" The Lion, after pondering a time, desired the Camel to proceed on his journey. "No!" replied the Camel, "not until I have tendered the assistance I feel to be in my power. I can carry you to the waters, and will trust your royal word for my safety." The Lion, having with difficulty mounted, was borne to the river, where he dismissed his preserver with thanks, and promised, that he should be held in estimation by his royal house.

Some years afterwards, the Camel, crossing the same desert, was attacked by a herd of hyænas, whom

he besought to spare his life, urging his usefulness, his harmless and peaceful disposition, and even his having saved the life of their monarch: but all was in vain. When at the point of death, he loudly groaned, "Oh that the Lion could hear me, he would perchance remember my past services, and come to my rescue!" At that moment the Lion, roused by the known voice, left his lair and advanced on the assailants. Ere the Camel could express thankfulness for his escape, the Lion thus accosted him: "Recognize in me, one thou hast had the opportunity of obliging. I have but lessened the debt of gratitude I owe to thee: I cannot administer to thy wants as thou didst to mine, but I will protect thee across this desert. Thou hast before experienced that the 'royal word,' once given, is held sacred; know, also, that the remembrance of a favour is indelibly engraven on a monarch's memory!"

MORAL.

The little kindnesses that occur between man and man in a social state are pleasing, and we all acquiesce in the duty of reciprocity. Visited by adversity, perhaps reduced by untoward circumstances to the lowest ebb of fortune, if a friend opportunely steps forward to relieve us, we cannot conceive it possible that thankfulness, and an ardent desire to prove our gratitude by our actions, can ever be wanting. Alas! for human nature, that the reverse is too often the case! It is true, the manner in which assistance is sometimes rendered, mars the act: be it our study, however, to emulate the example placed before us in the Fable.

FABLE V.

THE LADY AND THE VIOLET.

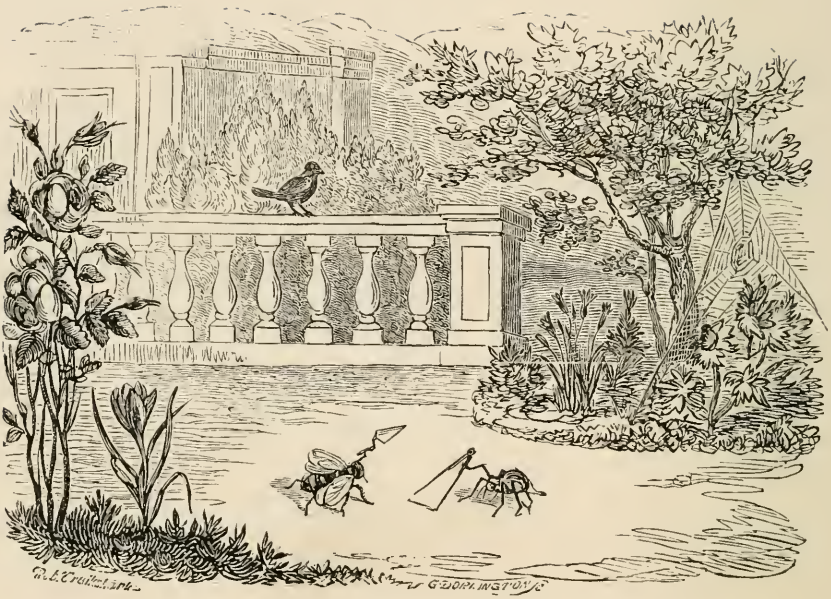
A Lady was promenading in her garden on a fine spring day, and just as she passed a Sweet-briar which had not yet put forth its perfumed leaves, she unexpectedly inhaled a fragrance for which she could not account: astonished and delighted, she searched, but searched in vain for the cause; at last, addressing the Briar, "tell me," said she, "from whence proceeds this fragrance, so far surpassing that of the exotic inmates of my greenhouse, in order that I may select and cherish the plant in a manner commensurate with its worth!" "Madam," replied the Briar, "the source of your pleasurable surprise is the insignificant looking plant that but yesterday unsuccessfully solicited your protection. It, like myself, is a humble native of your own country. Alas! fair Lady, your notice and your kind intentions come too late! you have slighted it, because of its rusticity, and have placed your foot on the unassuming plant: you have crushed its sweet flower and destroyed it for ever!"

MORAL.

Foreigners,—their language, dress, and accomplishments, are often estimated to the exclusion of

native worth. What difficulties does not the poor artist encounter on his road to Fame! there is a prejudice against him, and, although but trifling patronage would have sufficed to place him within the Temple that "shines afar!"—that little is withheld. Harassed to secure the necessaries of life, he has not the quiet, and cannot appropriate the time, requisite to give birth to works of importance: his abilities undeveloped, he dies neglected, perhaps broken-hearted!

Instances there are where chance has assisted to bring merit before the public, and it has received eulogium and reward: then, perchance, a solicited Patron joins in the general astonishment that such genius could be so long concealed, although he recognizes in the author a *scorned suppliant!*



FABLE VI.

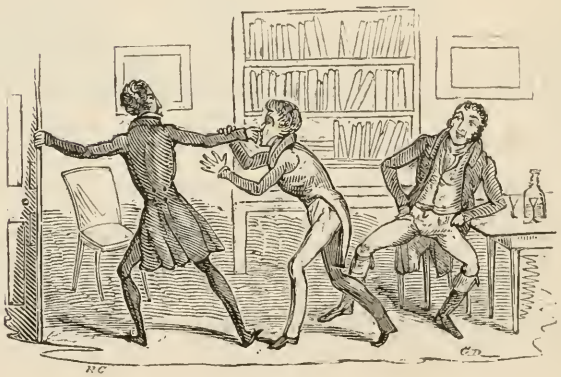
THE BEE, THE SPIDER, AND THE TOMTIT.

A Tomtit, who had listened for some considerable time to a conversation between a Spider and a Bee, relative to the skill and mathematical knowledge displayed in the construction of their web and comb, fancied he could take a part, in equally erudite terms: so down he flew, thinking to silence and astonish them by discussing the superior merits of his nest. "I have overheard you," said he, "disputing a length of time about the lines and proportions of your worthless webs and combs, without so much as once mentioning my inimitable habitation. What are *they* when compared with the delicate skill, just assortment of material, and glowing warmth displayed in the fabrication of *my* nest? There you have *Mathematics*, if you please!" The Spider and Bee stared with astonishment, and at length burst very unceremoniously into a laugh, which so nettled the Tomtit that he quickly took to his tree again.

MORAL.

Some persons have little or no diffidence, but, as the saying is, "dash at every thing:" be the company however constituted, or the topic what it will, they must join the conversation; nay, they do not hesitate to in-

trude opinions of their own, when wholly uncalled for; and give them in a decided manner on subjects of which they are almost totally ignorant. Politeness, or pity, too often interferes to prevent their being exposed, and they are suffered to continue their arrogance; but that should not be: the intruder should be curbed, either by a pointed question, or a stinging remark, both for the comfort of others and the future benefit to himself, if delicacy and sense have not wholly abandoned him.



FABLE VII.

ÆSOP AND THE LIBERTINE.

Æsop, when at Samos, walked along the sea shore as the new moon was appearing; and chanced to approach a young man who was seated, and rummaging with apparent anxiety in a money bag. At a loss to account for so strange an occupation in so lonely a place, he enquired, what he was so intent about, and why he chink'd his coin so loudly? "I am doing that which I have done fifty times before, I am proving the Oracle a liar!" "Peace! Audacious!" rejoin'd the Sage, "'tis mortals who err! but tell me, what complaint hast *thou* to allege against the God?" "After dissipating the greater part of my patrimony," replied the spendthrift, "in riot,—I repented, and was advised to apply to the Oracle at Delos: wherefore, making the requisite presents at the temple, I desired to know how I might quickly obtain riches again.

> "*Turn thy money each new Moon,*
> And thou wilt be wealthy soon!"

was the answer of the Pythia. Now I have scrupulously fulfilled the command of the Oracle, until I am reduced to these forty pieces, which will scarcely last me the moon out!" "Get thee home Fool!" said the wise man, "and contemn not the God: let the Oracle be accomplished by thy industry, and sobriety:

know that thou shouldst put thy money into goods, and turn thy goods again into money, once a month; which, if thou dost at a trading profit, thy present Capital will have trebled itself in twelve Moons."

MORAL.

Others undoubtedly were employed in arranging the answers given by the Pythia, besides the half intoxicated priestess: persons of wisdom, who knew the history of the adjoining Countries, their power, and policy. The oracular answers were subtle, and enigmatically constructed, the better to uphold their renown; for generally admitting of two solutions, equally palpable when known, the God never err'd!—Æsop, when at Delphi, possibly spied too deeply into the mysteries; for one of his biographers says, "that the Delphians, fearful that he would speak disrespectfully of them, threw him from a precipice!"


Cruickshank
Sloan

FABLE VIII.

THE MONKEY AND THE WASP.

A Monkey, whilst munching a ripe pear, was pestered by the bare-faced importunities of a Wasp, who, *nolens volens*, would have a part. After threatening the Monkey with his anger if he further hesitated to submit to his demand, he settled on the fruit; but was as soon knocked off by the Monkey. The irritable Wasp now had recourse to invective,—and, after using the most insulting language (which the other calmly listened to), he so worked himself up into violent passion that, losing all consideration of the penalty, he flew to the face of the Monkey, and stung him with such rage that he was unable to extricate his weapon, and was compelled to tear himself away, leaving it in the wound—thus entailing on himself a lingering death, accompanied by pains much greater than those he had inflicted.

MORAL.

Some persons are naturally more irascible than others:—this evil is generally nurtured in early life, owing to the folly of parents who do not curb its first appearance in the child, themselves, or do not delegate sufficient authority to those who have the care of them.

Impudence, also, is often taken for boldness, and praised as such, by those who ought to have punished the urchin by a tweak of the ear.

In the formation of character, public schools, if well regulated, possess incalculable advantages over private tuition; for, independently of the even-handed justice administered by the master, the boy, surrounded by his equals, soon finds out the necessity of curbing passion and suppressing sauciness. What the one learns in theory the other finds reduced to practice: he experiences in himself, or is witness to, the punishment inflicted by the members of the little community on such as are guilty of theft, cheating, and lying—the disgrace of cowardice—the praise of courage---and the renown attendant on bearing bodily pain heroically.

The passionate man is always his own enemy; and is as blind to danger as the bull that shuts its eyes just before reaching an antagonist, and gives to the "Matador," who knows his propensities, the opportunity of dispatching him with almost perfect security, by merely shifting his position.

The giving way to violent passion is awfully dangerous; fatal instances are numerous,—indeed of daily occurrence. Ought we not, therefore, to be continually on our guard, to obviate their recurrence? Philosophy is, perhaps, the best antidote.


B.Cruickshank
Slader

FABLE IX.

THE STORK AND JUPITER.

A YOUNG stork, who was bearing his aged sire to a distant wilderness, espied a company of sportsmen dispersed over the field in search of game:—too fatigued to soar to any height, he preferred a hasty prayer to Jupiter, that "in the execution of his filial duties, he would shield them from harm!"

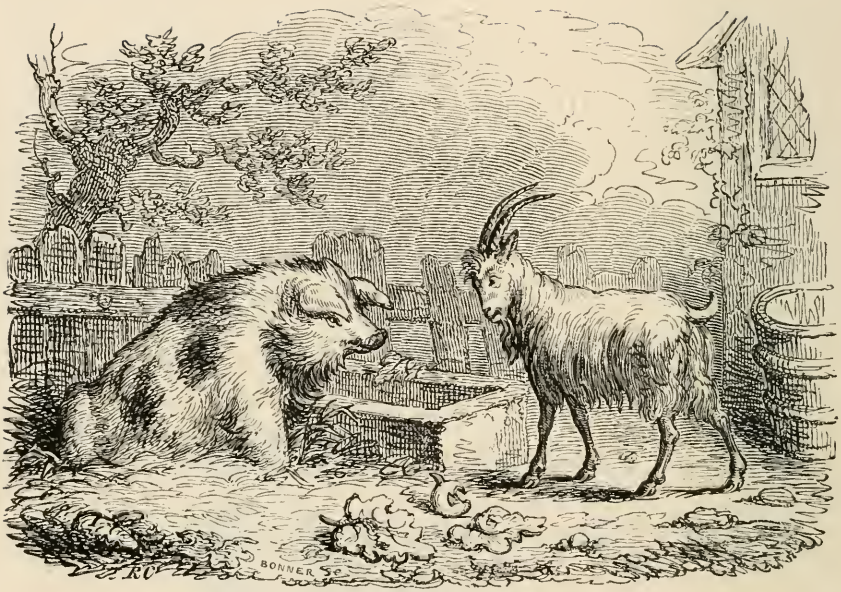
Jupiter instantaneously commanded a thick cloud to envelope them until they were out of danger.

MORAL.

There are several degrees of filial duty:—the duty of the *Child* towards a parent consists in implicit obedience to command:—the duty incumbent on *youth* is to believe in the wisdom of parental admonition, and to respect it, even if opposed to the knowledge they may have obtained from a liberal education.

It is the duty of the *young man* attentively to listen to, and receive with deference, the advice of the aged; for years are usually accompanied by shrewdness and caution, and the deceptive colourings of youth having passed away they see objects *as they are*.

Finally, the administering with kindness to the comforts of an *aged and infirm parent:* this stage of *duty* is the most exalted of all; and when, through misfortunes, worldly or domestic, a Parent is reduced below the social level, in mind, body, or estate, *then,* if comforts and consolations be delicately supplied, "Filial Duty" becomes a godlike virtue, alike honourable in Man, and acceptable to the Creator!


BONNER Sc

FABLE X.

THE HOG AND THE GOAT.

"Good morning to ye!" said a goat sarcastically to an enormous hog destined by the farmer to obtain the "prize," and whom he had known when only a curly tailed grunter. "Methinks, our master is killing you with kindness; surely you cannot feel comfortable under so great a load of flesh and fat: are you not dreadfully troubled with dyspepsia?" "I am," replied he. "If so," said the goat, "then tell me, thou beautiful piece of rotundity, what (being so circumstanced) can induce you to go on thus gluttonizing!" "Am I not admired, you fool?" grunted the hog.

MORAL.

With the exception of part of the interior Africa (as related by Bruce and others) obesity has always been considered odious.

There are but too many, however, who, simply attracting the eyes of the public, construe amazement into *admiration.*

The folly of some fashionables, who seek notoriety in the present day, is equally ridiculous, although

quite opposed to the hog's notions; for, by the dint of starvation and lacing, they have succeeded in reducing their waists to the "baboon's calibre," and, forsooth! to make themselves (judging most leniently) more fascinating to the ladies, have added a "curl rampant" to their sinister temple.

It is however much to be doubted whether they do thereby render themselves more agreeable to the "fair sex," but thus far is certain,—they become degraded in the opinion of every man of sense and virtue.


Cruikshank
Slader

FABLE XI.

THE TULIP AND THE LAVENDER.

A Tulip, which unexpectedly brake into the most beautiful, defined, and varied colours, was removed by the Florist into a conspicuous part of his Garden, and named "The admirable!" for admiration was indeed felt by all who beheld her: to retain their worship she spared neither pains nor expense to prolong her charms. She engaged a Butterfly, an *exquisite* in the art of painting, to retint, where the weather, or honey-searching Bee, had occasioned a blemish. Not contented with the just praises of the wise, and the flatteries of the silly, so vain did she become of her fancied perfection, that a second Butterfly was engaged to report the real or pretended adoration of Foreign courts, whither she imagined her unprecedented celebrity had extended. Vanity was now coupled with the still more pernicious passion "Pride" and its usual attendant "Haughtiness." She wondered that a plant of *Lavender* that grew some distance off "should *dare* intrude itself within view of her nobility!" At length, maugre the Converzatione and Painter butterflies, signs of *decay* appeared: the vivid colours became less and less brilliant; the leaves lost their elasticity and became spread, and the fine proportioned cup was no longer compact!

She still however employed the Herald-Butterfly to pamper her ear with false reports, and urged the Painter Butterfly to be more constant and ingenious

in the application of his art. But all efforts were unavailing; leaf dropped after leaf, and, when all that remained of the once beautiful Flower was a leafless stalk, the despised Lavender thus addressed her:—"Vainest of the vain! behold *I* am unaltered and filling the air with odoriferous sweets, whilst *thy* boasted, but now faded beauties, lie scattered over the soil, useless and contemned! The transient storms that hastened thy destruction did but extend my reputation; thy decay is followed by corruption and oblivion, whilst the remembrance of me is agreeable, for my perfume survives, and I am prized, even after death!"

MORAL.

Individuals who are endowed with form and beauty surpassing the generality of human beings, commit no error in availing themselves of even sumptuous habiliments, and bestowing the utmost attention on their persons: on the contrary, it is praiseworthy to render themselves as agreeable to society as possible, commensurate with their means, provided they neglect not to cultivate and adorn the mind. It is the *value* too often attached to such extrinsic charms that is blameable.

To look down with contempt on those to whom nature has not been equally lavish, or who cannot or will not array themselves in gay colours, indicates great feebleness or perversity of soul. Honour, honesty, and an exalted mind, are not unfrequently found beneath a rough exterior. Beauty is but of short duration: *Bonhommie* lasts through life: Learning and Virtue travel with us to the grave, and are our fragrance after death.


R. Cruikshank

FABLE XII.

THE TWO FLIES.

"MOTHER," said a young fly in great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the *beauty* of these persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion which appeared to be smooth and natural: but Lord! dear Mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud; and, with the greatest difficulty I got away: only look at my feet and legs!

If they thought themselves so handsome as you say they do, I'm sure they would never cover their faces with such stuff as this!"

MORAL.

Although we must admit that Fashion is powerful and arbitrary, yet, to the credit of human nature and good sense, *Paint* has never been general. With the exception of public performers, who require its aid, it is a ridiculous custom; for, independently of its baneful qualities, it is of no benefit—sometimes creating pity, sometimes laughter. Does the addition, artfully laid on, cause the face to captivate? 'tis but a momentary gratification; the mere compliment of being gazed at. If by such deception a declara-

tion is hastened, the after-knowledge of the fact enrages the dupe, and he becomes cold towards the possessor of such unstable charms. To neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor child, can it be pleasing; nor will a husband permit it, unless he is as sillily vain as the wearer.


Geo. Cruikshank
Phillips

FABLE XIII.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

A MISER, who by various unjust means had amassed a large quantity of gold, was desirous of having more, and, if possible, by a shorter process: he was incessantly praying to Plutus that he would double his store, but without success. At last the God, tired with his importunities, determined to punish the sordid wretch, by passing a cheat on him. One evening, therefore, he appeared to the Miser, and promised that his wishes should be accomplished on a certain night, when he intended to become mortal for the purpose of honouring him with his company to supper; provided that, for once, he would forego his penurious habits, and give him honourable entertainment. This was faithfully promised by the Miser, who already saw, in anticipation, the long wished-for realization of his prayers. The hour being fixed, and the night appointed, Plutus, after giving the pass-word, departed; and proceeded straightway to a notorious "knight of Alsatia," whom he made acquainted with the circumstances, desiring him to perform his part adroitly, and to benefit by the cheat.

The important hour at length arrived, but not before the Miser had piled his gold on a table, and even borrowed 1000 pieces, that he might increase the

sum to be doubled. The supposed God, having punctually made his appearance at his door, was obsequiously received, and invited directly to the supper table, which was courteously assented to. They ate well, and with the choicest viands drank the richest Tokay; they conversed, they jested: the Miser became quite facetious, and at last sufficiently inebriated; when the guest cried out, "Behold the miracle!" The intoxicated host cast his eyes towards his gold, and saw the consummation of his longings, "two tables," each equally laden with precious coin; he gloated on his increased treasures for a time, then, adding libation to libation, he fell back in his chair asleep: of which the Robber quickly took advantage, carrying off not only the Miser's own stock of gold, but a part of the borrowed money; leaving him, when he awakened from his drunken sleep, to find out that he only saw "double" from the effects of the wine.

MORAL.

Avarice is an insatiable, a cruel, and a ridiculous vice; for, after having assisted to ruin others by extortion, the Miser ruins his own constitution by his penury, and his mind by anxieties to get more, and fears for the safety of that he already has; every stiver of which he must shortly leave behind him, to be dissipated by *those* to whom, during his life, he would not have vouchsafed a crust,—for the fear of death generally prevents such persons from ever making a Will.


Slader
Cruickshank

FABLE XIV

THE TURNSPIT AND THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

An unlucky Turnspit (whose fate had always been to get more "kicks than sops"), in the pursuit of a Rat, slipped off the ice into a hole in the farm-house pond, where, after making many unsuccessful attempts to get out, he begged of his friend a Newfoundland dog, who was picking a bone, to come to his assistance, for that he was in imminent danger of being drowned. The other, being a good swimmer, and not believing in the immediate danger, desired him to "increase his exertions." The poor Turnspit essayed again and again, but each time, when on the point of safety, he slipped back into the water; once more, however, mustering up his remaining strength, he made a last unavailing struggle, slipped back, and disappeared. The Newfoundland, anxious to save him, sprung to the hole, dived under the ice, and brought up his companion: but he was completely exhausted, and had only life enough to say, "Your kindness comes *too late!* had you attended to my supplication, and granted me one moment's assistance whilst I had strength, you would have saved me, and have secured to yourself a faithful friend, instead of suffering the pangs of remorse for having delayed your help."

MORAL.

It is the assistance that is *well-timed* which proves of benefit, and is worthy of gratitude. It is not uncommon to have "more exertion" recommended by a well-meaning friend, instead of receiving immediate help; he does not reflect on the loss of strength and power which attend unavailing struggles, delays his friendship until he sees your total inability to act, and is then anxious to come forward. A tenth part of his now useless proffers, would have perhaps led to independence, if granted when originally solicited.

FABLE XV.

THE SWALLOW AND THE SPARROW.

A Swallow, that had returned from her migration, sought out the nest which she had built during the past summer, intending to inhabit it again; but found it occupied by Sparrows, who refused to quit, on the plea of not recognizing her identity, and of having found the nest empty.

The Swallow threatened the trespassers with a suit at law. "Poh! poh!" said the Sparrow, "don't talk to me about law; have I not got possession? that is nine points of the law: and I shall think it strange indeed if I do not get the tenth on the two grounds stated." "Well then," said the Swallow, "I will complain of you to the equitable master of the house, who will see me righted." "I do not think he will," replied the Sparrow, "and, if he should, it will be of no use to you; for he shall not dispossess me, without first breaking the nest to pieces: besides which, I will be your bitter enemy ever after."—The Swallow set about building herself another nest.

MORAL.

The bold face, and confident language, assumed by the man of bad principles, too often succeed in deterring his victim from seeking redress through the

"uncertainty of the law." It is (although very galling) sometimes advisable to put up with a bare-faced robbery, rather than to get involved in a suit with one who knows the whole train of quirks and quibbles: besides, there is the "*law's delay.*" The honest straight-forward man trusts too much to the justice of his case; the rogue slips out through some loop-hole, and his antagonist is saddled with expences he can but ill bear. Be the laws ever so just, a law-suit is a dangerous experiment to the needy.


R.Cruikshank fe
S.Mackie

FABLE XVI.

THE DANCING BEAR.

A Bear, who had been drilled to dancing, took the opportunity given him by the negligence of his keeper, to wander into the woods, where, meeting some of his former acquaintances, he began to show off, by dancing the Round, &c. &c., with as much correctness, and truth to time, as if the Bear-leader had been present with his pipe and tabor. His accomplishments so astonished some of the young ones, that a desire was felt to be equally learned, and they expressed a wish to be informed how he had obtained such knowledge. The visitor, (saying nothing about the *hot bricks*, &c.) replied with the utmost coolness, "A few lessons from a friend in the next town, and a little practice,——." At last, one of them made bold to enquire why he wore a ring in his nose, and what the appendage meant. "Oh," said he, "the ring is a reward for merit, and the chain attached is the fashionable ornament." "But," said another, "what is that round your head, which seems to confine your mouth?" "Why that's my helmet and vizor: 'tis to protect my head and nose when I go to war." "Oh! they are invaluable, then!" was the ejaculation.

An old Bear, who had been surveying him suspiciously for some time, requested, now that he was

not in a state of warfare, but amongst his friends and kindred, that he would take off the casque, and join them in a meal of roots; which Bruin hesitating to do, they all left him, saying, "We have a shrewd guess that you are in a state of *bondage*, and that the grating on your head is more for the protection of others, than yourself."

MORAL.

The noble mind is ever accompanied by love of liberty and honour: from the dungeon it will frown defiance on the tyrant, and refuse the favour of freedom, if it is to be purchased by wearing a badge of slavery, or by committing an act of baseness. Such was Regulus! imprisonment could not warp his probity of soul, or the prospect of torture lessen his patriotism. Others, again, are so poor in soul, that, to shorten captivity, they have even solicited permission to wear the livery of a conqueror, and have assisted in the subjugation of their country.

If misfortunes befal an individual of noble mind, he does not conceal his errors when the knowledge of them is likely to benefit others; on the contrary, he seeks an opportunity to point out to the inexperienced the rock on which he has split, so that they may avoid it. Yet, to the dishonour of human nature, there are some men so base, as to feel a Satanic pleasure in inducing youth to commit the same errors that have ruined their own fortunes; and can smile when such become victims to the debaucheries that have unmanned themselves.

FABLE XVII.

THE THISTLE AND THE WHEAT.

"WHAT an unarmed, pusillanimous, humble being art thou!" —said a Thistle to a blade of Wheat— "without a weapon to repulse an enemy, and contented to keep the benefit of thy acquirements within a circumscribed space. Why dost thou not make a bustle in the world, as I do, keeping every one at bay, and when I choose disseminating my opinions East, West, North, and South?" "I am not," replied the Wheat, "aware of having any enemies, and therefore need no weapon of defence. If I possess cultivated abilities, I am satisfied to comfort and instruct my immediate neighbourhood therewith, and my instructions are received cordially. *Thou* needest not to pride thyself on spreading afar thy opinions, since thy neighbours wish not for them; and, for my own part, I am inclined to believe that, wherever thy wild doctrines take root, they invariably prove a curse!"

MORAL.

The well-educated, virtuous, and pious man is a blessing to his neighbourhood and an ornament to society: upright in his intentions and conduct, and

contemplating only good to others, he is not plagued with calculations of evil towards himself. He does not see in every man a cheat, or in every bush an assassin; neither is his door doubly barred. Although he suffer by a designing fellow, his loss does not generate in him a bad opinion of human nature, or induce a suspicious and lynx-eyed caution. His religion,—which is confidence in, and humility towards God, and good-will and honesty towards man,—is consoling to himself, and he delights to impart its benefits with affability to those around him. He does not seek to proselyte strangers, nor to condemn those who differ from him in creed: whilst others, "honest according to law," act with caution (on the most trivial occasions) so as to prevent being deceived, and have all the appearance, to a really upright man, of intending to over-reach; they are full of groundless suspicions, and cannot answer a plain question off-hand and ingenuously, but must stir the fire, or use some other subterfuge, that they may steal time to conjure up a drift and shape an answer.

Opinions, *political* and *religious*, are often promulgated with intemperance, activity, and arrogance; the very manner and way adopted to disseminate them make their qualities doubtful: such preachers should be avoided, for they are generally knaves and make a trade of *both!*


G. Cruikshank.

FABLE XVIII.

THE LADY AND THE MONKEY.

A LITTLE Monkey, the favourite of an antiquated Lady, had often watched the process of the toilet-table, and heard with surprise the self gratulations of his mistress when "made up" for the drawing-room. One evening, knowing that his patroness was invited to a large party, he determined to be more than usually attentive to her proceedings: when, her ladyship having, in her own opinion, been quite killingly successful in blending the lily and the rose, she thus rapturously soliloquized: "In truth I was never more captivating in my life! Surely I shall make an impression on the young warrior to-night." Then, giving her eyebrows a final touch: "He *must* surrender." "No, he won't," said Pug. "What means the saucebox?" said the angered fair. "Why, my dear mistress," replied he, "when you read or write, you put on spectacles to assist your eyes; and when you scrutinize the labours of your milliner you use them: but I have remarked that you never require their help when you look in the 'mirror.' Put them on *now*, and you will at once perceive what the young warrior *has long since discovered.*"

Poor Pug had the fan broken about his unlucky head, and was disposed of to the first showman that passed by.

MORAL.

The subordinate should be careful that, in volunteering advice to his superior, it be not *reproof*. The favoured youth is not tolerated who too nicely spies out the infirmities of body, or the follies into which the aged sometimes fall; for self-estimation and conceit are so interwoven with our nature that even the well-intentioned and honest censures of an equal, or superior, are scarcely bearable; but, if abruptly given, they are sure to excite anger against the censor.

Perhaps it is a fortunate circumstance that the eye ages with the body; otherwise the foolish would be repining at the inroads Time has made in the once beautiful face.—With the wise, the remembrance of what they *were*, and the knowledge of what they *are*, deters from the absurdity of endeavouring to appear what they *have been*.

In the downhill of life, affability, wit, and knowledge, are the attractions we should cultivate, if we are desirous of securing the respect and esteem of others.

The anxiety which the fair sex generally show to hide the "yellow leaf" is perhaps venial; but to see a sexagenarian, single-coated, and open-breasted, tripping along (as he fancies) with a step perfectly *debonaire*, on a frosty winter morning, staring at persons he does not see, and jostling against others because he is too vain to appear to need the aid of spectacles, is pitiable indeed!

FABLE XIX.

THE PHILOSOPHIC WATCHMAKER.

A WATCHMAKER, intent on putting together a chronometer, was suddenly disturbed by a violent altercation between his parrot, his magpie, and his cat. After listening for some time to their dispute, he found out that each of them, dissatisfied with its form and lot, wished to be something else. "Silence, ye troublesome animals!" said he, "and hear me. You all see this watch, and know that I have made it: now suppose it to be the world, and me the Creator; —this wheel shall be *you*, Puss—this other wheel, being of a different shape and matter, *you*, Jack—this chain *you*, Poll—and this piece of steel shall be man. Each forms a part of the watch, which is a perfect whole; and each in themselves are equally perfect and fitting, according to my intention when I made them. Even so is it in the arrangement of Nature; thou, Puss, art perfect as a cat; thou, Poll, as a parrot; and thou, Jack, as a magpie: so make yourselves contented with your forms and stations, and let me have no more quarrelling and noise, I desire."

MORAL.

The medium of fable is here adapted to the purpose of making clear, to every capacity, a doctrine of

great importance, in a few words. Although some difference of opinion may exist on the subject of individual " perfection," none can object to the philosophy that inculcates *content,* which is *worldly happiness.*

If we permitted the moral of this fable to operate with due force on our minds, we should become, at all events, better as social beings: we should dismiss our presumption, and excessive vanity; and journey on our path more agreeably to ourselves, and more rationally as it respects our neighbours.


Robt Cruikshank.
R. Harris

FABLE XX.

THE YARD-DOG AND THE FOX.

A FARM-YARD Dog, who night after night had been kept on the alert by a prowling Fox, determined, when next he made his appearance, not to confine his duty to the protection of the yard, if attacked, but boldly to give him chase, and, if possible, kill the disturber of his repose. To insure this he placed himself in ambush; but, being of too rash a temper, he no sooner caught a glimpse of Reynard than he sprang forward, and, thereby giving the Fox notice of his intentions, he frustrated his own scheme.

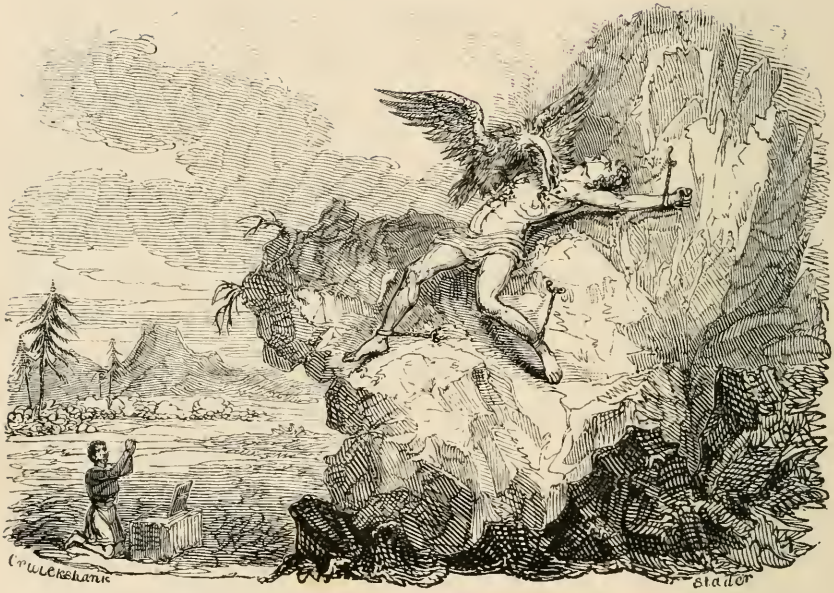
Reynard soon found out which was the fleeter; so, slackening his pace and keeping only at a short distance a-head, he lured the Dog into a thick wood, where he was soon bewildered; then, using his utmost speed, he got round to the unguarded farm-yard, devoured a couple of pullets for his supper, and carried off with impunity the fattest goose he could find, long before the Dog had returned from his fruitless chase, tired, and heartily vexed with himself.

MORAL.

Vigilance and courage are qualifications most necessary when acting on the defensive; but the addition of judgment and circumspection are requisite when acting on the offensive or pursuing a retreating foe. The beneficial results expected from a

hard-contested battle have often been thrown away, and a palpable victory terminated in a shameful defeat, owing to the sanguine and incautious pursuit of a flying enemy.

A skilful general weighs not only the cause or necessity of an opponent's retrograde movement, but also the ability he himself possesses to follow with effect, before he ventures from his position and resources. An officer appointed to defend a pass, or escort a convoy, commits a high breach of duty in being enticed from his station to encounter even inferior numbers, or in leaving his charge to skirmish with an enemy, although victory be the result. So, in private concerns, the book-keeper has no business on 'Change, nor the cashier in the granary. A tradesman would make but a sorry figure who, leaving his shop unprotected, ran after a nimble thief with the chance of recovering a trifle, and who returned, after an unsuccessful chase, to find his premises plundered during his absence.


Cruikshank
Stader

FABLE XXI.

PROMETHEUS AND MAN.

After Prometheus had fashioned a *Being*, and endowed him with life and mind, incurring thereby the wrath of Jove, *Man* was discontented, and fancied he still wanted something to make him perfect: *what*, he could not tell. For that nameless thing he importuned Prometheus, who in anger gave him a "Spleen."

MORAL.

Man is ever dissatisfied: something is always wanting to complete his happiness. Does he attain that which he has longed for to-day?—to-morrow finds him equally anxious to possess an "indispensable" something more. The remembrance of the vexations, sorrows, and dangers we have already encountered does not intimidate us; but we force

down upon our heads fresh masses of difficulty and tribulation. Covered with honours and surrounded by riches,—or poor and unknown,—it is all the same.

Philosophy and religion do but regulate the passion; the aspirings remain.

FABLE XXII.

THE BEAR AND HIS GUESTS.

A Bear, who had seen rather more of the world than bears generally do, acquired a small taste for literature. He gave numerous entertainments, and selected an arch Fox and a witty Monkey, with whose stories and jokes he was pleased, to be his constant *tête-a-tête* guests. One day he condescended to invite the Badger, a distant relation of his own, a somewhat clever fellow, to join his little party. The dinner was good and all were merry, when the Bear, as usual, dropt into his afternoon nap and began to snore. "Methinks," said the Badger, "this is a bad specimen of my cousin's polish, and what I consider excessively affronting; pray is he wont to do so?" "Even so," said the Monkey; "but we have become so used to it that we hardly notice it now; indeed he rather does us a favour; for we have our *own* conversation whilst he is dozing." "How the fellow keeps sucking his paws!" said the Badger; "I wonder what he is thinking about." "Thinking about!" said the Fox, "why he is dreaming of the apiary he once broke into; and where he got so terribly mauled by the bees—he fancies his paws honey." "Bravo! bravo!" said the Badger. "Or it may perhaps be the remembrance of the sores inflicted on his feet by the 'hot tiles' when he took lessons in *dancing!*" At

this they all set up a roar of such loud laughter that it awakened the Bear, who gruffly demanded how *those* whom he had honoured by an invitation could be so impudent as to disturb him? "Upon my honour, cousin," said the Badger, "we did not intend to affront you, but, since you are so irritable and unmannerly, you shall be informed of the cause of our laughter. We were wondering whether you were sucking honey off your paws—or only healing the blisters you got at the dancing school; ha! ha!"

MORAL.

It is a false although generally received maxim that a favour is conferred on another by an invitation, both being of the same rank: whereas, his company being sought, it is the *guest* who confers the favour. A good dinner, with the society of the purse-proud and ignorant, is a sorry compensation for a sensible man's loss of time. An obligation may indeed be said to take place when an invitation comes from superior rank and learning, and the visitor is treated with courteous affability.

Hospitality—genuine hospitality, as understood in former times, and still lauded, has been gradually disappearing from this country. Where find we the "festive board," "the wassail cup," "the Maypole?" Foreign refinements, superinduced affectation, and deprivations entailed on us by expensive wars, may partially account for the absence of the former; but where are the village greens and commons? in too many instances gone! and with them the hilarity of the peasantry, and the remembrance of the sports and customs of their Saxon forefathers.


R Cruikshank
R Hart sc

FABLE XXIII.

THE FARMER AND THE POINTER.

A Farmer, one day seeing some hares feeding in a clover field, that adjoined his landlord's preserve, railed at the game laws; and, as he went along, grumbled at the injustice of permitting such destructive animals to destroy his property, himself not being allowed to kill one for his dinner.

"You might have one, at any time in the season, for only *asking*," said the squire's Pointer, who just then came out of a brake; "and, as to the injustice of the case, I cannot make that out: for you knew of the preserve when you took the farm, and the rent was fixed accordingly."

MORAL.

Generally speaking, farmers are the most dissatisfied class of beings. According to *their* account, Providence is ever doing wrong:—"Too much rain," or "too much drought." Whether there be a scanty crop, or a plentiful harvest, still "Corn fetches no price!"

Coming as it were into intimate connexion with Providence, one would think that the continual experience they have of its wisdom and bounty would make them contented and thankful; but no! they must be for ever grumbling. Even where themselves have the ordering of things, they are not satisfied.—They succeed in taking a farm, for which there were other competitors, at a moderate rate, subject to certain clauses, which occasioned an allowance in rent; but, ere twelve months have elapsed, they complain nevertheless.

Where is the farmer who does not rail at the payment of tithes? whereas the tithes are as much the right of the clergy of the established religion as the rental is of the landlord.

As in the lapse of centuries great changes take place in the government, customs, laws, dress, and even language of a nation, so perhaps some mode might be adopted for collecting church revenue more suited to the present feelings of both the clergy and people.


Cruickshank

FABLE XXIV.

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE SQUIRREL.

A Squirrel, having noticed for a long time a Hedgehog, curled up at the foot of a tree, thought proper to awaken him; so, after hallooing, and rolling him about, he succeeded: then, upbraiding him with want of activity and industry, "Be an early riser," said he, "and bestir yourself as I do. 'Twill improve your body and mind, and——" "And," replied the Hedgehog, "I dare say you think yourself a wondrous clever fellow! But I know you to be a skipjack, a conceited, meddling rascal; and desire that you will never again dare to intrude your lectures, much less audaciously to disturb me, when in a sound sleep, which is both natural to me, and conducive to my health.

MORAL.

As the external and internal formations of bodies differ, so does equally the construction of our minds. Some men are naturally sedentary—inclined to study and contemplation—very confiding. Others are by nature bustling, watchful, suspicious; always "*men of business*," whether about something or nothing. The world is loud in praise of the latter, who usually suc-

ceed in obtaining riches, provided they confine themselves to their physical qualifications. It is sufficient for this class that they fidget through life, and amass a fortune which they are incapable of rationally enjoying, without scornfully treating the needy man of science, whose endeavour has been to store his mind with learning, of which he is liberal to others,—rather than his pockets with gold acquired by doubtful means. Yet a Johnson has experienced the upbraidings of a "Sir Pennyworth," for *idleness;* of one who thought the produce of the brain might be measured out, with the same facility as a yard of tape.

Assiduity and perseverance in whatever is undertaken is both praiseworthy and necessary to the completion of the object; but, undoubtedly, all the avocations in life on which competency depends may be gone through without the foolery of the "*very active man of business,*" whose great virtue, after all, consists in a constitutional restlessness and cunning.


Cruikshank

FABLE XXV.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE GNAT.

A Traveller, who had taken up a night's lodging at an inn, was so sorely pestered and bitten by Gnats that he vowed vengeance against them in the morning. No sooner was it light than he got on his clothes, and put his threat into execution.

An old Gnat, after which he had been long in chase, and which he had just caught, asserted its innocence, and protested against the cruelty of such indiscriminating massacre, alleging that it was only the *female** part of the community which, contrary to their wishes and commands, had been guilty of molesting him:—that, as for *his* sex, they were all "peace-loving," and never insulted any one. "Poh! poh!" said the Traveller, "I cannot distinguish which is which: neither know I whether you are speaking truth or falsehood; I shall therefore proceed; and you may thank *yourselves*, for not keeping your wives and daughters in better subjection!"

* See Lattreille's Nat. Hist. of Insects, Third Dis.

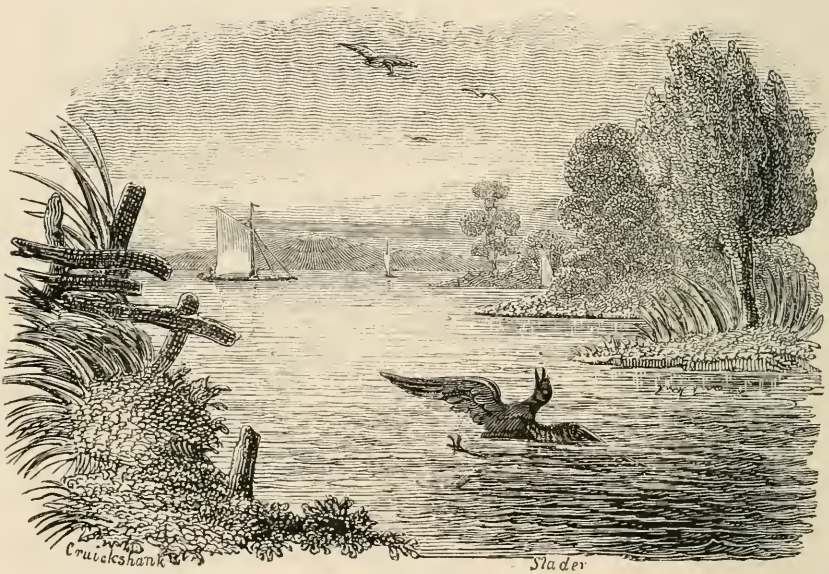
MORAL.

The petty vexations that almost daily occur may be not improperly termed the "gnat-bites" of the mind.

The sting of the gnat would cause but a momentary pain, could we refrain from irritating the part affected, by rubbing and scratching:—even so we swell trifles into importance by brooding on them, and thereby become tetchy, and derogate in soul. A little stoicism only is requisite to overcome both.

But this fable inculcates a lesson of greater importance, namely, the duty and necessity incumbent on the head of a family to keep all parties under due government. Woman, the delight and ornament of social life, sadly mars her loveliness, and destroys her own happiness, whenever she becomes too selfish to be delicately alive to the pleasures and comforts of those around her; but when she gives way to ill-temper, dissatisfaction, and love of command, and trespasses on the over-kindness of a good-natured man, she is then the disturber of all family and friendly intercourse,—a scourge, and the ruiner of her own and her husband's peace of mind; and too often of their fortunes, by extravagance, or by rendering his home disagreeable, so that he seeks consolation elsewhere, to the neglect of his temporal affairs.

Envy, jealousy, inclination to bad temper, and authoritativeness, cannot be too early curbed in the education of that sex which is destined to be the blessing or curse of domestic life.


Cruickshank
Slader

FABLE XXVI.

THE CONCEITED CROW.

A Crow, who had watched a Gull with surprise
Drop down to the water, and then again rise
Aloft in the air, with a delicate fish,
Most ardently longed for so tempting a dish;
And, having his share of conceit and presumption,
The aquatic to rival he felt no compunction;
So, soaring a little, to eye the blue water,
Determin'd the first scaly urchin to slaughter.
He hover'd a time, and espied a bright Bleak,
Which he fancied was made for his "carrion" cheek;
So, darting down rashly, a death-blow to give her,
He plunged over *tail* in the bed of the river.
He rose to the top, but no fish had he caught,—
Yet a lesson of wisdom o'er dearly had bought;
For, after long striving and struggling in vain
To mount in the air, or the margin to gain,
Neither strength, nor conceit, nor praying, nor breath,
Could save the poor Crow from a watery death.

MORAL.

So sufficient, alas ! young folks are now grown,
They think there's no head-piece so good as their own.
With a glance of the eye, they fancy they scan
All the myst'ry of thought, and the business of man.
If by int'rest or chance led to traffic unknown,
They are sure to adopt some new way of their own;
Or, thinking they copy with consummate skill,
Plump into bad luck, and soon get their fill.
Experience—remember!—and knowledge are *bought*,
If not by close practice and study they're sought.
All this is most foolish in *youth*,—but in AGE
The absurdity puts one almost in a rage.
Lo, the wrinkled old beau (what a woeful mistake!)
Who at *threescore and two* tries to ape the young rake,
So dressy and gay, though the winter's wind blows!
And, pretending he sees an arm's length from his nose,
He is ogling each lass wheresoever he goes;
Until painfully warn'd that his sight won't avail
To guide his "shrunk shanks" from the milkwoman's pail.


Rob Cruikshank
COBBING TON. St

FABLE XXVII.

THE LION AND THE JACKAL.

THE Jackal, after in vain soliciting to be taken into the service of the Tyger, Leopard, and Panther, humbly requested first the one, then the other, that they would report him to the Lion. From them all he received a courteous, but doubtful promise. "They would consider his case—an opportunity might chance when they should feel at liberty to do so:—that he should be mindful to increase his knowledge and be always within call."—At length, tired of attending and soliciting an introduction through them, he determined boldly to approach, and state his own cause, the first time he met the monarch alone. That soon happened, when, acquainting the Lion with his unsuccessful applications, he respectfully preferred his qualifications, and begged to be taken into his service. "Thy size and countenance truly are not much in thy favour," replied the monarch, benignly; "but, as outward appearances are not always to be depended upon, I will make trial of thee myself. Attend me to the chase to-morrow!"

The Lion invited the Tyger, Leopard, and Panther to the hunt, where the Jackal fully redeemed his pledge, by leading them to abundance of sport. "What

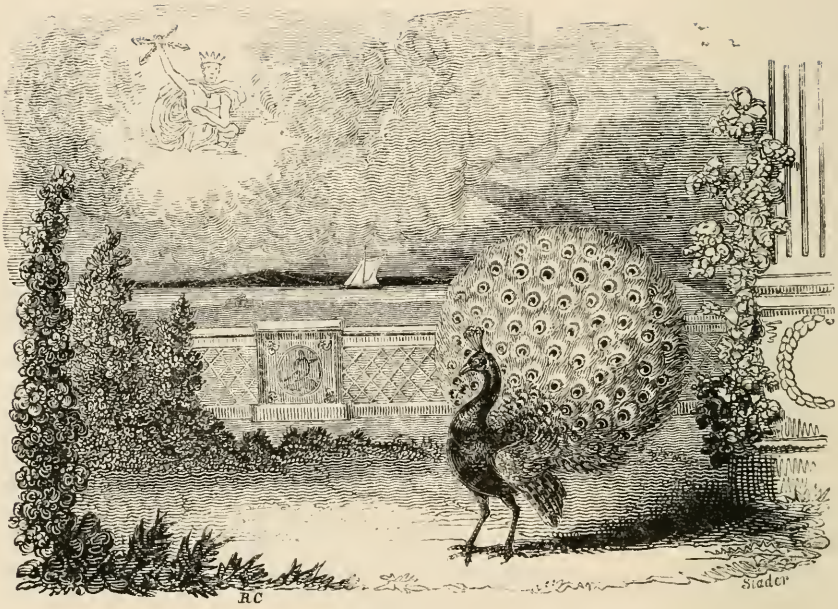
think ye," said the Lion, of the abilities of my new servant?" "We acknowledge his merit," said they, "and the great discernment of your majesty."

The Lion was so much pleased with the Jackal that he immediately took him into his service and society, and created him leader of his hunt, to the no small mortification of the other beasts.

MORAL.

It is always advisable to go to the fountain head, if possible. Many a worthy man has lost his time and shoes in waiting on Mr. A., to beg that he would request Mr. B. to use his influence with Mr. C., to obtain a petty favour; whereas, had he passed by the Jacks in office, and applied to the Principal direct, it is more than probable that the protection sought would have been accorded, and that the patron himself would have felt a satisfaction in the opportunity of judging merit, without the opinion of another.

It is to be regretted that ignorance, masked by effrontery and a good address, is so often successful; when respectable knowledge and abilities, because accompanied by diffidence and timidity in preferring a request, have failed to obtain the object sought. Those who have *acumen* select the latter, and experience a return beyond expectation: whereas those who choose the former are rewarded by disappointment, vexation, and most likely insult.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Slader

FABLE XXVIII.

JUPITER AND THE PEACOCK.

When Jove called the first assemblage of the birds, he was so vexed at the excessive vanity of their females that he deprived them of voice, and ordered the obliteration of their brilliant colours. The Peacock, possessing great beauty, was chosen by Juno for her attendant, and the Goddess roughly rated Jove for his uncourteous conduct towards her sex. This distinction of the Peacock caused the pride of that bird to become so intolerable that Jupiter substituted the harsh, dissonant tones of his consort, for its melodiousness of song.

MORAL.

We have nothing to be vain of; and pride has been denounced in every age. If it were pardonable in any instance, it would be so in the man of learning and science; but knowledge, far from encouraging pride, humbles us in our own estimation. To be vain

of the person, or of the beautiful face which so soon fades, and in the formation of which we have had no hand, is a great weakness. To be vain of dress is contemptible; of riches, folly; of poverty, hypocrisy; of religion, impiety!

FABLE XXIX

THE TRUANT ASS.

A LITTLE Sweep had once a pet Donkey, to which he was very kind, giving him, besides a warm shed to sleep in, all the hay and corn he could buy, beg, or borrow; but, notwithstanding the little fellow expended all he earned upon him, the Ass, fancying he could better his condition, strayed away. He, however, soon found out that thistles and road-side grass were but a poor substitute for good corn; so he hired himself to a mountebank, who made him great promises; but this change proved more woeful than the former, for his vagrant load and the cudgel were seldom off his back. "Alas! alas!" said the Donkey, "what an ungrateful fool have I been to leave my good little master, to become the slave of this lying fellow! Half a measure with kindness is much better than a whole one with cruelty: if ever I have an opportunity, I'll go back again."

It happened not long afterwards that they passed a guide-post at the head of cross roads, one of which the Donkey recognized; so, notwithstanding the scolding, tugging, and beating he received from his enraged master, he started full gallop down the hill, and soon reached his village, where he met the Sweep,

still sorrowing for his loss, and who no sooner saw his truant Donkey than he forgot his anger, hung round his neck, and welcomed him back again;—then, quickly unseating the clown, he mounted in his place, and fairly hunted him out of the village, to the great merriment of the beholders.

MORAL.

Violent changes are seldom, if ever, made for the better. It behoves the youth who feels dissatisfied with home, or a master, to pause and well consider before he flees from the paternal or friendly roof, to encounter ills and disasters he never dreamed of.

Virtue does not quit the bosom at once, and for ever: ere long, the heart feels a returning ray, and the inclination is to retrace the faulty step, and seek pardon: that moment is precious, and if seized with avidity, and without hesitation, it will lead to the re-establishment of confidence and friendship.

Not only does an ingenuous acknowledgment of error disarm anger, but the very remembrance of ingratitude is often forgotten, and the beloved renegade is received with open arms. But suffer that moment of strong compunction, through pride, or false shame, to pass, and a thorough plunge into wickedness ensues: conscience becomes blunted; and the end is ruin, disease, and debasement of mind.


Stader

FABLE XXX.

THE GREYHOUND AND THE HARE.

A YOUNG Greyhound, crossing a meadow, chanced to start a Hare, which made with all speed for the adjoining wood. The Dog, thinking it a fine opportunity to treat himself with so delicate a bit in safety and secresy, followed with his utmost ardour, and was within a length of her when she gained the wood. He (not as on ordinary occasions, when on duty, contenting himself with having done his best) became more desperately anxious to possess the object of his criminal appetite,—and in a moment dashed out his brains against a tree.

MORAL.

The youth who spurns the advice and cautions of the aged, arising oftentimes from the experience they themselves have full dearly bought, will sorely, and too late, repent his transgression.—Some are conceited beyond counsel; and, with upstart confidence in their own fancied abilities, embark in speculations the most foolish, because *they* have calculated; and *they* must succeed! Encountering a first loss, they are not contented to withdraw their capital in time, but obstinately persevere, rather than that the world

should doubt their judgment. Embarked in a forbidden or dishonourable transaction, and fearing disclosure, they cannot brook disappointment; repulse but adds to their impetuosity, and ruin generally ensues.

It is bad enough when (as with the dog) the mischief alights only on themselves; but it is not uncommon for their own disgrace to be accompanied by family disasters.

FABLE XXXI.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE MAGPIE.

An Old Woman, who had brought up a Magpie from a nestling, until it had attained its full plumage, was determined that it should be a "good talker." She accordingly engaged the village Blacksmith, who never failed in making "clever birds," to cut his tongue. He received the reward first (as is customary), and borrowed of the Old Woman an old silver sixpence to perform the operation with, which he readily pretended to accomplish, and then wished her good day. "Thou art a silly old body," said the Magpie, "to be gulled thus: my capability of speech was the same before as since; notwithstanding the wry faces he made, he merely stretched my beak, and gave me some pain, so as to colour the cheat; and he has now walked off with the old sixpence into the bargain, laughing at your credulity!"

MORAL.

No matter how small the community, some one will always be found to encourage superstition and to profit by the weakness of the credulous. Educa-

tion, which ought to assist people in thinking and examining for themselves, seems to have done little or nothing; for, throughout the "country," these follies are still believed and practised.

Only a few months ago, amongst other items of debt proved by a mistress against her servant girl, in one of the Courts of Request, was "Lent Mary one shilling—that she might turn money at the first sight of the new moon!"

FABLE XXXII.

CRŒSUS, ÆSOP, AND SOLON.

When Æsop was at Sardis, at the court of Crœsus, the king, to try whether the report brought to him by his ambassadors (who were just returned from Samos) of his ready wit and great wisdom was well founded, took the occasion of his first audience to propound to him two questions :- viz., What would best assuage grief? and what is the cure for anger? Æsop replied, "Wine and dance will assuage the former; the only cure for the latter is—water and prayer." On another occasion (at the suggestion of Solon, who was highly esteemed by Crœsus, and then sojourned at his court) that he might perplex the Samian,* the king ordered Æsop to be called before him, and proposed the following questions :—

"Who is the most avaricious man? and what is the cure for avarice?" Æsop answered, "The 'richest man' is the most avaricious man; and the certain cure for avarice is for him to lose all his treasures, and be forced to live by borrowing; for, the money he then spends not being his own, he will assuredly

* Perhaps 'Phrygian' would have been more correct—but, as his wisdom and wit were developed at Samos, the above national distinction is used, the more so as, in all probability, from Æsop's obscure derivation he was known only as a 'Samian.'

be lavish of it." Solon, thinking he had Æsop in his meshes, said, "The mighty Crœsus, is he not the richest of mortals? and is he not, at the same time, the most liberal and magnificent?" Æsop smiled as he sharply regarded Solon, and replied, "Crœsus, the greatest of monarchs, is worthy of his immense treasures and unbounded fame; for he is the *exception.*" The king extolled Æsop's wisdom and wit, and, looking towards Solon, "I will," said he, "propose yet one more question to be propounded. Who is the wisest lawgiver?" "He," replied Æsop, "whose laws are so just that they are obeyed with alacrity, so few that they can be easily remembered, and so plainly worded that they admit not of a double construction. Lawsuits will then be seldom, and the lawyers eat bread and olives."

Crœsus commanded that Æsop should be honourably entertained during his stay in Sardis, and requested him to prolong it.

MORAL.

Jealousy is a subtle passion, and is so closely interwoven with our virtues that it retains its position, despite philosophy, in the minds even of the most exalted moralists. It may be refined and subdued; but never effectually eradicated.

FABLE XXXIII.

THE COW AND THE GOAT.

A Cow was grazing in a rich meadow, when raising her head she observed a Goat tearing some ivy from a tree that grew hard by. Interested for his welfare, "Desist," said she, "from browsing on those poisonous leaves, and partake with me of this delicious herbage." To this warning the Goat paid no attention, but continued to eat. At last the Cow thought proper, in *kindness,* to employ her superior strength, and drove him away. "I doubt not," said the Goat, "that your intentions are good, and that you consider you are doing me a personal favour;—as such I give you credit for your *good-will;* but permit me to tell you that your solicitude savours too much of the *powerful* to be, under any circumstances, convincing; and in this instance, founded as it is in ignorance of what is wholesome for me and delicious to my palate, it is absurdly intrusive.

MORAL.

Most people have their fancies and antipathies; yet some are so unmannerly and egotistical as to demand that others subscribe to *their* crude doc-

trines, whims, and tastes. With a little superficial knowledge, they denounce opinions opposed to theirs as heterodox; or, guided solely by their own palates, they stamp certain viands baneful, because, perchance, they have used those viands immoderately and suffered by the excess, or because they prove inimical to their particular constitutions.

The stomach, if allowed "fair play," would never choose wrongly; indeed, if it were consulted oftener as to the provision for dinner, the ingredients of many pills and draughts would remain unmixed in the apothecary's shop. It is when the head presumptuously dictates to the stomach that the system becomes deranged. *Enough*, nicely cooked, and eaten with relish, is conducive to health and strength, and *not* what is called the "hearty dinner" from off many dishes. Animals in a wild state are seldom if ever ill; and, should they feel so, their instinct leads them to select an antidote. Dogs eat grass at times, and fowls stones, by order of the stomach.


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Lee

FABLE XXXIV.

THE ASS AND THE OWL.

An Ass, after ruminating for some time, beneath the foliage of an oak, on the causes of the low estimation in which his species were held by man, at length brayed out: "The neigh of the horse—the low of the cow—the bleating of the sheep—and even the bark of the dog, are not only tolerated, but often admired. Yet, if I do but dare to open my mouth, they cry out, 'Oh! horrible!'—and then, again, my ears offend their eyes! Now, for my own part, I deem my voice to be both strong and melodious; and though my ears are, perhaps, rather of the longest, there can be no great difficulty in having them cropped, if the fashion continues." At that moment, an Owl, who was perched near the top of the oak, and who had attentively listened to the soliloquy, uttered a loud screech. "There now," said the Ass, "that's what I call a fine voice, and in my opinion superior to the shrill tones of the birds they so much prize! I wonder whence it proceeds." The Owl, delighted with the unexpected praise, lost no time in making herself known, and descended to the lowest branch of the tree.

"My friend," said she, "the notes you have so justly admired proceeded from myself. I revere your judgment---and am bold to declare that the world is prejudiced against *you* without cause: and, did you

possess the agility of the horse, I would then take upon myself to pronounce you his equal." "There again," said the Ass, "even in the estimation of "absolute wisdom" I am accounted inactive! but, since I respect your discrimination, I will convince you to the contrary." The Ass now reared up, trotted, galloped, and went through all, and more than all, his paces: for which he received the Owl's "Bravissimo!" This so elated him that, determining to outdo all that he had done before, and to effect a novel gambol, he put his head between his legs:—but, alas! flinging out too high, he had the misfortune to kick his friend the Owl from off his judgment seat.

MORAL.

Providence has wisely implanted in every human being a liberal portion of self-esteem. Without that ample quantity our lot in this world would be far less bearable, and contentment at indeed an immeasurable distance. But self-esteem should not render us blind to our own defects, nor so envious of a qualification possessed by another as to induce us to become ridiculous by a hopeless attempt at rivalry—on the contrary, it ought to stimulate us to cultivate the ability more peculiarly our own to its highest attainment, and thereby secure universal regard.

Some persons are so exceedingly perverse as to wholly mistake their talent; and set about studying a science or profession for which Nature herself shows she never intended them, by the incapacity she thought wise to inflict: this is most commonly exemplified in music and singing. The praise of dunces is acceptable to besotted fools.

FABLE XXXV.

THE ANTELOPE AND THE TYGER.

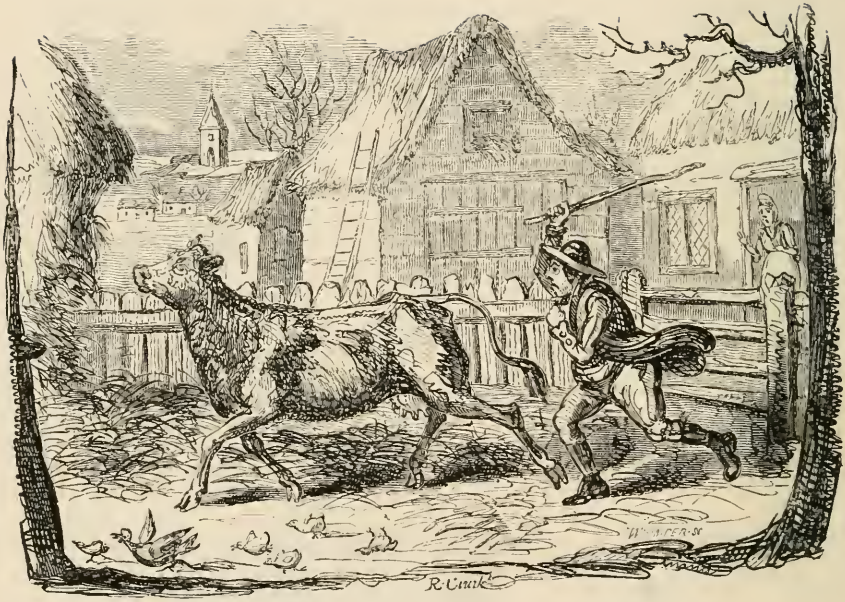
An Antelope, being hunted by a Leopard, and almost exhausted: chanced in her flight to pass near to the lair of a Tyger who had but recently gorged himself. The rush, however, roused him from his cover, and he gruffly reprimanded the Leopard for trespassing on his domain. The inferior brute shrank back, and desisted from pursuing his prey; which the tired, timid Antelope seeing, halted, and fondly thought that such interposition could only proceed from a generous mind in kindness to herself. Strongly impressed with gratitude, she hastened to return thanks to the Tyger for her preservation; and, being graciously received, she felt unbounded confidence and sufficient courage to ask permission to abide and browse under her benefactor's protection; which the Tyger with deceitful courtesy assented to.

The Antelope now slaked her thirst without fear, and congratulated herself on the prospect of long life and comfort, under the powerful guardianship of one who had displayed such disinterested friendship.

But, alas! the following morning too fatally proved the poor Antelope's error; for no sooner did hunger return than the treacherous Tyger made a meal of his foolishly-confiding guest.

MORAL.

Alas, for human nature, that it is so!—Nevertheless, *it is* but too true that there are monsters of our own species, both male and female, practised in more atrocious acts than the Tyger is represented to have committed in the fable. In the round of villanies there is not any thing more base or more common, than, by apparently kind attentions, opportune show of friendship, or tender of protection, to secure the confidence of the young and unsuspecting, to their ruin,—or, by a display of bolder interference, to cause the admiration and gratitude of the more experienced, and equally betray them to destruction.


R. Cruik

FABLE XXXVI.

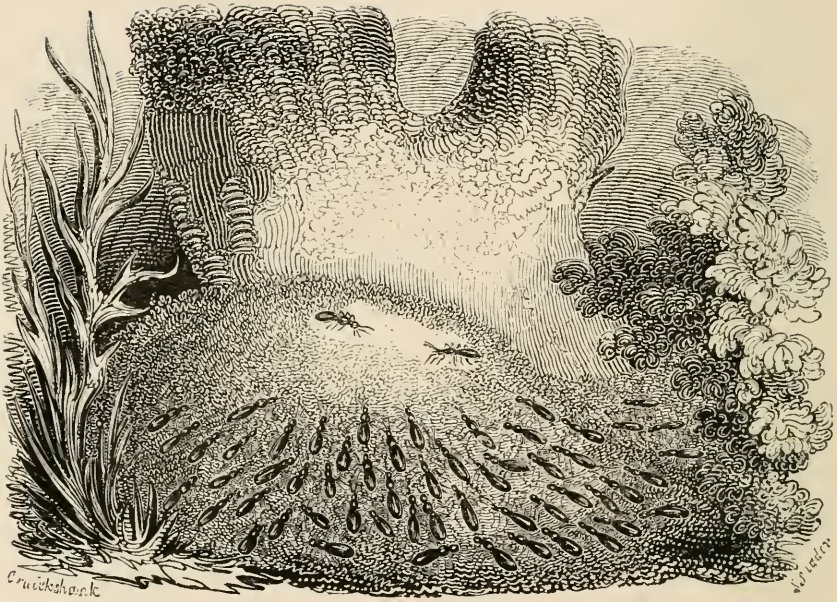
THE COW AND THE FARMER.

During a hard winter an old half-famished Cow approached a farm-yard and begged a little straw, or refuse-hay, for that the common was quite bare and she almost starved. The tender-hearted housewife, believing her tale, took compassion on her miserable plight and admitted her into the stack-yard; then, placing before her an abundant quantity of good hay, she recommended her to make a hearty meal and depart,—but on no wise to touch the stacks. No sooner, however, had the Cow stilled the first cravings of hunger than she grew dainty and discontented, and fell to tearing one of the stacks to pieces in search of delicacies; and, having eaten to loathing, so careless did she become of the injunction as to lie down in the midst of the sweetest hay.

When the Farmer returned home he reproved his wife for her ill-placed kindness; and, taking a hedge-stake, he belaboured the Cow out of his yard, saying, 'Ungrateful pauper! in pity you were admitted and provided with provender beyond your request; but the return you have made for such unhoped-for kindness has been, wantonly to waste the provisions I had stored up for my own cattle during the winter! Go---you are unworthy of charity."

MORAL.

The deceptions that are daily passed on the kind-hearted, and the ingratitude too often experienced by the benevolent, cause the generous hand to be sometimes closed against the solicitations of real poverty and wretchedness. When compassion has been excited to rescue, not only from starvation, but to clothe and place a fellow-creature in a comparative state of comfort,---to be then rewarded by extravagance, abuse, and perhaps theft, is disheartening indeed.



FABLE XXXVII.

THE BEE AND THE ANT.

A Bee was busily employed on a rose, when an Ant made his appearance in the same flower. "Good afternoon to you," said the Ant; "I am sent by the doctor of our community to dip a sippet of wheat in the sweetness of the rose, for a sick fellow-citizen." "You are quite welcome to the honey," said the Bee, "for my present business is to collect wax; and, as I have nearly got enough, and there is plenty of honey for your sippet, I think we may spare a short hour to have a little chat touching our different governments." The Ant (republican like) was nothing loath to a dish of politics, so to it they went; praising, attacking, and defending their respective systems with such warmth, that the sun had sunk below the horizon ere they were conscious of the time they had wasted.

The Bee, on anxious wings, hurried to the hive—but arriving too late, he was conducted before the Queen, and, *unheard*, degraded to the rank of *Drone*.

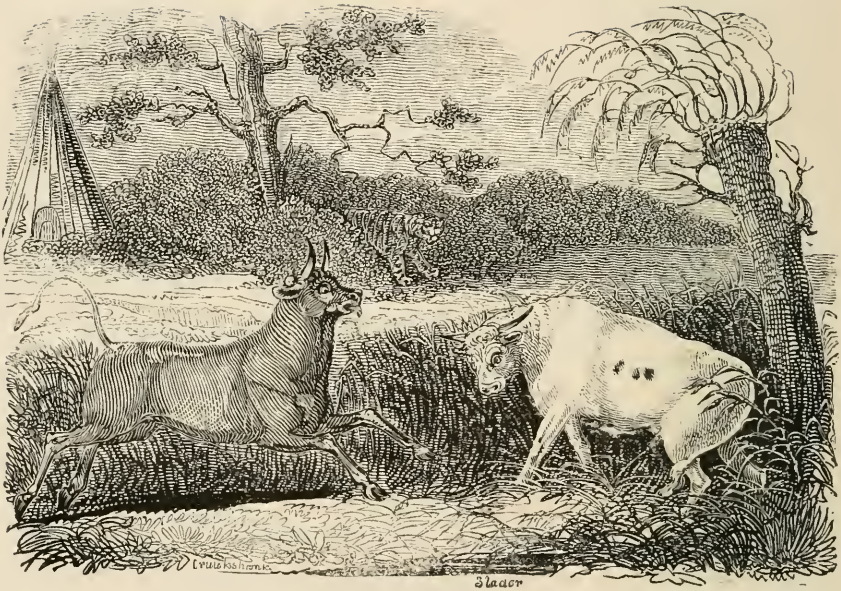
The Ant, in his fright, forgot the sippet, and had nearly reached home before he discovered that he had left it behind him; he therefore set about inventing a feasible excuse. Arrived at the citadel, he *also* was taken into custody, and brought before a judge and jury; when he was charged with breach of "orders," and wasting the property of the commonwealth. The Ant, secure in his excuse, thus undauntedly stated his defence:—"As commanded by the doctor, I saturated the sippet in the choicest honey of the rose, and was on my return with it, when I was attacked by

some citizens of the adjoining republic. I dropt my charge, and defended myself; after an obstinate and protracted conflict with one of them, I prevailed, and I have now the satisfaction to congratulate my fellow-citizens on having added one more trait of successful 'single combat' to the annals of our republic.—As to the sippet, I sought for it in vain, after I had gained the victory, and must suppose that some dastard filched it away during the encounter." "Prisoner," said the judge, "you know full well that the international laws of our republics protected your person and charge, when carrying food for a sick fellow-citizen, by the doctor's order. How many, and where are the wounds you received in this pretended combat?" The Ant trembled, and was mute. He was found guilty of both the charges, and, for having added a disgraceful lie to his crime, the punishment of "death" was adjudged.

MORAL.

It has been remarked that the laws of a republican government are more sanguinary than those of a monarchy; probably it may be so, and arise from their abhorrence of slavery, or long, or unlimited imprisonment.

Neglect of duty, or breach of orders, is sure to lead to lying; in which having succeeded, falsehood becomes a propensity. Truth should be cultivated in the young mind, by example, praise, and reward; and, should an inclination to prevaricate be observed, the promise "*not to punish if the truth be told,*" should be most scrupulously adhered to; reproving only by remonstrance and advice. This fable points to the error of what is called "staying on errands," and is a wholesome lesson for children and dependents.



Slader

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TWO BULLS.

Two Bulls had been fighting for mastery with equal strength and obstinacy for a length of time; and, though both were gored and tired, and no prospect of deciding the question, they still continued to struggle, when, all at once, one of them espying a Tyger, cried out, "Hold, cousin Bull; yonder I see an enemy approaching: no doubt he hopes to take advantage of our dissensions to make a booty of one or both of us." "If that be the case," said the other, "we'll make peace, if you please, and oppose our united strength to the invader."

The Tyger no sooner saw that friendship was restored between them than he slunk back to his lair in the forest.

MORAL.

It were well if neighbouring nations would seek to cultivate a good understanding with each other, rather than be captious about trifles, and waste their strength and resources in war, instead of husbanding them, to oppose a stranger. It is true that mutual danger often reconciles states to a just and wise policy; but, alas! such alliances, being the result of necessity, they generally take place too late, and seldom work well.

Much is it to be regretted that a nation composed of "unions" should consider it necessary to withhold from a large portion of the people their civil rights, owing to a difference in religion. The strength of a state consists in commerce, love of country, and respect for the government; but the one will not flourish to its greatest extent, or the others be universally felt, so long as any class is proscribed, without imperative cause, from a fair participation in the legislature.

FABLE XXXIX.

THE JOB HORSES.

A YOUNG horse got by chance into the possession of a coach Jobber, and was harnessed by the side of an old stager to draw a "party of pleasure" into the country. They had not proceeded many miles, when the novice, who had fumed and fretted, until he was hot, with endeavouring to get over the ground quicker, reproved the old horse for not stepping out as he did; "for," said he," "the sooner we have performed our journey, the sooner we shall get back to the stable, and be made comfortable for the rest of the day."

"It is not for want of courage, or inclination" (said the old stager), "to join you cordially, where a fixed distance is to be done:—but I overheard them say it was to be a *Country trip:* now, experience has taught me, that such parties never think they get enough labour for their money, out of us poor slaves!

They intend working us for a certain number of *Hours,* and whether we travel at my pace, or yours, it is only the difference of fatigue to ourselves, for we shall not be allowed to get home one minute the sooner even were we to go at our utmost speed!"

MORAL.

It is fortunate to have a friend, who has travelled

the same road we ourselves are about to start on, and for whose judgment we have a respect; for, by making use of his experience, we may so regulate our conduct as to avoid many dangers and disappointments which we should otherwise of necessity undergo.

Humanity should extend itself, in the shape of kindness, towards all the inferior creation:—more particularly to those from whom we require labour, and which are, as it were, of our own family—Horses, Dogs, &c. Thoughtlessness is often attended with the same pain to the poor animal, as the cruel man's ill treatment. We are bound to feed well, gently use, and not over-work them; aye, and to speak kindly to them!

Some mistresses might act with more humanity than they do towards their servants, who, after having pressed upon them the propriety of getting through their work in good time, are disordered in their tempers should they surprise them in the evening, seated comfortably before the kitchen fire and enjoying a cessation from labour; and then, forsooth, conjure up some unnecessary occupation to prevent *Idle habits!* fie on them!


R. C

FABLE XL.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

A CAT, having caught a Mouse, gave it to her kitten to play with, herself darting upon it as it escaped from young Grimalkin's paws, and bringing it back, with the fracture of a rib or two on each recapture.

After this sport had been carried on for a length of time, and all chance of escape had vanished, the poor exhausted "wee-bit thing" uttered its complaint in these words:—"I cannot conceive what satisfaction you find in thus tormenting me, unless it be to practise '*young Treachery*' in the art of destroying *us;* yet that were unnecessary, since a few weeks will make him your image both in body and accomplishments. If I am to die (which undoubtedly is to be my fate), cease this cruelty, and dispatch me at once!"

MORAL.

Children are too prone to acts of cruelty: the first appearance of such an inclination should be carefully watched,—the barbarity explained,—and the act re-

proved. It often commences in early infancy by maiming insects, and proceeds, if unchecked, to inhumanity towards birds and beasts. It requires but good example, and instruction given in due season and in a gentle manner, to mould the heart to kindness. If children be permitted to keep birds, or animals, a positive injunction should be laid on them that they themselves attend to their food and comforts ; which if they neglect, they should at least be punished by the deprivation of that amusement. Where the life is forfeit by the law, and there is no chance of the royal mercy, speedy execution is but righteous compassion towards the unhappy malefactor.

FABLE XLI.

THE VILLAGE DOGS.

The young Dogs in a village becoming increasingly noisy and troublesome to travellers, occasioned an old Mastiff, who had the welfare of the community at heart, to remonstrate with them on the folly of such behaviour, and the disastrous consequences it might entail on them all: at the same time he gave them notice that he would visit the first offender with severe punishment: but no sooner did a stranger appear, than they all fell to barking, and snapping at his heels, as heretofore; upon which the Mastiff seized the ringleader by the throat, and tore him to pieces. The rest quickly left following the traveller, and fell to railing against the Mastiff, charging him with tyranny and cruelty; to which he calmly replied —"I stated to you the danger that might ensue to us all from such improper conduct. I advised you to desist, but at the same time threatened the first transgressor with punishment. You were heedless: it became, therefore, necessary for me to make an example of one for the benefit of all."—They now sought their homes, muttering disobedience as they went; but the remembrance of the Mastiff's severity operated beneficially.

MORAL.

As laws are made for the benefit of general society, and the penalties attached to the breach of them are as much for the deterring others from committing crime as for the punishment of the culprits themselves; so the penalties should be commensurate to the offence, and the laws be promptly and strictly enforced. If experience prove that a particular punishment be too severe for a particular crime, the law should then be altered without delay so as to suit the feelings of the people.

It is much better for a nation to have a dauntless, firm, and even severe minister, appointed by the executive to superintend its internal welfare, than one who is reputed humane and virtuous, and an excellent "private character," but who is weak and bigoted; for the former is not operated upon by whisperings, or party; and should it be necessary to alter laws, or should treason, in reality, be abroad, he acts with promptness and decision;—whereas the other suffers the reports of the timid, or the forebodings of a sect, to rule his actions—he, in his anxiety not to do wrong, *omits to do good;* and, to frustrate a supposititious plot, is ever ready to suspend the laws without just cause, and to employ "spies" to hunt out a treason that never existed, and who (that their missions should not prove fruitless), turn some "half-famished, dissatisfied wretch" into an arch-traitor. Trajan's answer to Pliny on the subject of "spies" ought to be ever in the memory of statesmen.

FABLE XLII.

THE WARRENER AND THE FERRET.

A WARRENER, having put his best hunting Ferret into a burrow, and placed his bags to receive the rabbits, was much astonished and sorely disappointed to find that neither rabbits nor Ferret made their appearance—so after calling and waiting in vain, he went grumbling home, vowing vengeance on the Ferret, should he ever catch him again. This happened not many days afterwards:—"You little wretch!" said he, squeezing his neck, "what have you to say for yourself in extenuation, that I dash not your brains out against the bank?" "Why," replied the Ferret, "this have I to say;—if you destroy me, you but revenge yourself upon your own property, and that would not be acting with your usual cunning—again, if you think my services are valuable, then am I worthy of my food; but, if you do not, then ought you to send me about my business. Had you fed me regularly and in sufficient quantity the other morning, I should not have proved false to you."—The Warrener put the Ferret into his bag *gently*, and walked off.

MORAL.

The relative situation of master and servant is

often overlooked—it requires on the one side kind treatment and wages, as much as labour, respect, and honesty, on the other. When this is not attended to a grievous error exists. The superior, by correct conduct, may fairly calculate on being well and faithfully served ; and, should he chance to meet with an instance of ingratitude, he will still have the consolation of having fulfilled *his* part of the contract, although bestowed on the unworthy.

To render servitude as little galling as possible is the duty of every man. It is too certain that there are many hard task-masters even in this happy country ;---some who, getting riches by the labour of orphans, do not hesitate to filch from the little authors of their own comforts a portion of their food, and hours for rest. Unenviable indeed must be the feelings of such persons, and awful their account hereafter.

To be served with alacrity, and a smiling face, is a pleasure which only the truly good and benevolent can know.

FABLE XLIII.

THE HAWK AND THE WORM.

As a Worm was crawling along a bank that overhung a river it was thus tauntingly accosted by a Hawk from a neighbouring tree:—"What a shapeless, miserable reptile art thou! grovelling on the earth; the prey of birds, fishes, and even insects; for ever trampled on by man and beast; and incapable of avoiding threatened danger. For what purpose thinkest thou so unsightly a creature was made?" "That I am a helpless being," replied the Worm, "is most certain; nevertheless, I am not so miserable as you suppose. Like yourself (if one so abject dare make a comparison), I shall live to a good old age, should I not meet a premature death; and you, like myself, with all your superiority, can't tell what may happen." Just then a loose piece of clay rolled down the bank and precipitated the Worm into the water—it was swallowed by a young pike in pursuit of a gudgeon, which the Hawk espying, made a stoop — trussed — and bore off;— but, ere *he* could soar to any height, a Sportsman crossing the field levelled his gun and brought him down. The worthless bird he cast away; but disentrailed the fish, and put it in his pouch for supper: thus the Worm, whose death appeared inevitable, obtained his liberty, and was the survivor.

MORAL.

The presumed distance between the brute creation and man, when contemplated, is far from encouraging pride, or justifying contemptuous comparisons. He possesses but the same property in life that does the most minute and unsightly of Nature's creatures—namely—the *present ;*—he knows not more than they the event of the ensuing moment. His diet is not less earthly—nor do youth and health secure him from disaster and death. His superior faculties may meditate on those truths—but does his superior reason proportionably appear in his moral conduct? It may be doubtfully answered, yes ; but, when it does not so,—is he their superior? *Form* cannot justify the immeasurable distance, it being founded on opinion ; but, admitting the pre-eminence of the exalted *Erect,* does not his boasted *wisdom* aid him to befool it by fashions?

As to the workmanship of the "Great Artificer," it is equally elaborate in the animal, and perhaps more delicate and wonderful in the insect. The senses are to him an imperfect possession.—Is it speech and sociality? Is not the first so prostituted as to become the disturber instead of the encourager of the second? — Can it be laughter?—*that* is oftener the result of immorality, drunkenness, or folly, than the offspring of joy or wit. What then remains to constitute the asserted superiority? Intellectual research into, and amazement at, the beauty and order of the visible universe ; a little reason, and a longing after knowledge, immortality, and happiness! But does he employ his superior endowments rationally and religiously? "*Sometimes.*"


C. DORRINGTON.

FABLE XLIV.

THE BOY AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

A Boy was once bitten by a Rattlesnake, whom he charged with deceit, revenge, and every evil passion.---"You are unjust in your reproaches," replied the reptile; "for, so far was I from premeditating harm, that I gave you timely notice of my own fear and your danger by *shaking my rattle;* but you were heedless of the warning. Your foot menaced my life; and you were as well acquainted with my incapacity to get quickly out of your path as with my possessing a dire weapon of defence, in the event of being driven to its use."

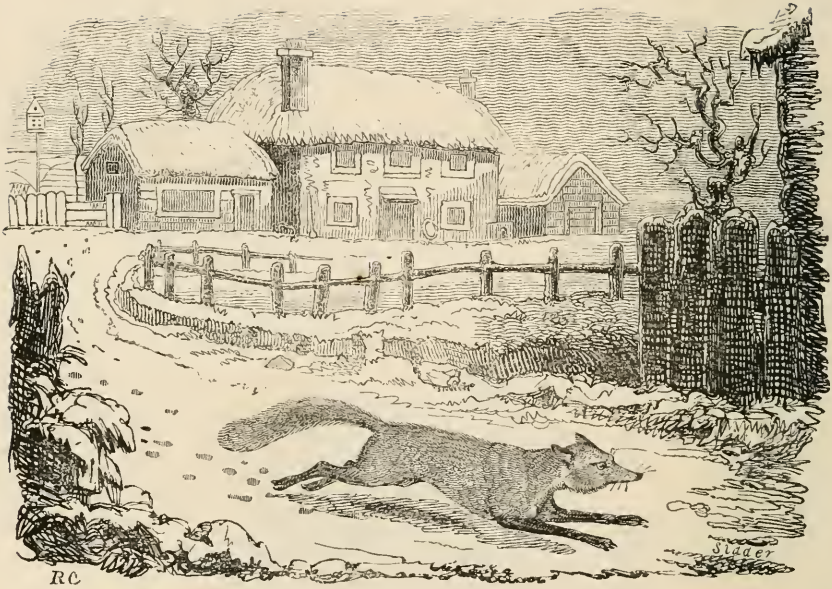
MORAL.

Accidents seldom happen without some intimation of danger,---and did we but attend to the warning given, and use moderate precaution, most bodily casualties might be avoided.

The hoof of the horse---the rumbling of the carriage---the smoke and smell of fire---the dilapidated state of the house—the inadequacy of the boat to the party are all "WARNING RATTLES."

The boy, in pursuit of that which is forbidden, lays caution aside, and *trusts* the ice before it has attained the necessary thickness; or, intent on the nest, ventures on the treacherous bough.

Our misfortunes chiefly happen when we are transgressing, yet conscience is incessantly using *her* RATTLE to obstruct them.



FABLE XLV.

THE FOX AND THE POULTRY-YARD.

A Fox, who had for a long time been the scourge of the poultry-yard, and had eluded by his practice in cunning all the traps set to catch him; chose one night in the early part of the spring to visit a rich farmer's premises who was very curious in his breed of fowls. Having entered the hen-house, he found to his delight several broods of chickens: for these he felt a mighty appetite immediately;---so, contrary to his custom (which was to seize a couple of pullets, and make his escape), he fell to devouring the young ones on the spot.---"This night," said he, after a short pause, "shall be my *chef d'œuvre;* I will fill my stomach with tender fare, and get off unsuspected; for, by not having hurt or carried away any of the old ones, the blame will be sure to fall on the rats." So to it he fell again; nor did his craving cease, or he think of the time, until he had picked the bones of the last chicken. He now took his leave, but, to his dismay, he found that twilight was nearly arrived, and that there had been a heavy fall of snow during his occupation of the hen-house. He, however, got away unperceived, and by a circuitous route reached his kennel in safety.

The farmer, rising early, as was his practice, first visited his poultry; when he soon discovered the loss

he had sustained, and, as the Fox calculated, cursed heartily the rats; but, crossing his orchard, to see that all was safe in the piggery, he espied on the new-fallen snow the prints of Reynard's feet; taking therefore two of his men, armed with pickaxe and spade, and his terrier, he tracked master Reynard to his home: then, stopping up all his holes but one, he sent the terrier in, who soon returned, dragging out the culprit by the throat.

MORAL.

Crime may for a time be committed, and the perpetrator pass undiscovered; but, if persevered in, he is sure to be found out, and to undergo its punishment.

Although the successful thief increases his cunning by habitude, he loses his circumspection in an almost equal ratio; impunity gives him confidence, and confidence begets carelessness. Crime is a hard taskmaster; he takes from his victim "peace of mind," and forces the once undaunted eye to scowl on all who pass, dreading an avenger—he avoids the company of the virtuous—his associates are the wicked and the debauched—and his liberty, perhaps his life, is in the hands of the most abandoned wretches, who only wait until "premium enough" be offered for his caption, to deliver him over to the insulted laws of his country.


R C
S.S

FABLE XLVI.

THE YOUNG WILD BOAR.

One very severe winter, when acorns were scarce, and the snow lay thick in the woods, a young, half-famished wild Boar, who had remarked the good case and contentedness of the domestic hog, determined to present himself at the farm-house door.

He was cordially received, a warm sty allotted to him, and plenty of peas and barley-meal served out; —he throve apace; and so satisfied was he with his quarters that he calculated on nothing less than living to an old age, in idleness and plenty. He had, however, one trouble;—*he could not account for the disinterestedness of the farmer!*

One day, the sty door being left unbolted, he took a fancy to a little exercise, and, lured by a more than commonly delicious savoury smell, he walked off towards the kitchen door, whence he thought it proceeded; and, peeping in, saw something brown twirling round and round before the fire, and at times making a strange noise. Much amazed at what he saw, he asked the cook the meaning thereof. "What you see," said she, "is the leg of such an animal as *you* are,—a piece of pork,—that I am roasting for my

master's dinner." The curl immediately left his tail —"Unhappy swine that I am!" said he, as he sorrowfully paced back to his sty, "if the farmer likes pork, then is my trouble about his generosity solved, and my doom certain. How willingly would I now exchange luxuries and comforts for the uncertain life, and scanty dinners, I was so glad to leave!"

MORAL.

Those who love idleness and gluttony, rather than occupation, may search a long time before they find any one to support them therein; but, should they be successful in their application, like the hog in the fable, they probably will soon find out the cause of such apparent *disinterestedness* to be of the most selfish kind; themselves being, in fact, slaves in body and in mind---enthralled in fetters they cannot or dare not break.

FABLE XLVII.

THE RAVEN AND THE OWL.

An Owl, seeing a Raven, one summer evening, perched on the top of a tree hard by, and looking vastly melancholy, surmising that it arose from some domestic loss, was curious to know all about it; ---so, calling to him from his hollow abode, he invited him to a friendly chat; to which the Raven acceded. "Pray what is the matter with you?" said the Owl; "I shall be happy to condole with you: have you been robbed of your young, or slandered by neighbours? if I can render you any assistance, command my services." The Raven informed the Owl that he had been unsuccessful in his search for food that day, and that he had no hope of better luck on the morrow, for the setting sun foreboded heat, when neither worms nor slugs would make their appearance; that *that* was the cause of his sorrow, *not* any family affliction. "My young friend," said the Owl, in a solemn tone, "instead of moping, and anticipating future evils, you should bestir yourself more than you are wont to do;---carefully hunt an hour after dark, and rise an hour before the sun---you should visit the neighbouring lake, in the hope of finding a sick fish floating on the surface---or, by pacing the hedge-rows, you may luckily surprise a delicate snake, basking in the sun at noon-day. But, above all things, I recommend you in future to employ yourself, in the season of plenty, to collect a *store*

against a time of need." "I thank you," replied the Raven, "for these emanations of your wisdom, and tender feelings for my future welfare; but I must inform you that *my* eyes are of no service to me in the dark, and that I have been on the wing all day, but to no good purpose."

"However, since you have been liberal in your instructions, and have proffered me assistance, I surely cannot trespass when I state that I shall be very much obliged if you will give, or lend me, a couple of mice from *your* store, that I may make a comfortable supper, and be in heart to practise the whole of your recommendations to-morrow." "Hem!" said the Owl, "I should feel pleasure in assisting you, Sir---but—but a short time ago I made a loan to a relation of mine, who has not repaid me; since which I have vowed *never to lend again.* As to making a present, you must excuse me, for my family is large, and you know it is my duty to provide for them — 'CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.'--- So, good bye. But, harkee! Should you, to-morrow, chance on a fine fat snake (of which I am dotingly fond) I will barter with you for it on most *liberal terms.*"

MORAL.

Advice, unfortunately, is generally proffered when other help can alone be of service. Were persons as ready to offer it when *assistance* is not wanted, as to be pragmatical when it is—there would be honesty, courage, and perhaps kindness, in it. The old distich says:—

"If thou hast gold to lend, he is thy monied friend,
But, if thou need'st *his aid,* his money's in his trade."

FABLE XLVIII.

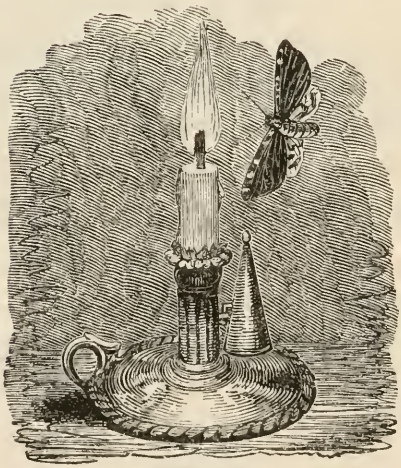
THE FOX AND THE PIG.

A Fox, seeing a Pig running home with a large marrow-bone in his mouth, felt a great desire for some of its delicious contents. He therefore followed, in hope that some lucky chance would help him to a taste. When the Pig reached his sty, he rushed, to get in in safety; but the two ends of the bone struck against the door-posts with such force as nearly to break the Pig's jaw; he tried and tried again to enter with the bone in his mouth, but, persevering without altering the position of his head, he could not accomplish it. Reynard, remarking this, said, "My friend, if, instead of obstinately persisting to go in head foremost, you will turn round, and *back in* sharply, you will find no difficulty." The silly Pig did as he was artfully advised, and with violence drove the much prized marrow-bone *out* of his mouth—which the Fox in a moment picked up, and scampered off with.

MORAL.

Perseverance and obstinacy, although they resemble each other, are very different in their operations: the one seeks the object, and varies the mode of

attaining it, according to circumstances; whereas the other, having the same object in view, pugnaciously adheres to the plan first adopted, and rejects any other, until too late. Baffled, half ruined, and chapfallen, the obstinate man is very liable to act on the most foolish suggestion, and to ruin himself wholly:—an artful person who chooses to watch his humour can, at any time, make a prey of him.



FABLE XLIX.

THE EAGLE AND THE BIRDS.

The Eagle, as monarch of the Birds, at last grew so tired of hearing their incessant complaints, and adjusting the quarrels of his feathered subjects, that he determined, if possible, to stop their propensity to litigation and dissatisfaction; he therefore moved his abode from the oak to the summit of the most inaccessible mountains, and deputed the Owl to be his representative.

The Owl contented himself with receiving their complaints with complacency — he heard all the litigants had to say; but, appropriating only a few hours daily to business, and weighing too cautiously the speeches as well as the evidence on both sides —he got so bewildered that a decision was seldom given. This made the Birds more discontented than ever, and they besought the Eagle again to be their judge; who, finding his first intentions frustrated, consented, on condition that both plaintiffs and defendants employed Hawks to plead their suits before him.—It was, however, not long before the litigants found out that, whether successful or not, they got so bepluckt by their legal friends, that their

love of law subsided, and they managed to settle their future disputes amongst themselves, contented and satisfied with their sovereign.

MORAL.

Delay in law is certainly grievous; but whether cheap law would add to the happiness of the people is doubtful. Indeed it is a question whether it would not stimulate to a multiplication of law-suits. Arbitration might in most instances be resorted to as the most cheap, prompt, and equitable way to settle differences, and it would prove satisfactory in nine cases out of ten to the honest man, if the arbitrators were well chosen.


Cruickshank
Sladen

FABLE L.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CAT.

A PENURIOUS Old Woman had long begrudged her Cat his daily allowance of meat, notwithstanding he kept her house so free from vermin, that neither rat or mouse dared to venture near. At last the old hag determined to drown her companion and faithful servant; but, fortunately for poor puss, a neighbour passed by at the time, and begged him from the beldame. It was, however, not long before her abode swarmed with such audacious rats that no sooner did she sit down to a meal than they took possession of her table and its contents. To put a stop to such goings-on she hobbled out to her neighbour's—where, after fondling puss, she requested him to come back to her and destroy her enemies, promising at the same time to treat him sumptuously in future. "No, no," said the Cat, "I've had enough of *you*.—When your ends were served you deprived me of food and wanted to murder me.---I am comfortable where I am now, and my services are liberally rewarded. You need not entice me, for none of my assistance shall you have, depend upon it."

MORAL.

Some people have very treacherous memories, or an amazing stock of impudence. They act as though a few fair words were sufficient to obliterate injuries—and some persons have even the presumption to ask favours from those they have, but a short time before, grossly wronged—and with all the coolness imaginable; nay, to stare with astonishment if they meet a refusal.

FABLE LI.

THE RUIN AND THE IVY.

The last remaining castle-tower, that had been ivy-clad for ages, at length mouldering away, dropped from the embraces of her companion,—leaving the Ivy, strengthened by time, erect and green as in youth. Ere it became but a heap of rubbish it thus pathetically addressed the Ivy:—"When first you unceremoniously climbed my walls, I was displeased, and considered you an intruder and a destroyer; but the experience of centuries has proved you to be my protector from the north wind and the support of my tottering old age. You have not only hidden from observation the inroads time has made in my frame—but you have been my ornament and pride—and will remain a memorial of my once stately structure."

MORAL.

Education—which in childhood is forced upon us, and to which in youth we so reluctantly take—if followed up by study, becomes the honourable pride and pleasure of manhood and the ornament of our old

age. Its emblem is the *Ivy*, and it will be our most lasting memorial.

The subject of the foregoing Fable was suggested by the ruins of Berkhampstead Castle a few years ago. Stems of ivy were then standing more than *arm-thick*, and thirty or forty feet high—at the same time there were no remains of the baronial structure to which they had once clung, save only a trifling heap of rubbish.

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THE BANQUET

OF THE

SEVEN SAGES,

BY PLUTARCH;

Being the Relation of what occurred on that occasion by Diocles, a priest of Venus, to his friend Nicarchus.

THE COMPANY PRESENT AT THE BANQUET.

Periander, king of Corinth,
Pittacus, king of Lesbos,
Solon,
Thales,
Chilo,
Cleobulus,
Bias,
} the Seven Wise Men.

Anacharsis, a Scythian.
Mnesiphilus, an Athenian.
Æsop, on a mission from Crœsus.
Cleodemus, a physician.
Ardalus, a priest of the Muses and a minstrel.
Chersias, a poet.
Diocles, priest and augur.
Niloxenus, on a mission from Amasis, king of Egypt.
Gorgias, brother to Periander and naval commander.
Melissa, queen of Corinth.
Eumetis, daughter of a king and companion to Melissa.

THE

BANQUET OF THE SEVEN SAGES.

Wonder not, my friend Nicarchus, that we find old truths disguised, and the words and actions of celebrated men grossly misrepresented, since we see how readily even sensible people give ear and credit to the fictions of but yesterday. Not only were there *seven* persons present at the Banquet (as you were informed), but more than twice that number, myself being one, at the invitation of Periander, in virtue of my office and my acquaintance with the king; indeed, it was at his request that Thales sojourned at my house. Whoever, therefore, gave you *that* account of our feast must have founded it on hearsay, not on personal knowledge.

Being now met and at leisure, and as we may perhaps not live to have a more fitting opportunity, I will, since you desire it, give you a faithful account of the whole proceedings.

Periander had invited us to an entertainment; not at his town palace, but at his country residence or dormitory, which adjoined the temple dedicated to Venus, to whom he intended on that day to sacrifice, not having so done since the death of his mother, seeking thereby to atone for the long omission of such a duty: and to this he was also advised by the dreams of Melissa, his queen. It was the summer season; and the road to the sea-side being scarcely passable, by reason of the great throng of people and the clouds of dust, chariots were ordered to attend on each of the guests.

As soon as Thales espied the chariots in attendance at my door, he, with a smile, dismissed them, and proposed that we should accompany him on foot by the field way, avoiding thereby the jostling, noise, and dust. There was in our company a third person, Niloxenus by name, an eminent man of Naucratis, well known to both Solon and Thales, whose acquaintanceship he made when *they* were in Egypt. He was the bearer of a message

and a sealed packet to Bias from King Amasis, the contents of which he did not know, but surmised that it contained a second question to be resolved, because he had it in commission, in case Bias declined answering it, to lay it before the wisest men in all Greece.—" What a fortunate circumstance it is," said Niloxenus, " that you should be all about to meet! for the packet I bear I am commanded to show to you all, singly and collectively." —Thales observed, in his wonted smiling manner, " If it contain any thing of *value*, away with it to Priene: Bias will solve it with the same facility as he did your former problem."—" What problem was that?" said he.—" Why," rejoined Thales, " a beast was sent him for sacrifice, with this command, ' That he should return that part of the flesh which was the *best* and the *worst*.' Our philosopher very gravely and wisely cut out the tongue of the animal, and sent *it* to the donor, which single act procured him the name and reputation of a very wise man."—" It was not that act alone which raised him so much in the estimation of the world," replied Niloxenus, " but seeking what you so carefully shun, — the acquaintance and friendship of kings and great men. King Amasis certainly honours you for various accomplishments; but he more particularly admires you for having, with so little labour, and with no help from any mathematical instrument, estimated so accurately the height of one of the pyramids; for, by only fixing your staff perpendicularly at the point of the shadow which the pyramid cast, you made two triangles, and demonstrated that the proportion which the stick bore to the shadow of the stick the pyramid bore to *its* shadow. But, as I said, owing to your manner, you are accused of being a hater of royalty; and some false friends of yours have even presented to Amasis a paper full of reproachful sentences towards majesty, as spoken by you. For instance, being asked by Molpagoras, the Ionian, what you had observed as most seldom occurring, you are stated to have replied, ' *an old king*.' On another occasion, when a dispute arose in your presence about the nature of animals, you affirmed, *that of* WILD *beasts a* KING, *of* TAME *beasts a* FLATTERER, *was the worst*. Such apophthegms must needs be unacceptable to kings, who maintain that there is a vast difference between them and tyrants."—" That was Pittacus's reply to Myrsilus, and it was spoken in jest," replied Thales. " As to the other, I did not say an *old* KING, *but an old* PILOT.—The mistake puts me in mind of the boy who, throwing a stone at a *chienne*, hit his stepmother instead, saying, ' *my throw is not lost*,

however;' and I am much of the youth's opinion. It is true that I esteemed Solon a very wise and good man from the moment I understood that he had refused empire; and so I should Pittacus, had he never exclaimed, '*Oh ye gods, how hard a matter it is to be good!*' And Periander, although no doubt sick of his father's disease, is much to be commended for giving ear to wholesome remonstrance, and choosing rather the conversation of wise and good men than the advice of my countryman Thrasybulus, who would have persuaded him to chop off the heads of the noble, that he might tyrannize over the base. A prince that would rather govern slaves than freemen is like the foolish farmer, who throws his wheat and barley into the street, to make room in his granary for locusts and birds; for government has but one good to make amends for the many evils attending it; namely, honour and glory. When good men select a person, and prefer him to the throne, because he has no equal for virtue and goodness,—and when wise men elect a superior to rule over them,—then, should the elected be mindful of his own interest and ease more than the welfare of his subjects, he is unworthy of his high office, and is better fitted to tend sheep, drive horses, or feed cattle, than to rule over beings endowed with reason. But this our visitor has instigated us to irrelevant chat, when our discourse ought to be suitable to the occasion and end of our meeting: for doubtless it behoves the *guest* as well as the *host* to make some preparation.

"It is reported," continued Thales, "of the Sybarites, that when they invited their neighbours to a feast, they gave their wives a whole twelvemonth's notice, that they might appear appropriately adorned; and, for my part, I am of opinion that much preparation is required at all times, if we would acquit ourselves becomingly at an entertainment; it being more difficult to compose the mind and arrange the thoughts than to fit and select our dress. For a sensible man goes not to a banquet to gratify his appetite for choice meats and wine, but to improve and be improved; to be, as occasion may demand, sometimes grave, sometimes merry; sometimes to listen attentively to others, at other times to be the discourser of what may instruct or divert the company, if the meeting was convened for any good purpose. Such persons, if the meats please not, eat sparingly; or, if the wine is not of the best, take water: but it is otherwise with an unprepared, weak, unmannerly, impertinent fellow; he mars both mirth and music, and spoils the best of entertainments. It is also unpleasant to be in the company of one of a sullen temper; for such

will often be touchy, even in his cups, and will construe fun into affront, and retain hate from the remembrance of a supposed provocation, even to his dying day. For that reason Chilo did well and wisely: when invited to a feast, he would not promise to go until he was made acquainted with the names of all those he was to meet; 'for,' said he, 'it is quite sufficient if I am forced to voyage in a ship, or constrained to serve in the wars, that I be contented with the company I fall into, be it ever so disagreeable to my nature and humour; but *voluntarily* and needlessly to associate myself with riff-raff, would ill become a man pretending only to common discretion.' The Egyptian custom of introducing a mummy* at their feasts, with this advice, '*Forget not in your merriment how shortly you may be as this!*' although it was not a very agreeable sight (as may be supposed), yet it had this use — it tended to deter them from luxury and drunkenness, and incite them to friendship; persuading them not to waste a life at best short and uncertain by a course of wickedness."

In conversation of this kind we shortened the way, and were now arrived at the mansion, where Thales refused to wash, having anointed himself previously to starting. He therefore took a round to the race-course and wrestling-place, and the grove, which is by the water-side, and which had been recently trimmed and beautified by Periander. This he did, not so much to satisfy curiosity (for he seldom expressed admiration at any thing he saw), but to compliment Periander, and not seem to overlook or despise the glory and magnificence of our host. All the rest, after washing and anointing, were summoned to a room purposely prepared for us. The servant, in conducting us, passed by the porch, where we found Anacharsis seated, and a certain young lady combing and anointing his hair. The lady, recognizing Thales, stepped forward to welcome him, who saluted her, and, with his usual smile, said, "Madam, our host, who is by nature affable and obliging, will on this day, under the influence of your good company, prove himself more agreeable than ever; for I am sure that no frown will dare intrude itself where you are present." I became curious to know who the lady might be whom Thales had thus complimented. "What!" said he, "do you not know the wise, the worthy, and high-born Eumetis? for so her father calls her, though others name her, after him, Cleobulina."—"Doubtless," said Niloxenus, "they call

* Rather a model, which passed from guest to guest.—Vide *Herodotus*.

her so from the celebrity of her wit and judgment, which dives into even the abstruse and recondite parts of learning; for I myself have heard and read, even in Egypt, problems first propounded and discussed by her of which she with reason might be proud."—"Not so," said Thales; "for she uses her wit as men do dice,*—flinging it amongst all she meets, without study or premeditation. She is a young lady of admirable understanding, of a politic, capacious mind; most pleasing in conversation; and who has used her rhetoric and sweetness of temper to prevail on her father to govern his subjects with the greatest mildness. How unostentatious she is may be drawn from the elegant simplicity of the dress she wears."—"But pray," continued Niloxenus, "why does she show such marked attention towards Anacharsis?" "Because," replied Thales, "she is a lover of knowledge, and he is a temperate and learned man, who fully and freely makes known to her the wisdom of his country on the subjects of diet and physic, and the treatment of sick persons, as practised in Scythia; and I have no doubt the kindness she is now showing to the old gentleman will gain her the information she seeks."

As we passed by the banqueting room we met Alexidemus, the illegitimate son of Thrasybulus, the tyrant of Miletus, rushing out, evidently much disturbed, and muttering some words which were indistinct to me; but seeing Thales he recovered himself a little, and complained that Periander had passed an unpardonable affront on him. "He would not permit me to sail, although I earnestly importuned him; but, forsooth, I must accept his invitation to the banquet: and now that I am come, I find the seat appointed for me degrading to my high rank. Æolians and islanders and nobody knows who, are placed above me! whence his intention plainly is to treat my father meanly by the disrespect he would show towards his son." "Say you so?" said Thales: "what! are you afraid that the place will diminish the lustre or worth of the person, as the Egyptians fancy the stars themselves increase or lessen according to their positions, whether in the upper or lower part of the sphere? what! will you show less wisdom than the Spartan who, masking his dislike to the director of the music for placing him on the lowest seat in the choir, said, 'This is wisely done, for it is the best plan he could have adopted to render this a seat of repute and esteem for the future?' It is of trifling consideration where or below whom we sit, so that we adapt ourselves to the comfort and

* Most probably a sort of sweetmeat, made in the form of dice.

entertainment of our right and left-hand neighbours and the company in general, that we may appear worthy their friendship: not showing pettishness towards the host; for, after all, he who is disturbed on account of *place* passes the greatest affront on those who are his immediate companions." "It is all very well for you to say so, but I have remarked that even *you*, who are one of the most wise and moderate of men, have an ample share of ambition." Thales, seeing us somewhat astonished at the youth's insolence, declared that he was naturally of a stupid, wayward, dogged temper, that when he was but a boy he took a parcel of costly perfume that had been presented to Thrasybulus, poured it into a bowl, and mixing a quantity of wine with it, drank it off:—he was ever disliked. As Thales was talking in this fashion, a servant came in, and informed us that it was Periander's pleasure that we should join him..... When we entered the banqueting hall, Thales, raising his voice, enquired for the seat *refused by Alexidemus*, which being pointed out, he placed himself in it, requesting us to sit beside him; "and," said he, "I would purchase with money if necessary, the pleasure of sitting near and eating with Ardalus."* This Ardalus was a Trœzenian by birth; by profession a minstrel, and a priest of the Ardalian Muses, to whom old Ardalus had founded and dedicated a temple. Æsop, who was sent by Crœsus to visit Periander, and also to consult the oracle at Delphi, sat by, and lower than Solon, and told the company this Fable.†

"A Lydian mule, viewing his own form in a river, admired the size and beauty of his body; and raising his crest he waxed proud, resolving to imitate the horse in his gait and fleetness, but presently recollecting his base extraction,—that his father was but an ass at best, he stops his career and checks his haughtiness."

Chilo replied after this abrupt manner;—"You are yourself slow, and therefore mulish." Amidst this conversation Melissa came in, and sat herself beside Periander: Eumetis followed shortly after. Supper having commenced, Thales calling to me (I had seated myself above Bias) said "Why do you not inform Bias that there are again certain problems sent him from King Amasis by Niloxenus that he may warily weigh them?" Bias answered *that he had been already scared by the news.* "I have known," continued he,

* The person whose company had more particularly affronted the young Milesian.

† Alluding probably to Alexidemus.

" Bacchus to be termed the '*Powerful*,' and for his wisdom the '*Interpreter*.' I shall therefore with your permission postpone the undertaking until I have more wine." Thus they jested and indulged in repartee all the time the table remained. Observing the unwonted frugality displayed by Periander on this occasion, I said to myself, The entertainment of the wise and virtuous is even good husbandry; for, so far from increasing a man's expenses, it in truth serves to lessen the usual expenditure; to wit, the charge of foreign unguents and the waste of costly wines in which Periander's state and greatness require him daily to be profuse. Such being here useless, Periander shows his wisdom in his frugality. Moreover his queen had laid aside her robes and appeared in a simple but very becoming dress. Supper being now ended, Melissa distributed the garlands, and we offered libations, after which the minstrel played a tune or two. Ardalus then enquired of Anacharsis whether there were female musicians in Scythia: he replied smartly, "*there are no vines there*." Ardalus asked a second question, "whether the Scythians had any gods."—"Yes," replied Anacharsis, "*and they understand what men say to them*; for we Scythians are not of opinion with the Grecians (however they may be the better orators) that the gods are more pleased with the sounds of pipes and flutes than the voices of men." "My friend," said Æsop, "what would you say were you to see our present *pipe-makers* abandon the bones of the fawn to use those of the *ass*, affirming that they yield a sweeter and more melodious sound? therefore the music Cleobulus elicited from his Phrygian pipe (they say) did so powerfully affect the very beasts that they listened to him with attention and admiration. One would wonder that the ass being so impure an animal, and no lover of music, should yet afford bones so fitted for harmony." "It is, doubtless," said Niloxenus, "for that reason the Egyptians accuse us Naucratians of folly for using pipes made from asses' bones; it being an insufferable transgression in any of them to listen to our flute or cornet, saying that the sound thereof is like the braying of an ass; but you must know the ass is hateful to the Egyptians ever since the affair of Typhon."

There happened now a short silence; when Periander, observing a willingness but diffidence on the part of Niloxenus to speak, said, "I cannot but admire the correct civility of these persons who give audience first to the stranger and afterwards to their own citizens: wherefore I judge it expedient that we suspend our present con-

versation, and that attention be given to those royal propositions sent to us from Egypt, which the worthy Niloxenus is commissioned to deliver to Bias, that he and we may examine them together: for where, or in what company, would a man more joyfully adventure an opinion than in this? and since it is his Egyptian Majesty's pleasure that I should give judgment first, in obedience to his request I do so." Then Niloxenus delivered the packet to Bias, who broke the seal and gave it to be read aloud: the contents were—

"Amasis the king of Egypt to Bias the wisest of the Greeks, health. There is a contest between my brother of Ethiopia and myself; and he, being baffled in divers particulars, now demands of me a very absurd and impracticable thing—for he requires me to *drink up the ocean.* If I be able to solve this riddle, many cities and towns now in his possession are to be annexed to my kingdom;—but if I should not resolve this hard sentence, and give him the right meaning, he requires of me to renounce my right to all towns bordering on Elephantina. Consider with speed the premises and let me receive your thoughts by Niloxenus: pray lose no time.—If in any thing I can be serviceable to your city, relations, or allies, you may command me. Farewell!"

Bias having perused, and for a short time meditated on the Letter, whispered something to Cleobulus who sat by him.—"What a narration is here, O Niloxenus! will Amasis, who governs so many men, and possesses so flourishing a country, attempt to drink up the ocean for the paltry gain of a few villages?"—Niloxenus replied with a smile, "consider, good Sir! what may be done."—"Why then," said Bias, "let Amasis require that the Ethiopian king as a preliminary step do dam up the streams that from all parts flow and empty themselves into the ocean, until he shall have drunk it dry; for he must of course mean the present waters, not those that are continually flowing in."—Niloxenus was so overjoyed at this answer that he embraced and kissed Bias;—the whole company joined in his opinion;—and Chilo, laughing, recommended Niloxenus to go immediately on board ship while yet there was water enough—and to tell his master to be more attentive to the good government of his people than how he should swallow a quantity of salt water. "Bias understands these things well, and how to oblige your lord with very useful instructions, which if he vouchsafe to attend to he will no longer find it necessary to wash his feet in a golden vessel that his subjects may stand in awe of him;—

for then they will love and honour him for his virtues, even were he ten thousand times more ugly than he now is."—"It were well and worthily done," said Periander, "if all of us did offer him our first fruits in this kind (as Homer said): such a course would bring him an accession of knowledge, but the honour would be chiefly ours."

"And it is fitting that Solon should speak first," said Chilo, "not only because he is the oldest in the company, and therefore sits uppermost at the table, but because he governs and gives laws to Athens,—the most complete and flourishing republic in the world." Here Niloxenus whispered in my ear, "O Diocles! how many reports fly about and are believed—and how some men delight in lies, either fabricating them themselves or greedily swallowing them from the mouths of others! for in Egypt, but now, I heard it reported that Chilo had renounced all friendship and correspondence with Solon, because he maintained the mutability of laws."—"A ridiculous fiction," I rejoined, "for then he and we must have renounced Lycurgus, who changed the laws and government of Sparta!"

Solon, after a pause, gave his opinion in these words, "I conceive *that* monarch, whether king or tyrant, were infinitely to be commended who would exchange his monarchy for a commonwealth." Bias subjoined, "and would be first and foremost in conforming to the laws of his country."—Thales added, "I reckon that prince happy who dies of a good old age and of a natural death in his own bed." "If he be a wise man;" said Anacharsis.—Cleobulus, "If he trust neither courtier nor favourite, nor even his council too much."—"And," continued Pittacus, "If his subjects bear greater love to his person than fear for his power."—Lastly, Chilo concluded thus, "A magistrate of such high dignity, should have thoughts, purposes, and resolutions suitable to his greatness; not mean and creeping, but high as his place;—divine, immortal." When they had all given their judgments upon that point, we requested Periander that he would give the company the satisfaction of knowing his thoughts on the subject;—flurry and discontent appeared on his countenance: "These opinions," said he, "are enough to scare any wise man from affecting rule!"—"These things," said Æsop, addressing the company after his sarcastic way, "ought rather to have been discussed amongst ourselves, lest we be accounted antimonarchical whilst we desire to be esteemed as friends and loyal counsellors."—Solon,

gently tapping him on the shoulder and smiling, said, "Do you not perceive the aim of our friends is to persuade the king to moderation, and to become an agreeable tyrant, or not to reign rather than to reign ill?"—"Then we must believe you before the oracle," said Æsop, "who pronounced that city happy which had but *one* common crier in it!"—"Yes," replied Solon, "and Athens, though now a commonwealth, hath but *one* common crier, and that is the law, although the government is democratical. But you, my friend, have been so accustomed to the croaking of ravens and the prating of jays, that you forget your own right reason." Æsop replied, "It should seem so in him who maintains that it is the happiness of a city to be under the command of one man only, and yet accounts it praiseworthy at a feast that liberty be allowed to every man to speak his mind freely upon what subject he pleases." —"Why, you have not prohibited drunkenness in your servants, though you have forbidden them the use of ointments!" Solon laughed at this:—Æsop proceeded.—Thales showed indications of weariness.—Periander, laughing, said, "We suffer deservedly; for before we have perfected our remarks on the Letter, we have permitted discussion on matters strangely foreign to the subject. I therefore pray you, Niloxenus, to read aloud the remainder of your lord's letter."—"The command of the king of Ethiopia is neither more nor less than, to use Archilochus's phrase, 'inscrutable if not ridiculous;'—but our king was more consistent with sense in his questions, for he commanded him merely to resolve what was most ancient, most beautiful, greatest, wisest, most common, and withal most profitable, most pernicious, most strong, and most easy." "Did he resolve every one of these questions?" said Periander. "He did," replied Niloxenus; "and do you judge of the soundness of his answers; for it is my prince's purpose not to condemn where he can praise, nor to suffer error to pass without correction. The answers to the aforesaid questions I will now read to you:—'What is most ancient? *Time*. What is the greatest? *The World*. What is wisest? *Truth*. What is most beautiful? *The Light*. What is the most common? *Death*. What is most profitable? *God*. What is most pernicious? *An evil Genius*. What is strongest? *Fortune*. What is most easy? *That which is most pleasant*.'"

When Niloxenus had read the answers, a short silence ensued: —at length Thales desired Niloxenus to inform him if Amasis approved of the answers. Niloxenus said, "he approves of some

and dislikes others." "There is not one of them sound," replied Thales: "all are woefully incorrect. As for instance, how can that be most ancient whereof a part *is past*, a part is *present*, and a part is *to come?* As to his answer that *truth* is the most wise thing, it is only judging by halves, it is as when he judges of light by shutting one eye and staring upwards with the other, which causing him to overlook the *world*, he affirms that *light* is the most *beautiful!* As to his solutions concerning the Gods and men, good or evil genii, they are full of presumption and peril. What he says of *Fortune* is void of sense; for her inconstancy proceeds from want of power:—nor is *Death* the most common thing—the *living* are still at liberty, it hath not arrested them. But, lest we be censured as men that have the faculty of finding fault only, we will lay down our opinions of these things opposed to those of the Ethiopian; and I offer, if it pleases Niloxenus, to give my opinion first on each question in the order in which they were read to us.

1. What is most ancient? *God;* for he had no beginning.

2. What is greatest? *Space;* the world contains all other things; *that* surrounds the world.

3. What is most beautiful? *The World;* for whatever is framed by art or method is but part and parcel of *it*.

4. What is most wise? *Time*, for it has found out many things already, and it will find out the rest hereafter.

5. What is most common? *Hope*, for they that are in want of every thing else have *it*.

6. What is most profitable? *Virtue;* for by a right management of things she makes them most beneficial and advantageous.

7. What is most pernicious? *Vice;* for it depraves the best of our enjoyments.

8. What is the most strong? *Necessity;* for that alone is insuperable.

9. What is most easy? *That which is most agreeable to nature;* for pleasures themselves are often tedious and nauseating."

All the company approved the solutions offered by Thales:—Then said Cleodemus, "My friend Niloxenus, it well becomes kings to propound and resolve such questions as these; but to one so insolent as the barbarian has proposed, such an answer should be given as the repartee Pittacus returned to Alyattes, who sent a haughty letter to the Lesbians—'Your time would be better employed in eating hot bread and garlick!'"

Periander here assumed the discourse. "It was the manner of the ancient Grecians, O Cleodemus, to propound doubts to each other; and we are told that the most eminent poets used to meet at the tomb of Amphidamus in Chalcis, where Homer and Hesiod's excellency was pre-eminent, and, their questions being propounded in verse, the difficulty of solution became increasingly hidden.—At length they dwindled into such riddles as this, '*Tell me, muse, what those things are which never were, nor ever will be;*' which so vexed Homer that, to put an end to such puerilities, he gave this solution—

"When the fiery, thunder-sounding, trumpet
"Nostrill'd steeds, straining for victory, shall
"Smash their chariots at the tomb of ever-living Jove."

For this reply, which was infinitely commended, the Oracle pronounced him chief of poets."

"Pray tell me," said Cleodemus, "what difference there is between such riddles and those of Eumetis, which for her amusement she invents with as much facility as other maids make nets and girdles? They may be fit to puzzle women withal, but for men to cudgel their brains to find out the mystery is truly ridiculous." Eumetis was evidently hurt, for a blush suffused her cheek, and she looked as if inclined to reply, but her modest feelings restrained her: which Æsop remarking took on himself her vindication, by asking "whether it were not more ridiculous that none could resolve the riddle she propounded to us previous to the supper. I will repeat it to you," said he, "that you may guess:—

"'I saw five glittering spears of brass enter by fire a hero's shoulder:—
You'd think him kill'd in such a case, whereas he livelier grew,—and bolder!'

there now,—solve it, for to *you* it must of course be easy."—"Truly," said Cleodemus, "the knowledge of it can profit me nothing." "And yet," replied Æsop, "no man understands the matter better, or practises with the answer more judiciously and successfully than yourself, which if you doubt, I have a witness ready in your '*cupping apparatus.*'" Cleodemus laughed outright, for of all the physicians in his time none were so successful in the application thereof.

Mnesiphilus the Athenian, a friend and favourite with Solon,

said, " O Periander, our discourse, as our wine, ought to be distributed, not according to power or priority, but freely and equally, as in a popular state; for what has been already discussed has concerned only kingdoms and empires, and is of little interest to us who live under a democracy. I therefore propose that every one present should freely and impartially declare his opinion of a popular government, and let Solon be the judge and take the lead." The motion pleased the whole party. Then said Solon, " My friend Mnesiphilus, you have heard, together with the rest of this good company, my opinion concerning republics, but, since you wish to hear it again, I will repeat it. I hold that city or state happy, and the safety thereof much secured, in which as well those who are *not injured* as those who *are* come forward to correct wrong-doers."

Bias said, " where all fear the law as they would fear a tyrant."

Thales.—" Where the citizens are neither too rich nor too poor."

Anacharsis.—" Where, although in other respects they are equal, yet the virtuous only are advanced, and the vicious degraded."

Cleobulus.—" Where the rulers fear reproof and shame more than the law."

Pittacus.—" Where upright men only are elected to places of power, and evil men prohibited; and where the first indication of injustice or delinquency is punished by degradation."

Chilo (after a pause) said, that the best and most durable state was where the subject minded more the *law* than the lawyers and orators.

Periander concluded with this opinion,—that that was the best democracy which approached nearest to an aristocracy.

This discourse having ended, I begged they would condescend to direct how a house should be managed, inasmuch as there were few who had cities or kingdoms to govern compared with those who had houses and families.

Æsop laughingly said, " I hope you except Anacharsis; for he has no house, and is contented with a car, in imitation of the sun: for he and his countrymen say that the sun is whirled about the heavens in a chariot." " Therefore," said Anacharsis, " he alone or he principally enjoys the most liberty amongst the Gods. *He* governs all and is subject to none. *He* rides and reigns; and did you form an adequate judgment of his magnificent capacious chariot, you would not vilify it by a comparison with our Scythian cars, or pride yourself on possessing a wood and mud house, as one

who might call the *shell* and not the *living animal* a 'SNAIL!' from the same cause you laughed when Solon told you that the sight of the palace and its sumptuous furniture was not sufficient to furnish an opinion as to whether Crœsus was happy or not, but that it was necessary to examine the mind of the possessor: for a man's happiness does not consist in the outward and visible favours of fortune, but in the inward and unseen contentment and riches of the mind—indeed you seem to have forgotten your own fable of the Fox, who contending with the Leopard requested the umpire not to judge by outside appearances, for that he had more cunning tricks in his head than the other had spots on his skin. You seem to estimate only the craft of the *carpenter* and the *mason*, calling their handy work a *house*—not that which is *within:* the children, his wife, his friends, and attendants; with whom, if a man lived in a cart or a tent, enjoying the ordinary comforts of life in peace, that man may be affirmed to live a happy and fortunate life. This is my answer to Æsop, and I tender it to Diocles as my share in the discussion."

Solon thought that house most happy where the income was obtained without injustice, kept without distrust, and spent without remorse.

Bias.—"That house is happy where the master voluntarily does what the law would else compel him to do."

Thales held that house to be most happy where the master had most leisure or respite from business.

Cleobulus, "That in which the master is more beloved than feared."

Pittacus, "That is most happy where superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting."

Chilo added, "That house is most happy whose peace is not disturbed by divers masters, but where *one* only rules as a monarch does in a kingdom:" and he continued, "When a certain Lacedæmonian requested Lycurgus to establish a democracy in their city, 'go you my friend,' said he, 'and try the experiment first in your own house!'"

When they had all given in their opinions, Melissa and Eumetis withdrew. Then Periander called for a large bowl of wine and drank to Chilo. Chilo pledged him and drank to Bias. Ardalus standing up called to Æsop, saying, "Will you not pass the cup to your friends, but retain it at your end as if it were Bathycles's cup?" "The cup appears," replied Æsop, "to be no *public* cup,

although it has stood so long by *Solon.*" Then Pittacus, calling to Mnesiphilus, "why does not Solon drink, but act thus in contradiction to his own verses?

"'I love the ruby god whose blessings flow,'" &c.

Anacharsis subjoined, "he fears *your* severe law, my friend Pittacus, wherein you decree double punishment to the drunkard!" "*You* seem not, however, to fear the penalty, since you would break that law now, as you have done heretofore even in my presence, and then demanded the 'crown.'" "Why not," said Anacharsis, "if a *reward* is promised to the hardest drinker? Why should I not demand the reward, having drunk down all my fellows? You perhaps can inform me what end a man has in view in drinking deep, if it be not to get drunk." Pittacus laughed at the reply, and Æsop communicated this fable—"A wolf, seeing a number of shepherds in a tent feeding heartily off a lamb, approached them and said, 'what a bustle and uproar you would make were I to attempt doing what you now do!'" "Ah," said Chilo, "Æsop has very justly revenged himself on us, who awhile ago interrupted him." He then observed that we had prevented Mnesiphilus's reply to the question why Solon did not drink his wine. Mnesiphilus then spake to this effect—"I know this to be the opinion of Solon, that in every art and faculty, divine and human, the work which is done is more desired than the instrument wherewith it is done, and the end than the means conducing to that end; as for instance, the *weaver,*—he thinks the cloak more properly his *work* than the shuttles or the motions of his beams:—the *smith* values more the welding of the iron or the sharpening of the axe than the occurrences preparatory to the completion: yet farther,—a *carpenter* would justly blame us if we should affirm that it is not his work to build a house, but to bore holes:—and the Muses would be implacably incensed against those who should say that their business was only to make harps and pipes, and not the institution and correction of manners and the government of the passions. And so the worship of Venus is not grossness, or of Bacchus drunkenness; but love and friendship, affection and familiarity. Solon terms their works divine, and professes he loves them even in his declining years; 'for,' says he, 'many that would have remained unacquainted, and strangers, have over a cup of wine contracted a firm and lasting friendship; for like fire it often softens the temper and disposes persons to form a happy union.

But in such a company as Periander has invited there can be no imperative need even of cup or chalice."

As Mnesiphilus was discoursing after this manner, in came Chersias (whose father Periander had pardoned and received into favour on Chilo's mediation): "Does not," said he, "Jupiter distribute to the Gods, as Agamemnon did to the commanders, their portions, that the guests might have wherewithal to pledge one another?" "If," said Cleodemus, "certain wood-pigeons with much hardship, because of those high mountains (which Homer calls πλαγγαὶ), bring him his quantum of liquor for every meal, can you blame him for the frugality of dealing out to his company by measure?" "I am satisfied," said Chersias; "and since we have fallen on our old topic, *house-keeping*, which of the company can recollect where we left off? There remains, if I mistake not, to show what may be termed a competency." Cleobulus answered, "I will tell you a story I once heard my father relate to my brother: —Once on a time the Moon begged of her mother a garment that should fit her. 'How can that be done?' replied the mother, 'since you are sometimes full, sometimes one half of you appears lost, and at other times only a pair of horns appear?' So, my Chersias, to the desires of a foolish man no certain measure can be fitted, for his necessities increase or diminish according to the ebb and flow of his appetite—not unlike Æsop's dog, who in winter, being half starved and pinched with cold, bethought himself to find a snug air-tight abode; but, when summer came, and the sun was hot, he found it too close and strait, and stretching himself in the sun thought himself monstrously increased in size, and that he required a house. And have you not observed, O Chersias, many a man whilst poor living sparingly and miserably, and anon, by some change of fortune, becoming uncharitable and covetous, and then living as if city and country, and the riches of kings, could not satisfy him, or administer sufficiently to his sensuality?"

When Chersias had concluded, Cleodemus began thus:—"We see you that are wise men possessing these outward goods after an unequal manner." "Good Sir," answered Cleobulus, "the law (weaver-like) has distributed to every man a fitting and adequate portion—and in your profession *reason* does what the law does here: when you feed, diet, and physic your patient, you give him, not what he desires, but what you judge to be most convenient for him in his circumstances." Ardalus enquired, "What law compels our friend and Solon's host Epimenides to abstain from all victuals, save a little

composition of his own called αλιμος? this he takes into his mouth and chews, and eats neither dinner nor supper." The company were now silent for a time, until Thales in a jesting way replied that "Epimenides did very wisely, for thereby he saved the trouble and charge of grinding and boiling his meat as Pittacus did. When I was sojourning at Lesbos," said he, "I remember hearing my landlady as she was busy at her hand-mill singing as she worked, '*Grind mill, grind mill, for Pittacus the prince of great Mitylene grinds!*'" Solon remarked, "I wonder, Ardalus, that you have never read the law of Epimenides's frugality in Hesiod's writings." "For my part," said Cleodemus, "I think Æsop deserves much more the name of Hesiod's scholar than Epimenides, whose great and excellent wisdom the fable of the 'Nightingale and Hawk' demonstrates; but I would gladly hear Solon's opinion in this matter,—for, having sojourned long in Athens, and being familiarly acquainted with Epimenides, it is more than probable he might learn of him the grounds upon which, and the reasons wherefore, he accustomed himself to so spare a diet." "To what purpose should I trouble him or myself to make enquiry about a matter so plain?" said Solon; "if it be a blessing next to the greatest to need *little victuals*, then it is the greatest *to need none at all*." "If I may have liberty to deliver my opinion," said Cleodemus, "I must profess myself of a different judgment: especially when we sit at table, which is not removed until the meat is taken away, and then consecrated to the gods, that are the patrons of friendship and hospitality." "As upon the removal of the loaded earth," said Thales, "there must needs follow a confusion of all things, so in forbidding men meat there must follow the dispersion and dissolution of the family—the sacred fire—the cups—the feasts and entertainments, which are the principal and most innocent divertisement of mankind; and so all the comforts of society are at an end. To men of business some recreation is necessary, and the preparation and the use of victuals conduces much thereto: again, to be without the use of victuals would tend to the destruction of husbandry, for want whereof the earth would soon be overgrown with weeds, and through the sloth of man be nearly overflowed by water; besides which the arts, that are supported and encouraged thereby, would fail, and hospitality and the worship of the gods would perish: the sun would have but small, and the moon yet less reverence, if they afforded only light and heat. Who would build an altar or offer sacrifice to

Jupiter Pluvius, or to Ceres the patroness of husbandry, or to Neptune the preserver of plants and trees—or how could Bacchus be any longer termed the *donor of all good things*, if men were to make no use of the good things he gives? What would men have to sacrifice? What first fruits would they offer? In short, the subversion and confusion of the greatest blessings attend that opinion. Promiscuously and indefatigably to pursue pleasure I admit is brutish, and to avoid it as with aversion I hold equally stupid. Let the mind freely enjoy such pleasures as are agreeable to its nature and temper; but for the body there is certainly no recreation more harmless and commendable than that which springs from the hospitable board, around which men converse with each other, and enjoy with more appetite the viands. As to the pleasure of sleep, the *night* is allotted for that enjoyment, as being the inferior portion of the day, as it is of life."

Cleodemus having finished his long explanation, I said, "You omit one thing, my friend: those that decry food must decry sleep, and of course dreams; consequently they destroy the primitive and ancient mode of divination: add to this our whole life would be too uniform, and our body of no use. For the principal parts are purposely formed to be the organs of nutriment—the tongue, the teeth, the stomach, the liver, whereof none are idle; in other words, *man would have no need of himself.* This I have thought proper to offer in vindication of the body: if Solon or any other present has an *objection* to raise to what I have said, I should be glad to hear it." "Yea, doubtless," replied Solon, "or we might be reputed not so wise as the Egyptians, who cast away the internal parts of the body as being dishonourable, &c. Verily one may observe the souls of some men confined to their bodies, as it were in a *house of correction,* basely to do its drudgery; which was our own case but even now. Whilst we were attentive to our stomachs, we had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear; but now the table is removed we enjoy the conversation of each other; and, if this condition wherein we at present are would last, having no wants to fear nor riches to covet, would not our lives be much more comfortable, and life itself increasingly desirable? Doubtless; but Cleodemus maintains the necessity of eating and drinking, lest Ceres and Proserpine should want cups and other utensils to furnish their temples withal; by a parity of reasoning, there should be wars, that men should raise bulwarks and fortifications, and build citadels and fleets—and the slaying of

hundreds, that hecatombs be offered, after the Messenian fashion, &c.—But why should I trouble you or myself to form a catalogue of the many vexations that attend the man who is necessitated to provide food for a family? For my own part I verily believe that Homer had in his eye this very view of the case; for, when he would prove the immortality of the gods, he said 'they were such because they used no victuals;' intimating thereby that meats were the cause of *death*, as well as the means of supporting *life*—and thence proceeds divers distempers, caused more by repletion than fasting, for to digest what we have eaten frequently proves more difficult than to provide. We fret and toil for food, for want of better judgment. As slaves who have gained their freedom but seldom do the drudgeries for themselves they were heretofore forced to do for their masters' advantage, so the mind of man, which at present is enslaved by the body, when it once becomes free, will take care of itself, and spend its time in contemplating truth undisturbed by physical wants." Such were our discourses, O Nicarchus! but, before Solon had finished, in came Gorgias, Periander's brother, who had just returned from Tænarus, whither he had been sent by command of the Oracle to sacrifice to Neptune—and who, at the request of Periander, recounted a strange story of one *Arion*, a minstrel, who was rescued from drowning by a shoal of dolphins. Having finished his incredible tale, "Gentlemen," said Æsop, "you may remember how you spake deridingly of my daws and rooks, and yet you can believe and admire this improbable story of the dolphins." "Not so," I replied, "for there is a similar extraordinary story recorded in the annals of Ino and Athamas, which took place above a thousand years ago." "These passages," said Solon, "are supernatural and much above our reason: what befel Hesiod is more proper for discussion, and if you have not heard of it before I will recount the story. When Hesiod sojourned at the house of a certain Milesian at Locris, he was charged with a circumstance of which he was innocent; but, that not availing, he and his friend Troilus were basely way-laid and murdered by a part of the family in the forest of Locris, and their bodies were thrown into the sea;—that of Troilus was carried into the river Daphnus, and rested on a rock, which bears his name to this day.—The body of Hesiod, however, was no sooner in the water than a company of dolphins received it and conveyed it to Rios. It happened that the Locrians were assembled at Rios that day to feast and make merry. As soon as they perceived a body

floating, or rather swimming towards them, with astonishment they hastened to see who it was, and recognizing the body of Hesiod they resolved to search out the murderers. It proved an easy discovery. After conviction they threw them headlong into the sea, and ordered their houses to be demolished. Now, if dolphins so favour a dead man, is it not likely that they have a stronger affection towards the living, especially for such as delight in song? for this we certainly know that these creatures delight much in music—they love it—and, if a person sing or play by the water-side, they will quickly repair as near as possible to the party, and listen patiently until the music cease. When children bathe in the water you may see a parcel of them sport and swim about them; and they do so securely, since it is a breach of the law of nature to hurt them—you never heard of any man fishing for them purposely, or hurting them wilfully." "I also remember that the Lesbians told me of a maid of their town being preserved from drowning by dolphins." "And it is a very true story," said Pittacus, "and there are many alive to attest it." Solon continued, and after some more examples he concluded thus:—"To sum up all in a few words, he that knows how to distinguish between the impossible and the unusual—between the unlikely and absurd—to be neither too credulous nor too distrustful, hath learnt your lesson, '*Ne quid nimis.*'"

Anacharsis, after this long discourse, spake thus:—"Since Thales has asserted the being of a soul in all the principal and most noble parts of the universe, it is no wonder to me that the most commendable actions are governed by an overruling power; for, as the body is subservient to the soul, so is the soul an instrument in the hand of God. Now as the body has many motions proceeding from itself (the best and most are from the soul)—so the soul does some things by its own power, but in most things it is ruled by the will and power of God, whose glorious instrument it is. To me it seems highly improbable that the gods should use fire, water, winds, and clouds, for the preservation of some and the destruction of others, if at the same time they made no use of *living creatures*, who are doubtlessly more serviceable to their ends than bows are to the Scythians, or *harps and pipes* to the Greeks."

Chersias, the poet, broke off this discourse, and told the company of several persons who were miraculously preserved to his certain knowledge, and more particularly Cypselus (Periander's father), who being newly born, a party of fellows were sent to

murder him. They found the child in the nurse's arms: *he* smiling innocently, they had not the heart to hurt him, and so departed; but presently, considering the peremptory nature of their orders, they returned, but searched in vain, for his mother had carefully hid him in a secret chamber. When he came to years of discretion, and was fully aware of his great deliverance, he consecrated that house to Apollo, by whose care he considered himself prevented from crying at the critical moment. Pittacus, addressing himself to Periander, said, "It is well done of Chersias to make mention of your house, for it brings to my mind a question I have oftentimes proposed to ask you, namely "To what intent those *frogs* were carved upon the palm tree before the door—and how they affected either the *deity or the dedicator?*" Periander referred him to Chersias for the answer, as having been present when Cypselus consecrated the house. But Chersias, smiling, would not satisfy him, until the company resolved him these aphorisms,—"Do not overdo!" "Know thyself!" but particularly this, which had frightened so many from wedlock and other bonds, indeed some even from speaking,—"Promise, and you are ruined!" "What need," said I, "for explaining to you these things, when you yourself have so mightily magnified Æsop's comment on them?" Æsop replied, "When Chersias is disposed to jest with me on these subjects (indeed he often gives his serious a touch of the comic), he will find me ready. We will elucidate them from Homer. Does he not bring in Hector at one time furiously flying at others, at another time and place flying from Achilles?—and Ulysses, does he not solve the second sentence when he beseeches his friend Diomedes not to commend him too much, nor to censure him too much?—and as to suretiship it is always unsafe, but highly dangerous to be bound for a bad man." Chersias now told how Jupiter himself was once unable to perform his promise, as in the case of the birth of Hercules, and for which Ate was hurled from heaven because she was present when the vow was made." "Enough of this discourse," said Solon, "and since you are so fond of Homer give me leave to quote a verse from that poet: 'Νὺξ δ' ηδη τελεθει,' &c. Night draws on, and therefore it is time to break up. If it please the company then we will sacrifice to the Muses, to Neptune, and to Venus, and then bid each other adieu for this night." This was the contents, and this the conclusion, my friend Nicarchus, of that remarkable Banquet.

FINIS.

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